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CURIOSITY.

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THE LADIES' TREASURY

FOR 1877.

A HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. WARREN.

ILLUSTRATED.

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THE

LADIES' TREASURY:

A

HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

CURIOSITY.

"IF you please, ma'am, there's the tax-gatherer, and he says he must see you himself, because to-morrow's the last day."

"Mercy on the girl! What do you mean by 'the last day?'"

"Don't know ma'am. He says he's so wet with the rain he can't come into the passage."

Down went the pen, and the mistress went to the street-door.

"Capital!" said Dolly, as she took up the written paper. "Lor'! Why it's all about me!"

Reads:—

"Good-tempered, but thoughtless, as most good-tempered people are."

"Well, that's killing two birds with one stone!"

"Fond of giggling and dress, likes gadding, is very inquisitive, and has buttered fingers—everything drops from them."

"Good gracious! Is that me? Well, I suppose 'tis true. Why, Miss Hamilton's the same."

Dolly reads:—

"She is honest, if nothing to tempt her comes in her way; but her greatest failing is CURIOSITY."

"A pretty character to get another place with; but I didn't know I was going to leave. Well, this is something to learn!"

Here the mistress came back, and saw the unfinished letter in Dolly's hand, who coloured scarlet.

"If you please, ma'am, I did not know I was going to leave."

"Neither did I, Dolly. Why do you say this?"

"Because, ma'am, here's my character, written by yourself."

"Indeed! Is that true? I've told you often that I cannot recollect to give a different name to each new servant, so I call them all Dolly, which happens to be your true name. This is the character of your predecessor—the last Dolly—but if the cap fits you, why I must be more cautious than I have been. Till now I did not know that you were curious about matters not belonging to you. You stand self-convicted, Dolly, and I fear you must leave me. Curiosity is a weakness I can't tolerate."

Dolly, whose habits of observation had served her instead of other culture, burst into tears, and retorted with a volubility which surprised herself as well as her mistress. "I'm sure if people were not curious, nothing could go on in this world. When the vane stuck the other day, the man said he was 'curious to see what was the matter with it,' and then he mended it. When the mice suddenly went away, the carpenter said he was 'curious to know where they went to.' I'm sure I could tell of hundreds of people who are curious, but that's no crime, and—"

"Stop, Dolly, remember this. Curiosity, rightly directed, leads to untold good; without it there could be no invention, no progress; but when ill-directed it creates suspicion, and also mortifies one's pride, as it has been in your case."

"And I'm sure I'm not a giggler," sobbed Dolly.

"I have not said so; but remember you told me I had been writing your own character. But as for 'giggling,' my poor girl, the dress that servants wear nowadays is an inspiration to giggling. It's the only folly I can ever lay to Marie Antoinette—the introduction of such a dress for servants to adopt. But, poor thing, we won't say more about her."

"If you please, ma'am, was she one of your servants?"

"No, my girl; she was Queen of France, and had her head cut off."

"Oh, lor'! Her head cut off? and who cut it off?"

"Why, her own servants, because she and her husband the King did not manage them properly, did not find them plenty of work to do, so that they had too much time for idleness and curiosity and mischief. Don't be curious, Dolly, or you may be led to crime, or into perplexities and sometimes into ludicrous disasters, as the maiden was who found the pot of ointment, which she thought would nicely oil her hair. Accordingly she rubbed it vigorously into her hair, and turned it a bright red. This girl was always prying into letters, peeping in at doors, where you know the hinges give plenty of room for folks to pry; and all this made her disliked, and frequently brought her into trouble, because when she could not hear, she supposed things and invented falsehoods. Another time I had a girl who mistook a bottle of medicine for one of wine, and although the result was not dangerous, it was unpleasant to the over-curious lassie."

Poor Dolly stood self-convicted; she blushed scarlet, and wondered why her mistress did not at once accuse her. But, no; after a pause the mistress said—

"Don't you know, my girl, has it never been told to you, that the first sin of the world was curiosity, and the first who committed it was the woman Eve? She saw the apple, and was curious to know its taste; this led to her coveting it, then stealing it—an act of pure theft, because she was forbidden to touch it. So you see that CURIOSITY, COVETOUSNESS, and THEFT led to herself and Adam's banishment from Eden. The crime that followed was murder, when Cain killed his brother. So just recollect the mischief that arises from ill-directed curiosity. The parent first of dishonour, then of theft, then of greediness, then murder."

"Oh dear, dear, why don't they teach us this at Sunday schools? I'm sure I never thought Eve was half so wicked; though I can't see why Adam should have been punished too."

"Adam deserved it for his cowardice in casting all blame upon Eve. 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.' Be sure, girl, that the Adams of the present day too often say to their wives, 'But for you, I should not have done this.'"

Dolly went out reproved and thoughtful, but soon, with the light-heartedness of youth, was heard singing a favourite song of the time of Charles II., a song even in 1794 familiar with the English peasantry, and the sound of which brought back to her lonely mistress' heart sad memories, that banished Dolly's misdoing. So Dolly sang—

"Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good-speed—good-speed,
To wish her lover good-speed.

"'Where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
'Oh, where are you going?' said she,
'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see—to see,
Strange countries for to see.'

"'When will you be back, Lord Lovel?' said she,
'Oh, when will you come back?' said she,
'In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy—cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy.'

"But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head;
Lady Nancy Belle he would go to see—see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go to see.

"So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning around—round,
And the people all mourning around.

"'Oh! what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he asked,
'Oh! what is the matter?' asked he,
'A sweet lady is dead,' a woman replied,
And some call her Lady Nancy—cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy.

"So he ordered the grave to be openèd wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed the clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

"Lady Nancy she died, as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow,
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow—sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

"Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier—a brier,
And out of her lover's a brier:

"They grew and they grew
To the church steeple, too,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire—mire,
For all lovers true to admire."

"And perhaps if Lady Nancy hadn't been curious to know when her lover was coming back she mightn't have died. And that comes of curiosity," was the outspoken observation of Dolly.

E. W. F.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

Chapter I.

"Did you tell her that Dr. Hargrove is absent?"

"I did, ma'am, but she says she will wait."

"But, Hannah, it is very uncertain when he will return, and the night is so stormy he may remain in town until to-morrow. Advise her to call again in the morning."

"I said as much at the door, but she gave me to understand she came came a long way, and should not leave here without seeing the Doctor. She told the driver of the carriage to call for her in about two hours, as she did not wish to miss the train."

"Where did you leave her? Not in that cold, dark parlour, I hope?"

"She sat down on one of the hall chairs, and I left her there."

"A hospitable parsonage reception! Do you wish her to freeze? Go and ask her into the library, to the fire."

As Hannah left the room Mrs. Lindsay rose and added two billets of wood to the mass of coals that glowed between the shining brass and irons; then carefully removed farther from the flame on the hearth a silver teapot and covered dish, which contained the pastor's supper.

"Walk in, madam. I promise you nobody shall interfere with you."

Hannah ushered the visitor in, and stood at the door beckoning to her mistress, who paused irresolute, gazing curiously at the muffled form and veiled face of the stranger.

"Do not allow me to cause you any inconvenience, madam. My business is solely with Dr. Hargrove, and I do not fear the cold."

The voice of the visitor was very sweet, though tremulous, and she would have retreated, but Mrs. Lindsay put her hand to the door, partly closing it.

"Pray be seated; this room is at your disposal. Hannah, bring the tea-things into the dining-room, and then you need not wait longer; I will lock the doors after my brother comes in."

With an ugly furrow of discontent between her heavy brows, Hannah obeyed, and as she renewed the fire smouldering in the dining-room grate, she slowly shook her grizzled head: "Many a time I have heard my father say, 'Mystery breeds misery,' and, take my word for it, there is always something wrong when a woman shuns womenfolks, and wants sympathy and advice from men."

"Hush, Hannah! Charity — charity; don't forget that you live in a parsonage where 'sounding brass or tinkling cymbals' are not tolerated. All kinds of sorrow come here to be cured, and I fear that lady is in distress, Did you notice how her voice trembled?"

"Well, I only hope no silver will be missing to-morrow. Good night, ma'am."

It was a tempestuous night in the latter part of January, and although the rain, which had fallen steadily all day, ceased at dusk, the keen blast from the North shook the branches of the ancient trees encircling the "Parsonage," and dashed the drops in showers against the windows. Not a star was visible, and as the night wore on the wind increased in violence, roaring through leafless elm limbs, and whistling drearily around the corners of the old brick house, whose ivy-mantled chimneys had battled with the storms of seventy years.

The hands of the china clock on the dining-room mantel-piece pointed to nine, and Mrs. Lindsay expected to hear the clear sweet strokes of the pendulum, when other sounds startled her; the sharp, shrill bark of a dog, and impatient scratching of paws on the hall-door. As she hurried forward and withdrew the inside bolt a middle-aged man entered, followed by a bluish-gray Skye terrier.

"Peyton, what kept you so late?"

"I was called to Beechgrove to baptise Susan Moffat's only daughter. The babe died at eight o'clock, and I sat awhile with the stricken mother, trying to comfort her. Poor Susan! it is a heavy blow, for she idolised the child. Be quiet, Biörn."

Mr. Hargrove was leisurely divesting himself of his heavy overcoat, and the terrier ran up and down the hall, holding his nose high in the air, and barking furiously.

"Biörn's instincts rarely deceive him. A stranger is waiting in the library to see you. Before you go in, let me give you your supper, for you must be tired and hungry."

"Thank you, Elise; but, first, I must see this visitor, whose errand may be urgent."

He opened the door of the library, and entered so quietly that the occupant seemed unaware of his presence.

A figure draped in black sat before the table which was drawn close to the hearth, and the arms were crossed wearily, and the head bowed upon them. The dog barked and bounded towards her, and then she quickly rose, throwing back her veil, and eagerly advancing.

"You are the Rev. Peyton Hargrove?"

"I am. What can I do for you, madam?"

She exclaimed, "Can you, too, have forgotten me?"

A puzzled expression crossed his countenance as he gazed searchingly at her, then shook his head.

The glare of the fire, and the mellow glow of the lamp, fell full on the pale features, whose exceeding delicacy is rarely found outside of the carved gems of the Stosch or Albani Cabinets. On Camei and marble dwell the dainty moulding of the oval cheek, the airy arched tracery of the brows, the straight, slender nose, and clearly-defined cleft of the rounded chin, and Nature only now and then models them as a whole, in flesh. It was the lovely face of a young girl, fair as one of the Frate's heavenly visions, but blanched by some flood of sorrow that had robbed the full tender lips of bloom, and bereft the large, soft brown eyes of the gilding glory of hope.

"If I ever knew, I certainly have forgotten you."

"Oh, do not say so! You must recollect me; you are the only person who can identify me. Four years ago I stood here, in this room. Try to recall me."

She came close to him, and he heard her quick and laboured breathing, and saw the convulsive quivering of her compressed lips.

"What peculiar circumstances marked my former acquaintance with you. Your voice is quite familiar, but——"

He paused, passed his hand across his eyes, and before he could complete the sentence, she exclaimed—

"Am I then so entirely changed? Did you not one May morning marry Minnie Merle to Cuthbert Laurance?"

"I remember that occasion very vividly, for, in opposition to my judgment, I performed the ceremony; but Minnie Merle was a low-statured, dark-haired child——" Again he paused, and keenly scanned the tall, slender, elegant figure and the crimped waves of shining hair that lay like a tangled mass of gold net on the low, full, white brow.

"I was Minnie Merle. Your words of benediction made me Minnie Laurance. God and the angels know it is my name, my lawful name, but man denies it."

Something like a sob impeded her utterance, and the minister took her hand.

"Where is your husband? Are you widowed so early?"

"Husband, my husband? One to cherish and protect, to watch over, and love, and defend me; if such be the duties and the tests of a husband—oh! then indeed I have never had one! Widowed, did you say? That means something holy, sanctified by the shadow of death and the yearning sympathy and pity of the world; a widow has the right to hug a coffin and a grave all the weary days of her lonely life, and people look tenderly on her sacred weeds. To me widowhood would be indeed a blessing. I thought I had learned composure, self-control, but the sight of this room, of your countenance, even the strong breath of the violets and heliotrope there, in the same vase where they bloomed that day, that May day, all these bring back so overpoweringly the time that is for ever dead to me, that I feel as if I should suffocate."

She walked to the nearest window, threw up the sash, and while she stood with the damp chill wind blowing full upon her, the pastor heard a moan, such as comes from meek dumb creatures, wrung by the throes of dissolution.

When she turned once more to the light, he saw an unnatural sparkle in the dry lustrous brown eyes.

"Dr. Hargrove, give me the license that was handed to you by Cuthbert Laurance."

"What value can it possess now?"

"Just now it is worth more to me than everything else in life—more to me than my hopes of heaven."

"Mrs. Laurance, you must remember that I refused to perform the marriage ceremony, because I believed you were both too young. Your grandmother, who came with you, assured me she was your sole guardian, and desired the marriage, and your husband, who seemed to me a mere boy, quieted my objections by producing the license, which he said exonerated me from censure, and relieved me of all responsibility. With that morning's work I have never felt fully satisfied, and though I know that any magistrate would probably have performed the cere-

mony, I have sometimes thought I acted rashly, and have carefully kept that license as my defence and apology."

"Thank God, that it has been preserved. Give it to me."

"Pardon me, if I say frankly, I prefer to retain it. All licenses are recorded by the officer who issued them, and by applying to him you can easily procure a copy."

"Treachery baffles me there. A most opportune fire broke out eighteen months ago in the room where those records were kept, and although the court-house was saved, the book containing my marriage license was, of course, destroyed."

"But the clerk should be able to furnish a certificate of the facts."

"Not when he has been bribed to forget them. Please give me the paper in your possession."

She wrung her slender fingers, and her whole frame trembled like a weed on some bleak hillside, where wintry winds sweep unimpeded.

A troubled look crossed the grave placid countenance of the pastor, and he clasped his hands firmly behind him, as if girding himself to deny the eloquent pleading of the lovely dark eyes.

"Sit down madam, and listen to——"

"I cannot! A restless fever is consuming me, and nothing but the possession of that license can quiet me. You have no right to withhold it, you cannot be so cruel, so wicked, unless you also have been corrupted, bought off!"

"Be patient enough to hear me. I have always feared there was something wrong about that strange wedding, and your manner confirms my suspicions. Now I must be made acquainted with all the facts, must know your reason for claiming the paper in my possession, before I surrender it. As a minister of the gospel, it is incumbent upon me to act cautiously, lest I innocently become auxiliary to deception—possibly to crime."

A vivid scarlet flamed up in the woman's marble cheeks.

"Of what do you suspect, or accuse me?"

"I accuse you of nothing. I demand your reasons for the request you have made."

"I want that paper because it is the only proof of my marriage. There were two witnesses, my grandmother, who died three years ago on a steamer bound for California, where her only son is living; and Gerbert André, a college student, who is supposed to have been lost last summer in a fishing-smack off the coast of Labrador or Greenland."

"I am a witness accessible at any time, should my testimony be required."

"Will you live for ever? Nay, just when I need your evidence, my ill luck will seal your lips, and drive the screws down in your coffin-lid."

"What use do you intend to make of the license? Deal candidly with me."

"I want to hold it, as the most precious thing left in life; to keep it concealed securely, until the time comes when it will serve me, save me, avenge me."

"Why is it necessary to prove your marriage? Who disputes it?"

"Cuthbert Laurance and his father."

"Is it possible! Upon what plea?"

"That he was a minor, was only twenty, irresponsible, and that the license was fraudulent."

"Where is your husband?"

"I tell you I have no husband! It were sacrilege to couple that sacred title with the name of the man who has wronged, deserted, repudiated me; and who intends, if possible, to add to the robbery of my peace and happiness that of my fair, stainless name. Less than one month after the day when you pronounced me his wife in the sight of God and man, he was summoned home by a telegram from his father. I have never seen him since. General Laurance took his son abroad, and you will find it difficult to believe me when I tell you that infamous father has actually forced the son, by threats of disinheritance, to marry again—to——"

The words seemed to strangle her, and Mr. Hargrove poured some water into a glass, and, as he held it to her lips, murmured compassionately—

"Poor child! God help you."

Perhaps the genuine pity in the tone brought back sweet memories of the bygone, and for a moment softened the woman's heart, for tears gathered in the large eyes, giving them a strange, quivering radiance. As if ashamed of the weakness she threw her head back defiantly, and continued—

"I was the poor little orphan, whose grandmother did washing and mending—only little unknown Minnie Merle, with none to aid in asserting her rights, and she, the new wife, was a banker's daughter, an heiress, a fashionable belle, and so Minnie Merle must be trampled out, and the new

Mrs. Cuthbert Laurance dashes in her splendid equipage through the Bois de Boulogne. Sir, give me the license!"

Mr. Hargrove opened a secret drawer in the tall writing-desk that stood in one corner of the room, and, unlocking a square tin box, took from it a folded slip of paper. After some deliberation he seated himself, and began to write. Impatiently his visitor paced the floor, followed by Biörn, who now and then growled suspiciously. At length, when the pastor laid down his pen, his guest came to his side, and held out her hand—

"Madam, the statements you have made are so extraordinary that you must pardon me if I am unusually cautious in my course. While I have no right to doubt your assertions, they seem almost incredible, and the use you might make of the license——"

"What! you find it so difficult to credit the villainy of a man, and yet so easy to suspect, to believe, all possible deceit and wickedness in a poor helpless woman? Oh, man of God! is your mantle of charity cut to cover only your own sex? Can the wail of down-trodden orphanage wake no pity in your heart, or is it locked against me by the cowardly dread of incurring the hate of the house of Laurance?"

For an instant a dark flush bathed the tranquil brow of the minister, but his kind tone was unchanged when he answered slowly—

"Four years ago I was in doubt concerning my duty, but just now, there is clearly but one course for me to pursue. Unless you wish to make an improper use of it, this paper, which I very willingly hand to you, will serve your purpose. It is an exact copy of the license, and to it I have appended my certificate, as the officiating clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony. Examine it carefully, and you will find the date, and indeed every syllable, rigidly accurate. From the original I shall never part, unless to see it replaced in the court-house records."

Bending down close to the lamp, she eagerly read and re-read the paper, which shook like an aspen in her nervous grasp; then she looked long and searchingly into the grave face beside her, and a sudden light broke over her own.

"Oh, thank you! After all, the original is safer in your hands than in mine. I might be murdered, but they would never dare to molest you, and if I should die you would not allow them to rob my baby of her name?"

"Your baby!"

He looked at the young girlish figure and face, and it seemed impossible that she could be a mother. A melancholy smile curved her lips.

"Oh! that is the sting that sometimes goads me almost to desperation. My own wrongs are sufficiently hard to bear, but when I think of my innocent baby denied the sight of her father's face, and robbed of the protection of her father's name, then I forget that I am only a woman, I forget that God reigns in heaven to right the wrongs on earth, and——"

There was a moment's silence.

"How old is your child?"

"Three years."

"And you? A mere child now."

"I am only nineteen."

"Poor thing! I pity you from the depths of my soul."

The clock struck ten, and the woman started from the table against which she leaned.

"I must not miss the train; I promised to return promptly."

She put on the grey cloak she had thrown aside, buttoned it about her throat, and tied her bonnet strings.

"Before you go, explain one thing. Was not your hair very dark when you were married?"

"Yes, a dark chestnut brown, but when my child was born I was ill a long time, and my head was shaved and blistered. When the hair grew out it was just as you see it now. Ah! if we had only died then, baby and I, we might have had a quiet sleep under the violets and daisies. I see, sir, you doubt whether I am really little Minnie Merle. Do you not recollect that when you asked for the wedding ring, none had been provided, and Cuthbert took one from his own hand, which was placed on my finger? Ah! there was a grim fitness in the selection! A death's head peeping out of a cinerary urn. You will readily recognise the dainty bridal token."

She drew from her bosom a slender gold chain, on which was suspended a quaint antique cameo ring of black agate, with a grinning white skull in the centre, and around the oval border of heavily chased gold, glittered a row of large and very brilliant diamonds.

"I distinctly remember the circumstance."

As the minister restored the ring to its owner she returned it and the chain to its hiding place.

"I do not wear it, I am biding my time. When General Laurance sent his agent first to attempt to buy me off, and finding that impossible, to browbeat and terrify me into silence, one of his insolent demands was the restoration of this ring, which he said was an heirloom of untold value in his family, and must belong to none but a Laurance. He offered five hundred pounds for the delivery of it into his possession. I would sooner part with my right arm! Were it iron or lead its value to me would be the same, for it is only the symbol of my lawful marriage—is my child's title-deed to a legitimate name."

She turned towards the door, and Dr. Hargrove asked:

"Where is your home?"

"I have none. I am a waif drifting from city to city, on the uncertain waves of chance."

"Have you no relatives?"

"Only an uncle, somewhere in the gold mines of California."

"Does General Laurance provide for your maintenance?"

"Three years ago his agent offered me a passage to San Francisco, and a thousand pounds, on condition that I withdrew all claim to my husband, and to his name, and pledged myself to 'give the Laurances no further trouble.' Had I been a man I would have strangled him. Since then no communication of any kind has passed between us, except that all my letters to Cuthbert pleading for his child have been returned without comment."

"How, then, are you and the babe supported?"

"That, sir, is my secret."

She drew herself haughtily to her full height, and would have passed him, but he placed himself between her and the door.

"Mrs. Laurance, do not be offended by my friendly frankness. You are young and beautiful, and the circumstances of your life render you so peculiarly liable to dangerous associations and influences, that I fear you may——"

"Fear nothing for me. Can I forget my helpless baby, whose sole dower just now promises to be her mother's spotless name? Blushing for her father's perfidy, she shall never need a purer, whiter shield than her mother's stainless record, so help me God!"

"Will you do me the favour to put aside for future contingencies this small tribute to your child? The amount is not so large that you should hesitate to receive it; and feeling a deep interest in your poor little babe, it will give me sincere pleasure to know that you accept it for her sake, as a memento of one who will always be glad to hear from you, and to aid you if possible."

With evident embarrassment he tendered an old-fashioned purse of knitted silk, through whose meshes gleamed the sheen of gold pieces. To his astonishment, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping. For some seconds she sobbed aloud, leaving him in painful uncertainty concerning the nature of her emotion.

"O God! it has been so long since words of sympathy and real kindness were spoken to me, that now they unnerve me. I am strong against calumny and injustice, but kindness breaks me down. I thank you in my baby's name, but we cannot take your money. Ministers are never oppressed with riches, and baby and I can live without charity. But since you are so good, I should like to say something in strict confidence to you. I am suspicious now of everybody, but it seems to me I might surely trust you. I do not yet see my way clearly, and if anything should happen to me the child would be thrown helpless upon the world. You have neither wife nor children, and if the time ever comes when I shall be obliged to leave my little girl for any long period, may I send her here for safety until I can claim her? She shall cost you nothing but care and watchfulness. I could work so much better if my mind were only easy about her, if I knew she was safely housed in this sanctuary of peace."

Ah! how irresistible was the pathetic pleading of the tearful eyes; but Mr. Hargrove did not immediately respond to the appeal.

"I understand your silence; you think me presumptuous in my request, and I dare say I am, but——"

"No, madam, not at all presumptuous. I hesitate habitually before assuming grave responsibility, and I only regret that I did not hesitate longer four years ago. A man's first instincts of right and wrong should never be smothered by persuasion, nor wrestled down and overcome by subtle and selfish reasoning. I blame myself for much that has occurred, and I am willing to do all that I can towards repairing my error. If your child should ever really need a guardian, bring or send her to me, and I will shield her to the full extent of my ability."

Ere he was aware of her intention, she caught his hand, and as she carried it to her lips, he felt her tears falling fast.

"God bless you for your goodness! I have one thing more to ask; promise me that you will divulge to no one, what I have told you. Let it rest between God and ourselves."

"I promise."

"In the great city where I labour, I bear an assumed name, and none must know, at least for the present, who I am. Realising fully the unscrupulous character of the men with whom I have to deal, my only hope of redress is in preserving the secret for some years, and not even my baby can know her real parentage until I see fit to tell her. You will not betray me, even to my child?"

"You may trust me."

"Thank you, more than mere words could ever express."

"May God help you, Mrs. Laurance, to walk circumspectly, to lead a blameless life."

He took his hat from the stand in the hall, and silently they walked down to the parsonage gate. The driver dismounted and opened the carriage door, but the draped figure lingered, with her hand upon the latch.

"If I should die before we meet again, you will not allow them to trample upon my child?"

"I will do my duty faithfully."

"Remember that none must know I am Minnie Laurance, until I give you permission; for snares have been set all along my path, and calumny is ambushed at every turn. Good-bye. The God of orphans will one day requite you."

The light from the carriage lamp shone down on her as she turned toward it, and in subsequent years the pastor was haunted by the marvellous beauty of the spirituelle features, the mournful splendour of the large misty eyes, and the golden glint of the rippling hair that had fallen low upon her temples.

"If it were not so late, I would accompany you to the station. You will have a lonely ride. Good-bye, Mrs. Laurance. God keep you.

"Lonely? Aye, lonely for ever."

She laughed bitterly, and entered the carriage.

"Laughed, and the echoes huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds fled baying down the night."

CHAPTER II.

WITH the night, passed the storm which had rendered it so gloomy, and the fair cold day shone upon a world shrouded in icy cerements; a hushed windless world, as full of glittering rime-runes as the frozen fields of Jotunheim. Each tree and shrub seemed a springing fountain, suddenly crystallised in mid-air, and equalled the fairy fragile tracery of fine spun glassy web, and film and fringe that stretched along fences, hung from eaves, and belaced the ivy leaves that lay helpless on the walls. A blanched, waning moon shivered upon the edge of the western horizon, fleeing before the scarlet and orange lances that already bristled along the eastern sky-line, the advance guard of the conqueror, who would, ere many moments, smite all that weird icy realm with consuming flames. The very air seemed frozen, and profound silence brooded over the scene, until rudely broken by a cry of dismay which rang out startlingly from the parsonage. The alarm might very readily have been ascribed to diligent Hannah, who, contemptuous of barometric or thermal vicissitudes, invariably adhered to the aphorism of Solomon, and she arising "while it is yet night, looketh well to the ways of her household."

With a broom in one hand, and feather dusting-brush in the other, she ran down the front steps, her white cap-strings flying like distress signals, bent down to the ground as a bloodhound might in scenting a trail, then dashed back into the quiet old house, and uttered a wolfish cry:

"Robbers! Burglars! Thieves!"

Oppressed with compassionate reflections concerning the fate of his visitor, the minister had found himself unable to sleep as soundly as usual, and from the troubled slumber into which he sank after daylight he was aroused by the unwonted excitement that reigned in the hall, upon which his room opened. While hastily dressing, his toilet labours were expedited by an impatient rap which only Hannah's heavy hand could have delivered. Wrapped in his dressing-gown he opened the door, saying benignly:

"Is there an earthquake or a cyclone? What is it? Is anyone dead?"

"Someone ought to be! The house was broken open last night, and the silver urn is missing. Shameless wretch! This comes of mysteries and veiled women, who are too modest to look an honest female in the face, but——"

"Oh Hannah! that tongue of thine is

more murderous than scythed chariots! Here is your urn! I put it away last night, because I saw from the newspapers that a quantity of plate had recently been stolen. Poor Hannah! don't scowl so ferociously because I have spoiled your little tragedy. I believe you are really sorry to see the dear old thing safe in defiance of your prophecy."

Mrs. Lindsay came downstairs laughing heartily, and menacing irate Hannah with the old-fashioned urn, which had supplied three generations with tea.

"Is that the sole cause of the disturbance?" asked the master, stooping to pat Biörn, who was dancing a tarantella on the good man's velt slippers.

Somewhat crestfallen, the woman seized the urn, began to polish it with her apron, and finally said sulkily:

"I beg pardon for raising a false alarm, but indeed it looked suspicious and smelled of foul play, when I found the library window wide open, two chairs upside down on the carpet, mud on the window sill, the inkstand upset, and no urn on the sideboard. But as usual I am only an old fool, and you, sir, and Mrs. Lindsay know best. I am very sorry I roused you so early with my racket."

"Did you say the library window wide open? Impossible; I distinctly recollect closing the blinds, and putting down the sash before I went to bed. Elise, were you not with me at the time?"

"Yes, I am sure you secured it, just before bidding me good night."

"Well, no matter, facts are ugly stubborn things. Now you two just see for yourselves what I found this morning."

Hannah hurried them into the library, where a fire had already been kindled, and her statement was confirmed by the disarranged furniture, and traces of mud on the window sill and carpet. The inkstand had rolled almost to the hearth, scattering its contents *en route*, and as he glanced at his desk, the minister turned pale.

The secret drawer, which opened with a spring, had been pulled out to its utmost extent, and he saw that the tin box he had so carefully locked the previous night was missing. Some papers were scattered loosely in the drawer, and the purse filled with gold coins, a handsomely set miniature, and heavy watch chain with seal attached, all lay untouched, though conspicuously alluring to the cupidity of burglars. Bending over his rifled sanctuary, Mr. Hargrove sighed, and a grieved look settled on his countenance.

"Peyton, do you miss anything?"

"Only a box of papers."

"Were they valuable?"

"Pecuniarily, no; at least not convertible into money. In other respects, very important."

"Not your beautiful sermons, I hope," cried his sister, throwing one arm around his neck, and leaning down to examine the remaining contents of the drawer.

"They were more valuable, Elise, than many sermons, and some cannot be replaced."

"But how could the burglars have overlooked the money and jewellery?"

Again the minister sighed heavily, and closing the drawer, said:

"Perhaps we may discover some trace in the garden."

"Aye, sir; I searched before I raised an uproar, and here is a handkerchief that I found under that window on the violet bed. It was frozen fast to the leaves."

Hannah held it up between the tips of her fingers as if fearful of contamination, and eyed it with an expression of loathing. Mr. Hargrove took it to the light and examined it, while an unwonted frown wrinkled his usually placid brow. It was a dainty square of finest cambric, and in one embroidered corner "O O" stared like wide wondering eyes at the strange hands that profaned it.

"Do you notice what a curious outlandish smell it has? No tobacco-smoking burglar dropped that lace rag."

Hannah set her stout arms akimbo, and looked "unutterable things" at the delicate fabric.

Reluctance to admission of the suspicion of unworthiness in others is the invariable concomitant of true nobility of soul in all pure and exalted natures; and with that genuine chivalry which now, alas! is well nigh as rare as the *aumonière* of pilgrims, the pastor bravely cast around the absent woman the broad soft ermine of his tender charity.

"Hannah, if your insinuations point to the lady who called here last night, I can easily explain the suspicious fact of the handkerchief, which certainly belongs to her; for the room was close, and my visitor having raised that window and leaned out for fresh air, doubtless dropped her handkerchief, without observing her loss."

"Do the initials 'O O' represent her name?" asked Mrs. Lindsay, whose adroitly-propounded interrogatories the previous evening had elicited no satisfactory information.

"Do not ladies generally stamp their own monograms when marking articles that compose their wardrobes?" He put the unlucky piece of cambric in his pocket, and pertinacious Hannah suddenly stooped and dealt Biörn a blow, which astonished the spectators even more than the yelping recipient, who dropped something at her feet and crawled behind his master.

"You horrid, greedy pest! Are you in league with the thieves that you must needs try to devour the signs and tell-tales they dropped in the track of their dirty work? It is only a glove this time, sir, and it was all crumpled, just so, where I first saw it, when I ran out to hunt for footprints. It was hanging on the end of a rose-bush yonder, and you see it is rather too far from the window here to have fallen down with the handkerchief. Look, ma'am, your hands are small, but this would pinch even your fingers."

She triumphantly lifted a lady's kid glove, brown in colour, and with three small oval silver buttons; the exact fellow of one which Mr. Hargrove had noticed the previous evening, when the visitor held up the ring for his inspection. Exulting in the unanswerable logic of this latest fact, Hannah quite unintentionally gave the glove a scornful toss, which caused it to fall into the fireplace, and down between two oak logs, where it shrivelled instantaneously. Unfortunately science is not chivalric, and divulges the unamiable and ungraceful truth, that perverted female natures from even the lower animal types are more implacably vindictive, more subtly malicious, more ingeniously cruel, than the stronger sex; and when a woman essays to track, to capture, or to punish she is generally victorious.

"Now, Biörn! improve your opportunity, and heap coals of fire on slanderous Hannah's head, by assuring her you feel convinced she did not premeditatedly destroy traces, and connive at the escape of the burglars by burning that most important glove, which might have aided us in identifying them."

As Mr. Hargrove caressed his dog, he smiled, evidently relieved by the opportune accident, but Mrs. Lindsay looked grave, and an indignant flush purpled the harsh, pitiless face of the servant, who sullenly turned away, and busied herself in putting the furniture in order,

"Peyton, were the stolen papers of a character to benefit that person, or, indeed, anyone but yourself or your family?"

He knew the soft blue eyes of his sister were watching him keenly, saw, too, that the old servant stood still, and turned her head to listen, and he answered without hesitation:

"The box contained the deed to a disputed piece of property, those iron and lead mines in Missouri, and I relied upon it to establish my claim."

"Was the lady who visited you last night in any manner interested in that suit, or its result?"

"Not in the remotest degree. She cannot even be aware of its existence. In addition to the deed, I have lost the policy of insurance on this house, which has always been entrusted me, and I must immediately notify the company of the fact, and obtain a duplicate policy. Elise, will you and Hannah please give me my breakfast as soon as possible, that I may go into town at once?"

Walking to the window, he stood for some moments, with his hands folded behind him, and, as he noted the splendour of the spectacle presented by the risen sun shining upon temples and palaces of ice, prism-tinting domes and minarets, and burnishing after the similitude of silver stalactites and arcades which had built themselves into crystal campaniles, more glorious than Giotto's, the pastor said: "The physical world, just as God left it, how pure, how lovely, how entirely good; how sacred from His hallowing touch! Oh! that the world of men and women were half as unchangingly true, stainless, and holy."

An hour later he bent his steps, not to the lawyer's, nor yet to the insurance office, but to the station of the only railroad which passed through the quiet, old-fashioned, and comparatively unimportant village.

The man at the station was asleep upon a sofa in the waiting-room, but when aroused informed Dr. Hargrove that the down train had been accidentally detained four hours, and instead of being "on time," due at eleven p.m., did not pass through ——— until after three a.m. A lady corresponding in all respects with the minister's description had arrived about seven on the up-

train, left a small bag for safe keeping in the cloak-room; had inquired at what time she could catch the down train, signifying her intention to return by it, and had hired one of the carriages always waiting for passengers, and disappeared. About eleven o'clock she came back, paid the coachman, and dismissed the carriage; seemed very cold, and the man built a good fire, telling her she could take a nap as the train was behind time, and he would call her when he heard the whistle. He then went home to see one of his children who was quite ill, and when he returned to the station and peeped into the room to see if it kept warm and comfortable, not a soul was visible. He wondered where the lady could have gone at that hour, and upon such a freezing night, but when the down train blew the whistle he took his lantern and went out, and the first person he saw was the missing lady. She asked for her bag, which he gave her, and he saw her go into the carriage.

"Had she a package or box, when she returned and asked for her bag?"

"I did not see any, but she wore a waterproof of gray cloth that came down to her feet. There was so much confusion when the train came in that I scarcely noticed her, but remember she shivered a good deal as if almost frozen."

"Did she get a return ticket?"

"No, I asked if I should go to the ticket office for her, but she thanked me very politely, and said she would not require anything."

"Can you tell me to what place she was going?"

"I do not know where she came from, nor where she went, She was most uncommonly beautiful."

"I must telegraph?"

"Why bless you, sir! the telegraph wires are down in several places, from the weight of the ice, so I heard, just before you came in."

As Dr. Hargrove walked away, an expression of stern indignation replaced the benign look that usually reigned over his noble features, and he now resolutely closed all the avenues of compassion, along which divers fallacious excuses and charitable conjectures had marched into his heart, and stifled for a time the rigorous verdict of reason. He had known from the moment he learned the tin box was missing, that only the frail, fair fingers of Minnie Merle could have abstracted it, but justice demanded that he should have indisputable proof of her presence in the village after twelve o'clock, for he had not left the library until that hour, and knew that the train passed through at eleven.

Conviction is the pitiless work of unbiased reason, but faith is the acceptance thereof, by will, and he would not wholly believe, until there was no alternative. False in one thing false in all; and quite naturally Dr. Hargrove began to discredit the entire narrative of wrongs, which had attained colossal proportions from her delineation, and to censure himself most harshly for having suffered this dazzling Delilah to extort from him a solemn promise of secrecy; for unworthy of sympathy as he now deemed her, his rigid rectitude would not permit him to regard that unworthiness as sufficient justification for abrogating his plighted word. Suspicious facts which twelve hours before had been hushed by the soft spell of her rich plaintive voice, now started up clamorous and accusing, and the pastor could not avoid beholding the discrepancy between her pleas of poverty and friendliness, and the costly appearance of her apparel, coupled with her refusal to acquaint him with her means of maintenance.

If, as she had averred, the stolen license was, with the exception of his verbal testimony, the sole proof of her marriage, why was she not satisfied with the copy given to her, unless for some unrighteous motive she desired to possess in order to destroy all evidence?

The universal observation of man, ages ago, simmered down and crystalised into the adage, "misfortunes never come singly;" and it is here respectfully submitted, that startling episodes, unexpected incidents quite as rarely travel alone. Do surprises gravitate into groups, or are certain facts binary? Sometimes for a quarter of a century the sluggish stream of life oozes by, bearing no hint of deeds, or faces, that perchance shed glory, or perhaps lent gloom to the far past, a past well nigh forgotten and inurned in the gathering gray of time, and suddenly without premonition, the slow monotonous current ripples and swells into waves that bear to our feet fateful unwelcome countenances, and the world grows garrulous of incidents that once more galvanise the shrouded Bygone.

For four years the minister had received no tidings of those, whom he had so reluctantly joined in the bonds of wedlock,

and not even a reminiscence of that singular bridal party had floated into his quiet parsonage study; but within twenty-four hours he seemed destined to garner a plentiful harvest of disagreeable data, for future speculation. He had not yet reached his lawyer's office, when hearing his name pronounced vociferously, Dr. Hargrove looked around and saw the Postmaster standing at his door, and calling on him to enter.

"Pardon me, my dear sir, for shouting after after you, so unceremoniously, but I saw you were not coming in, and knew it would promote your interest to pay me a visit. Fine day at last, after all the rain and murky weather. This crisp, frosty air sharpens one's wits, don't you see, and tempts me to drive a good bargain. How much will you give for a letter that has travelled half around the world, and had as many adventures as Robinson Crusoe, or Madame Pfeiffer?"

He took from a drawer a dingy and much defaced envelope, whose address was rather indistinct from having encountered a bath on its journey.

"Are you sure that it is for me?" asked the minister, trying to decipher the uncertain characters.

"Are there two of your name? This is intended for Reverend Peyton Hargrove of St.—— Church—V.——. It was enclosed to me by the Postmaster-General, who says that it arrived last week in the long lost mail of the steamship *Algol*, which you doubtless recollect was lost some time ago. It now appears that a Dutch sailing vessel bound for Tasmania, wherever that may be, somewhere among the cannibals I presume, boarded her after she had been deserted by the crew, and secured the mail bags, intending to put in along the Spanish coast and land them, but stress of weather drove them so far out to sea, that they sailed on to some point in Africa, and as the postmasters in that progressive and enlightened region are not up to their work, you perceive that your document has not had 'despatch.' If salt water is ever a preservative, your news ought not to be stale."

"Thank you. I hope the contents will prove worthy of the care and labour of its transmission. I see it is dated Paris, one year ago, nearly. I am much obliged by your kind courtesy. Good day."

Dr. Hargrove walked on, and somewhat disappointed in not receiving a moiety of information, by way of recompense, the Postmaster added:

"If you find it is not your letter, bring it back, and I will start it on another voyage of discovery, for it certainly deserves to get home."

"There is no doubt whatever about it. It was intended for me."

Unfolding the letter, he had glanced at the signature, and now hurrying homeward, read as follows:—

"PARIS, *February 1st*, 18—.

"REV. PEYTON HARGROVE:—Hoping that while entirely ignorant of the facts and circumstances, you unintentionally inflicted upon me an incalculable injury, I reluctantly address you with reference to a subject fraught with inexpressible pain and humiliation. Through your agency, the happiness and welfare of my only child, and the proud and unblemished name of a noble family, have been well nigh wrecked; but my profound reverence for your holy office, persuades me to believe that you were unconsciously the dupe of unprincipled and designing parties. When my son Cuthbert entered the University, he was all that my fond heart desired, all that his sainted mother could have hoped, and no young man ever gave fairer promise of future usefulness and distinction; but one year of demoralising association with dissipated and reckless youths undermined the fair moral and intellectual structure I had so laboriously raised, and in an unlucky hour he fell a victim to alluring vices. Intemperance gradually gained such supremacy that he was threatened with expulsion, and to crown all other errors, he was, while intoxicated, inveigled into a so-called marriage with a young but notorious girl, whose only claim was her pretty face, while her situation was hoplessly degraded. This creature, Minnie Merle, had an infirm grandmother, who, in order to save the reputation of the unfortunate girl, appealed so adroitly to Cuthbert's high sense of honour, that her arguments, emphasised by the girl's beauty and helplessness, prevailed over reason, and, I may add, decency, and one day when almost mad with brandy and morphine, he consented to call her his wife. Neither was of age, and my son was not only a minor, even lacking two months of being twenty, but on that occasion was utterly irrational and irresponsible, as I am prepared to prove. They intended to conceal the whole shame-

ful affair from me, but the old grandmother, fearing that some untoward circumstance might mar the scheme of possessing the ample fortune she well knew my boy expected to control, wrote me all the disgraceful facts, imploring my clemency, and urging me to remove Cuthbert from associates outside of his class-mates, who were dragging him to ruin. If you, my dear sir, are a father, paternal sympathy will enable you to realise the grief, indignation, almost despairing rage into which I was plunged. Having informed myself through a special agent sent to the University, of the utter unworthiness and disreputable character of the connection forced upon me, I telegraphed for Cuthbert, alleging some extraneous cause for requiring his presence. Three days after his arrival at home, I extorted a full confession from him, and we were soon upon the Atlantic. For a time I feared that inebriation had seriously impaired his intellect, but, thank God! temperate habits and a good constitution finally prevailed, and when a year after we left America, Cuthbert realised all that he had hazarded during his temporary insanity, he was so overwhelmed with mortification and horror, that he threatened to destroy himself. Satisfied that he was more "sinned against than sinning," I yet endeavoured to deal justly with the unprincipled authors of the stain upon my family, and employed a discreet agent to negotiate with them, and to try to effect some compromise. The old woman went out to California, the young one refused all overtures, and for a time disappeared, but, as I am reliably informed, is now living in London, supported no one knows, exactly, by whom. Recently she has made an imperious demand for the recognition of a child, whom she declares shall one day inherit the Laurance estate, but I have certain facts in my possession which invalidate this claim, and, if necessary, can produce a certificate to prove that the birth of the child occurred only seven months after the date of the ceremony, which she contends made her Cuthbert's wife. She rejects the abundant pecuniary provision which has been repeatedly offered, and in her last impertinent and insanely abusive communication threatens a suit to force the acknowledgment of the marriage, and of the child; stating that you, sir, hold the certificate, or rather the license, warranting the marriage, and that you will espouse and aid in prosecuting her iniquitous claims. My son is now a reformed and comparatively happy man, but should this degrading and bitterly-repented episode of his college life be thrust before the public, I dread the consequences. Only horror of a notorious scandal prevented me long ago from applying for a divorce, which could very easily have been obtained, but we shrink from the publicity, and, moreover, the case does not seem to demand compliance, with even the ordinary forms of law. Believing that you, my dear sir, would not avow yourself *particeps criminis* in so unjust and vile a crusade against the peace and honour of my family, were you acquainted with the facts, I have taken the liberty of writing you this brief and incomplete *résumé* of the outrages perpetrated upon me and mine, and must refer you for disgraceful details to my agent, Mr. Whitefield, whose address I enclose, also my own. Hoping that you will not add to the injury you have already inflicted, by further complicity in this audacious scheme of fraud.

"I am, sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"An afflicted father,
"René Laurance."

How many men or women, with lives of average length and incident, have failed to recognise, nay, to cower before the fact, that all along the highways and byways of the earthly pilgrimage they have been hounded by a dismal *cortége* of retarded messages, lost opportunities, miscarried warnings, procrastinated prayers, dilatory deeds, and laggard faces, that howl for ever in their shuddering ears, "Too late." Had Dr. Hargrove received this letter only twenty-four hours earlier, the result of the interview on the previous night would probably have been very different; but, unfortunately, while the army of belated facts never accomplish their intended mission, they avenge their failure by a pertinacious presence ever after, that is sometimes almost maddening.

An uncomfortable consciousness of having been completely overreached, did not soften the minister's feelings towards the new custodian of his tin box, and an utter revulsion of sentiment ensued, wherein sympathy for General René Laurance reigned supreme. Oh, instability of human compassion! To-day at the tumultuous flood, we weep for Cæsar slain; to-morrow, in the ebb, we vote a monument to Brutus.

Ere the sun had gone down behind the sombre frozen firs that fringed the hills of V—— Dr. Hargrove had written to Mr.

Whitefield, desiring to be furnished with some clue by which he could trace Minnie Merle, and Hannah had been despatched to the Post Office, to expedite the departure of the letter.

Weeks and months passed, tearful April wept itself away in the flowery lap of blue-eyed May, and golden June roses died in the fiery embrace of July, but no answer came; no additional information drifted upon the waves of chance, and the slow stream of life at the Parsonage once more crept silently and monotonously on.

"Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the Past? and who can judge us right?"

(*To be continued.*)

DAME DURDEN'S NEW YEAR'S VISIT.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By Re Henry.

CHARACTERS.

Adelaide. Laura.
Rose. Mary.
Dame Durden.

(*No distinctive dresses, excepting that of Dame Durden's, are needed for the comedy. Two rooms having folding doors, and a curtain instead of the doors is necessary.*)

ACT I.

(A drawing-room. *Adelaide* discovered reclining on a sofa.)

Ade. Oh! isn't this delightful? No lessons to learn, no themes to write, no music to practise! What a charming thing it is to have left school!

(*Laura* and *Rose* heard singing without.)

Nothing to do but Dance and Sing. (Air: "*Boys and Girls Come out to Play.*")

Nothing to do but dance and sing;
Oh, isn't this a lovely thing!
Never to work, but always play—
Life will be one long holiday.

Ade (sings). Nothing to do but lie and rest;
This is the life I like the best.

Lau. and *Rose* (entering). Some new pleasure with every hour,
Like butterflies roaming from flower to flower.

Rose. Well, Adelaide, if that's all the use you're going to make of your time you might as well be back at school again. The idea of sleeping when we may spend all our time in enjoying ourselves. I mean to go out sight-seeing every day.

Lau. And shopping. Don't let us neglect that pleasure. Adelaide, wouldn't you wake up for a sale at Whiteley's?

Ade. (sleepily). Sail! Oh, no; I should be sure to be sea-sick.

Rose. Oh, you goose! Laura, are you not longing to go to plays and operas?

Lau. Yes, and balls. I mean to have a dance on my birthday.

Ade. I suppose Mary won't join in any of our amusements.

Rose. Mary! Oh, no; she's always so busy sewing and darning and dusting.

Ade. Here she comes, looking graver than ever.

Lau. I know why. Sugar's raised a penny a pound.

(Enter *Mary* with work.)

Ade. Oh, Mary, put down that everlasting work-basket; you make me quite tired to see you so industrious.

Rose. We mean to do nothing but enjoy ourselves now that we've left school for good.

Mary. For good! I'm afraid it won't be for much good if that is how you mean to pass your time. What will be the use of all you learned at school?

Lau. Oh, it's all stowed away in our heads ready for use when required!

Mary. But if it's never polished up it will get rusty and dusty. You should not put stores away too long without looking at them.

Ade. Mary, you're nothing but a little volume of domestic economy.

Lau. A new edition of useful hints for housekeepers.

(*Dame* sings without.)

The Secret. (Air: "*Buy a Broom.*")

Who'll buy my secret; I have one to sell;
But, like Truth, it lies down in the depths of a well.
You must dig deep enough, or your labour is lost;
But my secret is worth all the trouble 'twill cost.

'Tis a boon for the young, for the old 'tis a grace;
It softens the heart, it illumines the face.
If you're fearful of work, if you dread grief or pain,
A secret from you it must ever remain.

Lau. Oh, here's the queerest old woman coming—like a witch!

Ade. Perhaps she's a gipsy, and can tell fortunes.

(Enter *Dame Durden.*)

Dame. Good morning, ladies! Goodness, how you stare!
And no one moves to offer me a chair.

(*Mary* runs forward with chair.)

Thank you, my dear; I've walked for many a mile,
So will, with your permission, sit awhile.

Rose. Tell me, good Dame, why do you talk in rhyme?

Dame. It is a way I have at Christmas time;
For at that season the cold winds do blow,
And with hoar-frost there comes the rhyme (rime), you know.
You all look full of idleness and fun;
Is it because your holidays have begun?

Lau. Holidays!—better than that. We've left school for ever. We are free!

Dame. Hear her, ye school-boards! Free from education!
A slave might speak thus of emancipation.
The University examination
Is not then popular with *all* the nation!
Good gracious! is it creatures such as these
Would study law, and pocket doctor's fees?

Lau. But we did work hard at school. I assure you, we're not ignorant. I can play and sing beautifully. Shall I give you a specimen? (Goes to piano.)

Rose. And I can dance to perfection.

Dame. You're going to sing; only *don't* let me hear
"Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," that's a little dear;
And for your dancing I don't care a button;
Capers, I think, are only good with mutton.

Ade. Of course, if you make fun of all we do, how can we prove to you that we really know anything?

Dame. Well, then, your powers that I may rightly test,
You each shall do what you consider best—
Whatever work you think you most excel in,
Be it reading, writing, dancing, painting, spellin'!
In four weeks from to-day I'll come again,
And so your work may not have been in vain.
To her who best shall please me, as reward,
The first wish that she utters I'll accord.
And now good-bye, my dears, commence your tasks,
And let each one be careful what she asks.

(Exit.)

Lau. Oh, how delightful! to have all our wishes granted.

Mary. Not all; only one, and that only for one of us.

Ade. I know what I shall wish for, a carriage and pair. How lovely never to have to walk again!

Lau. I shall wish for a diamond necklace; then at all the balls how I shall be envied!

Rose. I shall ask to be the most beautiful creature ever seen, with blue eyes and long golden hair, so that everyone may admire me.

Ade. Oh, no; have dark eyes and black hair.

Lau. No, no; grey eyes and auburn hair.

Mary (laughing.) Ha! ha! my dear Rose, I'm afraid there's no style of beauty *everyone* would admire. Here are three different opinions already.

Ade. What shall you wish for, Mary?

Mary. I shall first see if my work is likely to be the best. What is the use of thinking of the reward yet? While we are chattering here, time is passing.

Lau. That is so like one of Mary's remarks. As if time wasn't always passing!

Rose. What shall we do to show how clever we are?

Ade. I wish the old woman would take our word for it. It would be so much easier.

Lau. You're so lazy. Now, I want to do so many things, I don't know where to begin.

Rose. And I shan't know where to leave off. I wish we had not to wait a month before she comes again.

Mary. It will pass soon enough.

Rose. There's so much we could do in a month—write a book, or build a house.

Ade. I suppose you don't intend to try anything of that sort. I shall paint a picture.

Rose. I'll do some lace-work.

Lau. I'll model a statuette. What shall you do, Mary?

Mary. I don't know yet. Whatever will take me least away from my other duties.

Lau. Oh, you and your duties! Come, girls, let's get to work.

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT II.

(*Adelaide* standing before an ease'. *Rose* working. *Laura* placing a bust of Napoleon on the mantel-piece.)

Ade. There! I've finished. I don't think my painting requires one more stroke. And, really, it looks very nice.

Rose. Hurrah! The last stitch, and only just in time!

Lau. I think the old woman will be pleased with my cast of Napoleon. It's not every one could have done it.

(Enter *Mary.*)

Ade. Well, Mary, where's your work? Have you forgotten the old woman comes to-day?

Mary. No, I have not forgotten, but I had so much else to do I had no time for work.

Rose. Then there's one less to compete for the prize. It only rests with us three.

(Enter *Dame.*)

Dame. All hard at work, and talking, too, I see.
Busy and noisy as a (spelling) bee.
Well, now, to lose no time, produce your work,
And certainly my duty I won't shirk.
I'll take a chair, my weary limbs to ease,
But first a glass of water, if you please.

Mary. Let me make you a cup of tea.

Dame. No. To such luxury I have not come,
For I'm no advocate of kettledrum.

(*Mary* brings water. *Adelaide* lays her picture on a table before *Dame.*)

Dame. What have we here? A landscape, vastly good.
View of the sea-shore, and a distant wood.

Lau. and *Rose* (aside). She'll get the prize.

Dame. How sweetly on the waves the sunbeams dance!
How blue the sky!—Oh, what a sad mischance!

(Spills water all over the picture.)

Ade. Oh! you horrid old woman! You've spoilt my picture, and I've spent every minute of the last four weeks over it!

Dame. And of your labour now there are no traces.
How soon a little water all effaces!

Ade. You wicked thing! I wish you were dead, I do!

Rose. Here is my work. Real point lace. So fine; I've quite hurt my eyes over it.

Dame. That's very lovely! Cobwebs, I declare,
Could be no finer; but do you think 'twill wear?
Because, if not—good gracious, what a rent!

(Tears it across.)

Really, to test its strength I only meant.

Rose. Oh, you wretch! How dare you? I wish you were at the bottom of the sea!

Lau. I think you will find my work substantial. You can't tear it, and water won't spoil it. It's a likeness of the great Napoleon.

Dame. (Going to mantel-piece.) An admirable likeness! There are none
That could improve it.—Oh! what have I done?

(Lets fall the cast—it breaks.)

It really is unfortunate I own—
The Great Napoleon is *again* o'erthrown!
The floor is hard—the fireplace is stoney.
Oh, what a falling off!—Alas! poor Boney!

Lau. You nasty, spiteful creature! You did it on purpose. I wish you were broken up all into little bits, too!

Dame (aside). It's very fortunate I only said
I'd grant *one* wish, or now I should be dead,
And buried at the bottom of the sea,
And broken all in pieces, oh, poor me!

(To Mary.)

And now, my dear, I come to you at last.
What have you done in the four weeks just past?

Mary. I must ask your forgiveness, dear Dame; I have no work to show. I've had so much to do lately—to teach the little ones, and darn all the socks and stockings, and look after the accounts.

Ade. Yes, and lecture us.

Lau. And hold herself up as an example.

Rose. And make herself disagreeable.

Mary. I wish you wouldn't say such things. I wish you would be all more kindly disposed to me. (Crying.)

(The three girls crowd round her, and soothe her.)

Rose. There, don't mind.

Ade. We didn't mean it.

Lau. You know we are all very fond of you.

Mary. (Looking up.) Why, how strange!

Girls. What's the matter?

Mary. Don't you see? I've got my wish! I wished you would all be more kind to me, and you instantly came flocking round me with loving words. What can it mean?

Dame. It means good deeds some recompense ensures.
Of all their works, I only cared for yours.

Come round me, children. I don't want to preach,
But take the lesson I have tried to teach.
Your painting, sculpture, and your fine point lace
Are very creditable in their place—
Agreeable tasks upon a rainy day,
They pleasantly will pass the time away.
But Mary's duties were by far above.
Her labour, without doubt, was one of love.
She did the work was nearest to her hand,
Obeying thus a Scriptural command.
My children, hear the words of a true friend,
Your discipline does not with school-days end;
It but commences then, and, as a rule,
Life's teachings are more hard than those at school;
But if at school our lessons well are conned,
'Tis preparation for real life beyond.
And we may make, with landmarks such as these,
A prosperous voyage o'er life's stormy seas.

SONG, "Sunshine in our hearts" (quintette).
(Air: "*La mère Angot.*")

When the summer sun hath left us,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the storm-clouds may enwrap us,
And the scene is wreathed in snow,
Yet thro' all the gloom around us, one ray of brightness darts,
There is peace, and joy, and gladness—there is sunshine in our hearts.

[CURTAIN FALLS AT THE CONCLUSION.]

THE STORY OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

MANY of us in our days of atlases and the "use of the globes" have learned that off the southern shore of Massachusetts lies a long and narrow island, called "Martha's Vineyard," one of the many defences thrown out by the New England coast against its untiring foe, the Atlantic.

But how many are there who know more than this? How many have inquired into its traditions, its curiosities, mineral, saline, and human? Yet all of us ask whence the origin of the name "Martha's Vineyard." Who was Martha, and how did she use her vineyard? Was she the thrifty wife of some old Puritan proprietor of unfruitful acres, and did she fancy the delicious wild grapes of this little island to be fuller of flavour and sweetness for the manufacture of her jellies and home-made wine than those which grew elsewhere? Did she come in the vintage season, with her children and her friends, to gather in the rich purple clusters, bearing them back to show the fulness of this promised land?

It was one of the fairest days of the Indian summer, when Caleb, Mysie, and the Baron, a young gentleman of four years old, set gaily forth to explore this, to them, new and almost unknown region. After visiting the whole island it occurred to Mysie to ask—

"Is there any tradition how the island received its name?"

"Oh, yes," was the welcome and unexpected answer; "all the islands near here were granted by the King of England to a gentleman whose name is forgotten, but he had four daughters, among whom he divided his new possessions.

"This island, remarkable then as now for its abundance of wild grapes, he gave to his daughter Martha as her vineyard.

"The group of islands to the north he bestowed on his daughter Elizabeth, and hence they are called Elizabeth Islands, their Indian names being Pennikeese, Cuttyhunk, Nashaweena, Naushon, Pasqui, and Punkatasset.

"That little island to the south-west of this Vineyard he gave to his daughter Naomi as her portion. It was then called 'Naomi's Land.' This is now corrupted into 'Noman's Land,' and is remarkable for the fine quality of the codfish caught and cured there.

"The strangest of all, however, was the name given to the island selected for Ann—familiarly called Nan—which was first called 'Nan-took-it.' This is now known as Nantucket."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Mysie, "that I know something about 'Martha's Vineyard.'"

But was the story true? How long ago this division of Indian land was made, if ever it was made, is unknown, but the pioneer women who went to colonise the waste lands of the New World went through hardships and dangers that cannot now be realised, but which are narrated with life-like fidelity by John Finch, LL.D., in his

volume of "The Heroic Women of the West," and by Mrs. Ellet in her "Pioneer Women of the West."

The first British settlement in North America was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and was taken possession of by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, who named it Virginia, in honour of Elizabeth, the virgin queen. Captain Gosnell, in 1602, on coming near the Virginian shore, landed on a fruitful island and stayed there some time. The island had no name; he therefore called it "Elizabeth Island," in honour of the Queen of England. It abounded in cherry and sassafras tress. He describes the former as different from our English kind, the fruit growing at the end of the stalk, forty to fifty in a cluster. The vines were numerous, and garden fruits in abundance, tobacco also. This fact throws some light upon Elizabeth Island; but the true origin of the name Martha's Vineyard is yet unknown. Nantucket is doubtless an Indian designation.

The first band of Virginian colonists, who came thirteen years previously to the Pilgrim Fathers, was composed of forty-eight needy gentlemen and four carpenters, and they prided themselves upon leaving their families behind them. Even these were by their jealousies and excesses very soon reduced in number, when one day they were suddenly recruited by a band of journeymen goldsmiths and some vagabond gentlemen, who all came to do nothing else "but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold."



GIRL'S COSTUME. (*See Fashions Article.*)

Most of them soon returned to England, bearing with them a freight of ochre, which the refiners they brought with them assured the deluded men was gold-dust. The president of this colony, Captain Smith, wrote home to the directors of the scheme:—

"I entreat you rather to send out thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers-up of tree-roots than a thousand such men as we have here."

The second expedition sent out to Cap-



THE COUNTESS MORNING TOILETTE.

(For description see Fashions Article.)

tain Smith included the Hon. Mr. Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, Captains Gosnell, Ratcliff, and Kendal, Mr. Edward Morice Wingfield, and other gentlemen, also a host of artificers, mechanics, and skilled men. The patent of James I. was granted to these gentlemen in 1606, and is the same as that confirming the rights of the Pilgrim Fathers. This patent provided, that in forming colonies, no colony was to be planted within a hundred miles of each other.

It was in September, 1620, thirteen years after the first colonisation of Virginia through Sir Walter Raleigh, that the *Mayflower* set sail from Plymouth and the "Pilgrim Fathers" saw the headlands of Old England fade for ever from their sight, and not until the middle of November in the same year did the *Mayflower* anchor in Cape Cod Harbour, at a time when winter set in with great severity. Afterwards they rounded Cape Cod, anchored, and landed in Plymouth Bay.

Four years before the colony came to Plymouth a terrible pestilence broke out among the Indians, then numbering thirty thousand warriors, so that when the colonists landed there were scarcely more than three hundred left. This is alluded to in the patent of King James I.

At the end of December, amid the snows and driving rains, the Pilgrims fairly began to make their settlement. A rising ground was chosen for the site of their town, and a hill known to the moderns as "Burial Hill" was selected whereon to place the ordnance. To save labour in erecting small houses the whole community, consisting of seventy-four males and twenty-eight females, were divided into nineteen families, the unmarried being required to choose a family into which to be adopted.

On the 9th of January, 1621, the first operations of building the infant city were begun. The houses were erected in two rows for greater convenience and safety, and although these primitive log huts have long since been displaced by the superior mansions of successive generations, still the old thoroughfare of Leyden Street is pointed out with pride as the avenue first rescued from the primeval forests of New England.

The storms of winter and the slow wasting of various diseases, including consumption, often prevented any working at all. Brief glimpses of sunshine between showers of sleet and protracted snow-storms were the only opportunities for work; a monotony relieved only by a change of suffering. The house set apart as a shelter for the sick takes fire and is with difficulty extinguished, violent rains and wind strip the half-built houses of their clay and mortar, and then the discovery of an Indian trail or the smoke of their distant fires filled the pilgrims with alarm.

In the following three months one half of their number died, the greatest part in the depth of winter wanting houses and comforts, and being afflicted with scurvy and other diseases. Sometimes two or three died in a day. In March, of a hundred persons, scarce fifty remained, the living scarcely able to bury their dead. There were not more than six capable of attending the sick, and not until the warm weather came did the mortality abate.

On the 5th of April, 1621, the *Mayflower* bore away from Plymouth Harbour for England, and not one of the colonists returned in her.

The first governor of New England was Mr. John Carver, a man of considerable wealth, who freely spent it for the good of the colonists. He was a deacon of the Church in Leyden. The first marriage which took place among the pilgrims was on May 12th—Mr. Edward Winslow to Miss Susan White. On the previous March 24th, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Edward Winslow, died. The record does not say whether it was the widower or the son who thus perpetuated the honoured name of Winslow in America.

The rock under whose shadow the pilgrims landed in Plymouth Bay was removed in 1774 to an open area in the thriving town of New Plymouth, as the increasing wharfage of the port threatened to bury it.

E. W. F.

SUSAN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"OH, mammy, if he only was an orphan, I would say yes to-morrow; but I hate—I hate the idea of a mother-in-law."

"You might poison her, my dear," dryly remarked Mrs. De Groot, a stately old lady, with snow-white hair, and any amount of Mechlin lace about her throat and wrists over her soft black silk dress.

"But really, you dreadful old dear, you know it will be awful," sighed Sue, passing her little hands wearily through the dark fringes above her forehead.

"My dear," said Mrs. De Groot, "you are speaking in a very ill-bred way; but let that rest. I have no idea you will ever be troubled with Mr. Grey's mother. You will not marry him. A girl who is daunted by a mother-in-law does not love the son enough to marry him."

Sue's pretty face flushed. Poor little soul, she had never yet known what love was; but she liked Mr. Grey well enough. He was a rich, kindly, pleasant man whom she had always known; and when he asked her to marry him she did not know why she should refuse. She hated to hurt his feelings; and suddenly she remembered his mother, a disagreeable old lady, who ruled and reigned over all her family, and only did not tyrannise over John because he lived the life of a bachelor in the city and boarded at an hotel.

But here was a reason for Sue, and her mother's words sank deeply into her consciousness. She gathered courage to say no, and a year after found herself absorbed, heart and soul, in a real love affair, and accepted Harry Tempest, a young but rising lawyer, with a kind, generous, frank nature, and a dark, handsome face, without remembering that he had not only a mother, but a widowed mother, who lived with him, and could not possibly be ignored or set aside, since Harry was an only child. It is true, Sue had never seen her, for during her six months' acquaintance with Harry, Mrs. Tempest had been at the West nursing a sister who was at death's door with consumption; and if Harry had not said much about her to Sue, it was that other and more absorbing themes naturally occupied them.

Mrs. De Groot smiled when Susan laid her fair head in her lap and recited to her the tale of her engagement, for she had seen the end from the beginning, and had shed her own tears privately. She had other children besides Sue; but this was her darling, her baby, her pet always; and such a pang as mothers know went through her heart when she saw the inevitable separation approaching, but she had the courage and the goodness to smile and sympathise when the girl poured out this genuine passion, and threw herself, with blushes and tears, into the arms that could never fail her while they were instinct with life.

After the confidence was done with, and Sue had quieted both tears and joy, Mrs. De Groot bethought herself of the last time there had been such an affair, or the likeness of it, on the carpet, and said, with the quaintest smile and accent, at once gentle and mischievous, "Has Mr. Tempest a mother, Sue?"

"Oh, yes! She isn't here now. I never saw her. She is in Chicago with her sister."

"What are you going to do about her?" asked her mother.

"Oh, mammy, I never thought about her; and she lives with him. How sorry I am! But I guess she will be nice."

"She may be very nice to Harry, my dear. So was Mr. Grey's mother to him."

"I'm sure she can't be so disagreeable as old Mrs. Grey," pouted Sue, who was a little spoiled, to tell the truth.

"Susan," said Mrs. De Groot, with considerable gravity, "I want you to look this thing in the face. You are a young girl going to a new home, with new people whom as yet you know nothing about. Now take a little bit of advice. Look at yourself, not at Mrs. Tempest, when you come to live together. You know you have had an easy life, with nobody to thwart your plans and purposes. Now begin to see if you are really a lady, or only a pretence."

"You think I ought to bear everything, do you, mammy, and never peep or mutter?"

"No; but I want you to treat your mother-in-law as one lady should treat another. Don't recriminate if she talks at you, for that is vulgar—ill-bred in the extreme. Don't give up your just position, either with your husband or in the family. Respect yourself, Sue, and you force respect from others."

"Oh, dear! I wish there weren't any mothers-in-law in the world" peevishly ejaculated the girl.

"Then I should be exterminated with the rest," smiled her mother.

"But you are so very different, mammy."

"I had an awful lesson, Sue, when I was young. You know your Uncle Tom married Posy Schuyler when he was a very young man, and she was only seventeen—just my own age. You remember her picture in the library at the Hills?"

"Oh, yes, that lovely delicate little creature with hair like spun gold, and great dark eyes, and such a bud of a mouth, half smiling like a pleased baby's."

"That is her very counterfeit. She was the loveliest creature I ever saw. Her father died before she was born, and her mother only lived for the baby, and, from the hour she came, just worshipped her. She was named Euphrosyne, after her father's mother, but she always called herself Posy, and grew up with that name attached to her. I never saw such affection as Mrs. Schuyler's for that child; it amounted to passion. She never trusted her from her sight; she woke in the night to look at her; she was frantic with terror if illness threatened her. She had an artistic nature, but its sole exercise was inventing dresses and ornaments for Posy. I remember being at the Hills, as a child, and going into Posy's room, a large airy room, with two great windows looking southward; the walls were white, with a deep cornice of every spring flower, painted to the life by an Italian fresco painter; the white carpet was strewn with roses and violets, the white-wood furniture decorated with honeysuckles and clematis, painted by Mrs. Schuyler herself in clinging wreaths and tendrils, with clusters of rose and ivory bloom and wide blue blossoms looking just fit to pick; there were curtains of white soft woollen stuff, looped up in creamy folds by an enamelled fern leaf on either side; and everything else carried out in the same floral fashion, even to the lily of pearl shell which held her rings on the toilette table; but more curious than all was the child's wardrobe, which she displayed and I admired after the frank custom of ten-year-old girls. There was a rose dress, the softest cashmere, with scalloped bands overlying each other on the skirt in deepening tints to the waist, and the sleeves were just edged with deep green velvet, which also bound the throat and waist. It was like a fancy ball costume; but Posy was like a fairy, and the exquisite tints did not look fanciful on her unreal beauty. Then there was a pansy dress, purple velvet, with a gold buckle at its belt, and the skirt falling in rich pleats that seemed to form a rounded outline below like the edge of a flower. There was a thunbergia costume, the skirt and sleeves of the delicate buff which that flower monopolises, and a bodice of dark brown velvet like the blossom's throat."

"What folly!" exclaimed Sue.

"Yes; but very pretty folly. And I have not told you the half. There was a lily dress, of China crape; a violet, of purple silk, soft and glossless; and actually a cardinal flower, of vivid scarlet cloth, that I thought then too splendid to be borne; but it was only for a skating dress, Posy said.

"She grew up very delicate, exquisite, and fragile, but more and more lovely. And then Tom saw her and fell in love. It was strange to see Mrs. Schuyler. She took Tom's state of mind with great calm, as if it were only natural and to be expected. Posy had never been in society; she was very young yet; but Mrs. Schuyler would have expected, if not demanded, the same homage from every one who saw her idol. But when she discovered that Posy loved Tom and wanted to marry him, she was heart-smitten. She could not entertain the idea. She carried Posy away directly for a round of summer travel; but the girl pined so visibly, grew so sad, pale, languid, that her mother was terrified, and brought her back to the Hills directly, and sent for us to make a visit there. So that affair was concluded, and Mrs. Schuyler gave her treasure into other hands to save it, grudging all the while a day's absence, an hour's preoccupation, devoured with jealous pangs, yet trying to stifle them that Posy might be utterly happy. But when they really settled into every-day life, she insisted on their living with her at the Hills, and so secured her own misery. Tom was a good fellow and a loving husband, but he was a man, and a man of business, and he had his own affairs to attend to, his own anxieties and troubles, and like the best of mortal men, he was now and then inconsiderate and snappish. Posy loved him with all her soul, and would have condoned his offences and forgotten his slips of tongue if her mother had not made so much of them. She was like a tigress if anything seemed to approach her young to harm them, and she flew at Tom, as he impolitely expressed it, like a mad cat, if he ever spoke impatiently to his wife or forgot one attention due to her.

He bore it awhile very patiently for Posy's sake; but human nature is not all-enduring, and by-and-by he used great plainness of speech, to say the least, with Mrs. Schuyler. Then Posy became very unhappy. She was consumptive, like her father, and her life always trembled on as delicate a stem as a harebell flower. She might have lived on for years in peace and sunshine, but the stormy atmosphere of home gave her no rest. Her mother still interfered with all she did, even when she saw her drooping day by day. If Tom took her away for a journey, the mother insisted on going too, and Posy could not have the heart to refuse. But travelling was no rest to either mother or child, and it was torment to Tom, who began to comprehend the situation. Poor little Posy! she faded before their eyes like a weary baby, falling asleep one day in Tom's arms, and wearing after death so radiant a look of rest and peace that I have never forgotten it. Mrs. Schuyler followed her quickly, worn out by grief and remorse; for Tom, in the first agony of his loss, told her what Dr. Evarts said, that peace and quiet might have saved their darling. Tom hated her name to his dying day, and never married again, because he said one mother-in-law was enough for a lifetime."

"But, mamma, that was an extreme case."

"Certainly; but all the more a warning. I have never forgotten Posy, and it is to her my sons-in-law owe my unnatural forbearance," said Mrs De Groot, with a smile.

"Well, dear, if Harry's mother is awful, I'll try to be good to her," sighed Sue. But then came a ring at the door, and Sue heard a voice. It was her mother's turn now to sigh, as her girl ran down the stairs, her heart in her beautiful eyes, to meet Harry.

So time went on, and by-and-by Sue was married. Mrs. Tempest came to the wedding, and proved to be a little lady with cheeks like roses, and starry eyes, even amidst the fine lines of age and under the shadow of silver-white curls. Keen but kindly those eyes shone on Susan and took her measure, and Mrs. De Groot congratulated herself on the prospect for her daughter, and said, "She is a lady, Sue," her highest formula of approbation.

After the orthodox wedding journey, during which the pair were as uncomfortable and weary as most people are on such occasions, they came home to find Harry's little house bright with comfort and neatness—fires in the shining grates, flowers on the tables and shelves, a dinner of wonderful savour and elegance waiting for them, and a real motherly welcome.

"How lovely it is to get home!" Sue confided to her husband.

"I hope home will always be lovely to you, Sue," was the beaming response.

"If I only can get along nicely with your mother, Harry!" said Sue, with a wistful sort of frankness. Harry sat down in the nearest chair and laughed immoderately.

"Poor little soul! Has it got a mother-in-law on the brain already? So it shall."

"Harry!" exclaimed the indignant Susan.

"My dear child, if the 'mum,' as that delightful little chap in 'Verdant Green' calls her, oppresses you, use my revolver at once. I never will betray you—never!" And here the wretch went off into another fit of laughter more irrepressible than the first.

Sue flushed to the temples. "Harry, what are you laughing at?" she demanded.

"I'll tell you, dear, on Christmas Day in the morning. That's exactly two months from to-day. Put it down in your tablets along with your dentist's appointments;" and giving Sue a very inconsiderate hug, which nearly shook down the structure of puffs and braids she was adorning her head with, he left her to finish dressing.

Poor little Susan! life became a disappointment to her. Mrs. Tempest never went into the kitchen, never sniffed at her new daugther's inexperience or ignorance, interfered with housekeeping, or found fault with the housekeeper. She was simply a guest in her son's home, ready to give advice or assistance, when it was asked, with wonderful wisdom and judgment, but never intruding. If her children wanted her society, they could always have it for the asking; if they did not, she was neither hurt nor angry. She knew well that a third person is not always welcome, however dear; and she remembered—what women so often forget—that her son was now a grown man, with his own home and family, and deserving a certain respect as such; not a boy to be lectured, scolded, humored, or snapped at as if he were ten years old, and still under parental government.

She learned, too, to love Sue, the sweet-natured, high-spirited, and impulsive creature, for herself, as well as for Harry's sake; and Susan, before the two months were gone, had called her "mother" with

all her heart, and learned to find in her the same comfort and help she had drawn from her own parent, if in lesser measure than the life long and natural tie afforded.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed she one day as Mrs. Tempest sat beside her soothing her with tender ways and soft hands in the anguish of a racking headache, "how could I ever think mother-in-laws were dreadful?"

Mrs. Tempest laughed. "My dear Susy, mother-in-laws are just like other people. If a woman is sweet, sensible, patient, unselfish, and good, she will be loved in any sort of place or relation; if she is domineering, high-tempered, selfish, or disagreeable in other ways, her own children will not love her, or anybody else. It is not the relation that is in fault, but the individual. Havn't you found that out?"

"I don't think I've found out anything but that I love you dearly, if you are my mother-in-law," replied Sue, with a very tender kiss.

"Yes, you have, Sue," put in Harry, who had entered the room from the door behind the bed, with an ominous-looking bottle and glass in his hand; "you've found out at least a week before the time why I laughed, the day we came home, at your prophetic troubles. The idea of anybody dreading my mother! Dr. Matthews says you must have champagne, madame, for your headache: a specific, he says it is. So suppose you drink a health directly to mothers-in-law."

"No, sir—if you please, I mean."

"Meekness!" said Harry, in a stage aside.

But Sue went on—"I'll drink a health to my mother-in-law with all my heart."

"Long may she wave!" chorused Harry.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

ONE DAY IN GENOA.

I SPENT but a single day in Genoa. Breakfasted (*à la fourchette*) excellently and cheaply on a beefsteak and potatoes, which with half a bottle of Ligurian wine cost a franc. For this I had also the society of an unoccupied waiter, who leaned against a marble column and looked on with that gentle, half-compassionate interest in our appetites which seems native to the tribe of waiters. A slight dash of surprise is in this professional manner; and there is a faint smile on the solemn professional countenance, which is perhaps prompted by too intimate knowledge of the mysteries of the kitchen and the habits of the cook. The man who passes his life among beefsteaks cannot be expected to love them, or to regard without wonder the avidity with which others devour them. I imagine that service in restaurants must beget simple and natural tastes in eating, and that the jaded men who minister there to our pampered appetites demand only for themselves

> "A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
> And water from the spring."

Turning from this thought we go to seek the Consul, and, after finding everything else for two hours, we at last find him.

A former Consul, whom I know, has told me a good many stories about the pieces of popular mind which he received at different times from the travelling public in reproof of his difficulty of discovery; and I think it must be one of the most jealously guarded rights of travellers in foreign lands to declare the national representative hard to find, if there is no other complaint to lodge against him. It seems to be, in peculiar degree, a quality of consulship at ——— to be found remote and inaccessible. My friend the Consul says, before setting out for his post, when inquiring into the history of his predecessors, he heard that they were one and all hard to find; and he relates that on the steamer, going over, there was a low fellow who set the table in a roar by a vulgar anecdote to this effect:—

"There was once a Consul who indicated his office-hours by the legend on his door, 'In from ten to one.' An old ship-captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding the Consul, at last furiously wrote, in the terms of wager, under this legend, 'Ten to one, you're out!'"

My friend also states that one day a visitor of his remarked, "I'm rather surprised to find you in. As a general rule, I never do find consuls in." Habitually his fellow-countrymen entertained him with accounts of their misadventures in reaching

him. It was useless to represent to them that his house was in the most convenient locality in ——, where, indeed, no stranger can walk twenty rods from his hotel without losing himself; that their guide was an ass, or their courier a rogue. They listened to him politely, but they never pardoned him in the least. And neither shall I forgive the American Consul at Genoa. I had no earthly consular business with him, but a private favour to ask. It was Sunday, and I could not reasonably expect to find him at his office, or anybody to tell me where he lived; but I have seldom had so keen a sense of personal wrong and national neglect as in my search for that Consul's house.

In Italy there is no species of fact with which any human being you meet will not pretend to have perfect acquaintance, and of course the driver whose fiacre we took professed himself a complete guide to the Consul's whereabouts, and took us successively to the residences of the consuls of all the South American Republics. It occurred to me that it might be well to inquire of these officials where their colleague was to be found; but it is true that not one consul of them was at home! Their doors were opened by vacant old women, in whom a vague intelligence feebly guttered, like the wick of an expiring candle, and who, after feigning to throw floods of light on the object of my search, successively flickered out, and left me in total darkness.

Till that day, I never knew of what lofty flights stairs were capable. As out of doors, in Genoa, it is either all up or down hill, so in doors it is either all up or down stairs. Ascending and descending, in one palace after another, those infinite marble steps, it became a question not solved to this hour whether it was worse to ascend or descend, each ordeal in its turn seemed so much more terrible than the other.

At last I resolved to come to an understanding with the driver, and I spent what little breath I had left—it was dry and hot as the simoom—in blowing up that infamous man. "You are a great driver," I said, "not to know your own city. What are you good for if you can't take a foreigner to his Consul's?" "Signore," answered the driver, patiently, "you would have to get a book in two volumes by heart in order to be able to find everybody in Genoa. This city is a labyrinth."

Truly it had so proved, and I could scarcely believe in my good luck when I actually found my friend, and set out with him on a ramble through its toils.

A very great number of the streets in Genoa are footways merely, and these are as narrow, as dark, as full of jutting chimney-places, balconies, and opened window-shutters, and as picturesque as the little alleys in Venice. They wander at will around the bases of the gloomy old stone palaces, and seem to have a vagabond fondness for creeping down to the port, and losing themselves there in a certain cavernous arcade which curves round the water with the flection of the shore, and makes itself a twilight at noonday. Under it are clangorous shops of ironsmiths, and sizzling shops of marine cooks, and looking down its dim perspective one beholds chiefly sea-legs coming and going, more or less affected by strong waters; and as the faces to which these sea-legs belong draw near, one discerns sailors from all parts of the world —tawny men from Sicily and Norway, as diverse in their tawniness as olive and train oil; sharp faces from Nantucket and from the Piræus, likewise mightily different in their sharpness; blond Germans and blond Englishmen; and now and then a coloured brother also in the seafaring line, with sea-legs also, more or less affected by strong waters like the rest. What curious people are these seafarers! They coast the whole world, and know nothing of it, being more ignorant and helpless than children on shore. I spoke with the Yankee mate of a ship one day, at Venice, and asked him how he liked the city.

Well, he had not been ashore yet.

He was told he had better go ashore; that the Piazza San Marco was worth seeing.

Well, he knew it; he had seen pictures of it; but he guessed he wouldn't go ashore.

Why not, now he was here?

Well, he laid out to go ashore the next time he came to Venice.

And so, bless his honest soul, he lay three weeks at Venice with his ship, after a voyage of two months, and he sailed away without ever setting his foot on that enchanted ground.

I should have liked to stop some of those seafarers and ask them what they thought of Genoa.

It must have been in the little streets, impassable for horses, that the people sat and talked, as Heine fabled, in their doorways, and touched knees with the people sitting and talking on the thresholds of the

opposite side. But we saw no gossipers there on our Sunday in Genoa; and I think the domestic race of Heine's day no longer lives in Genoa, for everybody we saw in the streets was gaily dressed in the idea of the last fashions, and was to be met chiefly in the public promenades. The fashions were French; but here still lingers the lovely phantom of the old national costume of Genoa, and snow-white veils fluttered from many a dark head and caressed many an olive cheek. It is the kindest and charitablest of attirements, this white veil, and, while decking beauty to the most perilous effect, befriends and modifies age and ugliness.

The pleasure with which I look at the splendour of an Italian crowd in winter is always touched with melancholy. I know that, at the time of its noonday promenade, it has nothing but a cup of coffee in its stomach; that it has emerged from a house as cold and dim as a cellar; and that it will presently go home to dine on rice and boiled beef. I know that chilblains secretly gnaw the hands inside of its kid gloves, and I see in the rawness of its faces the anguish of winter-long suffering from cold. But I also look at many in this crowd with the eye of the economist, and wonder how people practising even so great self-denial as they can contrive, to make so much display on their little means—how those clerks of public offices, who have rarely an income of five hundred dollars a year, can dress with such peerless gorgeousness. I suppose the national instinct teaches them ways and means unknown to us. The passion for dress is universal: the men are as fond of it as the women; and happily clothes are comparatively cheap. It is no great harm in itself this display; it is only a pity that there is often nothing, or worse than nothing, under the shining surface.

We walked with the brilliant Genoese crowd upon the hill where the public promenade overlooks a landscape of city and country, houses and gardens, vines and olives, which it makes the heart ache to behold, it is so faultlessly beautiful. Behind us the fountain was

> "Shaking its loosened silver in the sun,"

the birds were singing, and there were innumerable fair girls going by, about whom one might have made romances if one had not known better. Our friend pointed out to us the "pink jail" in which Dickens lived while at Genoa, and showed us on the brow of a distant upland, the villa called "Il Paradiso," which Byron had occupied.

After lingering a little longer on that delicious height, we turned and went down for a stroll through the city.

My note-book says that Genoa is the most magnificent city I ever saw, and I hold by my note-book, though I hardly know how to prove it. Venice is, and remains, the most beautiful city in the world, but her ancient rival impresses you with greater splendour. I suppose that the exclusively Renaissance architecture, which Ruskin declares the architecture of pride, lends itself powerfully to this effect in Genoa. It is here in its best mood, and there is little grotesque Renaissance to be seen, though the palaces are, as usual, loaded with ornament. The Via Nuova is the chief thoroughfare of the city, and the crowd pours through this avenue between long lines of palaces. Height on height rise the stately, sculptured façades, colonnaded, statued, pierced by mighty doorways and lofty windows; and the palaces seem to gain a kind of aristocratic *hauteur* from the fact that there are for the most part no sidewalks, and that the carriages, rolling insolently through the crowd, threaten constantly to grind the pedestrian up against their carved marbles, and immolate him to their stony pride. There is something gracious and gentle in the grandeur of Venice, and much that the heart loves to cling to; but in Genoa no sense of kindliness is touched by the magnificence of the city.

It was an unspeakable relief, after such a street, to come on a sudden upon the Duomo, one of the few Gothic buildings in Genoa, and rest our jaded eyes on that architecture which heaven seems truly to have put into the thoughts of man together with the Christian faith. Oh, beloved beauty of aspiring arches, of slender and clustered columns, of flowering capitals and window-traceries, of many-carven breadths and heights, wherein all nature breathes and blossoms again! There is neither Greek perfection, nor winning Byzantine languor, nor insolent Renaissance opulence, which may compare with this loveliness of yours! Alas! that the interior of this Gothic temple of Genoa should abound in the abomination of rococo restoration! They say that the dust of St. John the Baptist lies there within a costly shrine; and I wonder that it can sleep in peace amid all that heathenish show of bad taste. But the poor saints have to suffer a great deal in Italy.

Outside, in the piazza before the church, there was an idle, cruel crowd, amusing itself with the efforts of a blind old man to find the entrance. He had a number of books which he desperately laid down while he ran his helpless hands over the clustered columns, and which he then desperately caught up again, in fear of losing them. At other times he paused and wildly clasped his hands upon his eyes, or wildly threw up his arms; and then began to run to and fro again uneasily, while the crowd laughed and jeered.

Doubtless a taint of madness afflicted him; but not the less he seemed the type of a blind soul that gropes darkly about through life, to find the doorway of some Divine truth or beauty, touched by the heavenly harmonies from within and miserably failing, amid the scornful cries and bitter glee of those who have no will but to mock aspiration.

The girl turning somersaults in another place had far more popular sympathy than the blind madman at the temple-door, but she was hardly a more cheerful spectacle. For all her festive spangles and fairy-like brevity of skirts, she had quite a work-a-day look upon her honest, blood-red face, as if this were business though it looked like sport, and her part of the diversion were as practical as that of the famous captain of the waiters, who gave the act of peeling a sack of potatoes a playful effect by standing on his head. The poor damsel was going over and over, to the sound of most dismal drumming and braying, in front of the immense old palace of the Genoese Doges, a classic building, stilted on a rustic base, and quite worthy of Palladio, if anybody thinks that is praise.

There was little left of our day when we had dined; but having seen the outside of Genoa, and not hoping to see the inside, we found even this little heavy on our hands, and were glad to take the steamer for Naples at twelve midday.

A. M.

A CHARADE OF TWO SYLLABLES.

IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. JOHN GARDINER, a rich merchant.
MR. HERBERT GARDINER, his nephew.
MISS LUCY THOMPSON, niece to Mr. John Gardiner.
MRS. WILSTED, a farmer's widow, aunt to Lucy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The curtain rises and discovers the kitchen of a farm-house, a deeply-recessed fireplace, at which cooking is going on. Old-fashioned furniture and a clock. Plates and dishes on the table.

Mrs. W. reads a letter just received, puts it down, and says, Dear, dear! what can John, my brother-in-law, have done to that niece of mine, Lucy, to make her write such a letter as this? I always thought he fairly spoiled her; and here she writes:—

"I am forced to leave my Uncle John to escape a tyranny I can endure no longer, and I am now glad to accept your repeated offers of a home which you have so kindly given to poor me, your sister's only child. I shall be with you on Wednesday by the mid-day train."

Well, I am glad she is coming, whatever brings her. It's lonely without a young spirit about one. But what shall I do? I can't send anyone to the train for her, for both maid and man left yesterday, the good-for-nothings! Why, here she is!

(Enter *Lucy*, fashionably dressed.)

Lucy. Yes, dear aunty, here I am!—a run-away, you must know; and I depend on you to hide me.

Mrs. W. Hide you, child! Where could I do that? You are too big now to crawl under the table. Whatever do you want to hide for?

Lucy. Because this is sure to be the first place where Uncle John will look for me. Perhaps he has been here already?

Mrs. W. No, my dear; nobody's been here looking for you.

Lucy. Well, he's sure to come sooner or later, and if he inquires among the neighbours, they will be sure to tell him, so you must let me be your maid. Tell anybody that inquires who I am that I'm your Welsh maid, Gladys Jenkins—call me Gladdy.

Mrs. W. What a name! I never heard of such a freak as this! Can't do it, child.

Lucy. Nonsense! I'll be your cook.

Mrs. W. Much you know about cooking.

Lucy. Dairymaid, then.

Mrs. W. You never yet saw a cow without screaming.

Lucy. I'll turn washerwoman, then—anything!

Mrs. W. How wild you talk! It would look well, wouldn't it, putting your hands to such work? You may help a little, for just now I've no help at all; my maid is gone, and my man-servant, who mostly worked out of doors, went away yesterday, after living with me five years.

Lucy, eagerly. Then I can take his place!

Mrs. W., laughing heartily. You! You go to plough! you tend the pigs, and the horses, and milking, and what else, Lucy?

Lucy. I won't stay at all, then, thus to be made fun of! Uncle John shall not find me for all that.

Mrs. W. What did you quarrel about? I thought he fairly doted on you.

Lucy. He wants me to marry my Cousin Herbert, and I won't.

Mrs. W. What, Herbert Gardiner, who has been so long abroad?

Lucy. Yes; and I wish he would stay there. He is coming home—is there now for all I know to the contrary. I have been away at Grace Martin's for the last week, but I could stay no longer, for this detestable cousin of mine is sure to call there, as Grace knew him in Paris.

Mrs. W. But you haven't told me why you——

Lucy. No, no; but I will. Did you know my grandfather?

Mrs. W. Why, of course, I knew my own father, child!

Lucy. Yes; but I mean my grandfather Gardiner.

Mrs. W. Sure enough, child, you had two grandfathers. No, dear; no, dear, I never knew him.

Lucy. Well, you *must* know that he left all his money to Herbert and to me upon condition that we marry. If we do not, it does not go to Uncle John, who is rich, but to some hospital for orphans; I forget its name.

Mrs. W. I did not know so much; but it's very proper, my dear—very proper.

Lucy. Why on earth couldn't he have divided the property between us, instead of compelling us to marry? I tell you what it is, Aunt Mary, I won't marry any man just to get his money; and so I told Uncle John.

Mrs. W. But if Herbert is a nice young man? He is well educated; and perhaps he's handsome.

Lucy. How do I know what kind of a man he is? I know that he was a horrid, hateful boy when he was fourteen (and that's just ten years ago), and very likely he's no better now. I don't care what he is; I'll marry no man just because I'm told I must have him or come to poverty. I'll get a situation first! I'll serve in a shop! There! If you won't have me——

Mrs. W. Don't be so fast, child. Of course I'll have you, and very glad to get you; so don't be so angry and wild.

Lucy. But you are to let me have my own way, else I won't stay here.

Mrs. W. Way, indeed! as if you hadn't had that ever since you were born!

Lucy. That's a dear aunty! Now I'm Gladdy Jenkins. I'll put on a cotton dress and a big apron, and hide away these fallals. Then I'll do all you tell me to do; but you must mind and order me about before people just as if it was Gladdy Jenkins.

Mrs. W. Very well, if I don't forget.

Lucy. But you mustn't forget, you dear darling. Oh, here comes the porter from the station with my trunk! You just take it in, and then "I'll walk in new attire."

(Exit *Lucy,* singing.)

Mrs. W. Well, if ever I saw such a farce! Gladdy Jenkins! And I to call her that, and to put on a grave face, and to declare to John if he comes that she is not here, and to tell my neighbours that I have got some help at last! I declare to goodness I can't do it! Whatever will the girl be doing next? Who is this coming up the path now? I hope it's a man that wants work; he don't altogether look like it.

(Enter a farm-labourer dressed in a smock-frock.)

Man. Mornin', ma'am! I coom to know if anybody's wanted to work here?

Mrs. W. Yes. I want a strong, active man, who knows what work means. Who sent you here?

Man. I heered so at the railway station. I lived wi' Farmer Stott out by Bath, seventy miles from here. I got the caracter wi' me.

(Produces a written paper.)

Mrs. W. If you understand farm work I had best take you on, for I am left without anybody. I'll inquire about the character afterwards. What's your name?

Man. Onesinphincog.

Mrs. M. Ony—what? I can't call you that unearthly name.

Man. They used to call me Jacob. Perhaps you had better read what my old master says.

Mrs. W. reads:—"The bearer, Onesinphincog, whom we have called Jacob because of his unpronounceable name, has served upon my farm for four years. I know him to be honest, and a capable man for his work. I recommend him to anyone wanting a good farm hand.—JAMES STOTT."

Man. He was a good master, was Farmer Stott.

Mrs. W. Well, Jacob, I'll take you a week on trial. You can go over the farm, which is not large, and put your hand to any work you see. You'll have to milk the cows before dark. You must fetch 'em home from the field yonder into the barton. You had better look round.

(Exit *Mrs. Wilsted.*)

Jacob looks round to be sure that he is alone, and then speaks in a natural and gentleman's tone of voice. —Now, I wonder if I've hit upon the right place! Grace Martin was so very mysterious over the matter that I'm not sure I am right. It was well that I helped Grace in her love matter in Paris. She told me this morning to seek Mrs. Wilsted's farm. Well, I have sought and found it; but what of it? I, Herbert Gardiner, am as much in the dark as ever. I see no one about. What should my cousin do here—or, indeed, anywhere else but in her uncle's house, who says she is the most fascinating girl in existence? I only know, if she is half as charming now as she was at ten years old, she is worth the winning and some trouble to win her. If she's not here, I'll seek till I find her. But Grace might have been more explicit, and——

(Enter *Mrs. Wilsted,* hurriedly.)

Mrs. W. Jacob! Jacob! Run! run! the pigs are rooting up the celery. Drive them into the pigstye.

(Away *Jacob* runs.)

Mrs. W. Dear, dear! What is that man doing? Why, he's pulling up the beanstakes to drive out the pigs. I'm sure he can't understand his business. Why, he's trampling down all that last crop of peas that's just above the ground! Good gracious! Here, Lucy!—no, Gladdy!—run and tell that stupid man that he's doing more harm than the pigs. Lucy!—no, Gladdy!—run!

Lucy. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs W. My goodness! There she goes, right over the strawberry-beds! Lucy, Lucy! She don't hear me. There's the pigs in Farmer Simpson's cornfield! Won't I have to pay for that—the old curmudgeon! And now between them they have upset the hencoops, and those rumpaging hens and their brood will be all over the garden, spoiling everything. Mercy! mercy! what shall I do? Between the man and the girl there'll be nothing left undamaged in the place. Lucy, Lucy! Jacob! I declare one's as deaf as the other! And now they are down in the field. What shall I do? I'll blow the horn. The man will know that dinner-sound if he knows nothing else.

(Exit *Mrs. Wilsted.*)

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT II.

SCENE AS THE LAST.

The curtain rises and discovers *Herbert Gardiner* (as *Jacob*), with a piece of harness in his hand.

Jacob. I am to mend this. Now, I wonder what will be the next thing given to me to prove my incapacity! If that blessed old woman had not the temper of an angel I should have been ordered off the premises a fortnight ago, when I drove those unlucky pigs out of the garden. But I have only to touch her dear, soft heart with a tale of poverty and distress, and she tries me once more. The mischief is that Gladdy—what a name!—baffles me completely. She either is in reality a servant, very much above her station certainly; or, if not, she is the completest actress I ever saw. I try every way to force her to betray herself, but she doubles at every turn. Well, one thing is certain—I'm over head and ears in love with Gladdy, wherever my runaway Cousin Lucy may be.

Lucy enters with a pan of green peas to shell. It is very sunny here; I'll sit in the shade.

Jacob. It is indeed very hot, Gladdy. Let me help to shell the peas.

Lucy. Oh! you are there, are you? What are you doing?

Jacob. Mending harness; but I shall shell peas now. (Drawing near.)

Lucy. Get another pan, then.

Jacob. Plenty of room in this one. (Coming close to Lucy and sitting down, takes out the peas, and holds Lucy's hand).

Lucy. Keep to your own side, or get another pan. That is my hand you are holding.

Jacob. So it is. Your fingers are so slender I mistook them for the peas. (He squeezes her hand.)

Lucy, jumping up. Why, there's a great big ant in the pan! and here's another on my arm! (She upsets the peas.) There! you've made me upset the peas.

Jacob. Never mind, I'll pick them up. (Gets on his knees to pick up the peas.)

Lucy. It serves you right if that big ant stings you.

Jacob. Ants don't sting.

Lucy. They do, though. You don't know much about natural—— Aside. Oh dear, I'd nearly said history.

Jacob. Natural what?

Lucy. Never mind what. There's a lot of peas under the table, Jacob.

Jacob, rising, and exclaiming in *Herbert Gardiner's* voice. Confound them, there they may stay. Gladdy, or whatever your real name may be, I beg your pardon for my rudeness. The fact is, I may as well drop my disguise and go away.

Lucy, faintly. Go away? Disguise? What do you mean?

Jacob. Yes, I will confess to you only, if you will keep the secret. I am not what I seem, but a gentleman in disguise, and in very serious trouble.

Lucy. I am indeed surprised, and I am very, very sorry.

Jacob. My name is not Jacob. I need not say what it is. I am forced to hide myself in this obscure country place to escape arrest and imprisonment.

Lucy, aside. I knew he was a gentleman in disguise. I wonder who he is really.

Jacob, continues. But I find myself placed in a position even more trying than that which brought me here.

Lucy. You are very mysterious, Mr. — Mr.——

Jacob. You must still call me Jacob. I dare not tell my name; and yet I am an innocent man bearing another's crime.

Lucy, aside. Poor fellow! How I pity him!

Jacob. I will confide in you. My aunt, an old lady, who promised to make me her heir, has been imposed upon by my cousin, who has persuaded her that I have forged her name for a thousand pounds, and, guiltless as I am, I am unable to prove my innocence.

Lucy. How dreadful! But in your place I should go at once to my aunt, and explain the matter.

Jacob. She will not see me. There was nothing left me but flight. I come here (sighs) and meet my fate.

Lucy. You are certainly safe here; quite safe. There is no fate here for you.

Jacob. Safe, truly. But, oh! Gladdy, here I have met one who inspires me with such affection that I can only shun this new danger by going away. Besides, I am doing more mischief by my incapacity for work than I can in my impoverished state hope to remedy.

Lucy. My aunt (stops confused). I mean Mrs. Wilsted.

Jacob, aside. At last the discovery is made. If she is Mrs. Wilsted's niece, she must be no Gladdy, but my cousin Lucy. (Aloud.) So you see I must go.

Lucy, aside. He did not notice that slip of the tongue. (Aloud.) Have you no friends who would take up your case?

Jacob. None that are powerful enough to aid me.

Lucy. If I knew some friends, I might— if——

Jacob, quietly. You believe in my innocence! You would help me if you could! Oh! Gladdy, if you will but smile on me; if you will only let me hope to win your love if I prove my innocence, I will face any danger. I will dare my fate. (Takes her hand.) Tell me, dearest, that you love me.

Lucy. I! Oh! do you not also guess that I— I, too, am playing a part? I——

(Enter *Mrs. Wilsted.*)

Lucy and *Jacob* start apart, and look confused.

Lucy. If you please, ma'am——

Mrs. W. Whatever are you doing, Jacob? All the peas on the floor, the harness not mended, and the fire out. What's all this about?

Jacob. It's all about that I'm going away, with all my blundering ways.

(Exit *Jacob.*)

Lucy. Oh! aunt, I——

Mrs. W. Oh! I'm your aunt again, am I? What's the reason the peas are on the ground?

Lucy. It was my fault. There was a great big stinging ant among them, and I threw the whole lot down; but now, dear Aunt Mary, I'm going to throw off this disguise and write to Uncle John to-night.

Mrs. W. Good gracious! What's the matter now?

Lucy. The matter is that I don't care a pin for Herbert nor anyone else. I'll marry but one man in the world.

Mrs. W. Why, Lucy, are you a fool? Who wanted you to marry two men?

Lucy. I didn't mean that. What I mean is this: that if Jacob, who has just left, will marry me, I'll have none but Jacob.

Mrs. W. Is it possible? Why, it would serve you right if he were to marry and then starve you. You would find that worse than stinging ants.

Lucy. Oh, do listen. Jacob is in great trouble, and I am going to write to Uncle John to get him out of it. I tell you that Jacob is a gentleman, and not a labourer; and you will let him stay here for my sake. Do promise me.

Mrs. W. Well, I'll promise you that much. You'll make me believe that the world's turned upside down next; and after your freak it won't be very wonderful to find it is tired of turning round. What next, niece? I never refused you anything yet; but let us hear, what next?

Lucy. You won't let Jacob go—promise me that.

Mrs. W. No, he shall stay; but what a name, "Jacob!" You'll soon be calling him Jake. What's his other name?

Lucy. I'm sure I don't know.

Mrs. W. I should like to know his real name, because if he marries you he'll be my nephew; and I shouldn't like a nameless man.

Lucy. It will all come right in time, aunty. (Both *exit.*)

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

ACT III.

Scene as before. Curtain rises, and discovers *Mrs. Wilsted* knitting.

(Enter *Uncle John Gardiner.*)

Mr. G. Good morning, Mrs. Wilsted.

Mrs. W. Good morning to you. Hope you are well.

Mr. G. Well, indeed! Here's a pretty mess you and my niece have concocted!

Mrs. W. I am sure, brother-in-law, I don't know what's to be done. I have grieved over it very much, and as for Jacob——

Mr. G. Call him by his right name, madam. Your 'servant,' Jacob; you know he is your servant.

Mrs. W. Well, yes; he's been helping about till yesterday, when he looked something like a farm-labourer; but now he's got on good clothes he looks like what he is—and that's a gentleman.

Mr. G. I wish your word could make him so. A pretty sort of gentleman he must be to steal a girl's heart in this way. Where's his honesty, ma'am?

Mrs. W. He says he is accused of forgery, and that he's innocent. I don't know about any other dishonesty.

Mr. G. Is that honest, to go about in disguise, steal an innocent girl's heart, and shirk off by accusing himself of forgery? And you lend yourself to his wickedness by harbouring two impostors, both Lucy and himself.

Mrs. W. You use ugly words, brother-in-law.

(Enter *Lucy*, fashionably dressed.)

Mr. G., coldly. Well, Miss Thompson, a fine dutiful niece you are!

Lucy, going up to him. Now, dear Uncle John, you know you couldn't scold me if you tried to do so.

Mr. G. Niece, niece! you never gave me such grave cause.

Lucy. It was all your fault, uncle. You know we were as happy as the day is long till you took it into your head that I must marry my Cousin Herbert because it was my grandfather's will—the will of an old dead and buried man—bah!

Mr. G. It was your grandfather's wish, not mine.

Lucy. But you insisted upon it, and that horrid, wretched Herbert—if I am otherwise never to marry, I'll live single all my life. Once for all, I'll marry Jacob—no other.

Mr. G. Jacob! What's his other name, Lucy?

Lucy, colouring. I'm sure I don't know; at least I don't recollect. It was a very long and outlandish name; it wasn't his true one.

Mr. G. So, so, niece, you prefer to wed a miserable impostor, who will starve and beat you. If you do it will serve you right. (Striking an ant off his coat.) Have you a nest of these creatures here, Mrs. Wilstead?

Mrs. W. What creatures do you mean? Lucy and Jacob?

Mr. G. No; I mean—— Look here! Why this ant seems a most voracious creature!

Lucy. Oh, never mind the ants! Stop, dear uncle, and hear Jacob's story.

Mr. G. I tell you I'll listen to no such rubbish!

(Enter *Jacob*, dressed as a gentleman.)

Jacob. May Jacob tell his own story?

Mr. G. Herbert, my dear fellow! What, you here?

Jacob, transformed to *Herbert.* As you see.

Lucy. Herbert!

Herbert. At your service, fair cousin. Do not turn away; all is fair, you know, in love and war; and since you would not wait to discover any merit I might possess, I was at liberty to make a pilgrimage and do penance to discover yours.

Lucy. Is it possible that Jacob and Herbert are the same? And your romantic story about your aunt, is it untrue?

Herbert. Just an impromptu, when I found that you had detected my disguise. I was afraid to tell you my real name until I had won you to confess that you loved me. You will forgive me, sweet coz, will you not?

(Takes her round the waist and kisses her.)

Mrs. W. For gracious sake, Lucy, end this farce, or you will be the death of me! You see there is no resource but to fulfil the will of an old dead and buried man. Thank him heartily, both of you, that he did make such a will! It would fully serve—— Oh, my goodness! there's those ants again!

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

The word SERV-ANTS.

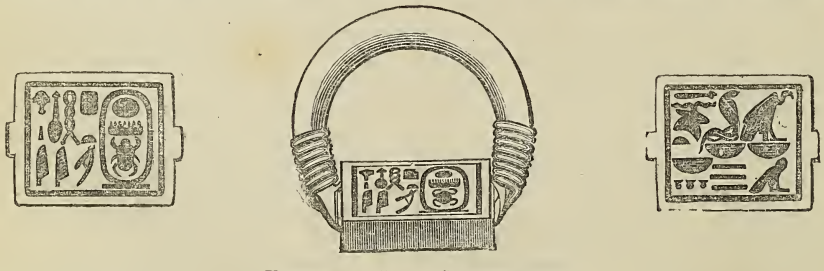
FINGER-RING LORE.*

MR. JONES has taken up a fascinating subject and made out of far-sought and varied materials a very charming book, illustrated with a number of rich engravings appertaining to the matter and subjects, the latter comprising chapters describing, by illustration and pen, rings from the earliest period—the Egyptian, Etruscan, Roman, Greek, British, Irish, Saxon, and Jewish rings—also rings of the Middle Ages and betrothal rings. Each one described is marvellously produced by the engraver from the identical rings.

"Ring Superstitions" is a chapter devoted to the fancies connected with rings. The divination, amulet, and astrological rings are very beautifully engraved; also the memorial, the cabalistic, and the charm rings.

Other chapters are devoted to Rings in Ecclesiastical Usages—Secular Investiture by the Ring—Betrothal and Wedding Rings—Token Rings—Poesy, Inscription, and Motto Rings—Remarkable Rings—Customs and Incidents Connected with Rings. A voluminous appendix is added, forming altogether a most complete work on a subject of importance to the antiquary and to the scholar, and most amusing to those who read simply to be amused. The number of rich engravings give a vitality to the work, and treble the interest created by its perusal.

We venture to make the following extracts from this really valuable book. "The ring was used as a pledge for the performance of a promise. This is frequently alluded to in the Bible. The Egyptian ring was a massive affair. In 1824 a discovery was made at Sukkara of a tomb enclosing a mummy cased in solid gold, each limb, each finger of which had its peculiar envelope inscribed with hieroglyphics. A gold chain and ring were found with it. This ring was supposed to be of the time of the Pharaoh Thotmes III., in whose reign Joseph lived. In the British Museum are some interesting specimens of Egyptian rings, with representations of the Scarabæus or sacred beetle."



EGYPTIAN GOLD SIGNET RING.

"The Egyptians made the Scarabæus the symbol of the world, because it rolled its excrements into a globe; symbol of the sun; of the moon, from its horns; one horned of Mercury; of generations, because it

* "Finger-Ring Lore; Historical, Legendary, Anecdotal." By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

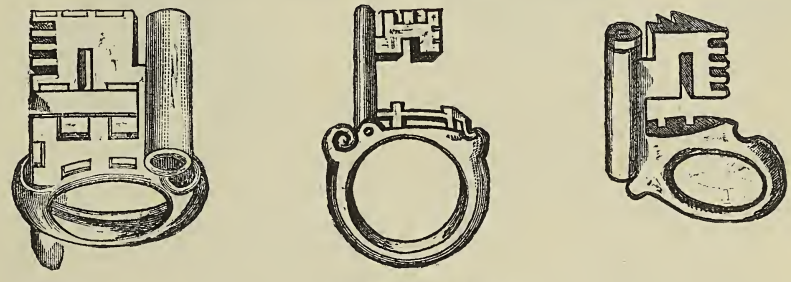
buried the ball or globe, in which it included its eggs, &c.; of an only son, because they believed that every beetle was male and female; of valour, manly power, &c., whence they forced all the soldiers to wear a ring upon which a beetle was engraved."

"It is well known that the use of these scarabs was so extensive as to have prevailed beyond Egypt, being adopted by the Phœnicians and Etruscans."

"Several of the Egyptian rings in the Museum of the Louvre, at Paris, date from the reign of King Mœris. One of the oldest rings extant is that of Cheops, the founder of the Great Pyramid. This ring was found in a tomb there. It is of gold with hieroglyphics."

"The Egyptian glass-workers produced small mosaics of the most minute and delicate finish, and sufficiently small to be worn on rings."

One could not imagine that rings were capable of being made in such strange forms and devices till this book of Mr. Jones shows us such extraordinary diversity. "The Roman key rings" were evidently intended for the useful. A key could not easily be lost when, in the shape of a ring, with the upright wards for ornament, it could be worn on the finger.



ROMAN KEY RINGS.

The following cut is of an early British ring found at Malton. The device is unexplainable:—



EARLY BRITISH RING.

"The Anglo-Saxons excelled in goldsmiths' work; some specimens which have been discovered would not discredit the workmanship of a modern artificer. In the British Museum is the gold ring of Ethelwolf, King of Wessex (A.D. 837—857), the father of Alfred the Great. It was found in a cart-rut in the parish of Laverstock, Hampshire. The ring is of enamelled work.

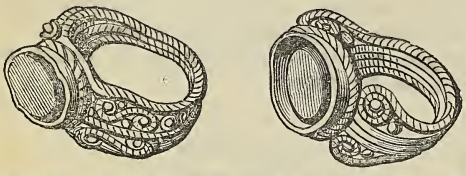


RING OF ETHELWOLF.

"In the earlier history of Ireland we find instances of a wonderful development of artistic skill in goldsmiths' work. The Royal Irish Academy possesses some beautiful specimens of rings." Aildergoidhe, son of Muinheamhoin, monarch of Ireland, who reigned 3070 A.M., is traditionally said to have been the first prince who introduced the wearing of gold rings into Ireland, which rings he bestowed on persons of merit, who excelled in knowledge of the arts and sciences."

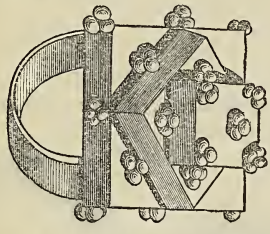
In the Londesborough collec-

tion are two remarkable rings, which were found with other gold ornaments near the tumulus known as "New Grange," a few miles from Drogheda. They were accidentally discovered by a labouring man within a few yards of the entrance to the tumulus, at the depth of two feet from the surface of the ground, without any covering or protection from the earth about them. The stones in both rings are cut agates.



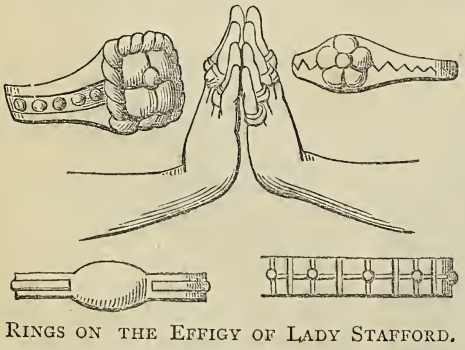
Ancient Irish Rings found near Drogheda.

"In the Middle Ages, in the reign of Edward III., all persons under the rank of knighthood, or of less property than two hundred pounds in land and tenements, were forbidden to wear rings and other articles of jewellery."



Gold Middle-Age Ring from the Louvre.

Margaret of Anjou is supposed to have introduced the fashion of wearing two rings on each finger except the last. The rings were placed on the middle as well as the third joint of the finger. "In Bromsgrove



Rings on the Effigy of Lady Stafford.

Church, Staffordshire, are the fine monumental effigies of Sir Humphrey Stafford and his wife (1450), remarkable alike for the rich armour of the knight and the courtly costume of the lady. She wears a profusion of rings, every finger, excepting the little finger of the right hand, being furnished with one. They exhibit great variety of design. The two hands are lifted in prayer."

Among the Greeks a portrait of Alexander the Great, set in a gold or silver ring, and worn on the finger as an amulet, was supposed to ensure prosperity to the wearer. Sparteris includes among the omens of Hadrian's coming death, that of the falling of his ring from his finger. The ring bore a likeness of himself.



Amulet Ring, with the Bust of Hadrian.

A very large ring, bearing a great resemblance to the episcopal ring, was occasionally worn by the laity as a thumb-ring.

In the Londesborough collection is a fine specimen of a cabalistic ring, roughly formed of mixed metal. Upon the circular face is a conventional representation of a monkey looking at himself in a kind of mirror. Inside, next the finger, is the cross and sacred monogram placed on each side of the mystic word "Anamzapta," showing it to be a charm-ring. Another mystical ring in the same collection is inscribed with the word "Heth," the sacred name of Jehovah.



Cabalistic Ring.

Rings made of the bones of an ostrich



Charm Ring, with Tooth.

were assumed to be of rare value. A charm-ring in the South Kensington Museum is set with a tooth.

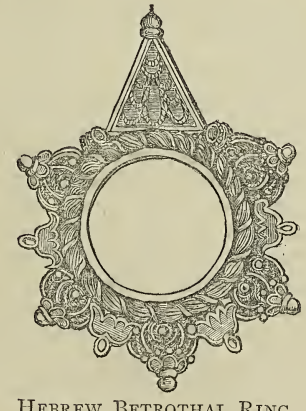
In the chapter on betrothal and wedding-rings will be found some rare and curious information, which is graced by many exquisite bits of ancient poesy. Among them, one taken from a collection of poems printed in Dublin, 1801. "To J. D., with A Ring":—

"Emblem of happiness, not bought nor sold,
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.
Love in the small but perfect circle trace,
And duty in its soft yet strict embrace.
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife,
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.

"Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,
Which rust can tarnish or a touch destroy,
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze,
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,
That hides with glare the anguish of a heart,
By nature hard, though polished bright by art.

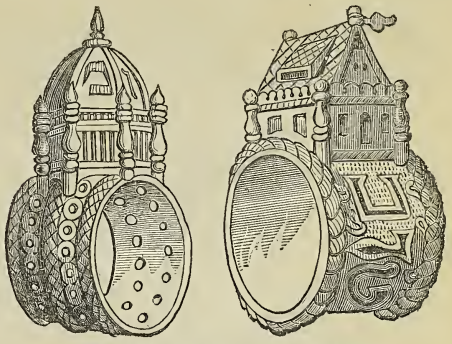
"More to my taste, the ornament that shows
Domestic bliss, and without glaring, glows;
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind
To all correct, to one discreetly kind;
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,
The only amulet to keep from harm—
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine;
Take this dear pledge—it makes and keeps thee mine."

"As pledges of betrothal, or wedding gifts, rings are of very ancient origin. They were worn by the Jews prior to Christian times, and constitute even at present an important feature in their marriage ceremonies.



Hebrew Betrothal Ring.

"The Jewish marriage rings were in past ages generally of large size and elaborate workmanship."



Hebrew Marriage Rings.

It was the custom to betroth before marriage, as it is at this day. Those who acted between the two parties were called "Proxenetæ," "Auspices," and "Pronubi." When the marriage-maker was a woman she was called "Pronuba; and it was a condition that she was to have had but one husband."

"The ring was used in marriage among Christians as early as 860. Pronubal, or pledge-rings, passed between the contracting parties among the Romans. When the marriage settlement had been properly sealed, rings bearing the names of the newly-married couple were handed round to the guests.

"At the marriage of Queen Victoria rings were distributed, having the Royal likeness in profile in gold, the legend being 'Victoria Regina.' The whole was less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, but with the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass the features were disclosed, beautifully delineated. The Queen was so pleased with this microscopic work of art that she ordered six dozen impressions to be struck and set in gold rings for distribution among distinguished personages."

"In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage, and is considered sufficient proof to enable a maiden to claim her husband."

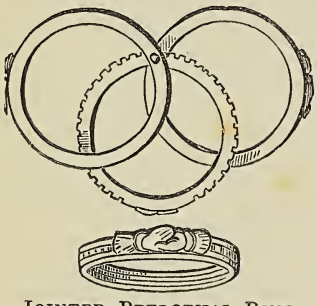
"Solemn betrothal was sometimes adopted by lovers who were about to separate for long periods." A custom sometimes practised by lovers among the common people in plighting their faith was to break a ring in two, "one half of which was kept by each party, that if from time to time or at the day of marriage the two pieces agree with each other proof may be thus afforded that they had not been transferred, that both bride and bridegroom remained still of the same mind; if otherwise, the engagement was annulled."

"A ring of pure gold she from her finger took,
And just in the middle the same then she broke.
Quoth she, 'As a token of love you this take,
And this as a pledge I will wear for your sake."
Exeter Garland.



BROKEN BETROTHAL RING.

In the Londesborough collection there is a curious betrothal ring. It separates into



JOINTED BETROTHAL RING.

three hoops secured on a pivot, the toothed edge of the central hoop forming an ornamental centre in the hoop of the ring, and having two hearts in the centre; a hand is affixed to the side of the upper and lower hoop, the figures slightly raised, so that when the hoops are brought together they link in each other and close over the hearts, securing all firmly.

Of the "remarkable rings" exquisitely engraved in this delightful work we have no space to give descriptions; they are not only singular, but rare and beautiful. The anecdotes illustrative of their origin add to their interest. The customs and incidents connected with rings will afford much gratification to readers.

The volume is one for the library and for the drawing-room. Valuable illustrations lavishly embellish a number of the pages of the work. By the kind courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to give a few of these cuts. Mr. Jones has most ably gathered considerable information upon no commonplace subject, but one which is very interesting. The book should be, and we hope is, a decided success, inasmuch as it is a book for all time.

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE IN LIBRARIES.

BY MRS. R. C. WATERSTON.

A VISIBLE library is a goodly sight. We do not underrate the external value of books when we say it is the invisible which forms their chief charm. Sometimes rather too much is said about "tall copies," and "large-paper copies," and "first editions," the binding, paper, type, and all the rest of the outside attraction, or the fancy price, which go to make up the collector's trade. The books themselves feel a little degraded when this sort of conversation is carried on in their presence: some of them know well enough that occasionally they fall into hands which think more "of the coat than of the man who is under it." We must, however, be honest enough to confess that we are ourself a bibliomaniac, and few possessions are more valued than an old manuscript written on vellum some five hundred years ago, of which we cannot read one word. Nor do we prize less the modern extreme of external attraction—volumes exquisitely printed and adorned, bound by Rivière, in full tree-marbled calf, with delicate tooling on the back, which looks as if the frostwork from the window-pane on a cold January morning had been transmuted into gold and laid on the leather. Ah, these are sights fit for the gods!

Nevertheless, we come back to our starting-point, that what is unseen forms the real value of the library. The type, the paper, the binding, the age, are all visible; but the soul that conceived it, the mind that arranged it, the hand that wrote it, the associations which cling to it, are the invisible links in a long chain of thought, effort, and history, which make the book what it is.

In wandering through the great libraries of Europe, how often has this truth been impressed upon the mind—such a library as that in the old city of Nuremberg, housed in what was once a monastery, and looking so ancient, quaint, and black-lettered, visibly and invisibly, that if the old monk in the legend who slipped over a thousand years while the little bird sang to him in the wood,

and was thereby taught, what he could not understand in the written Word, that a thousand years in God's sight are but as a day—if that old monk had walked out of the Nuremberg monastery and now walked back again, he might almost take up the self-same manuscript he had laid down a thousand years ago.

What invisible heads have ached, and hands become weary, over those vellum volumes, with their bright initial letters! What hearts have throbbed over the early printed book! How triumphantly was the first copy, now worm-eaten and forgotten, contemplated by the author! How was that invisible world which surrounded him to be stirred by that new book!

We remember looking into one of the cell-like alcoves arranged for students in a college library at Oxford, and watching a fellow of the college crooning over a strange black-letter folio, and laughing to himself with a sort of invisible chuckle. The unseen in that volume was revealed to us through that laugh of the old bookworm, and quite unseen we partook of his amusement. Another alcove was vacant; a crabbed manuscript, just laid down by the writer, was on the desk. He was invisible; but the watchful guardian at the head of the room saw us peering in, and warned us with a loud voice not to enter. Safely might we have been permitted to do so, for we could hardly have deciphered at a glance all the wisdom that lurked in the open page; yet that hidden meaning, invisible to us, was of real value to the unseen writer.

There are many incidents connected with the visible and invisible of libraries existing in great houses in England, which could point a moral in sketches of this subject. One, concerning a pamphlet found at Woburn Abbey, has a peculiar interest.

Lord William Russell, eldest son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, after completing his education at Oxford, and travelling abroad for two years, returned home in the winter of 1634. Young, handsome, accomplished, and the eldest son of the House of Russell, the fashionable world of London marked him as a prize in the matrimonial speculations of the times, and was quite in a flutter to know which of the reigning beauties would captivate the young Lord Russell. Lady Elizabeth Cecil, Lady Dorothy Sidney, Lady Anne Carr were the rival belles upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed. It was with no small consternation that the Earl of Bedford soon found that the affections of his son had been attracted by Lady Anne Carr, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, more widely known as Robert Carr and Lady Essex. The Earl of Bedford had taken a prominent part in the Countess's trial, and participated in the general abhorrence of her character. In vain his son pleaded the innocence of the daughter, who, early separated from her parents, knew nothing of their history or their crimes. The Earl of Bedford shrank with a feeling of all but insurmountable aversion to such an alliance; and not until the king interceded for the youthful lovers did the father yield a reluctant consent, and their marriage was celebrated. The undisturbed happiness and harmony in which the parties lived reconciled the Earl to the connection; he became much attached to his beautiful daughter-in-law; and in the sweetness and domestic purity of her character he could sometimes forget her parents. Lady Anne's life passed quietly in the discharge of the duties of a wife and mother, and of those which devolved upon her when her husband became fifth Earl of Bedford in 1641. In 1683 their eldest son, Lord William Russell, died on the scaffold.

"There is a life in the principles of freedom," says the historian of the House of Russell, "which the axe of the executioner does not, for it cannot, touch." This great thought must have strengthened the souls of the parents under so terrible a trial. The mother's health, however, sank under the blow, which, in the sympathy of her celebrated daughter-in-law, the heroic Lady Rachel Russell, she endeavoured to sustain. One day, seeking perhaps some book to cheer her thoughts, Lady Bedford entered the library, and in an ante-room seldom visited chanced to take a pamphlet from the shelves. She opened its pages, and read there, for the first time, the record of her mother's guilt. The visible in that page rent aside the invisible veil which those who loved Lady Bedford had silently woven over her whole life, as a shield from a terrible truth. She was found by her attendants senseless, with the fatal book open in her hand. The revelations of the past, the sorrows of the present were too much for her to bear, and she died. Lady Rachel Russell, writing from Woburn Abbey at the time, states her conviction that Lady Bedford's reason would not have sustained the shock received from the contents of the pamphlet, even had her physical powers rallied.

Turning aside one moment from our subject, we stand in awe before the striking contrast presented by the characters of two women, each so closely linked with Lady Bedford's life—the one who heard her first breath, and the other who received her last sigh. If Lady Somerset causes us to shrink with horror from the depth of depravity of which woman's nature is capable, let us thank God that in Lady Rachel Russell we have a witness of the purity, self-sacrifice, and holiness a true woman's soul can attain.

In the library at Wilton House, the seat of the Sydneys, we were shown a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, hidden for more than a hundred years in one of the books. A day came when some member of the family took down an old volume to see what treasures of wisdom lurked therein. "She builded better than she knew," for between the leaves lay folded a paper which contained a faded lock of the once proud Queen Bess. How it came there, and by whose hand it was placed in the book, is one of the invisible things of the library, but the writing within the paper authenticated the relic beyond doubt; and it is now shown as one of the visible treasures of the library of Wilton House.

Magdalen College, Cambridge, contains the Pepysian Library—placed there by the will of Pepys, under stringent conditions, in default of whose fulfilment the bequest falls to Trinity. One of the fellows of Magdalen is always obliged to mount guard over visitors to the library. Such an escort being provided, we ascended the stairs, and found ourselves in the presence of the bookcases which once adorned Pepys's house in London, containing the "three thousand bookes" of which he was so proud. The bookcases are handsome, with small mirrors let into them, in which, doubtless, Mrs. Pepys often surveyed the effect of those "newe gownes" which pleased her husband's vanity so well, although he rather reluctantly paid the cost. There, too, is the original manuscript of that entertaining Diary, wherein Pepys photographed the age in which he lived, and himself with all his sense and nonsense. That Diary would have remained one of the invisible treasures of libraries, for it was written in a cypher of his own invention, but by a very curious chance the key to that cypher was unintentionally betrayed through comparison with another paper, and the journal was brought to light, and many things made visible which the writer dreamed not of confiding to future ages. Pepys was an indefatigable, and, we cannot but half suspect, an unscrupulous collector. Volumes of autographs, great scrap-books filled with prints, tickets, invitations, ballads, let us into the visible and invisible of the reign of Charles II. A manuscript music-book, elegantly bound, and labelled, "Songs altered to suit my voice," carried us back to the days when, after going to the play in the afternoon, Pepys and some of his companions "came back to my house and had musique."

Pepys certainly never meant to be one of the invisible things in his own library, for every book contains an engraving from his own portrait. Should he ever come back to look after the possessions he so much valued, he can surely be at no loss to find the likeness of the form he once wore. If a spirit can retain any human vanity and self-importance, his must certainly be unpleasantly surprised that the great collection looks small in these days, and attracts but little attention. To antiquaries and lovers of the odd and curious it must ever be valuable; but the obligation of having a fellow of Magdalen at one's elbow much interferes with that quiet, cosy "mousing" so dear to the soul of a bibliomaniac. We heartily wished that we could have made an appointment with the shade of old Pepys, and, returning to the library in the stillness of midnight, have found him ready to show off his collections. That would have been, indeed, the visible and the invisible of the Pepysian Library. The Cambridge men of to-day are too busy about their own affairs to look much into Pepys's collections, which remain quietly ensconced under the guardianship of Old Magdalen, one of the visible links between the seen and unseen in libraries.

Nestled quietly in an old Elizabethan house, among the great trees at Wotton, is the library of John Evelyn. Belonging to the same age as that of Pepys, but collected by a man of widely different tastes and character, there is much outwardly to charm as well as to elevate the mind in the influences shed around it. Here are tall copies and folios of grave works, classic and historical, the solid literary food of a man who kept his soul pure amid a corrupt age, books as harmonious with the reflective mind of Evelyn as were the grand old woods of Wotton with the refined tastes of the author of "Sylva." Here is preserved the original manuscript of Evelyn's Journal, the

paper yellow with the mellow tints of two hundred autumns, yet the thought as fresh as if written yesterday. Near the manuscript is seen the prayer-book which Charles I. held in his hand when he mounted the scaffold at Whitehall. There is much of the visible and invisible in that quaint old library at Wotton.

The internal treasures of Christian faith opened a wide field for the outward decoration of religious books. "The Hours" (meaning devotional hours) of kings and queens are magnificent specimens of chirography, showing also the skill of artists in the earliest centuries. The art of preparing these volumes was divided into two branches: that of the *Miniatori*, or illuminators, who furnished the paintings, the borders, and arabesques, and also laid on the gold; and that of the *Miniatori calligrafi*, who wrote the whole of the book, and drew the initial letters of blue and red with their fanciful ornaments. Many of the great libraries of Europe contain these splendid manuscripts, and although but one page is open to the passing visitor, which he sees "through a glass darkly," yet that page is written over and illuminated with associations and memories. Could a glance reveal thoughts which have looked out of eyes bending over these pages, when they were held in the hand of their first owner, what messages from the invisible would be received! Some of these rare and regal possessions have gone a little astray, and wandered about in the wilderness of the world, as is confirmed by an anecdote we recently received from good authority. A magnificent volume, illustrated by views of French châteaux of the Middle Ages, presented to a princess of the House of Bourbon, was known to have existed. This manuscript had disappeared, and for more than a hundred years it could not be traced. The Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, while in Genoa, was informed (by a person who called upon him for that purpose) that there was for sale in that city a valuable illuminated manuscript, and as the Duke was known to be a collector of rare books, it would be shown to him. He accordingly followed his informant to an obscure part of the city, and into an old house, where the manuscript was produced. What was his astonishment when he beheld before him the lost Bourbon manuscript, so long sought for in vain! He immediately became its purchaser; and whatever secret history belongs to the volume, connected with the time when it was invisible, it is now one of the most treasured realities in the magnificent library at Orleans House.

(*To be concluded.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

Scène Quatrième.

Jeannette (*avec son même bagage*).—*Encore personne! et du linge en désordre, un buffet grand ouvert, et un tas de saletés sur la table!... Mon Dieu!* (1) *si quelqu'un du château arrivait à cette heure, ne croirait-on pas que c'est moi?... J'ai envie de prendre mes jambes à mon cou et de me sauver ...*

Jeannette (with her same baggage).— Again no one! and some linen in disorder, a sideboard wide open, and a heap of dirt on the table! ... Oh, dear! if some one from the castle arrived at this hour, not believe they that it is I? ... I have envy to take my legs to my neck and to me { save / run away } ..

English (idiom.).—I have a mind to take to my heels and run.

(*Elle entend du bruit du côté de l'office, et s'arrête.*) *Ah! qu'est-ce que j'entendions* (2) *là? des rats, des domestiques ou des malfaiteurs en train de fouiller partout?... J'ai peur!... Ah! tiens! mais non! Je suis bête! c'est mam'zelle* (3) *Alice et son amie.*

(She hears some noise at the side of the pantry, and herself stops.) Ah! what is it that I we hear there? some rats, some servants or some malefactors at it to rummage everywhere?... I have fear ... Ah! hold! but no! I am stupid! it is Miss Alice and her friend.

English.—I am afraid.

Scène Cinquième.

Louise; Alice, rentrée la première; Jeannette.

Alice.—*Jeannette, en chaperon rouge!*

Alice. —Jeannette in hood red!

(1) The French in speaking of God Almighty say "le bon Dieu."

(2) The pupil will please correct all Jeannette's verbs.

(3) Mademoiselle.

LOUISE.— *Bon jour, Jeannette!*
Louise. — Good morning, Jeannette!
JEANNETTE (*avec une révérence*).—*Mes belles*
Jeannette (with a curtsey). — My beautiful
demoiselles, je suis ben (4) *votre servante.*
young ladies, I am well your servant.
ALICE.— *Qu'est que tu as donc là?*
Alice. —What is that thou hast then there?
ENGLISH.—What have you got there?
JEANNETTE.— *Un fromage à la crême tout*
Jeannette. — A cheese to the cream all
frais et une galette toute chaude. Toutes les
fresh and a muffin quite hot. All the
ENGLISH.—A cream cheese quite fresh.
fois que vous venez à la ferme, on vous
times that you come to the farm, they you
en voit manger avec plaisir. Alors, j'ap-
of it see eat with pleasure. Then, I we
ENGLISH.—Every time you come to the farm we see you eat it with pleasure.
portions (5), *de la part de p'pa, cette galette*
bring of the part of papa, this muffin
et ce fromage de la part de m'man dans un
and this cheese of the part of mamma in a
petit pot tout neuf.
little pot all new.
ENGLISH.—Then I bring from papa this muffin, and from mamma this cheese in a nice little new pot.
LOUISE.—*Eh! la crême a bonne mine et*
Louise. — Ah! the cream has good looks and
la galette sent joliment bon.
the muffin smells prettily good.
ENGLISH.—Ah! the cream looks well, and the muffin smells deliciously.
ALICE.—*Merci de l'intention; mais tu*
Alice. — Thank of the intention; but thou
arrives trop tard, ma pauvre Jeannette.
arrivest too late, my poor Jeannette.
ENGLISH.—Thank you for your kind thought, my poor Jeannette, but you come too late.
JEANNETTE.—*Trop tard! il n'est pas*
Jeannette. — Too late! It not is not
seulement deux heures?
only two hours?
ENGLISH.—Too late! why it is only two o'clock.
ALICE.—*Je veux dire; nous avons mieux*
Alice. — I wish to say; we have better
pour nous régaler que ton fromage et tes
for us to regale than thy cheese and thy
galettes.
muffins.
JEANNETTE (*attristée*).—*Ah!... et quoi donc*
Jeannette (sorrowfully).— Ah!... and what then
que vous avez?
that you have?
ENGLISH.—And what have you got then?
LOUISE.— *Des gâteaux à la fleur d'-*
Louise. —Some cakes to the flower of
oranger.
orange-tree.
ENGLISH.—Cakes made of orange-flower water.
ALICE.—*De fins gâteaux fabriqués de nos*
Alice. — Of fine cakes manufactured by our
propres mains.
own hands.
JEANNETTE.—*Ous qu'ils sont vos gâteaux?*
Jeannette.—Where that they are your cakes?
ENGLISH.—Oh! where are your cakes?
ALICE.—*Nous venons de les mettre au*
Alice. — We come to them put to the
four.
oven.
ENGLISH.—We have just put them in the oven.
JEANNETTE.—*Et vous les quittez comme ça?*
Jeannette. —And you them leave like that?
LOUISE.—*Non, non;... mais comme ils*
Louise. — No, no; ... but as they
s'appellent des tôt-faits, la cuisson ne sera
are called some soon done, the baking not will be
pas longue.
not long.
ENGLISH.—No, no; but as they are called "soon done" they won't take long to bake.
ALICE.—*Si nous allions voir?*
Alice. —If we go see?
LOUISE.— *Va toute seule; je reste avec*
Louise. — Go all alone; I remain with
Jeannette. (*Alice sort.*)
Jeannette. (Alice goes out.)
JEANNETTE.— *Vous êtes ben honnête,*
Jeannette. — You are very kind,
mam'zelle, alors va falloir que je remporte
miss, then go to benecessary that I bring back
ça cheux (6) *nous?*
that home?
ENGLISH.—You are very kind, miss; then I suppose I must take these things home again.
C'est m'man qui ne sera pas contenté...
It is mamma who not will be not satisfied ...
Ah! ben (7), *si j'avais su, c'est moi qui*
Ah! well, if I had known, it is I who
n'aurais pas donné de si belles taloches
not should have not given of so fine rap on the hand
aux petits meuniers qui venaient tout à l'heure
to the little millers who came { all at the hour / just now }
en sourdine fourrer leurs doigts dans la
in slyly to thrust in their fingers in the
crême et grignotter ma galette.
cream and nibble my muffin.
ENGLISH.—Ah! well, if I had only known it I should not have given the little millers so many raps on their hands when they came just now so slyly thrusting in their fingers into the cream and nibbling my muffins.
LOUISE.—*Console- toi; on les mangera*
Lonise. — Console yourself; they them will eat
tout de même... Ah! j'entends Alice qui
all the same ... Ah! I hear Alice who
revient de la cuisine... (*Remontant vers*
comes back from the kitchen... (Going up towards
la seconde porte.) *Eh bien?*
the second door.) Well?
ALICE (*triomphante, avec les deux assiettes*).
Alice (triumphant, with the two plates).
— *Voilà! voilà! regardez!*
—Behold! behold! look!

(4) She means "bien" here.
(5) Correct the verb.
(6) *Chez nous*, home.
(7) Bien, well.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

USELESS.

I HAD a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care ;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair ;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on ;
It lay by itself under clasp and key
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company ;
I knew that I *owned* a beautiful robe,
Though its splendour none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care ;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare ;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine ;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its shifting colours fine ;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dark I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of the day.
Alas ! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that use reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

M. E. SANGSTER.

MOONLIGHT.

THE sun has sunk to rest long hours ago ;
The many-tinted clouds have left the sky ;
The sweet flowers one by one, in dewy sleep,
Have closed each star-like eye.

The pale moon's glory o'er the sleeping earth
Is resting in unrivalled beauty now,
O'er city fair, o'er stream, o'er lake and field,
And grandest mountain brow.

But, fairer still, o'er heaving ocean grey
Her sweet rays fall in lines of quivering light,
Touching each wave and its phosphoric spray
With silver radiance bright.

Fair moon, shine on ! thy silver arrows dart
O'er hill and dale, o'er ocean old and grey ;
I love thy light ; and ever to my heart
It sweeter is than day.

DOLORES.

TO ——

As I sit to-night by the fading fire,
Comes a resistless longing, a mild desire :
I yearn for your face, oh, I loved you so !
My long-lost darling of years ago !
We tried to stifle our love, my dear,
Yet could not do it without a tear.

'Tis years since we vowed never to part,
That each surely held the other's heart,
Yet we gave it all up at each other's desire,
Though once we had thought we could never tire :
Through all, I knew that I loved but you,
And somehow I think that you still were true.

And as I sit by the fire to-night,
Watching its fickle, fading light,
I wonder do you for the old love long,
Is the dear old passion still as strong
As it was in the days when we said adieu,
Loving, yet doubting, I and you ?

L. S.

TELLE EST LA VIE.

Now in sunshine, then in shade,
Now in hope, and then dismayed,
Telle est la vie !

Fortune smiles, then adverse fate ;
Friends around, then desolate,
Telle est la vie !

Lip to lip, and hand in hand,
Swiftly glides Time's golden sand !
Telle est la vie !

Severed lives and broken vows,
Cankered buds and withered boughs,
Telle est la vie !

Childish faith and dread mistrust ;
Blossoms trailing in the dust,
Telle est la vie !

Wrench of dearly-cherished ties,
Long adieux and tearful eyes,
Telle est la vie !

Graves that ope and lives that close,
Eager strife, then calm repose,
Telle est la vie !

Glowing form in maiden charms,
Heaving breast, and rounded arms,
Telle est la vie !

Haggard eye and withered frame,
Woman only in the name,
Telle est la vie !

Tossed upon the restless waves,
Lo ! the land beyond the grave !
Telle est la vie !

Safe from sin and sorrow's sting,
Soaring on the seraph's wing,
Telle est la vie !

WILLIAM GORDON SMYTHIES.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

NETTLE BEER. — It may not be generally known that the ironworkers, puddlers, and colliers of Monmouthshire drink a quantity of the above-named beverage; in fact it is so common to them that every woman is supposed to know how to make nettle beer as readily as she makes tea. The men say they can work better on it than malt liquors, and the women put faith in it as being "good for the blood." I cannot express any therapeutical opinion on it; I can only say that it is very pleasant to drink, and I should think, if carefully made, it would be better to "work on" than public-house beer. This is the formula given to me by a housewife who makes two gallons weekly:—Boil in two gallons of water a few handfuls of nettles, ditto of dandelion, about a handful of wood sage, two ounces of bruised ginger, and a few handfuls of hairough, or what is called in some parts cleavers; these should be boiled together for about half an hour, strained, and worked by placing some toasted bread into it with a little yeast on. This operation being over, one ounce of cream of tartar is added to the whole, which should be bottled, tightly corked, and laid upon its side, and after a few days will be ready for use.—S. B. MASON, in *Science Gossip*.

SOMETHING TO BE VAIN OF. — Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, a woman who was an acknowledged leader in literature and in society, used to say of herself, "Cooking is the only accomplishment of which I am vain." A New England life, especially in the country, makes a strong draught upon all the executive faculties of man or woman, and Miss Sedgwick fully and cheerfully accepted all its obligations. She could make cake as well as books, and provide for all household exigencies as ingeniously as she could construct a story. She was an enthusiastic gardener, not merely confining her care to flowers, but taking a practical interest in fruits and vegetables, which she delighted to gather in the early morning with her own hands. Her biographer speaks of Miss Sedgwick's frequent breakfast-parties as among the most fascinating banquets in the memory of her guests. On such occasions "she would be in her garden by six o'clock to gather fruit and flowers for the table, and unconscious inspirations of health and happiness for herself, of which she dispensed the latter at least as liberally as the more tangible harvest of her borders. Then, after arranging the table, and paying a visit to her tiny kitchen, where the more delicate dishes received the touch of her own skilful hand, she would make a rapid toilette and appear, untired as the day, to greet her guests with that exquisite grace and sweetness, that genial warmth of welcome, which made old and young, grave and gay, literary celebrities, distinguished foreigners, fashionable people from town, and plain country friends, all feel a delightful ease in her presence."

TO GIVE PAPER AND WOOD SURFACES A CRYSTALLINE COATING.—Mix a very concentrated cold solution of salt with dextrine, and lay the thinnest possible coating of the fluid on the surface to be covered by means of a broad, soft brush. After drying, the surface has a beautiful, bright mother-of-pearl coating, which, in consequence of the dextrine, adheres firmly to paper and wood. The coating may be made adhesive to glass by doing it over with an alcoholic shellac solution. The following salts are mentioned as adapted to produce the most beautiful crystalline coating—viz., sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda, and sulphate of tin. Paper must first be sized, otherwise it will absorb the liquid and prevent the formation of crystals. Coloured glass thus prepared gives a good effect by transmitted light.

TO WASH PRINT DRESSES.—Take three large handfuls of fresh green ivy leaves (well washed), one quart of bran, and a quarter of a pound of common yellow soap; boil all together till the soap is quite dissolved, strain, and leave till cold; then add the liquid to as small a quantity of water as possible for washing the dress. After being once washed thus the colour is fixed.—LA BELLE BLANCHISSEUSE, in *Queen*. —[We should say that white curd soap was preferable to yellow, because there is less soda in it.—ED. L. T.]

TO PAINT ZINC PAILS OR OTHER ARTICLES OF ZINC.—Take one ounce sulphate copper and dissolve in half gallon water. Well wash your zinc to remove glace and grease, let dry, dust well with a dusting brush and paint any colour you like; it will not peel off. The best way is to rinse with gold size and turps; flat colour first coat.—JACK, in *English Mechanic*.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

SOUTHPORT POTTED SHRIMPS.—A pint of picked shrimps, slightly pepper them with a teaspoonful of white pepper mixed with a little nutmeg, this flavouring must well season the shrimps, put them in a shallow pot or a small, shallow pie-dish, press them close, and pour dissolved fresh butter on the top. Keep each pot or dish from the dust by putting a piece of coarse muslin over the top, and keep them near an open window. The shrimps should be eaten within a week. They make delicious sandwiches.

PIGEONS OR PARTRIDGES SPANISH FASHION. — First brown the breasts and wings of two partridges in an uncovered saucepan over a clear fire, and with an ounce of butter; when brown, take them up, and put into each body a piece of crumb of bread, rolled in anchovy sauce—(the Spaniards use anchovy fish)—lay their breasts upwards in the saucepan, upon the top of each put a thin rasher of bacon, four tomatoes peeled, and a little salt and pepper. Let all boil quickly, then stew slowly for one hour. Take up the birds, strain the gravy, add a teaspoonful of essence of beef, and pour over them.

VENICE.—The meat will never be hard or tasteless, if even overdone, if it be put into *fast-boiling* water in a saucepan just large enough to hold it, but it must be covered with water. You will get no professed cook or plain cook to do this. They will laugh at your supposed ignorance. You must see it done or do it yourself. For a fowl, put it into fast-boiling water, first tying it in a piece of muslin, and put in the bird, *breast downwards*. After the water boils with the fowl in it, boil it tolerably fast. To have it done to a turn, reckon one hour and a quarter if of the usual size; if larger, one hour and twenty minutes; if a capon, an hour and a half; but a small fowl one hour. You will then find them thoroughly done, and of full flavour. Beware of letting them touch *cold* water.

A WORRIED MISTRESS.—It would take a long time to reply to all your questions. Our practice is to take a young girl who has never touched any cooking; and in one week, if she is teachable, she can by our method fry or boil any kind of fish to perfection, roast and boil meat, and vegetables. But if a girl has ever before done cooking, there is no teaching her.

O. P. QU.—We know of only one recipe for hydromel. Boil four pints of water with one pint of good new honey till it is reduced to half the quantity. It must be boiled in a new tin saucepan, *having the lid off*. When done, bottle it, and add a wineglass of brandy to each bottle.

IGNORAMUS.—When articles are to be fried with egg and bread crumbs, it is well not to cover them on both sides with boiling fat. *Double Bread Crumbing*.—Dip the meat or fish in sifted bread crumbs, then beat up the yolks and whites of two eggs with a tablespoonful of clarified butter; put it into a shallow dish. Dip the crumbed meat into the egg mixture, and again into bread crumbs, and fry. *Pickled Nasturtiums*.—Throw them into boiling vinegar and salt as soon as gathered; cook them for two minutes, then put them into bottles; pour on cold vinegar and peppercorns bruised, or bruised cloves.

TOPSY.—*Everton Toffee*.—One and three-quarter pounds of moist sugar, eight ounces of treacle, one pound of fresh butter, one small teaspoonful of powdered ginger, twenty drops of essence of lemon. Dissolve the butter, and mix in all the other ingredients, put half a teaspoonful of cold water into a clean frying-pan, pour in the mixture, and let it boil over a slow fire, keep stirring it, till on taking out a little on the tip of the spoon, it sets hard directly, then pour it into warm and buttered tins, or saucers, and with the back of a knife also buttered, make the toffee into divisions. This must be done quickly, as it cools rapidly. If the vessels of glass, or tin, or ware, into which it is poured be not well-buttered before pouring it in, it will stick too fast to be removed. When cold wrap it in tin-foil, then in tissue-paper.

LITTLE NELL.—*To Ice Covered Tarts*.—When the paste is baked, dip a paste-brush in milk and wash it over, then sift the finest castor-sugar thickly over, and put it into a quick oven.—Another way: Beat up the finest castor-sugar in milk till it is a thick paste, and in this state add a few drops of almond, or lemon, or vanilla flavouring, then spread it over the tart and bake in a quick oven ten minutes, or until the sugar is set very white.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

BRAID trimmings are going out of fashion. They had been abused of late. Ladies could not braid themselves sufficiently. At last their dresses seemed as if they were composed entirely of braid. Some wore braid lengthways, some cross-ways, some sideways, some in zigzags. It was the delirium of the braid-fever. When a fashion reaches such a height of exaggeration, its fall is near. Thus it required but a very little word to cause braid trimmings to tumble head foremost from their daring heights. This little word was a word of satire spoken by a great *connoisseur* on ladies' fashions. He said "that the ladies, with their present braidings and cordings, represented the furniture of a drawing-room instead of its ornaments." After this, braiding was doomed by Paris *élégantes*, and now others are following the example of our leaders, and are replacing braiding by embroidery. This embroidery is frequently of pieces of coloured silk, and is raised so as to resemble more closely the flowers and foliage. Handkerchiefs and *lingerie de luxe* are embroidered in silks. Chain-stitch embroidery is also used, but for dresses *sans cérémonie*, and is of the same colour as the dress, though of a different shade. This embroidery fashion is giving work to thousands of poor women who were almost starving. A few great ladies, also, have established an Embroidery Society, for the express purpose of relieving the poor girls and giving them occupation.

Chenelle lace is another kind of trimming much in vogue for the moment, but I cannot recommend it. It is a trimming which may become, too, speedily common. I may say the same of *appliqué* velvet trimmings. When very good, they are handsome; but they must be very good or they become shabby and poor-looking.

Feather trimmings, on the contrary, are remarkably elegant, and are worn by the élite of Paris. The poor magpie is falling a victim to fashion; even her feathers are in requisition. The rule is to have the feather trimming on the dresses correspond with the feathers of the toque, and toques are still being made entirely of feathers.

The toque has superseded everything in the shape of bonnets and hats. Even ladies with snow-white hair now wear toques in preference to a stand-off bonnet. It suffices to cover the face with a long black lace veil, which is crossed over the hair at the back, and then brought forward to be looped under the chin. Thus enwrapped, it is almost impossible to see whether the lady be young or old. The young do not wear veils; there is coquetry in this!

For church and visits of ceremony very pretty plush capotes are made for old ladies. They have brim, crown, curtain, and strings just like the bonnets of olden times. They are very small, however, as yet; and when in the hand do not look larger than a child's bonnet. On the head they fit closely, it is true, but still they have the look and shape of a bonnet, though a miniature one. The strings are not long; they are mere bands; they are made of plush, like the bonnet. The interior of the brim has a cap of quilled lace around the edge. The bonnet, whatever be its material or shape, must always agree with the colour of the dress. White alone may be worn with every coloured dress. Black hats or bonnets are reserved for black dresses.

The shape of dresses tends daily more and more towards making the figure, in a very uncertain manner, statuesque. In the meantime the Princess dress, which is now universally adopted (or the Princess tunic, which is nearly the same), is tied closely round the figure. If it were not for the long peacock's train at the back we should look like those little wooden figures which represent Noah's daughters-in-law in a toy-shop ark! But, really elegant as the Princess tunic or robe is when well made, it becomes ridiculous and often indecent when badly cut.

Much, also, depends on the corset to make these dresses fit so that a lady looks a lady, and not an artist's model. The corset should be very long and very pliable to the figure; its edge should be as delicate as possible, in order that the slightest mark be not seen round the figure. To the corset is attached a thin but tightly-fitting belt, to which, in their turn, are attached the under-skirts.

The English ladies are renowned for their lovely figures. These have but one defect—they are too stiff. This is accounted for by the fact that their corsets are too stiff, too be-steeled, too be-boned. The loosest corset thus be-stiffened is hard and unpleasant to wear.

Out-door pelisses are being made exactly

like Princess robes. They are not quite so long, but that is all the difference between the two. The pelisse fits almost as tightly as the robe. It is edged round with fur in general; if not, it is entirely plain. Cloth pelisses are generally plain. These latter are worn shorter, and are beginning to be trimmed down the front, on the pockets, and on the sleeves with gilt buttons. Some have one, two, or three capes on the shoulders, which give a novel look to them. But only very slim figures and drooping shoulders can wear these capes. For spring the jackets will again be short.

For evening wear there is a little too much glitter on the dresses. Bead trimmings and fringes are placed on gauze dresses or tunics. But as fancy is reigning fashion for evening dress, I may describe it better by copying a few dresses themselves for you, such as I lately witnessed at the signing of a marriage contract. In France, as you may know, this is a great dress event, even greater than the wedding itself. Nearly all the ladies appear in low-necked dresses, though rich demi-toilettes are also allowed. The bride's mother's dress was a red velvet bodice and train over a satin skirt of a lighter shade. The train was fastened to the skirt on each side by bows of velvet lined with satin. Low square bodice, high at the back; the front vacant space filled in with folds of silk net. Long hanging sleeves, lined with satin. Bare arms. Long gloves; fan to match the colour of the dress, but of feathers. Feathers in the hair.

The bride was charmingly attired in white silk, Princess form, with a pale pink *crêpe-de-chine* scarf edged with silver, tied round the figure *à la Sultana*. A pale pink natural rose in the hair.

The mother of the bridegroom was dressed in a rich blue and silver brocade, looped up at the back over a train of blue satin. An aigrette of blue feathers, with silver clasp in the hair.

Another white toilette, this time of white brocade, with a white chenelle tunic edged with a fringe of pearls. A bouquet of flowers on one side of the square bodice and a similar one in the hair. Pearl ornaments; a white fan, with a bouquet placed on one side.

A *Fornarina* costume (this is one of our few winter novelties):—A brocaded silk skirt of blue and red; over this a long robe or tunic of blue cashmere, embroidered round the edge with gold. A Raphael body, also edged with gold embroidery. Long flowing sleeves (these are quite the fashion for evening-dresses), edged with gold. On the arms, between elbow and shoulder, a gold armlet with name of the wearer enamelled on it. In the hair a gold bandelet, which separates the back from the front curls.

Lastly, a long grey velvet dress, perfectly plain, with a pink *crêpe-de-chine* scarf, tied round the shoulders, crossed in front, and hanging in sash at the back.

These dreses are all specialities.

Velvet *dinner dresses* are made quite high to the throat, with tight sleeves to the wrists; lace ruff and cuffs. With such a dress diamond earrings and a diamond locket would not be *de trop*. I have seen such a toilette. It was distinction personified.—M. DE B.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF GIRLS' COSTUME ON P. 18.—*Front and back view of Girl's Blouse.*—This is made of French merino, and trimmed with Richelieu work; unbleached fine holland, worked with filoselle the same colour as the blouse. The same may be made in brown holland. Plain paper pattern, 1s. 8d.

THE COUNTESS TOILETTE ON P. 19.—Polonaise of dark steel-coloured silk, buttoned at the lower part crossways; a fringe is placed on one side of the front, crosses on the polonaise at the back, and terminates a little below the knee. The other part of the polonaise has a kilted flounce, which on the right side falls on to the petticoat of steel silk, with black kilted flounce. Model of costume, 8s. 6d.; plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 2d.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED PLATE.

PALETOT of black velvet, seamless in the back. Trimmings of white silk fringe. The sleeves are rather wide at the cuff. A small cape of pleated silk, black and white, is trimmed with narrow fringe. An upright collar of black velvet. Pointed hat of grey straw, trimmed with black and prune

feathers. Polonaise and petticoat of striped prune silk. Model of robe and polonaise, 7s. 6d.; plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s.

Home Costume of Brown and White Fancy Material.—Petticoat with three flounces; two are edged with white, two cords of red silk encircle the skirt. Tunic with square tablier, the long ends looped at the back, and trimmed with red cord. Cuirass bodice, arrayed with red cord, and buttoned with red buttons. Sleeves all brown. The hair is most becomingly arranged, and has a black velvet bow and ends on the back of the head.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE FASHIONS.

We would call especial attention to the paletot in the coloured plate of this number. It will be decidedly the fashion for the early spring, only we would not recommend that the back should be made without a centre seam. The shape of the back in the engraving is formed by the side seams; the fulness being drawn under these, gives a thickness to the waist.

Ball Costumes, of silks, gauzes, or bareges, are all trimmed with rolios or bands of satin. The gauzes, or perhaps it would be well to call them grenadines, have mostly satin stripes of an inch or two inches wide; some have only very narrow satin stripes, and these are admirable for young ladies, as they give a silvery look to the material. The tunics of plain gauze, trimmed round with rolios of satin, are deeply wrinkled; aprons draped higher on one side than on the other, the ends either concealed under the drapery of the skirt, or they fall low, and are tied together on one side by a garland or wreath, or bouquet of flowers. The new corsage is low, long, and square at the back, is pointed in front, and cut up very high on the hips, in the manner of a habit. Some very pretty white gauze dresses are embroidered in cream-coloured filoselle, and the effect is beautiful. Some, instead of rolios of satin, have bands thus embroidered. Very few flowers, excepting a bouquet at the left side of the corsage, are worn on these dresses. Long loops of gros-grain ribbon are placed on the left shoulder, and also at the centre of the back, but these are so secured that they do not fly off in dancing. The draperies of some are placed diagonally, the upper shorter than the lower; loops of ribbon are placed on the right side, where these draped materials commence, and flowers are on the left. The fancy for garlands of flowers as draperies still continues its sway; flowers are so appropriate to the young, that this predilection is not to be wondered at.

Dinner Dresses. — These are made principally of plain silk and velvet, or brocade mixed with silk. They are deeply trained, the fulness all drawn to the back. The trimmings are principally kilted pleatings, but these are almost flat, that is, the material is cut on the selvage way, and the pleats are very narrow, however wide the flounce or frill may be. The velvet and silk are so richly and plainly arranged that each lends a charm to the other. Sometimes a little cord or piping of satin is laid on the silk, but the velvet is altogether plain. A robe of plain silk, with very long train, pleated into wide pleats at the back, has a narrow flounce of kilting round the edge. A scarf of velvet, placed diagonally across the front, has the two ends merely crossed, which fall on the left side about half a yard from the end of the train. The bodice, cut high in the back and square in front, has a deep-pointed berthe of old lace —a pale coffee colour—which is placed to show a plastron of velvet in front. On this plastron, jewels are worn, or merely a bouquet of flowers is placed high up on the left side of the bust. Round the neck a collarette of velvet set with jewels, or plain.

Elderly ladies wear black brocade trimmed with velvet, and over satin petticoats. The trimmings here are chenelle, or of fringe tied into the silk, and is therefore without beading. These fringes, being made of strong bright silk, give wonderful elegance to a dress; but they are expensive. The silk, cut into lengths of half a yard or longer, are knotted, six or eight ends at once, into the hemmed edge of the silk. However, whether dress for elderly or middle-aged ladies be costly or the reverse, black is the only wear. A demi-court train, which is placed at the back under a cuirass bodice, is most convenient for those who do not care to wear trains in the house, and whose visiting list is not extensive. It is necessary in this case to have the short dress with a turned-back robing on each side of the front breadth narrowed at the waist, and somewhat wide at the skirt edge. Behind this, and along the seam to which the robing is attached, is a succession of eyes of patent hooks, placed very close together. The train is cut like the ordinary back breadths

of the dress, and may be from sixty to seventy inches long. It is secured into a band, which hooks in the front under the cuirass bodice, and by corresponding hooks is fastened down the sides to the eyes. This is a clever contrivance; but the sides of the train must be of equal length with the robing on the skirt, and slope off to the needful length. A diagonal scarf of velvet or silk can be fastened over the whole; or, if the front of the skirt be much trimmed, it may be secured to the sides under the robing, and so tied on one side of the back. This train, or indeed any other, should be carried over the arm till the moment of arriving at the entrance of the room, where it must fall to the ground, and projected out in a flowing curve by an unseen movement of the right foot—in other words, it must be gently kicked into place.

NEEDLEWORK.

Fringe for Toilet Covers.

Materials.—Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton, No. 1; or if required for fine work use No. 8. Penelope Hook, No. 2 or 3.

Make 7 ch.; then twist the cotton twice round the needle to make a *double long stitch*. Dc in the 6th loop of the 7th ch (nearest the end of cotton); make 3 more double long stitches, inserting the hook after each into the same ch. There now appears as if there were 5 double long stitches. Now 6 ch, 1 double long, 1 Dc in the double long of the last long stitch of last group of stitches—that is, put the hook through the chains on the top of the long stitch and also through the stitch itself; thus it will not drag when the remaining three long stitches are worked into this loop. When a sufficient length of this pattern is done, make the edge by working 5 ch 1 l between each group of stitches; but, as some workers make their stitches tight, others loose, these chains must span the groups of stitches without drawing them; then 7 ch Dc on each point of the long stitches. These stitches must also be regulated by the worker. *For the fringe*,* make 20 ch. Dc into the 7 ch; 10 ch Dc in the 10th loop of the 20th ch; 10 ch Dc in the 10th loop of the last 10 ch; and so continue till there are nine of these loops of chains; then 1 ch, and repeat from *; then these chains are all fastened together, and, therefore, after the fringe is washed, it does not separate, and never gets out of order.

This makes a pretty fringe for cambric or Tusseh dresses if made in Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Brown Cotton, No. 10. The heading may be of one shade, the fringe of another, or each tuft may be of one shade of each brown, the Maltese brown being made in four shades.

Designs for Mantel-piece Valance, or for Border of a Square Cover for Table.

Materials.—Beading straw. (This is a very small, angular plaiting of straw, used by straw-bonnet makers as an edging.) Filoselle silk of various colours. Penelope canvas, coarse enough to take the width of the straw on every four threads of canvas; by looking closely at the edge of the engraving this canvas can be seen.

The outline of design is drawn on the canvas with pen and ink. A single line of straw is placed on the canvas, and stitched down at each end; then the straight stitches are worked over it in the manner of the design, which being a Persian pattern, it scarcely matters what colours are first put in, only keeping them light or dark as in the engraving. The colours should all be bright in tint, and the palest maize used instead of white. Two blues (light and dark), three shades of eau de Nile green, two of maize, two of crimson, one of scarlet, no violet, but any other colour. When one row is complete, turn back the straw, as in engraving, and stitch it down with red silk. Wools may be used instead of silk; and if no straw can be procured, a good worsted braid, maize colour, of the requisite width, can be substituted; or, failing either, procure Penelope canvas, eight double threads to the inch, reckoned selvage ways, as this way of the canvas is needed for bordering. Work the design in Berlin wool, doubled, and in tapestry stitch—that is, the stitches are straight, instead of slanting or crossed, each stitch enclosing four threads each way instead of two. Fill up the ground with *moss-stitch*, worked with single wool or filoselle, and taking only two threads each way, and work it from the edge to the design, *not lengthways*. Finish with a deep bullion fringe. Commence the grounding *always* at the right-hand side, and at the end of each row slip the wool over the surface of the row and work over it, the result being a knitted mossy ground.

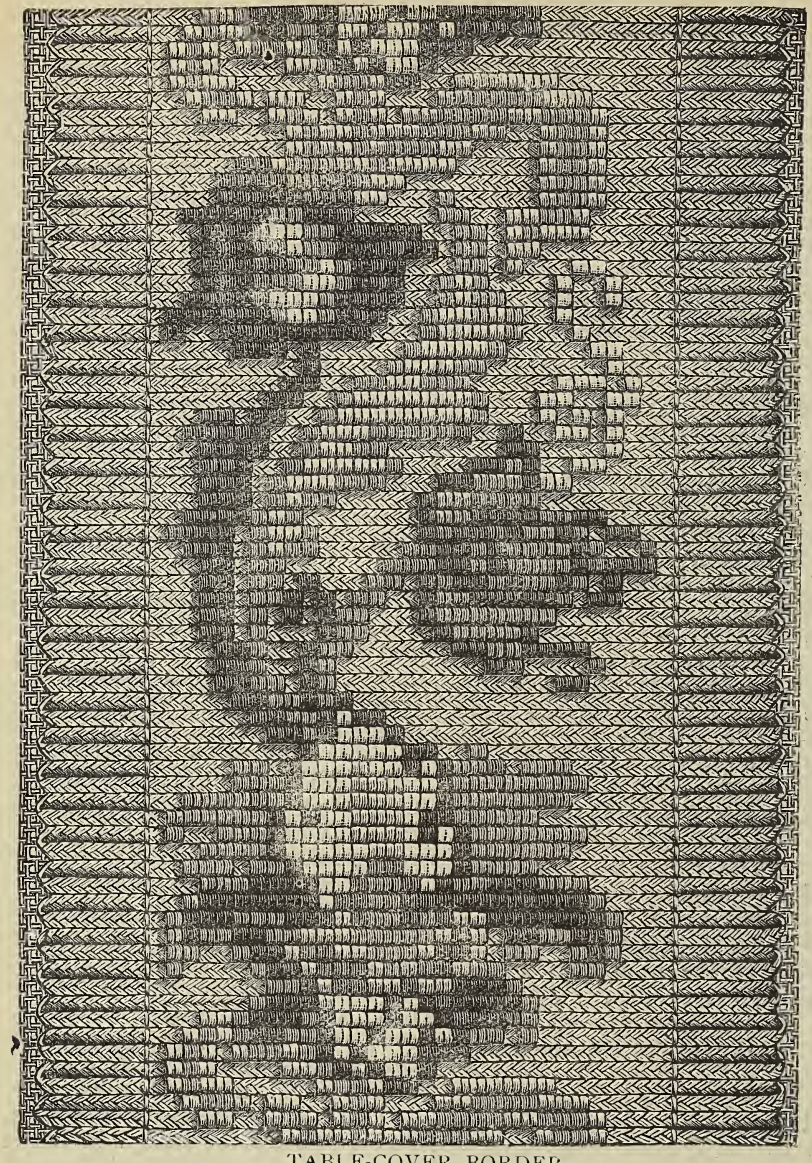
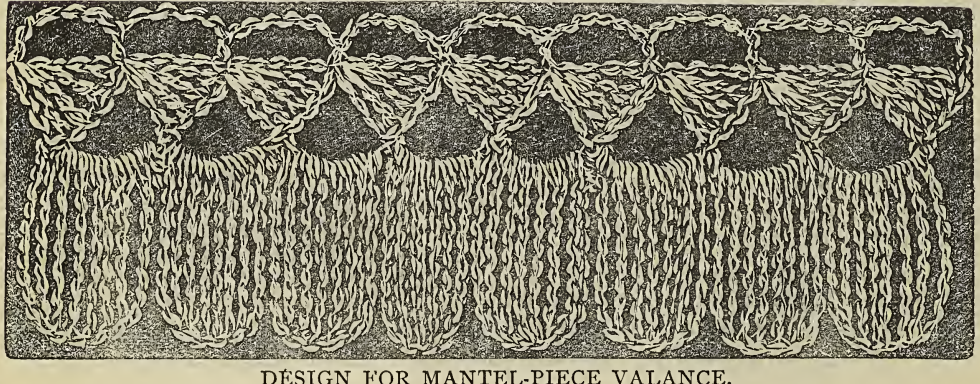


TABLE-COVER BORDER.



DESIGN FOR MANTEL-PIECE VALANCE.



DINNER TOILETTE.

Petticoat of plain faille, at the back six scalloped flounces, which form the train. In the front are two with a heading, and above are several puffings. The tablier and bodice are of brocaded silk of the same colour as the petticoat. The broad sash is of wide striped silk, cardinal red and crême white. The bow on the shoulders is composed of these two colours.

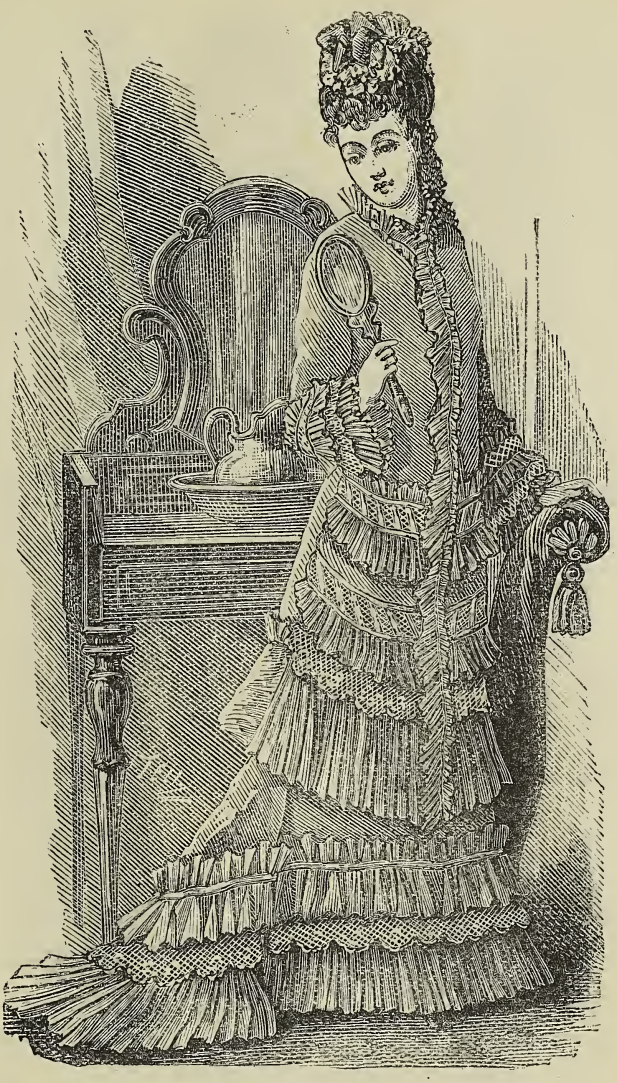
Model of dress complete, 8s. 6d.; plain pattern of tablier, 2s. 8d.; of bodice, 1s. 1d.



THE CAPRICE COSTUME.

Composed of cashmere, kilted pleatings of silk, and netted fringe. The front of the tunic has alternate folds of each material, with one row of kilted silk in the centre, and a gathered row of pleating below. At the back are two long square ends of silk, with a reefing in the silk to draw them together. Bodice of cashmere, the back terminating in two long pointed ends, above which is an ornament of passementerie. The sleeves are of silk. The hair confined in a net.

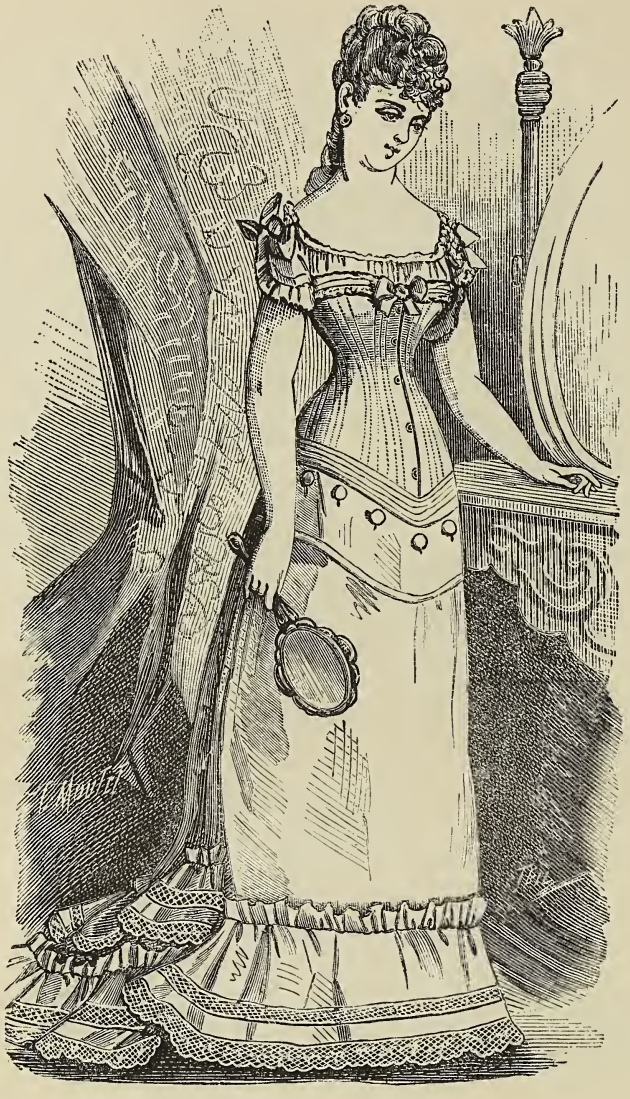
Model of dress complete, 8s. 6d.; plain paper pattern of tunic without trimming, 3s.; of bodice, 1s. 1d.



ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

A new style of costume very much in vogue among the élégantes of Paris. It is composed of crême-white cashmere, with pleatings of crême-white Indian silk and crême net, embroidered in crême filoselle ; three long loops of ribbon depend from the collar at the back. On one side is placed a pocket ; beyond these the back is quite plain, excepting a deep flounce with quilled heading. The petticoat consists of the same material. This would be pretty made in white cambric, with the patent Valenciennes lace.

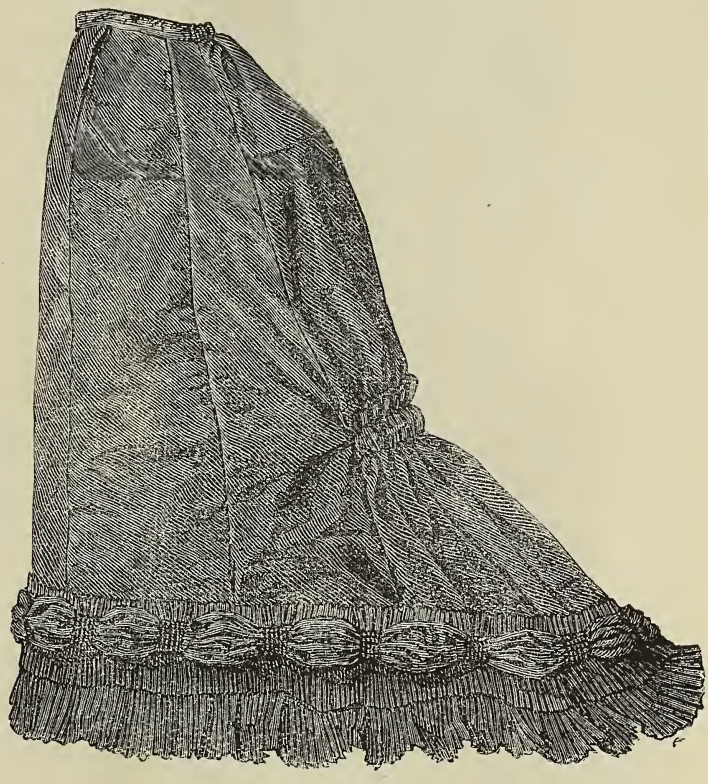
Model of robe de chambre, 6s. 6d. ; plain paper model of jacket, 2s. 2d. ; of skirt, 2s. 2d.



THE CORSET CIRCULAR BAND.

Attached to the corset is a band having three rows of buttons, to either of which, according to convenience, a petticoat can be buttoned. The petticoat, however, must be cut to shape, so that no fulness falls anywhere but at the back. As the present so-called Greek style is likely to have a permanence, it would be well to arrange the garments to its requirements. By the use of this band there is no riding up of the petticoat towards the waist, and thus the shape be spoiled. To the front of all petticoats there should be one flounce ; at the back two ; three or four if they do not come beyond halfway up.

Model of band, 1s. 1d. The width round the stays must be sent.



JUPE PARISIENNE.

This jupe can be worn under a polonaise. It is composed of a front breadth and six gores. The two back gores are very wide at the bottom, are gathered midway down, and have an upright pleating above. The trimming round the skirt is a kilted flounce, then a plain piece of kilting, on which is laid a trimming made of a breadth of silk, reefed in spaces of about six nails between each reefing, which really means silk drawn over cord or bobbin; the dress cord is not smooth enough.

Model of skirt, 4s. 6d.; plain paper model, 2s. 4d.



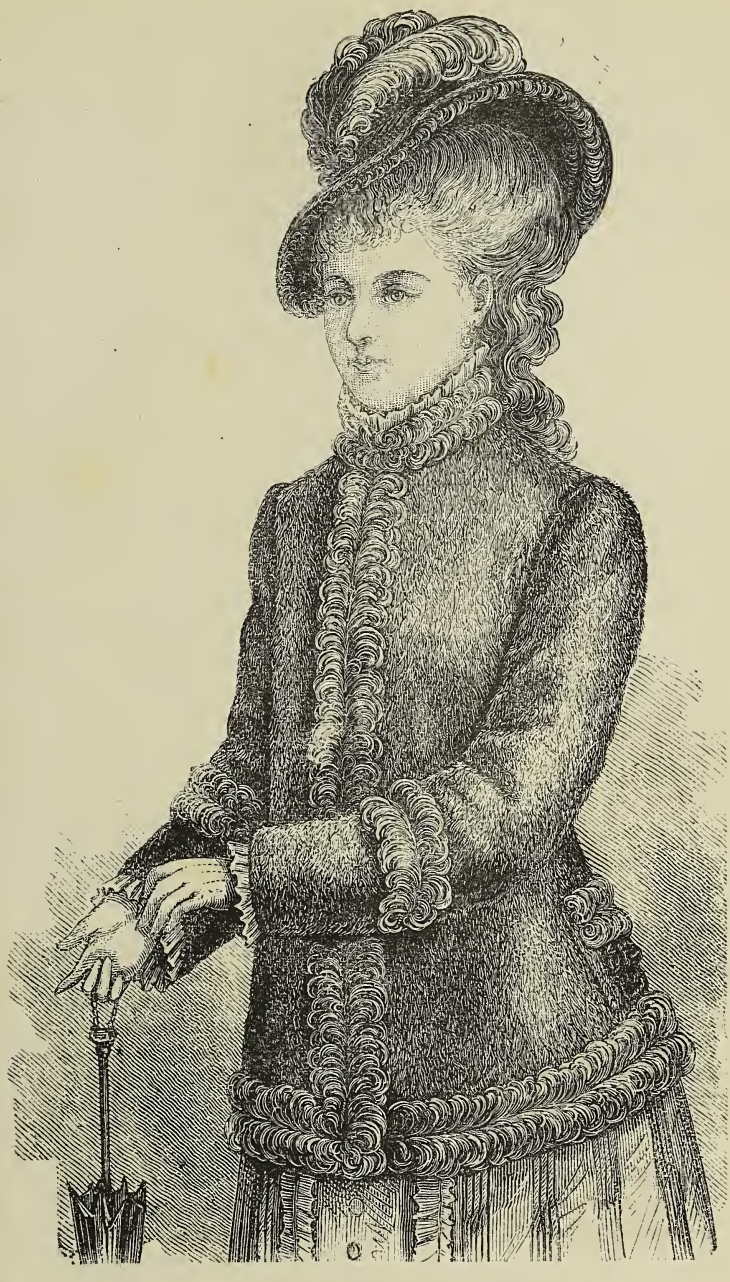
SKATING COSTUME.

BACK VIEW OF A SEAL-SKIN JACKET.

A seal-skin jacket, although costly and rich, is not elegant, by reason of the loose shape, in which all figures appear alike. That designed in the engraving is cut to shape and trimmed with real ostrich-feather trimming, one of the most palpable evidences of distinction, provided it be new and good.

Hat of brown felt, trimmed with a band of silk, two bows, a buckle, and an ostrich feather.

Plain paper model of jacket, 1s. 8d.



FRONT VIEW OF SEAL-SKIN JACKET.

All furs are cut at the back of the skin with a sharp knife, care being taken not to cut through the fur. The pieces are sewed together on the wrong side.

In the Gainsborough hat the brim is bordered with ostrich-feather trimming. A bow of black velvet may be placed with advantage in the open space formed by the curve of the hat.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

BY MADAME VEVAY.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up*:—

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	2	8
Princesse polonaise	2	6
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Tabliers with different sides	2	6
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	8
Fichus	1	1
Cross overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	6
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New long Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	2

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, and the *size of waist*.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, as well as at the heading of the paper, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters requiring an answer by post must enclose a stamped and *addressed* envelope; also an extra postage-stamp for reply.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

L.—Polonaises are more popular than ever, but never plain at the back—never gathered up too near the bodice, but only very low down, and here loops of silk of velvet or of ribbon or material mingled with ribbon, or with a contrasting fabric. For home dresses, where expense is an object, nothing is better than a lustre alpaca, which should be cut as a very wide ribbon—not the selvage way—and on each side a broad hem, machine-stitched; or, instead of this, the wool broche, which is sold at 1s. 6d. the yard. It is not given to every purse to command even the labours of a worm which practically turns mulberry leaves into silk, but attire may be made very attractive even without its assistance.

MARIA W. (Lincoln).—The long coats are, of course, suitable to the season, and will remain so as long as the cold does. Dolmans are very popular, simply for their convenience: a cloak admits of no trimming, a coat is to some troublesome to get on and off; a Dolman is readily slipped on, is easily laid down, and can be made ornamental. There are two shapes, the plain and the winged Dolman; the latter has the back part of the sleeve long and loose, as in the cloak, or, as it should have been termed, "a long Dolman," which is given on pages 734 and 735 of December number of the LADIES' TREASURY.

MRS. F. G.—The coat bodice is the prevailing fashion for dinner dresses, for perhaps a month.

HAYFIELD.—The *directoire* coat cannot be worn in the street.

MARTINI AVRANCHE.—The Torchon lace or Smyrna lace is a coarse twisted kind of lace, very strong, but not pretty. The



Imp. Falconer, Paris Coloriste, Huguet, ex-Artiste des Gobelins, Paris.

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



1818

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY

sleeves of dresses are now cut somewhat wide at the wrists, and upon this are placed kilted trimming, a band of ribbon, and two bows and short ends. An upright collar of the same material as the dress is worn, with a similar-shaped collar of linen inside it, but the last must not be stiff. A quilling of soft net is preferable. The turn-down collar of the material of the dress is piped with a different coloured cord, or has a narrow fringe round it, but with this also the narrow upright collar of the material is worn. Dresses cannot now be cut too high in the neck. This fashion is decidedly necessary for ladies of middle age, and the young copy it.

MADAME L. M.—For the tunic place velvet bows up the centre of the silk front breadth, and put to this two side gores of velvet. You will then have two back breadths of silk lengthened into a train by joining what had been the two side breadths. This join can be concealed by twisting a length of velvet over the two ends carelessly but securely tied and fastened. These back breadths should be lined with lining cambric, as old silk invariably looks thin without it. The back breadths can be finished with one or two bands of velvet, and the front breadth with a kilted pleating.

MARY (Pennard).—To clean the alpaca and black silk, dissolve half-an-ounce of lump ammonia (costing a halfpenny) in a pint of cold water; clean the breadths on each side with a sponge dipped in this; fold together smoothly. When partially dry, iron on the wrong side, on a soft cloth, with rather a hot iron, and lay out the breadths till they are cold. (2). Before washing the lace curtains, run on every side narrow pieces of old calico. See that all are exactly of the lengths of different sides of the curtain; then, after they are washed and starched (the thinner the starch is the better), place them on a sheet laid on the floor. Be careful to pull them straight and into the right position. When the curtains are dry, the calico may be taken off, and the curtains be ironed while on the floor.

EMMELINE J.—Buttons are much used, and are not larger than a farthing, only if this size be used, there must be two or three rows. Those which are used for velvet and silk dresses have, either in brocade or embroidered, a sprig or geometric design upon them. Turbans are coming into fashion. (2) Cluny lace is much used as insertions for under garments; it is strong and durable, and takes the place of work.

MRS. B. (Batheaston).—The very newest trained Princesse dresses were made with square trains, and no drapery or trimming whatever. They are long, and the pleats are wide, and brought quite to the back. They have not yet appeared in England. The two back breadths are cut sixteen inches longer than at the sides, and are cut with seams coming from the shoulders. Your silk would not do for this style, but would for that recommended to Madame L. M. (See above.) If you were making a new dress, besides the polonaise as we have described it, in order to give a greater fulness to the bottom of the train, two other breadths are inserted halfway down. There is no looping to any of these breadths.

AGNES R. (Sevenoaks).—The front of the polonaise buttoned down to within eight inches of the termination, and a trimming added of silk, cut on the crossway; the edges turned in, and gathered on each side about half an inch from the edge. This is put on apron fashion, is narrow at the top, and widens at the end. No kilting on the front breadth, but three graduated rows of kilting, put on at the termination of the apron trimming, are on the back breadth. It is simply caught up at the back.

MRS. McL. (Brixton).—The most fashionable colour for dinner dress is the *tilleul* green, the colour of the linden, or lime blossom. It is by no means becoming by day. The sleeves are of plain silk. The cuirass bodice, cut square in front, is of brocade. Round the neck and wrists kilted pleating and ruches of tulle. The skirt without trimming, excepting a scarf of brocade, lined with cardinal red, passes across the front diagonally, and ties at the back.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—The grey Scotch tweed is the best material for boys' every-day dress, and velveteen or velvet for more dressy occasions. A boy of ten may wear either, but both should have a wide and good worsted braid at the edges of the coat. Knickerbockers, fitting loosely over the knee, and tight below it. A sailor's collar is scarcely suitable for a velvet dress.

TOPSY.—Morning wrappers are made of coloured flannel, and embroidered. If you want to do this very quickly, and can work a Willcox and Gibbs' sewing machine, which a child can work, draw the pattern on some tissue paper, run it on with cotton the colour of the material, then tear the paper away, and with some shaded Berlin wool work over the running with the usual chain

stitch (*loose tension*). This is most effective. There is a pretty wool sold of shades of green and geranium colour in one skein.

HELEN McG.—The kind of bodice you ask for is procurable of Madame Lucien, 11a, Belgrave Road, Buckingham Palace Road. We are told that if it does not supersede stays, it wonderfully improves the appearance, and the same if no stays be worn. The bodice is inexpensive.

BEAUTY COLUMN.

SKIN COSMETIC. — Emulsion of bitter almonds, three ounces; rose and orange-flower water, of each four ounces; borax, one drachm; tincture of benzoin, two drachms. Mix together.

SUSY.—It is very possible that you have been using a great deal of sulphur in the wash. It will certainly make the hair fall off, rendering it brittle and decaying it. We cannot vouch for the truth of the following recipe, which is going the round of the newspapers; but it would be worth trying, provided that the hair did not come in contact with the flame of a candle or gas-light:—*How to Obtain a Fine Head of Hair.*—Persons afflicted with baldnes will be glad to hear that a luxuriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by Consul Stevens in his Commercial Report on Nicolaief for the past year, which has just been issued. In the summer of 1875 Consul Stevens's attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows, and oxen, and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the Consul's, prematurely bald, whose duty it was to trim lamps, had a habit of wiping his petroleum-besmeared hands in the scanty locks which remained to him; and after three months of lamp-trimming experience, his dirty habit procured for him a much finer head of glossy black hair than he ever possessed before in his recollection. Struck by this remarkable occurrence, Consul Stevens tried the remedy with wonderful success on two retriever spaniels that had become suddenly bald. His experience, therefore, induced him to suggest it to the owner of several black cattle and horses affected as above stated, and, while it stayed the spread of the disease among animals in the same sheds and stables, it effected a quick and radical cure on the animals attacked. The petroleum should be of the most refined American quality, rubbed in vigorously and quickly with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days, six or seven times in all, except in the case of horses' tails and manes, when more applications may be requisite.

S. B.—The affection you complain of is not pleasant, but it is healthy, and perhaps by this excessive perspiration (which is an acid of the body) other maladies are prevented. Weak ammonia-water—not spirit—is the best remedy. This alkali combines with the acid, and renders the odour inoffensive. No means should be used to check it. Flannel absorbs it. Wear a flannel chemise, with shoulder-straps and half a square of flannel for each gusset. In decline or consumption, or any other illness where the perspiration is excessive, the patient should be laid in blankets, with no sheet under or over, or any other coverlet but blankets. To the last query, it may be a common complaint, but is never talked about; hence it is not known to be general.

MYSIE.—Wash the face always in warm water, and with curd soap, unscented. Use Hooper's violet powder afterwards. Rowland's Kalydor is an excellent remedy. So also is the following cooling wash for the skin:—One ounce of milk of roses; a dilute solution of Goulard water, half an ounce; lavender water, two teaspoonfuls; rectified spirits, two and a half ounces; rose water, one pint.

PASTIMES, CHESS.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

No more French translations can appear at present.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. I want to weigh all numbers of pounds from 1 to 40, using four weights, one of each. What weights must these be?

2. An apple-woman bought 20 apples at 5 for 2d., 30 at 5 for 3d.; what does she gain by selling all at 5 for 2½d?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To work while you work, and play while you play,
A very good maxim is, I dare say;
But stick to the work and never mind play,
Make me a success, and labour repay.

2. A great many people like to make *me*—
The case of poor Hero consult and see.

3. I'm a wee little thing, given to prattle,
I love far the best which makes the most rattle.

4. Here is a mother who brought up a son
In the fear of the Lord—how wisely done!

5. Here is another who acted not well—
How great was her sorrow, who can tell?

6. Beware! I am coming; lock up your treasure,
For pillage and theft are ever my pleasure.

Initials and finals in joy and affection
Should ever abide amid hope and dejection.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

Mathematical.

1. A lets in $\frac{1}{20}$ of whole per minute.

B ,, $\frac{1}{25}$,, ,,

A and B together let in $\frac{1}{20} + \frac{1}{25} = \frac{9}{100}$ per minute.

But C lets out $\frac{1}{10}$ per minute, *i.e.*, $\frac{10}{100}$; hence the cistern could never be filled on these conditions.

2. $4 \times 5 \times 7 = 140$ gallons; for no smaller number is divisible by 4, 5, or 7 exactly.

3. If 85 produces 3, 1 produces $\frac{3}{85}$

$\therefore$ 100 produces $\frac{300}{85} = \frac{60}{17} = 3\frac{9}{17}$

If 90 produces $3\frac{1}{2}$, 1 produces $\frac{3\frac{1}{2}}{90}$

And 100 produces $\frac{3\frac{1}{2} \times 10}{9} = \frac{35}{9} = \frac{38}{9}$

The latter is, therefore, the best investment.

4. If 12 men can build it in 50 days, 1 man can do it in 600 days, and, therefore, *one* man can do $\frac{1}{600}$ of whole house in *one* day. Now 12 working 10 days will do $\frac{12 \times 10}{600} = \frac{1}{5}$ of whole, leaving $\frac{4}{5}$ to be done. Now, during next 8 days work done is $\frac{10 \times 8}{600} = \frac{2}{15}$, leaving $\frac{10}{15} = \frac{2}{3}$ to be done; for next 22 days work done $= \frac{8\frac{1}{2} \times 22}{600} = \frac{187}{600}$, leaving $\frac{2}{3} - \frac{187}{600} = \frac{400 - 187}{600} = \frac{213}{600}$ to be done. Now, assuming the five men who continue the work are full-timers, then $\frac{5}{600} = \frac{1}{120}$ per day.

$\therefore \frac{213}{600} \div \frac{1}{120} = \frac{213}{600} \times \frac{120}{1} = 42\frac{3}{5}$

days required to finish the house; thus $82\frac{3}{5}$ days are required altogether.

5. $(2 \times 9 + 3 \times 8 + 4 \times 7 + 5 \times 6) \times 1 = 100$ Innumerable solutions.

6.

30	39	48	1	10	19	28
38	47	7	9	18	27	29
46	6	8	17	26	35	37
5	14	16	25	34	36	45
13	15	24	33	42	44	4
21	23	32	41	43	3	12
22	31	40	49	2	11	20

Here the numbers, added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally = 175.

Double Acrostic.

HarroW, OmrI, MufF, E E (river); Home—Wife

Miscellaneous.

1. The letter A.
2. Worth, wroth, throw.
3. Mayor.
4. Pleasure.
5. Music (mew-sick).
6. Ottoman.
7. A penny.
8. Donkey.
9. I follow what I saw, but I am not what I saw, for I am as I live.
10. No(i)se.
11. N N N
N E D
D D D

Mathematical Puzzle.

Let the letters A B C D E F G H I J K L M N P Q R S T U V represent the 21 gentlemen, and a b c d e f g h i j k l m n p q r s t u v w x y z α β γ the 28 ladies, then the arrangements are as follows:—

a Q e N b R f S x C s E h U e F
a L g V c T h J x A z P q S n T
a K i P d U j M x M k J β G b H
t E j T f I β B α A y G i R h I
t V k C n R w K α P p L k N s B
t D p F y J d S α E c H v K m S
γ B u R l J q U v D f C g G u P
γ F g A j H w N v A β U p Q m V
γ D c I s M n Q v F l I z K b L
r E q G w L d Q
r B z H e V i D
r T l C m N y M

Answers to the above received from M. P. H. and Harry E. (double acrostic); Johnny T., S. H. and P. (miscellaneous, 1, 3, 7); Amy J., Polly, L. Peters (miscellaneous, 3, 5, 10); Maggie (miscellaneous, *all*).

Mathematical.

Gloucester Minor, W. Munn (all); E. E. Roche, E. Bedford, B. Carr, S. Cater, W. F. Chifferiel, A, H. Chifferiel, K. Cope, H. P. Dean, E. R. Hensman, E. Knights, H. Stanley, R. M. Theobald, J. Trotter. W. Ayton, J. L. Bougard, C. Boyle, F. Heywood, W. Hildesley, J. Leighfield, W. Munn, W. Tomey, T. Webster (1, 2); Newton Minor (1, 2, 4); W. Beckford (2, 4); T. Truman, A. Weatherley, H. Soulsby, W. Parnell, H. Hyam (1, 2); C. Courtney, A. Sanders, Newton May, S. Weingott (1, 3).

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

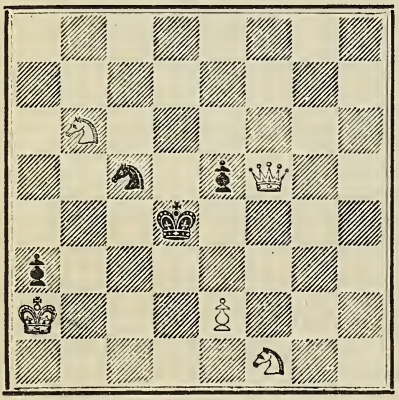
Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XII.

By G. J. SLATER.

(From the *American Chess Journal*.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R sq.	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Correct solutions have been received from J. Mercer, C. D. (Camberwell), W. M'Arthur, W. F. S. (Dalston), J. M. (Barnsbury).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Mercer.—Problem received. If you will send the solution it shall be examined.

R. F.—The best way of marking the position of the men on blank diagrams is by inscribing their initials, W K for White King, &c.

W. M'Arthur.—A neat little problem. It shall be given in our next number.

English Chess has to mourn the loss of one of its ablest and most brilliant exponents in the person of Mr. R. B. WORMALD, whose death somewhat unexpectedly occurred on the 4th of last month. For upwards of a quarter of a century his productions have been continuously before the public, and his genius, whether shown in the elegance of a problem, the profundity of an analysis, or the erudition of a treatise, never failed to command attention. Mr. Wormald had great aptitude for the game, and had he ignored the cares and duties of life in its pursuit there can be little doubt that he would have become the leading player of the day; but Mr. Wormald had higher and nobler aims than competing for barren honours with professional chess-players. Educated at Oxford, he had the manners and bearing of a gentleman; his knowledge was wide and varied, and on almost every subject that could be mentioned he was ever able to talk. Those who knew him have lost a valued friend, and, both in chess circles and far wider social ones, a gap has been caused by his removal which will long be keenly felt, and an aching void created never to be fairly filled.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WOMAN, AND HER WORK IN THE WORLD. By C. N. CRESSWELL. (London: Hardwicke and Bogue, 192, Piccadilly.)—The position of women in many countries, and in our own, is here treated of with a surprising eloquence. The author enters into every phase of her actions and duties with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Burn into convictions that she is an inspiration of good, and becomes abased only by so much as she is influenced by the evil actions or incitements of men. Mr. Cresswell states in his preface the purport of the work. "In an earnest spirit of philosophic inquiry, we propose to treat of *woman and her work*, not her mission—that is *cant;* woman has no mission apart from man. Nor of *her rights*—fit topic for the platform or a declamation theme." "Woman, her legal rights and social duties," being the theme, the author has well performed his task. Our space being limited, we must defer a longer notice to next month; it suffices to say that the work is one of intense interest, far, very far removed from a prosy essay. It is a book especially for women and girls to study.

A MANUAL OF THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF ART. By G. G. ZERFFI, Ph.D., F.R.H.S., one of the Lecturers of H.M. Department of Science and Art. (London: Hardwicke and Bogue, 192, Piccadilly.)—Professor Zerffi is well known by his clever treatise on "Animal Magnetism." Young ladies who are studying for artist's work, of whatever kind, will find this book an invaluable treasure, conveying sound instruction. The preface itself is an epitome of the principles of art. To the man of letters the work is acceptable. There are nine chapters on various topics belonging to art, from "pre-historic and savage art" to early Christian art, all of them of that interesting character which never wearies.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR NOTICE IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.—"A Plea for Art in the House," by W. J. LOFTIE, "Suggestions for Home Decoration," by AGNES and RHODA GARRETT, both works published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. "The World before Adam; or Geological Footprints of Jehovah," by the Rev. A. BEANLAND, F.G.S. (London: Messrs. Bemrose and Sons.)

THE December number of the FLORAL WORLD, edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S., has a splendid coloured plate of that one time rare shrub, the female Aucuba Japonica (the variegated laurel of childhood). This splendidly-berried shrub is of recent introduction. In this number we are glad to

find again Mr. Hibberd's discourse upon non-pruning certain fruit trees and bushes. The *Floral World* has such a dainty look about it, notwithstanding its vigorously-written articles, we would cordially recommend it to ladies as a guide to all lovers of trees, plants, and flowers.

GOLDEN HOURS for December. Edited by W. MEYNESS WHITTEMORE, D.D. A sixpenny serial, containing excellent moral tales. Published at 12a, Paternoster Row.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE, edited by EMILY FAITHFULL (117, Praed Street, London), contains, among other good articles, one on "Women as Money Spenders." The "Miscellanea" has always some interesting paragraphs.

OLD JONATHAN: the District or Parish-Helper.—Yearly volume, 1s. 6d., together with a pictorial almanac, forms a goodly Christmas or New Year's gift.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION (published by Kempster and Co., St. Bride's Avenue) admirably fulfils its mission. School conductors and teachers should not be without it. The December number is fruitful in its suggestions and teachings. (Sixpence monthly.)

We have received two numbers of plays suitable for ladies' acting (sixpence each), "Thornrose and Sparkledor," and "Prince Regent with the Tuft." Published at 89, Strand.

Messrs. Deane and Co., ironmongers, of London Bridge, have forwarded their very comprehensive Catalogue, with engravings of household articles and their prices. Among many modern helps to housekeepers, illustrated catalogues are prominent, as no trouble or expense of journeys in selecting is requisite. At a glance the shape, style, and cost of articles can be ascertained.

We would call attention to Messrs. Bemrose and Sons' "Daily Calendar" and "Scripture Text Calendar" for 1877, and also to their "Monthly Diary" in a packet containing twelve books, one for each month in the year, and of a size suitable for a lady's purse or workbox, or for a gentleman's waistcoat pocket.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY has consented to allow the engraving of Mrs. E. M. Ward's picture, "Mrs. Fry's Visit to Newgate," to be dedicated to her. The picture was submitted by request to her Majesty after its exhibition at the Academy.

THE Empress of Austria has forwarded to Mrs. Burton a magnificent gold locket, with her Majesty's monogram and imperial crown in diamonds, as a mark of her appreciation of Mrs. Burton's work, "The Inner Life of Syria."

THE Pope has received a handsome present. The *Unita Cattolica* announces that the widow of the Duke de Galliera has laid the sum of 1,000,000 fr. at the feet of the Holy Father in the names of herself and her son Philip, imploring the apostolic benediction on the suffering soul of her deceased husband. The old Duke de Galliera left more than seven millions sterling, besides one of the finest hôtels in Paris, and a splendid collection of pictures and objects of art. His charity was proverbial; the princely gift of one million sterling to the town of Genoa is still a well-remembered fact. The duchess dowager, a daughter of the Marquis de Brignole Sâle, has, since her husband's death, presented the Assistance Publique with a sum of £4000 for the poor of Paris. The present young duke has long been devotedly attached to the noble cause of education, which he promotes in a nowise abstract or sentimental, but most practical manner. He has engaged himself as a *répéteur*, or what we call a "coach," and toils manfully at his duties for the modest recompense of 15 fr. a day. With this occupation, moreover, and with this income he expresses his firm intention to remain satisfied; and thus the hospitalities and splendours of the ducal house are supposed likely, at least for a time, to vanish from the gay scene in which they were lately so conspicuous. The loss is the greater inasmuch as the young heir represents, through both his parents, a name dear to Paris. The late duke, although an Italian, had acclimatised himself to such an extent in the French capital as to be considered practically naturalised.

THE Ladies' Guild is a designation chosen by the Working Ladies' Association, who have re-named themselves by it, on account of its being the true name of the work in which they are engaged—that is to say, a fraternity for mutual help, engaged in united work. The object proposed is "to link together persons connected with the institutions and centres of industry which already exist for the benefit of ladies." The effort to bring together workers and those requiring work done is in this case a most necessary one, as both these classes waste valuable time and trouble in seeking each other out, and, if woven together into a living chain of helpfulness, would find in union strength. It must not be understood that the Ladies' Guild is in any sense a relief society or a public registry for work; this its constitution forbids. It is at present affiliated with three institutions, viz, the Royal School for Art Needlework; the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, W.; and the Ladies' Dressmaking and Embroidery Association, 42, Somerset Street, W. The objects of the guild are various, and comprise aid in obtaining employment of all kinds; in instructing workers; in obtaining new designs and materials; in disposing of work; in procuring country air and recreation in sickness, and in obtaining doctors' advice gratis, and admissions to convalescent and other homes; aid in obtaining suitable lodgings, or articles of dress, and in saving or investing money. The guild is composed of associates and members. The first may be either ladies or gentlemen subscribing from 2s. 6d. upwards, and sufficiently interested in the guild to give it help. The second must be gentlewomen engaged in remunerative employment, and other ladies associated with them, and willing to give continuously time or money to promote their welfare. The office of the guild for the present is at the office of the *Woman's Gazette*, 42, Somerset Street, W. The hon. secretary is Lady Mary Fielding. Among the names of the associates we notice those of the Countess of Denbigh, Lady Georgina Douglas, Lady Sarah Spencer, Lady Emily Dundas, Lady Louisa Feilding, Lady Katherine Clive, Lady Jane Levitt, &c.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp —this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You should complain to your bookseller, or to the publishers. THE LADIES' TREASURY is issued one or two days in advance, so that it may be in the hands of all subscribers by the first of the month. If you prepay your subscription at the rate of 7d. per month, the publishers will send it to you regularly by post.

ENQUIRER.—The book you ask for is the third edition of "The Fern Paradise," by F. George Heath, a plea for the culture of ferns, including popular descriptions of every species of British ferns, cultural notes, &c. Published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

PATCHWORK.—The engraving should help you to the proper arrangement. Put the light sides of four squares together, and form a square of four, you thus make a light cross; and by placing the dark in the same manner you form the dark. It looks best done wholly with the four dark sides meeting in the centre, and better for a quilt than for anything else. (2) the newest form of pattern is "The African," which is done in different coloured wools, and is an excellent mode of using up odd skeins of wool. The patterns may be done in single pieces, and afterwards be sewed together. Cast on 19 stitches, slip 1, make 1 by having the wool in front, knit 8, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip stitch over, knit to the end. Repeat. 22 turns will make 11 rows, when you can cast off, or continue with another coloured wool. Or in crochet 18 ch, turn back, 9 Dc, and another Dc in the 9th chain; then Dc 1 ch, turn, and work the same for 22 rows, only taking the back loops, which mode forms the ribbed crochet. Use as many colours as you can, but every alternate colour to be either white or black.

W. J. (Brixton).—1. *Icing.*—Probably not, unless the tin was air-tight. 2. We have never tried any egg powder, for the reason that but few eggs are needed for cooking purposes, compared to the number that cooks demand. For instance, four eggs and a pint and a half of milk will make more than twelve custards. The following method of keeping eggs fresh is warranted to us:—The wood ashes from a farm house fire are sifted when cold, and placed in a pitcher to the depth of four inches; the eggs are then placed upright, the pointed end downwards, another layer of ashes put on, then more eggs, and the top layer well covered with ashes, and the pitcher tied down. This appears to be the most reasonable way of endeavouring to keep eggs, inasmuch as the wood ashes are equivalent to charcoal, which preserves everything. Coarsely powdered charcoal would answer the same purpose. 3. *Sheeps' trotters soup.*—No matter what soup you need, the meat, whatever it may be, must be put into cold water, and boiled for three hours; the liquor must then get cold, and the next day the fat be removed from it, then the jellied mass, without the sediment, be put into a clean saucepan, and when boiling throw in finely-chopped vegetables, as turnips and celery, also carrots, very finely sliced, and shred into filaments. Boil for half an hour, then add, while boiling, a finely-shred onion, and boil six minutes, and if liked stir in some chopped parsley, which has been boiled a minute and a half, then strained and chopped. The oil which can be melted *from the fat* makes the best hair-oil, limpid, clear, and useful. But if you want a real delicacy, put the trotters, well cleaned, into *boiling* water, make them boil quickly, then slowly, for two hours; then drain them, and pour parsley and butter over. There will not be much nourishment in the water to make soup, but if the fat be removed, the water can be used for that purpose, adding to it, *when cold*, three tablespoonfuls of fine sago, and boiling it for two hours. Then flavour it with vegetables. Both soups can be coloured with solution of chicory, and be thickened with flour or corn-flour, to which add a little butter.

ENQUIRIES.

COULD you give a pattern for muffatee for gentlemen (with *thumb*), knitted with two wires?—A. E. R. —*Pattern solicited*, if any lady will kindly give it.

WILL you please to tell me whether the host or hostess should go into the dining-room first when they have a party?—MAY G. [The host, with the lady of the highest rank. The hostess goes last. This is at a party where the footman indicates the place at the table where the lady is to be seated; otherwise, where there is no footman, and in a friendly party, the most sensible way is for the hostess to go first with a gentleman, as she only can indicate where a lady is to be seated. There is a great deal of nonsense in aping the manners and customs of wealth and position without possessing these indispensables.]

AFTER going to a party where I had been invited, but where I am not very intimate, as till the evening I did not know the lady, the invitation having come through my brother in his official capacity, is it necessary to call upon the lady, who is of superior rank to my own?—MRS. T. T. [You should leave your card only in three or four days afterwards; not call.—Rules for the study of German can be obtained from Miss P. Jennings, Walton, near Hull. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope and three stamps.]

EXCHANGES.

I HAVE a set of chessmen, very beautifully carved in ivory; came from China a few weeks since. They are cheap at £5. I would exchange them for any suitable wearing apparel, or £3 in cash.—WOOD (Harrow).

SHEETING.—To exchange part of piece of bleached cotton twill sheeting, had direct from manufacturer, two yards wide, 1s. 4½d. a yard. Also some two and a half yards wide. Will send pattern.—Mrs. FRANKS, 14, Clarence Road, Leytonstone, London, E.



A "TWIST" BEFORE DINNER. After a Painting by Herr Froschel.

A FAMILY "TWIST."

THERE has been a sudden ebullition of passions in the home scene which our engraving depicts; the strand of mutual love has twisted into a complicated knot. In a moment white-winged Peace has fled, and passionate Anger reigns. The pipe lies broken on the ground; the chair is thrown down; the babe, unheeded on the floor, squalls lustily; the dog himself is a personification of wounded dignity; he has evidently been personally snubbed and defrauded of his dinner, and looks with the gravest indignation upon the whole thing.

What it is all about is left for imagination or experience to conjecture. Of course some trifle. Perhaps the salt was omitted in the soup, or a little too much pepper added; or perhaps the garlic was boiled in it, a matter almost grave enough for instant separation. The quarrel has been one of tongue to tongue; a bitter word from one side brought a retort from the other, and so the supple strand of love got terribly twisted.

"Lovers' quarrels often end in a renewal of love," is an old saying, but it is not true. Every quarrel abrades the soft silken tether, which ever after shows a fault, however much it is apparently hidden.

A quarrel in matrimony becomes a knot hard to untwist, so hard that it often leads to cutting through it, and then comes the end. Perhaps the wife has drunk from the well of St. Keyne, and endeavours to be master. "I will" and "You shall" are the keynotes of matrimonial misery.

"If the husband of the Saint Keyne's well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life;
But if the wife should drink of it first
God help the husband then!"

A quarrel between man and wife often ends in results similar to the introduction of "The Camel's Nose," an Arab legend, which Mrs. Sigourney has so admirably versified:—

"Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window's space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face!
'My nose is cold,' he meekly cried;
'Oh, let me warm it by thy side!'

"Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head—
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

"Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet more astonished heard him say,
'If thou art troubled, go away,
For in this place *I* choose to stay.'

"Oh, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!
To evil habit's earliest wile
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile.
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'er admit the *camel's nose!*"

And thus a quarrel thoughtlessly begun may take the camel's dimensions, so that in a home of discord there is no room for Love. Recollect that it takes two people to make a quarrel. It is neither "his fault" nor "her fault," but the fault of both, and he or she who contends the longest is just the one possessing the least amount of wisdom.

E. W. F.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

Chapter III.

The sweet-tongued convent bell had rung the Angelus, and all within the cloistered courts was hushed, save the low monologue of the fountain whose minor murmuring made solemn accord with the sacred harmonious repose of its surroundings. The sun shone hot and blinding upon the towering mass of brick and slate, which, originally designed in the form of a parallelogram, had from numerous modern additions projected here, and curved into a new chapel yonder, until the acquisitive building had become eminently composite in its present style of architecture. The belfry, once in the centre, had been left behind in the onward march of the walls, but it lifted unconquerably in mid-air, its tall gilt cross, untarnished by time, though ambitious ivy had steadily mounted the buttresses, and partially draped the Gothic arches, where blue air once shone freely through.

The court upon which the ancient monastery opened was laid out in the stiff geometric style, which universally prevailed when its trim hedges of box were first planted, and giant rose-bushes, feathery lilacs and Guelder roses attested the careful training and attention which many years had bestowed. In the centre of this court, and surrounded by a wide border of luxuriant lilies, was a triangular pedestal of granite, now green with moss, and spotted with silver grey lichen groups, upon which stood a statue of St. Francis, bearing the stigmata, and wearing the hood drawn over his head, while the tunic was open to display the wound in his side, and the skull and the crucifix lay at his feet. Close to the base of the pedestal, crouched a marble lamb, around whose neck crept a slender chain of bind-weed.

Quite distinct from the spacious new chapel, with its gilded shrine, picture-tapestried walls, and gorgeous stained windows, where the outside-world believers were allowed to worship, stood a low cruciform oratory, situated within the stricter confines of the monastery, and sacred to the exclusive use of the nuns. This chapel was immediately opposite the St. Francis, and to-day, as the old-fashioned doors of elaborately-carved oak were thrown wide, the lovely mass of nodding lilies seemed bowing in adoration before the image of the Virgin and Child, who crowned the altar within, while the dazzling sheen of noon, flashing athwart the tessellated floor, kindled an almost unearthly halo around

> "Virgin, and Babe, and saint, who
> With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard"

had watched for many weary years the kneeling devotees beneath their marble feet.

On the steps of the altar were a number of china pots containing roses and geraniums in full bloom, and one luxuriant Grand Duke jasmine all starred with creamy flowers so flooded the place with fragrance that it seemed as if the vast laboratory of floral aromas had been suddenly unsealed.

Upon the stone pavement, immediately in front of the altar, sat a little figure so motionless that a casual glance would probably have included it among the consecrated and permanent images of the silent sanctuary; the figure of a child, whose age could not have been accurately computed from the inspection of the countenance, which showed a degree of grave, mature wisdom wholly incompatible with the height of the body and the size of the limbs.

If devotional promptings had brought her to the nun's chapel, her orisons had been concluded, for she had turned her back upon the altar, and sat gazing sorrowfully down at her lap, where lay in pathetic *pose* a white rabbit and a snowy pigeon, both dead, quite stark and cold, laid out in state upon her spotless linen apron. One tiny waxen hand held a broken lily, and the other was vainly pressed upon the lids of the rabbit's eyes, trying to close lovingly the pink orbs that now stared so distressingly through glazing film. The first passionate burst of grief had spent its force in the tears that left the velvety cheeks and chin as dewy as rain-washed rose leaves, while not a trace of moisture dimmed the large eyes that wore a proud, defiant, and much-injured look, as though resentment were strangling sorrow.

Unto whom or what shall I liken this fair, tender, childish face, which had in the narrow space of ten years gathered such perfection of outline, such unearthly purity

of colour, such winsome grace, such complex expressions? Probably amid the fig and olive groves of Tuscany, Fra Bartolomeo found just such an incarnation of the angelic ideal, which he afterward placed, for the admiration of succeeding generations, in the winged heads that glorify the *Madonna della Misericordia*. The stipple of time dots so lightly, so slowly, that, at the age of ten, a human countenance should present a mere fleshy *tabula rasa*, but now and then we are startled by meeting a child as unlike the round, rosy, pulpy, dimpling, unwritten faces of ordinary life as the cherubs of Raphael are to the rigid forms of Byzantine mosaics.

As the child sat there, in the golden radiance of the summer noon, she presented an almost faultless specimen of a type of beauty that is rarely found nowaday, that has always been peculiar, and bids fair to become extinct. A complexion of dazzling whiteness and transparency, rendered more intensely pure by contrast with luxuriant silky hair of the deepest black, and large, superbly-shaped eyes of clear, dark steel-blue, with delicately-arched brows, and very long lashes, of that purplish-black tint which only the trite and oft-borrowed plumes of ravens adequately illustrate. The forehead was not remarkable for height, but was peculiarly broad and full, with unusual width between the eyes. Daintily moulded in figure and face, every feature instinct with a certain delicate patrician look, that testified to genuine "blue blood," there was withal a melting tenderness about the parted lips that softened the regal contour of one who, amid the universal catalogue of feminine names, could never have been appropriately called other than Queen, Regina, and so she was named.

In the new chapel across the court, where the sacristan had opened two of the crimson and green windows that now lighted the gilt altar as with sacrificial fire, and now drenched it with cool beryl tints that extinguished the flames, a low murmur became audible, swelling and rising upon the air, until the thunder-throated organ filled all the cloistered recesses with responsive echoes of Rossini. Some masterly hand played the recitative of "Eia Mater," bringing out the bass with powerful emphasis, and concluding with the full strains of the chorus; then the organ-tones sank into solemn minor chords, indescribably plaintive, and after awhile a quartette of choir voices sang the

"Sancta Mater! istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas,"

ending with the most impassioned strain of the "Stabat Mater"—

"Virgo virginum præclara
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere."

Two nuns came out of an arched doorway leading to the reception-room of the modern building, and looked up and down the garden walks, talking the while in eager undertones, then paused near the lily bank, and one called—

"Regina! Regina!"

"She must be somewhere in the playground. I will hunt for her there; or perhaps you might find her over in the church, listening to the choir practising; you know she is strangely fond of that organ."

The speaker turned away and disappeared in the cool dim arch, and the remaining nun moved across the paved walk, with the quick, noiseless, religious tread peculiar to those sacred conventual retreats, where the clatter of heels is an abomination unknown. Pausing in front of the chapel door, to bend low before the marble Mother on the shrine, she beheld the object of her search, and glided down the aisle as stealthily as a moonbeam.

"Regina, didn't you hear Sister Gonzaga calling you just now?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Did you answer her?"

"No, Sister."

"Are you naughty to-day, and in penance?"

"I suppose I am always naughty. Sister Perpetua says so; but I am not in penance."

"Who gave you permission to come into our chapel? You know it is contrary to the rules. Did you ask Mother?"

"I knew she would say no, so I did not ask, because I was determined to come."

"Why? what is the matter? you have been crying."

"Oh, Sister Angela! don't you see?"

She lifted the corners of her apron where the dead pets lay, and her chin trembled.

"Another rabbit gone! How many have you left?"

"None. And this is my last white dove; the other two have coloured rings round their necks."

"I am very sorry for you, dear, you seem so fond of them. But, my child, why did you come here?"

"My bunny was not dead when I started, and I thought if I could only get to St. Francis and show it to him, he would cure it, and send life back to my pigeon too. You know, Sister, that Father told us last week at instruction we must find out all about St. Francis, and next day Armantine was refectory reader, and she read us about St. Francis preaching to the birds at Bevagno, and how they opened their beaks and listened, and even let him touch them, and never stirred till he blessed them and made the sign of the cross, and then they all flew away. She read all about the doves at the convent of Ravacciano, and the nest of larks, and the bad greedy little lark that St. Francis ordered to die, and said nothing should eat it; and sure enough even the hungry cats ran away from it. Don't you remember that when St. Francis went walking about the fields the rabbits jumped into his bosom because he loved them so very much? You see I thought it was really all true, and that St. Francis could save mine, too, and I carried 'Bunnie' and 'Snowball' to him out yonder, and laid them on his feet, and prayed, and prayed ever so long; and while I was praying my 'Bunnie' died right there. Then I knew he could do no good, and I thought I would try our Blessed Lady over here because the Nun's Chapel seems holier than ours, but it is no use. I will never pray to her again, nor to St. Francis either."

"Hush, you wicked child!"

Regina rose slowly from the pavement, gathered up her apron very tenderly, and looking steadily into the sweet serene face of the nun, said with much emphasis:

"What have I done? Sister Angela, I am not wicked."

"Yes, dear, you are. We are all born full of sin, and desperately wicked; but if you will only pray and try to be good, I have no doubt St. Francis will send you some rabbits and doves so lovely, that they will comfort you for those you have lost."

"I know just as well as you do that he has no idea of doing anything of the kind, and you need not tell me pretty tales that you don't believe yourself. Sister, it is all stories; 'Bunnie' is dead, and I shan't waste another prayer on St. Francis! If ever I get another rabbit it will be when I buy one, as I mean to do just as soon as I can move to some nice place where owls and hawks never come."

Here the clang of a bell startled Sister Angela, who seized the child's hand.

"Five strokes! that is my bell. Come, Regina, we have been hunting you for some time, and Mother will be out of patience."

"Won't you please let me bury Bunnie and Snowball before I go upstairs to penance? I can dig a grave in the corner of my little garden and plant verbena and cypress over it."

She shivered as if the thought had chilled her heart, and her voice trembled, while she pressed the stiffened forms to her breast.

"Come along as fast as you can, dear, you are wanted in the parlour. I believe you are going away."

"Oh! has my mother come?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid you will leave us."

"Will you be sorry, Sister Angela?"

"Very sorry, dear child, for we love our little girl too well to give her up willingly."

Regina paused, and pressed her lips to the cold white fingers that clasped hers; but Sister Angela hurried her on till she reached a door opening into the Mother's reception room. Catching the child to her heart, she kissed her twice, lifted the dead darlings from her apron, and pushing her gently into the parlour closed the door.

It was a cool, lofty, dimly-lighted room, where the glare of sunshine never entered, and several seconds elapsed before Regina could distinguish any object. At one end a wooden lattice work enclosed a space about ten feet square, and here Mother Aloysius held audience with visitors whom friendship or business brought to the convent. Regina's eager survey showed her only a gentleman, sitting close to the grating, and an expression of keen disappointment swept over her countenance, which had been a moment before eloquent with expectation of meeting her mother.

"Come here, Regina, and speak to Mr. Palmer," said the soft, velvet voice behind the lattice.

The visitor turned around, rose, and watched the slowly advancing figure.

She was dressed in blue muslin, the front of which was concealed by her white bib-apron, and her abundant glossy hair was brushed straight back from her brow, confined at the top of her head by a blue ribbon, and thence fell in shining waves below her waist. One hand hung listlessly at her side, the other clasped the drooping lily and held it against her heart.

The slightly curious expression of the stranger gave place to astonishment and

involuntary admiration as he critically inspected the face and form; and fixing her clear, earnest eyes on him, Regina saw a tall, commanding man of about thirty years, with a noble, massive head, calm, pale features, almost stern when in repose, and remarkably brilliant, piercing black eyes that were doubless somewhat magnified by the delicate steel-rimmed spectacles he habitually wore. His closely-cut hair clustered in short, thick waves about his splendidly developed brow. He wore neither moustache nor beard, and every line of his handsome mouth and finely-modelled chin indicated the unbending tenacity of purpose, and imperial pride which had made him a ruler even in his cradle, and almost a dictator in later years.

In a certain diminished degree children share the instinct whereby brutes discern almost infallibly the nature of those around them, and awed by something which she read in this new face, Regina stood irresolute in front of him, unwilling to accept the shapely white hand held out to her.

He advanced a step, and took her fingers into his soft, warm hand.

"I hope, little one, that you are glad to see me."

Her eyes fell from his countenance to the broad seal ring on his little finger; then gazing steadily up into his, she said:

"I think I never saw you before; and why should I be glad? Why did you come and ask for me?"

"Because your mother sent me to look after you."

"Then I suppose you are very good; but I would rather see my mother. Is she well?"

"Almost well now, though she has been ill. If you promise to be very good and obedient, I may find a letter for you somewhere in my pockets. I have just been telling Mother Aloysius, to whom I brought a letter, that I have come to remove you from her kind sheltering care, as your mother wishes you, for a while at least, to be placed in a different position, and I have promised to carry out her instructions. Here is her letter. Shall I read it to you, or are you sufficiently advanced to be able to spell it out, without my assistance?"

He held up the letter, and she looked at him proudly, with a faint curl in her dainty lip, and a sudden lifting of her lovely arched eyebrows, which without the aid of verbal protest he fully comprehended. A smile hovered about his mouth as he silently resumed his seat. As Regina broke the seal, the Mother said:

"Wait, dear, and read it later. Mr. Palmer has already been detained some time, and says he is anxious to catch the train. Run up to the wardrobe, and Sister Helena will change your dress. She is packing your clothes."

When the door closed behind her a heavy sigh floated through the grating, and the sweet seraphic face of the nun clouded.

"I wish we could keep her always; it is a sadly solemn thing to cast such a child as she is into the world's whirlpool of sin and sorrow. To-day she is as spotless in soul as one of our consecrated lilies; but the dust of vanity and selfishness will tarnish, and the shock of adversity will bruise, and the heat of the battle of life that rages so fiercely in the glare of the outside world, will wither and deface the sweet blossom we have nurtured so carefully."

"In view of the peculiar circumstances that surround her, her removal impresses me as singularly injudicious, and I have advised against it, but her mother is inflexible."

"We have never been able to unravel the mystery that seems to hang about the child, although the Bishop assured us we were quite right in consenting to assume the charge of her."

From beneath her heavy black hood the Mother's meek shy eyes searched the non-committal countenance before her, and found it about as satisfactorily responsive as some stone sphinx half-sepulchred in Egyptic sand.

"May I ask, sir, if you are at all related to Regina?"

"Not even remotely; I am merely her mother's legal counsellor, and the agent appointed by her to transfer the child to different guardianship. I repeat, I deem the change inexpedient, but discretionary powers have not been conferred on me. She seems rather a mature bit of royalty for ten years of age."

"She has a fine active brain, clear and quick, and is very well advanced in her studies, for she is fond of her books. Better than all, her heart is noble and generous, and she is a conscientious little thing, never told a story in her life, but at times we have had great difficulty in controlling her will, which certainly is the most obstinate I have ever encountered."

"She evidently does not suggest wax, save in the texture of her fine skin, and one

rarely finds in a child's face so much of will. If her will matches her mother's, this little one certainly was not afflicted with a misnomer at her baptism."

He rose, looked at his watch, and walked across the room, as if to inspect a "Pieta" that hung upon the wall. Unwilling to conclude an interview which had yielded her no information, Mother Aloysius patiently awaited the result of the examination, but he finally went to the window, and a certain unmistakable expression of countenance, which can be compared only to a locking of mouth and eyes, warned her that he was alert and inflexible. With a smothered sigh she left her seat.

"As you seem impatient, Mr. Palmer, I will endeavour to hasten the preparations for your departure."

"If you please; I shall feel indebted to your kind consideration."

Nearly an hour elapsed ere she returned, leading Regina; and as the latter stood between the Mother and Sister Angela, with a cluster of fresh fragrant lilies in her hand, and her tender face blanched and tearful, it seemed to the lawyer as if indeed the pet ewe lamb were being led away from peaceful flowery pastures, from the sweet sanctity of the fold, out through thorny devious paths where temptations prowl wolf-fanged, or into fierce conflicts that end in the social shambles, those bloodless abattoirs where malice mangles humanity. How many verdure-veiled, rose-garlanded pitfalls yawned in that treacherous future, now stretching before her like summer air, here all gold and blue, yonder with purple glory crowning the dim far away? Intuitively she recognised the fact that she was confronting the first cross-roads in her hitherto monotonous life, and a vague dread flitted like ill-omened birds before her, darkening her vision.

Mr. Palmer was regarded as a large-brained, nimble-witted, marble-hearted man, of vast ambition and tireless energy in the acquisition of his aims; but his colleagues and clients would as soon have sought chivalric tenderness in a bronze statue, or in a polished obelisk of porphyry. To-day, as he curiously watched the quivering yet proud little girlish face, her brave struggles to meet the emergency touched some chord far down in his reticent stern nature, and he suddenly stooped, and took her hand, folding it up securely in his.

"Are you not quite willing to trust yourself with me?"

She hesitated a moment, then said with a slight wavering in her low tone, "I have been very happy here, and I love the Sisters dearly, but you are my mother's friend, and whatever she wishes me to do, of course must be right."

Oh, beautiful instinctive faith in maternal love and maternal wisdom! Know ye the moulding power ye wield, ye mothers of the world!

Pressing her fingers gently as if to reassure her, he said, "I dislike to hurry you away from these kind Sisters, but if your luggage is ready we have no time to spare."

The nuns wept silently as she embraced them for the last time, kissed them on both cheeks, then turned and suffered Mr. Palmer to lead her to the carriage, whither her trunk had already been sent. Leaning out, she watched the receding outlines of the convent until a bend of the road concealed even the belfry, and then she stooped and kissed the drooping lilies in her lap.

Her companion expected a burst of tears, but she sat erect and quiet, and not a word was uttered until they reached the railway station and entered the carriage. Securing a double seat he placed her at the window, and sat down opposite. It was her introduction to railway travel, and when the train moved off, and the engine sounded its prolonged shriek of departure, Regina started up, but, as if ashamed of her timidity, coloured and bit her lip. Observing that she appeared interested in watching the country through which they sped, Mr. Palmer drew a book from his pocket and soon became so absorbed in the contents that he forgot the silent figure on the seat before him.

The afternoon wore away, the sun went down, and when the lamps were lighted, the lawyer suddenly remembered his charge.

"Well, Regina, how do you like travelling by rail?"

"Not at all; it makes my head ache."

"Take off your hat, and I will try to make you more comfortable."

He unstrapped a rug, placed it on the arm of the seat, and made her lay her head upon it.

Keeping his finger as a mark amid the leaves of his book, he said, "We shall not reach our journey's end until to-morrow morning, and I advise you to sleep as much as possible. Whenever you feel hungry you will find some sandwiches, cake, and fruit in the basket at your feet."

She looked at him intently, and interpret-

ing the expression, he added, "You wish to ask me something? Am I so very frightful that you dare not question me?"

"Will you tell me the truth if I ask you?"

"Most assuredly."

"When shall I see my mother?"

His eyes went down helplessly before the girl's steady gaze, and he hesitated a moment.

"Really, I cannot tell exactly, but I hope—"

She put up her small hand quickly, with a gesture that silenced him.

"Don't say any more, please. I never want to know half of anything, and you can't tell me all. Good night."

She shut her eyes.

This man of bronze, who could terrify witnesses, and thunder so successfully from the legal rostrum, sat there abashed by the child's tone and manner, and as he watched her he could not avoid smiling at her imperious mandate. Although silent, it was one o'clock before she fell into a deep, sound slumber, and then the lawyer leaned forward and studied the dreamer.

The light from the lamp shone upon her, and the long silky black lashes lay heavily on her white cheeks. Now and then a sigh passed her lips, and once a sob shook her frame, as if she were again passing through the painful ordeal of parting; but gradually the traces of emotion disappeared, and that marvellous peace, which we find only in children's countenances or on the faces of the dead, and which is nowhere more perfect than in old Greek statuary, settled like a benediction over her features. Her frail hands clasped over her breast still held the faded lilies, and to him she seemed too tender and fair for rude contact with the selfish world in which he was so indefatigably carving out fame and fortune. He wondered how long a time would be requisite to transform this pure, spotless, ingenuous young thing into one of the fine fashionable miniature women with frizzed hair and huge *paniers*, whom he sometimes passed with school-books in their hands, and bold, full-blown coquetry in their eyes?

Certainly Edgar Palmer was as devoid of all romantic weakness as the propositions of Euclid, or the pages of Blackstone, but something in the beauty and helpless innocence of the sleeper appealed with unwonted power to his dormant sympathy, and suspecting that lurking spectres crouched in her future, he mutely entered into a compact with his own soul, not to lose sight of, but to befriend her faithfully, whenever circumstances demanded succour.

"Upon my word, she looks like a piece of Greek sculpture, and be her father whom he may, there is no better blood than beats there at her little dimpled wrists. The pencilling of the eyebrows is simply perfect."

He spoke inaudibly, and just then she stirred and turned. As she moved, something white fluttered from one of the pockets of her apron, and fell to the floor. He picked it up and saw it was the letter he had given her some hours before. The sheet was folded loosely, and glancing at it, as it opened in his hand, he saw in delicate characters: "Oh, my baby, my darling! Be patient and trust your mother." An irresistible impulse made him look up, and the beautiful solemn eyes of the girl were fixed upon him, but instantly her black lashes covered them.

For the first time in years he felt the flush of shame mount into his cold, haughty face, yet even then he noted the refined delicacy which made her feign sleep.

"Regina."

She made no movement.

"Child, I know you are awake. Do you suppose I would stoop to read your letter clandestinely? It dropped from your pocket, and I have seen only one line."

She put out her slender hand, took the letter, and answered:—

"My mother writes me that you are her best friend, and I intend to believe that all you say is true."

"Do you think I read your letter?"

"I shall think no more about it."

> "I will paint her as I see her,
> Ten times have the lilies blown
> Since she looked upon the sun,
> Face and figure of a child,—
> Though too calm, you think, and tender,
> For the childhood you would lend her."

Chapter IV.

"Indeed, Peyton, you distress me. What can be the matter? I heard you walking the floor of your room long after midnight, and feared you were ill."

"Not ill, Elise, but sorely perplexed. If I felt at liberty to communicate all the circumstances to you, doubtless you would readily comprehend and sympathise with the peculiar difficulties that surround me; but unfortunately I am bound by a promise which prevents me from placing all the facts

in your possession. Occasionally ministers involuntarily become the custodians of family secrets that oppress their hearts and burden them with unwelcome responsibility, and just now I am suffering from the consequences of a rash promise which compassion extorted from me years ago. While I heartily regret it, my conscience will not permit me to fail in its fulfilment."

An expression of pain and wounded pride overshadowed Mrs. Lindsay's usually bright, happy face.

"Peyton, surely you do not share the unjust opinion so fashionable nowaday, that women are unworthy of being entrusted with a secret? What has so suddenly imbued you with distrust of the sister who has always shared your cares, and endeavoured to divide your sorrows? Do you believe me capable of betraying your confidence?"

"No, dear. In all that concerns myself, you must know I trust you implicitly; trust not only your affection, but your womanly discretion, your subtle critical judgment; but I have no right to commit even to your careful guardianship some facts which were expressly confided solely to my own."

He laid his hand on his sister's shoulder, and looked fondly, almost pleadingly, into her clouded countenance, but the flush deepened on her fair cheek.

"The conditions of secrecy, the envelope of mystery, strongly implies something socially disgraceful or radically wicked, and ministers of the Gospel should not constitute themselves the locked reservoirs of such turbid streams."

"Granting, Elise, that you actually believe in your supposition, why are you so anxious to listen to the recital of circumstances that you assume to be degrading or sinful?"

"I only fear your misplaced sympathy may induce you to compromise your ministerial dignity and consistency, for it is quite evident to me that your judgment does not now acquit you in this matter, whatever it may be."

"God forbid that in obeying the dictates of my conscience I should transgress even conventional propriety, or incur the charge of indiscretion. None can realise more keenly than I that a minister's character is of the same delicate texture as a woman's name; a thing so easily stained that it must be ever elevated beyond the cleaving dust of suspicion and the scorching breath of gossiping conjecture. Elise, I hold that pastors should be as circumspect, as guarded as Roman vestals.

The chilling severity of his tone smote the loving heart, which had rebelled only against the apparent lack of faith in its owner, and springing forward, Mrs. Lindsay threw her arms around her brother's neck.

"Oh, Peyton! don't look at me so sternly, as if I were a sort of domestic Caiaphas, set to catechise and condemn you; or as if I were unjustly impugning your motives. It is all your fault—of course it is—for you have spoiled me by unreserved confidence heretofore, and you ought not to blame me in the least for feeling hurt, when at this late day you indulge in mysteries. Now kiss me, and forget my ugly temper. So we are at peace once more? Now keep your horrid secret to yourself, and welcome!"

"You persist in believing that they must inevitably be horrid?" said he, softly stroking her rosy cheek, with his open palm.

"I persist in begging that you will not expect me to adopt the acrobatic style, or require me to instantly attain sanctification *per saltum!* You must be satisfied with the assurance that you are, indeed, my 'Royal Highness,' and that in my creed it is written the king can do no wrong. There, dear, I am not at all addicted to humble pie, and I have already disposed of a large and unpalatable slice."

She made a grimace, whereat he smiled, kissed her again, and answered very gently:

"Will you permit me to put an appendix to your creed? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.' My sister, I want you to help me. In some things I find myself as powerless without your co-operation as a pair of scissors with the rivet lost; I cannot cut through obstacles unless you are in your proper place."

"For shame, you spiteful Pequod! to rivet your treacherous appeal with so sharply-pointed an illustration! Scissors, indeed! I will be revenged by cutting all your work after a biased fashion. How would it suit you, reverend sir, to take the rivet out of my tongue to repair your clerical scissors?"

"How narrowly you escaped being a genius! That is precisely what I was about proposing to do; and now, dear, be sure you bid adieu to all bias. Elise, I received a letter two days since which annoyed me beyond expression."

"I inferred as much, from the vindictive energy with which you thrust it into the fire, and bored it with the end of the poker. Was it infected with smallpox or leprosy?"

She opened her work-basket, and began to crochet vigorously, keeping her eyes upon her needle.

"Neither. I destroyed it simply and solely because it was the earnest request of the writer that I should commit it to the flames."

"*Par parenthèse!* from the beginning of time, have not discord, mischief, trouble, been personified by females? Has there been a serious *imbroglio* since the days of Troy without some vexatious Helen? Now don't scold me, if in this case I conjecture —he? She? It?"

"The letter was from a mother, pleading for her child, whom I several years ago promised to protect and to befriend. Subsequent events induced me to hope that she would never exact a fulfilment of the pledge, and I was unpleasantly surprised when the appeal reached me."

"Let me understand fully the little that you wish to tell me. Do you mean that you were unprepared for the demand, because the mother had forfeited the conditions under which you gave the promise?"

"My promise was unconditional, but I certainly have never expected to be called upon to verify it."

"What does it involve?"

"The temporary guardianship of a child ten years old whom I have never seen."

"He? She? It?"

"A girl, who will in all probability arrive before noon to-day."

"Peyton!"

The rose-coloured web fell into her lap, and deep dissatisfaction spread its leaden banners over her tell-tale face.

"I regret it more keenly than you possibly can, and, Elise, if I could have seen the mother before it was too late, I should have declined this painful responsibility."

"Too late? Is the woman dead?"

"No, but she has sailed for America, and notifies me that she leaves the little girl under my protection."

"What a heartless creature she must be to abandon her child."

"On the contrary, she seems devotedly attached to her, and uses these words:—'If it were not to promote her interest, do you suppose I could consent to put the Atlantic between my baby and me?' The circumstances are so unusual, that I dare say you fail to understand my exact position."

"I neither desire nor intend to force your confidence, but if you can willingly answer, tell me whether the mother is in every respect worthy of your sympathy?"

"I frankly admit that upon some points I have been dissatisfied, and her letter sorely perplexes me."

"What claim had she on you when the promise was extorted?"

"She had none, save such as human misery always has on human sympathy. I performed the marriage ceremony for her when she was a mere child, and felt profound compassion for the wretchedness that soon overtook her as a wife and mother."

"Then, my dear brother, there is no alternative, and you must do your duty, and I shall not fail to help you to the fullest extent of my feeble ability. Since it cannot be averted, let us try to put our hearts as well as hands into the work of receiving the waif. Where has the child been living?"

"For nearly seven years in a convent."

"*Tant mieux!* We may at least safely infer she has been shielded from vicious and objectionable companionship. How is her education to be conducted in future?"

"Her mother has arranged for the semi-annual payment of a sum quite sufficient to defray all necessary expenses, including tuition at school, but she urges me, if compatible with my clerical duties, to retain the school fees, and teach the child at home, as she dreads outside contaminating associations, and wishes the little one reared with rigid ideas of rectitude and propriety. Will you receive her among your music pupils?"

"Have I a heart of steel, and a soul of flint? What is her name?"

Mr. Hargrove hesitated a moment, and detecting the faint colour that tinged his olive cheek, his sister smilingly relieved him.

"Never mind, dear. What immense latitude we are allowed. If she prove a meek, sweet cherub, a very saint in bib-aprons, with velvety eyes brown as a hazel nut, and silky chesnut ringlets, I shall gather her into my heart and coo over her; but should we find her spoiled, and thoroughly leavened with iniquity, a blonde yellow-haired tornado, then a proper regard for the 'unities' will suggest that I vigorously enter a Christian protest and lecture her grimly."

"She will be called Regina Orme, and if it will not too heavily tax your kindness, I should like to give her the small room next your own, and ask Douglass to move across the hall and take the front room. The little girl may be timid, and it would comfort her

to feel that you are within call, should she be sick, or become frightened. I am sure Douglass will not object to the change."

"Certainly not. Blessings on his royal heart! He would not be my own noble boy if he failed to obey any wish of yours. I will at once superintend the transfer of his books and clothes, for if the child comes to-day, you have left me little time for preparation."

She put away the work-basket, and looking affectionately at the grave face that watched her movements, said soberly:—

"Do not look so gloomy; remember Abraham's example of hospitality, and let us do all we can for this motherless lamb or kid, which ever she may prove. One thing more, and hereafter I shall hold my peace. You need not live in chronic dread, lest the Guy Fawkes of female curiosity pry into, and explode your mystery; for I assure you, Peyton, I shall never directly or indirectly question the child, and until you voluntarily broach the subject, I shall never mention it to you. Are you satisfied?"

"Fully satisfied with my sister, and inexpressibly grateful for her unquestioning faith in me."

She swept him an exaggerated courtesy, and despite the gray threads that began to glint in her auburn hair, ran up the stairway as lightly as a girl of fifteen.

For some time he stood with his hands behind him, gazing abstractedly through the open window, and now and then he heard the busy patter of hurrying feet in the room overhead, while snatches of Easter Anthems, and the swelling "Amen" of a "Gloria" rolled down the steps, assuring him that all doubt and suspicion had been ejected from the faithful, fond, sisterly heart.

Taking his broad-brimmed gardening hat from the table, the pastor went down among his flower-beds, followed by Biörn, to whose innate asperity of temper was added the snarling fretfulness of old age.

A fine young brood of white Brahma chickens having surreptitiously effected an entrance into the sacred precincts of the flower-garden, were now diligently prosecuting their experiments right in the heart of a border of choice carnations. When Biörn had chased the marauders to the confines of the poultry yard, and watched the last awkward fledgeling scramble through the palings, his master began to repair the damage, and soon became absorbed in the favourite task of tying up the spicy tufts of bloom that deluged the air with perfume as he lifted and bent the slender stems. His straw hat shut out the sight of surrounding objects, and he only turned his head when Mrs. Lindsay put her hand on his shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Peyton, 'the Philistines are upon thee'!"

"Do you mean that she has come?"

"I think so; there is a carriage at the gate, and I noticed a trunk beside the driver."

He rose hastily and stood irresolute, visibly embarrassed.

"Why, Peyton! Recollect your text last Sunday, 'no man having put his hand to the plough.' It certainly is rather hard to be pelted with one's own sermons, but it would never do to turn your back upon this benevolent furrow. Come, pluck up courage, and front the inevitable."

"Elise, how can you jest? I am sorely burdened with gloomy forebodings of coming ill. You cannot imagine how I shrink from this responsibility."

"It is rather too late, dear, to climb upon the stool of repentance. There is the bell! Shall I accompany you?"

"Oh, certainly."

Hannah met them, and held up a card.

"Edgar Palmer."

As the minister entered his parlour Mr. Palmer advanced to meet him, holding out his hand.

"I hope Dr. Hargrove has been prepared for my visit, and understands its object?"

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Palmer, and had reason to expect you. Allow me to present you to my sister, Mrs. Lindsay. I am exceedingly—"

The sentence was never completed, and he stood with his eyes fastened on the child who leaned against the window, watching him with an eager breathless interest, as some caged creature eyes a new keeper, wondering, mutely questioning whether cruelty or kindness will predominate in the strange custodian.

For a moment, oblivious of all else, each gazed into the eyes of the other, and a subtle magnetic current flashed from soul to soul, revealing that which years of ordinary acquaintance sometimes fails to unveil. From the pastor's countenance melted every trace of doubt and apprehension; from that of the girl all shadow of distrust.

Studying the tableau, Mr. Palmer saw the clergyman smile, and as if involuntarily open

his arms; and he was astonished when the shy reticent child who had repulsed all his own efforts to become acquainted, suddenly glided forward and into the outstretched arms of her new guardian. Weary from the long journey, and rigid restraint imposed upon her feelings, the closely pent emotion broke all barriers, and clinging to the minister Regina found relief in a flood of tears. Mr. Hargrove sat down, and keeping his arms round her, said tenderly,

"Are you so unwilling to come and live under my care? Would you prefer to remain with Mr. Palmer?"

She put her hands up, and clasping them at the back of his head, answered brokenly—

"No, no! it is not that. Your face shows me you are good—so good! But I can't help crying; I have tried so hard to keep from it, ever since I kissed the sisters good-bye, and everything is so strange, and my throat aches, and aches. Oh, don't scold me! Please let me cry!"

"As much as you please. We know your poor little heart is almost breaking, and a good cry will help you."

He gathered her close to his bosom, and the lawyer was amazed at the confiding manner in which she nestled her head against the stranger's shoulder. Mrs. Lindsay untied and removed the hat and veil, and placing a glass of water to the parched, trembling lips, softly kissed her tearful cheek, and whispered,

"Now, dear, try to compose yourself. Come with me and bathe your face, and then you will feel better."

"Don't take me away. I have stopped crying. It rests me so to feel somebody's arms round me."

"Well, suppose you try my arms awhile? I assure you they are quite ready to take you in, and hug you close. Just let me show you how I put my arms around my own child, though he is a man. Come, dear."

Mrs. Lindsay gently disengaged the clasped hands resting on her brother's neck, and drew Regina into her arms, while won by her sweet voice and soft touch, the latter allowed herself to be led into another room.

They had scarcely disappeared when Mr. Palmer said,

"I find I was mistaken in supposing that you and your ward were strangers."

"We are strangers; at least I never saw her until to-day."

"Did you mesmerise her?"

"Not that I am aware of. What suggests such an idea?"

"She receives your friendly overtures so graciously, and rejected mine with such chill politeness. I presume you are aware of the fact that we have a joint guardianship over this child?"

"If you will walk into the library, where we can escape intrusion, I should like to have some confidential conversation with you."

When he had placed his visitor in his own easy chair, and locked the door of the library, Mr. Hargrove sat down beside the table, and folding his hands before him, leaned forward, scrutinising the handsome non-committal face of his visitor, and conjecturing how far he would be warranted in unburdening his own oppressed heart.

Coolly impassive, and without a vestige of curious interest, the lawyer quietly met his incisive gaze.

"May I ask whether Regina's mother has unreservedly communicated her history to you?" asked the minister.

"She has acquainted me with only a few facts, concerning which she desired legal advice."

"Has she given you her real name?"

"I know her only as Madame Odille Orphia Orme, an actress of very remarkable beauty, and great talent."

"Do you understand the peculiar circumstances that attended her marriage?"

"I merely possess her assurance that she was married by you."

"Have you been informed who is Regina's father?"

"The name has always been carefully suppressed, but she told me that Orme was merely an *alias*."

"Have you ever suspected the truth?"

"Really, that is a question I cannot answer. I have at times conjectured, but only in a random, unauthorised way. I should very much like to know, but my client declined giving me all the facts, at least at present; and while her extreme reticence certainly hampers me, it prevents me from asking you for the information, which she promises ere long to give me."

Mr. Hargrove bowed and leaned back more easily in his chair, fully satisfied concerning the nature of the man with whom he had to deal.

"You doubtless think it singular that Mrs. Orme should commit her daughter to my care, while keeping me in ignorance of her parentage. A few days since, she signed,

in the presence of witnesses, a cautiously-worded instrument, in which she designated you and myself as joint guardians of Regina Orme, and specified that should death or other causes prevent you from fulfilling the trust, I should assume exclusive control of her daughter, until she attained her majority, or was otherwise disposed of. To this arrangement I at length very reluctantly assented, because it is a charge for which I have no leisure, and even less inclination; but as she seems to anticipate the time when a lawsuit may be inevitable, and wishes my services, she finally overruled my repugnance to the office forced upon me."

"I must ask you one question," said Mr. Peyton, "which subsequent statements will explain. Do you regard her in all respects as a worthy, true, good woman?"

"The mystery of an assumed name always casts a shadow, implying the existence of facts, or of reports inimical to the party thus ambushed; and concealment presupposes either indiscretion, shame, or crime. This circumstance excited unfavourable suspicions in my mind, but she assured me she had a certificate of her marriage, and that you would verify this statement. Can you do so? Was she legally married when very young?"

"She was legally married by me eleven years ago."

"I am glad it is susceptible of proof. This point established, I can easily answer your question in the affirmative. As far as I am acquainted with her record, Mrs. Orme is a worthy woman, and I may add, a remarkably cautious, circumspect person, for one so comparatively unaccustomed to the admiration which is now lavished upon her. I believe it is conceded that she is a most beautiful woman, but she shelters herself so securely in the constant presence of a plain but most respectable old couple, with whom she resides, and who accompany her when travelling, that it is difficult to see her except upon the stage. Even in her business visits to my office, she has always been attended by old Mrs. Walter."

"Can you explain to me how one so uneducated and inexperienced as she certainly was has so suddenly attained not only celebrity (which is often cheaply earned), but eminence, in a profession involving the amount of culture requisite for dramatic success?"

A slight smile showed the glittering line of the lawyer's teeth.

"When did you see her last?"

"Seven years ago."

"Then I venture the assertion that you would not recognise her should you see her in one of her favourite and famous rôles. When, where, or by whom she was trained I know not, but some acquaintance with the most popular ornaments of her profession justifies my opinion that no more cultivated or artistic actress now walks the stage than Madame Odille Orme. She is no mere amateur or novice, but told me she had laboriously and studiously struggled up, from a comparatively menial position. Even in Paris, I have never heard a purer, finer rendition of a passage in 'Phèdre' than one day burst from her lips in a moment of deep feeling, yet I cannot tell you how or where she learned French. She made her *début* in tragedy, and her success was brilliant. I have never known a woman whose will was so patiently rigid, so colossal, whose energy was so tireless in the pursuit of one special aim. She has the vigilance and tenacity of a Spanish bloodhound."

"In the advancement of her scheme do you believe her capable of committing a theft?" asked the minister.

"What do you denominate a theft?"

The piercing black eyes of the lawyer were fixed with increased interest upon the clergyman.

"Precisely what every honest man means by the term. If Mrs. Orme resolved to possess a certain paper to which she had been denied access, do you think she would hesitate to break into a house, open a secret drawer, and steal the contents?"

"Not unless she had a legal right to the document which was unjustly withheld from her, and even then my knowledge of the lady's character inclines me to believe that she would hesitate and resort to other means."

"You consider her strictly honest and truthful?"

"I am possessed of no facts that lead me to indulge a contrary opinion. Suppose you state the case?"

Briefly Mr. Hargrove narrated the circumstances attending his last interview with Regina's mother, and the loss of the tin box, dwelling in conclusion upon the perplexing fact that in the recent letter received from her relative to her daughter's removal to the Parsonage, Mrs. Orme had implored him to carefully preserve the licence he had retained, as the marriage certificate in her possession might not be considered convincing proof should litigation ensue.

He could not understand the policy of this appeal, nor reconcile its necessity, with his conviction that she had stolen the licence.

Joining his scholarly white hands, with the tips of his fingers forming a cone, Mr. Palmer leaned back in his chair and listened, while no hint of surprise or incredulity found expression in his cold, imperturbable face. When the recital was ended, he merely inclined his head.

"Do you not regard this as strong evidence against her? Be frank."

"It is merely circumstantial," replied the lawyer. "Write to Mrs. Orme, inform her of the loss of the licence, and I think you will find that she is as innocent of the theft as you or I. I know she went abroad believing that the final proof of her marriage was in your keeping; for in the event of her death while abroad, she has empowered me to demand that paper from you, and to present it with certain others in a court of justice."

"I wish I could see it as you do. I hope it will some day be satisfactorily cleared up, but meanwhile I must indulge a doubt. On one point at least my mind is at rest—this little girl is unquestionably the child of the man who married her mother, for I have never seen so remarkable a likeness as she bears to him."

He sighed heavily, and patted the shaggy head which Biörn had some time before laid unheeded on his knee. During the brief silence that ensued the lawyer gazed out of the window, through which floated the spicy messages of carnations and the fainter whispers of pale, cream-hearted Noisette roses, and then he rose and put both hands in his pockets.

"Dr. Hargrove, you and I have been, with, I believe, equal reluctance, forced into the same boat; and since *bongré malgré* we must voyage for a time together in the interest of this unfortunate child, candour becomes us both. Men of my profession sometimes resort to agencies that the members of yours usually shrink from. I, too, was once very sceptical concerning the truth of Mrs. Orme's fragmentary story, for it was the merest *disjecta membra* which she entrusted to me, and my credulity declined to honour her heavy drafts. To satisfy myself I employed a shrewd female detective to 'shadow' the pretty actress for nearly a year, and her reports convinced me that my client while struggling with Napoleonic ambition and pertinacity to attain the zenith of success in her profession, was not at all addicted to coquetry, and that in the midst of flattery and adulation she was the same proud, cold, suffering, almost broken-hearted wife she had always appeared in her conferences with me. Indulging this belief, I have accepted the joint guardianship of her daughter, on condition that whenever it becomes necessary to receive the girl under my immediate protection, I shall be made acquainted with her real name."

"Thank you, my dear sir, for your frankness, which I would most joyfully reciprocate were I not bound by a promise to make no revelations until she gives me permission, or her death unseals my lips. I hope you fully comprehend my awkward position. There is a conspiracy to defraud her and her child of their social and legal rights, and I fear both will be victimised; but she insists that secrecy will deliver her from the snares of her enemies. I suppose you are aware that General——"

He paused, and bit his lip, and again the lawyer's handsome mouth disclosed his perfect teeth.

"There is no mischief in your dropped stitch; I shall not pick it up. I am not enthusiastic, and rarely venture prophecies, but I shall be much disappointed if her Richelieu tactics do not finally triumph."

"Can you tell me why she does not openly bring suit against her husband for bigamy?"

"Simply because she has been informed that the policy of the defence would be to at once attack her reputation, which she seems to guard with almost morbid sensitiveness, on account of her daughter. She has been warned of the dangerous consequences of a suit, but, if forced to extremities, will hazard it; hence I bide my time."

He threw back his lordly head, and his brilliant eyes seemed to dilate, as though the suggestion of the suit stirred his pulse, as the breath of carnage and the din of distant battle that of the war-horse, panting for the onward dash.

A species of human petrel, Edgar Palmer lived amid the ceaseless surges of litigation, watching the signs of rising tempests in human hearts, plunging in defiant exultation where the billows rode highest, never so elated as when borne triumphantly upon the towering crest of some conquering wave of legal *finesse* or impassioned invective, and rarely saddened in the flush of victory by the pale spectres of strangled hope, fortune, or reputation which float in the *débris* of the wrecks that almost every day drift mourn-

fully away from the precincts of courts of justice.

The striking of the clock caused him to draw out his watch and compare the time. "I believe the regular train does not leave V—— until night, but the conductor told me I might catch an excursion train, due here about half-past one o'clock. It is necessary for me to return with as little delay as possible, and after I have spoken to Regina I must hasten to the station. You will find my address pencilled on the card, and I presume Mrs. Orme has given you hers. Should you desire to confer with me at any time relative to the child, I shall promptly respond to your letters, but have no leisure to spend in looking after her. The semi-annual remittance shall not be neglected, and here is a package for you containing money for contingent expenses."

They entered the hall, and found the little stranger sitting alone on the lowest step of the stairway, where Mrs. Lindsay had left her while she went to prepare luncheon for the travellers. She was very quiet, bore no visible traces of tears, but the tender lips wore a piteously sad expression of heroically repressed grief, and the purplish shadows under her solemn blue eyes rendered them more than ever pleadingly beautiful.

As the two gentlemen stood before her she rose, and caught her breath, pressing one little palm over her heart, while the other grasped the balustrade.

"Don't you think, dear, that you ought to be well cared for, when you have two guardians — two adopted fathers — Mr. Palmer and I to watch over you? We both intend that you shall be the happiest little girl anywhere. Will you help us?"

"I will try to be good."

Her voice was very low, but steady, as if she realised she was making a compact.

"Then I know we shall all succeed."

Mr. Hargrove walked to the front door, and the lawyer put on his hat and came back to the steps.

"Regina, I have explained to you that I brought you here because your mother so directed me, and I believe Dr. Hargrove will be a kind, good friend. Little one, I do not like to leave you so soon among strangers, but it cannot be helped. Will you be contented and happy?"

There was singular emphasis in her reply.

"I shall never complain."

"Because you think I would not sympathise with you? I am not a man given to soft words, nor am I accustomed to deal with children; but indeed I should be annoyed if I thought you were unhappy here."

"Then you must not be annoyed at all."

His quick nervous laugh seemed to startle her unpleasantly, for she shrank closer to the balustrade.

"How partial you are, preferring Dr. Hargrove already, and flying into his arms at sight! Do you wish to make me jealous?"

His eyes gleamed mischievously, and he saw the blood rising in her white cheeks.

"Dr. Hargrove opened his arms to me because he saw how miserable I was."

"If I should chance to open mine, do you think that by any accident you would rush into them?"

"You know you would never dream of doing such a thing. Are you going away now?"

"In a moment. If you get into trouble or need anything, will you write to me? Remember I am your mother's friend."

"Is not Mr. Hargrove also?"

"Certainly."

He took her hands, and, bending down, looked kindly into the delicate, lovely face.

"Good-by, Regina."

"Good-by, Mr. Palmer."

"I hope, little girl, that we shall always be friends."

"You are very good to wish it. Thank you for taking care of me. Because you are my mother's best friend, I shall pray for you every night."

His sternly-moulded lips twitched with some strange passing reminiscence of earlier years; but the emotion vanished, and, pressing her hands gently, he turned and went down the walk leading to the gate.

(*To be continued.*)

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD was originally intended for business, and entered a mercantile house; but the failure of his health, at fifteen years of age, compelled him to leave it, and go to Scotland, where he remained two years, with much gain to his body and his mind. On his return to London, he applied himself to learn the art of engraving; but his constitution would not allow him to pursue it. Yet what he did acquire of this art, with his genius for comic observation, must have been of excellent service to him in his subsequent career. This, at first, was simply literary, in a subordinate connection with *The London Magazine*. His relation to this periodical gave him opportunities, which he did not neglect, of knowing many of its brilliant contributors. Among these was Charles Lamb, who took a strong liking to the youthful sub-editor, and, doubtless, discovered a talent that in some points had resemblance to his own. The influence of his conversation and companionship may have brought Hood's natural qualities of mind into early growth, and helped them into early ripeness. Striking as the difference was, in some respects, between them, in other respects the likeness was quite as striking. Both were playful in manner, but melancholy by constitution, and in each there lurked an unsuspected sadness; both had tenderness in their mirth, and mirth in their tenderness, and both were born punsters, with more meaning in their puns than met the ear, and constantly bringing into sudden and surprising revelation the wonderful mysteries of words.

With a genius of so singular a cast, Hood was not destined to continue long a subordinate. Almost with manhood he began to be an independent workman of letters; and as such, through ever-varying gravities and gaieties, tears and laughter, grimsicalities and whimsicalities, prose and verse, he laboured incessantly till his too early death. The whole was truly and entirely "Hood's Own." In mind he owed no man anything. Unfortunately, he did in money. That he might economise, and be free to toil in order to pay, he went abroad, residing between four and five years out of England, part of the time at Coblentz, in Rhenish Prussia, and part at Ostend, in Belgium. The climate of Rhenish Prussia was bad for his health, and the people were disagreeable to his feelings. The change to Belgium was at first pleasant and an improvement; but complete recovery seemed as far away as ever; nay, it was absolutely away for ever. But in the midst of his family—his wife, his little boy and girl, most loving and most loved—bravely he toiled, with pen and pencil, with head and heart; and while men held both their sides with laughter, he who shook them held both his sides with pain; while tears, kindly or comical, came at the touch of his genius into thousands of eyes, were watching and weeping in secret by his bed-side in the lonely night, which, gazing through the cloud of sorrow on his thin features and his uneasy sleep, took note that the instrument was fast decaying which gave forth the enchantment and the charm of all this mirthful and melancholy music. Thus, in bodily pain, in bodily weakness even worse than pain, in pecuniary embarrassment worse than either, worst of all, often distressed in mind as to the means of support for his family, he still persevered; his genius did not forsake him, nor did his goodness; the milk of human kindness did not grow sour, nor the sweet charities of human life turn into bitter irritations. But what a tragedy the whole suggests in its combination of gaiety with grief, and in the thought of laughter that must be created at the cost of sighs, of merriment in which every grin has been purchased by a groan!

An anecdote which we once read, always, when we recall it, deeply affects us. A favourite comic actor, on a certain evening, was hissed by the audience, who had always before applauded him. He burst into tears. He had been watching his dying wife, and had left her dead, as he came upon the stage. This was his apology for imperfection in his part. Poor Hood had also to unite comedy with tragedy, not for a night, or a day, or a week, but for months and years. He had to give the comedy to the public, and keep the tragedy to himself; nor could he, if comedy failed him, plead with the public the tragedy of his circumstances. That was nothing to the public. He must give pleasure to the public, and not explanations and excuses. But genius, goodness, many friends, no enemy, the consciousness of imparting enjoyment to multitudes, and to no man wretchedness, a heart alive with all that is tender and gentle, and strong to manful and noble purpose and achievement—these are grand

compensations—compensations even for more ills than Hood was heir to; and with such compensations Hood was largely blessed. Though his funds were nothing to the bounty of his spirit, yet he did not refuse to himself the blessedness of giving. Want, to his eye of charity, was neither native nor foreign, but human; and as human he pitied it always, and, as far as he could, relieved it. While abroad, he was constantly doing acts of beneficence; and the burlesque style with which, in his correspondence, he tries to disguise his own goodness, while using the incidents as items to write about, is one of the most delightful peculiarities in his delightful letters. The inimitable combination of humanity and humour in these passages renders them equal to the best things that Hood has anywhere written. To crown all, Hood had happiness unalloyed in his children and his wife. Mrs. Hood seems to have deserved to the utmost the abounding love which her husband lavished on her. She was not only, as a devoted wife, a cheerer of his heart, but as a woman of accomplishment and ability, she was a companion for his mind. Her judgment was as clear and sure as her affection was warm and strong. Her letters have often a grave tenderness and an insinuated humour hardly inferior to her husband's. But as she must write from fact and not from fancy, what she writes naturally bears the impression of her cares. Here is a passage from one of her latest letters, which, half sadly, half amusingly, reminds us of Mrs. Primrose and her "I'll-warrant" and "Between-ourselves" manner.

"Hood dines to-day," she writes, "with Doctor Bowring, in Queen Square. He knew him well years ago in *The London Magazine;* and he wrote, a few days ago, to ask Hood to meet Bright and Cobden on business, I think, to write songs for the League. I augur good from it. This comes of 'The Song of the Shirt,' of which we hear something continually."

As an instance of her judgment, we may mention that she prophesied at once all the success which followed this same "Song of the Shirt." When read to her in manuscript —"Now mind, Hood," said she, "mark my words, this will tell wonderfully! It is one of the best things you ever did." Her reference to "The Song" in her letter has a sort of pathetic *naïveté* in it; it shows that the thought with which she was concerned was practical, not poetical—not her husband's fame, but her household cares. She was thinking of songs that would turn into substance—of "notes" that could be exchanged for cash—of evanescent flame that might be condensed into solid coal, which would, in turn, make the pot boil—and of music that could be converted into mutton.

Hood, in 1840, returned to reside in England during the small remainder of his life. For a few months he edited the *New Monthly*, and then for a few months more a magazine of his own. But the whole of this period was filled with bodily and mental trials, of which it is painful to read. Yet within this period it was that he wrote some of his finest things, both laughable and serious. It is, however, to be remarked, it was now he reached down to that well of tears which lay in the depth of his nature. Always before there had been misty exhalations from it, that oozed up into the sunshine of his fancy, and that took all the shapes of glisten or of gloom which his Protean genius gave them. In the rapid eccentricities of cloud and coruscation the source which supplied to the varying forms so much of the substance was hidden or unminded. But now the fountain of thought and tragedy had been reached, whence the waters of sin and suffering spring forth clear and unalloyed in their own deep loneliness, and we hear the gush and the murmur of their stream in such monodies as "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lay of the Labourer," and "The Bridge of Sighs."

Hood died in 1845, and was then only forty-six or forty-seven years old. Alike esteemed by the poor and the rich, both united to consecrate a monument to his memory. Kindly should we ever think of those who make our hearts and our tempers bright; who, without pomp or wisdom, help us to a cheerfulness which no proud philosophy can give; who, in the motley of checkered mirth and wit, sparkle on the resting-spots of life. Such men are rare, and as valuable as they are rare. The world wants them more than it wants heroes and victors: for mirth is better than massacre; and it is surely better to hear laughter sounding aloud the jubilee of the heart, than the shout of battle and yell of conquest. Precious, then, are those whose genius brings pleasure to the bosom and sunshine to the face; who not only call our thoughts into festive action, but brighten our affections into generous feeling. Though we may not loudly celebrate such men, we greatly miss them; and not on marble monuments, but in

our warmest memories, their names continue fresh. But laugh and make laugh as they may, they, too, have the destiny of grief; and unto them, as unto all men, come their passages of tragedy — the days of evil, the nights of waking, and the need of pity.

When Hood was near his death a pension of one hundred pounds a year was settled on his wife, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel. The wife, so soon to become a widow, did not long survive her husband; then, in 1847, the pension was continued to their two children, then a girl and a boy,* at the



THOMAS HOOD,

Author of "The Pauper's Drive," "The Song of the Shirt," &c.

* The son was the late Tom Hood, Editor of *Fun*.

instance of Lord John Russell. Politics and Parties were forgotten, in gratitude to an earnest lover of his kind; and the people, as well as the Government, in helping to provide for those whom he left behind, showed that they had not forgotten one whose desire it was to improve even more than to amuse them. And still we cannot but feel sad that there should ever have been this need. Nor would there have been, had Hood had the strength to carry him into the vast reading public which has arisen since his death, and which it was not his fate to know. "The income," says his daughter, "which his works now produce to his children, might then have prolonged his life for many years."

We have written more on the personal relations of Hood than we had intended; but we have been carried on unwittingly while reading the "Memorials" of him—published and edited by his children. The loving worth of the man, as therein revealed, made us slow to quit the companionship of his character to discuss the qualities of his genius. We trust that our time has not been misspent, morally or critically; for, besides the moral good which we gain from the contemplation of an excellent man, we enjoy also the critical satisfaction of learning that whatever is best in literature comes out of that which is best in life. We therefore close this section of our article with a bit of prose and a bit of poetry, among Hood's "last things," personally and pathetically characteristic of his nature and his genius.

"DEAR MOIR,*

"God bless you and yours, and good-bye! I drop these few lines, as in a bottle from a ship water-logged and on the brink of foundering, being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear Moir,

"Yours most truly,

"THOMAS HOOD."

STANZAS.

"Farewell, Life! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

"Welcome, Life! The spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapours cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould!"

Nothing at first appears more easy than to define and to describe the genius of Hood. It is strictly singular, and entirely his own. That which is his is completely his, and no man can cry halves with him, or quarters—hardly the smallest fraction. The estimate of his genius, therefore, puts the critic to no trouble of elaborate discrimination or comparison. When we think of Hood as a humorist, there is no need that we should at the same time think of Aristophanes, or Lucian, or Rabelais, or Swift, or Sterne, or Fielding, or Dickens, or Thackeray. When we think of him as a poet, except in a few of his early compositions, we are not driven to examine what he shares with Chaucer, or Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Byron, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or any of the poetic masters of literature. Whether as humorist or as poet, he is in English literature what Richter is in German literature, "the only one." Then the characteristics of his genius are outwardly so evident, that, in merely a glance, we fancy we comprehend them. But the more we think, the more we reflect, the more the difficulty opens on us of doing full justice to the mind of Hood. We soon discover that we are dealing, not with a mere punster or jester, not with a mere master of grimace or manufacturer of broad grins, not with an eccentric oddity in prose or verse, not with a merry-andrew who tickles to senseless laughter, not with a spasmodic melodramatist who writes in fictitious pain; but that we are dealing with a sincere, truthful, and most gifted nature, many-sided, many-coloured, harmonious as a whole, and having a real unity as the centre of its power. To enter into a complete exposition of such a nature is not our purpose; we must content ourselves with noting some of its most striking literary and moral peculiarities. We do not claim for Hood that he was a man of profound, wide, or philosophic intellect, or that for grandeur of imagination he could be numbered among the godlike; we do not claim that

* The *Delta* of Blackwood.

he opened up the deeps of passion, or brought down transcendent truths from the higher spheres of mind; we claim for him no praise for science or for scholarship; we merely maintain that he was a man of rare humanity, of close, subtle, and various observation, of good sense, and common sense, of intuitive insight into character, of catholic sympathy with his kind that towards the lowest was the most loving, of extraordinary social and miscellaneous knowledge that was always at his command, a thinker to the fullest measure of his needs, and, as humorist and poet, an originality and a novelty in the world of genius. This is our general estimate of Hood. What further we have to say shall be in accordance with it; and such has been the impressive influence of Hood's writings upon us, that our thoughts, whether we will or not, are more intent on their serious than on their comic import.

In all the writings of Hood that are not absolutely serious the grotesque is a present and pervading element. Often it shows itself, as if from an irresistible instinct of fantastic extravagance, in the wild and reckless sport of oddity. Combinations, mental, verbal, and pictorial, to ordinary mortals the strangest and the most remote, were to Hood innate and spontaneous. They came not from the outward, they were born of the inward. They were purely subjective, the sportive pranks of Hood's own ME, was when that ME was in its queerest moods. How naturally the impossible or the absurd took the semblance of consistency in the mental associations of Hood, we observe even in his private correspondence. "Jane" (Mrs. Hood), he writes, "is now drinking porter, at which I look half savage. . . . . I must even sip, when I long to swig. I shall turn a fish soon, and have the pleasure of angling for myself." This, if without intention, would be a blunder or a bull. If it were written unwittingly, the result would be simply ludicrous, and consign it to the category of humour; but knowingly written, as we are aware it was, we must ascribe it to the category of wit.

This presence or absence of intention often decides whether a saying or an image is within the sphere of humour or of wit. But wit and humour constantly run into each other; and though the absence of intention at once shows that a ludicrous surprise belongs to the humorous, the presence of it will not so clearly define it as belonging to the witty. Nor will laughter quite settle this question; for there is a wit which makes us laugh, and there is humour which does not. On the whole, it is as to what is purely wit that we are ever the most at fault. Certain phases of humour we cannot mistake, especially those which are broadly comic or farcical. But sometimes we meet with incidents or scenes which have more in them of the pathetic than the comic, that we must still rank with the humorous. Here is a case in point. A time was when it was a penal offence in Ireland for a priest to say Mass, and under particular circumstances a capital felony. A priest was malignantly prosecuted; but the judge, being humane, and better than the law, determined to confound the informer.

"Pray, Sir," said the judge, "how do you know he said Mass?"

"Because I heard him say it, my Lord."

"Did he say it in Latin?" asked the judge.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then you understand Latin?"

"A little."

"What words did you hear him say?"

"*Ave Maria*."

"That is the Lord's Prayer, is it not?" asked the judge.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner!" cried the judge; "he swears *Ave Maria* is Latin for the Lord's Prayer!"

Now, surely, this scene is hardly laughable, and yet it is thoroughly humorous. But take an instance which is entirely comic:—"All ye blackguards as isn't lawyers," exclaimed a crier, "quit the Coort." Or this:—"Och, Counsellor, darling," said a peasant once to O'Connell, "I've no way here to show your Honor my gratitude! but I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish, and maybe I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue!" A similar instance occurred in this country. An enthusiastic Irishwoman, listening once to a lecturer praising Ireland, exclaimed, "I wish to God I saw that man in poverty, that I might do something to relieve him."

We shall now cite an example of pure wit.

"How can you defend this item, Mr. Curran," said Lord Chancellor Clare,—"'To writing innumerable letters, £100'?"

"Why, my Lord," said Curran, "nothing can be more reasonable. It is not a penny a letter."

But we might fill the whole space of our article, ay, or of twenty articles, with such illustrations; we will content ourselves with two others. The idea is the same in both; but in the first it seems to have a mixture of the witty and the humorous; in the second it belongs entirely to the humorous.

A lady at a dinner-party passing near where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up and significantly exclaimed, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table, why on her entrance he said "Oh!" Talleyrand with a grave, self-vindicatory look, answered, "Madame, je n'ai pas dit 'Oh!' J'ai dit 'Ah!'"

Here is the second. — The Reverend Alonzo Fizzle had preached his farewell sermon to his disconsolate people in Drowsytown. The next morning, Monday, he was strolling musingly along a silent road among the melancholy woods. The pastor of a neighbouring flock, the Reverend Darius Dizzle, was driving by in his modest one-horse chaise.

"Take a seat, Fizzle?" said he

"Don't care if I do," said Fizzle, and took it.

"Why the mischief, Fizzle," said Dizzle, "did you say in your farewell sermon, that it was just as well to preach to the dead buried six feet under the earth as to the people of Drowsytown?"

"I?—I?—I?" gasped the astonished Fizzle. "A more alive and wakeful people are not upon the earth than the citizens of Drowsytown. What caluminator has thus outraged them and me? Who told you this? Who dared to say it?"

"Brother Ichabod Muzzle," calmly answered Dizzle.

Fizzle leapt out, hurried to his home, and was soon seen whipping his unfortunate horse in a certain direction. He was on his way to the residence of the Reverend Ichabod Muzzle, who lived five or six miles off. The friends greeted each other. Fizzle, though pregnant with indignation, assumed the benignant air of the Beloved Disciple. Muzzle looked platonically the incarnate idea of the Christian Parson.

"Fine day," said Fizzle.

"Lovely," said Muzzle.

"Glorious view from this window," observed Fizzle.

"Superb," replied Muzzle.

"The beauties of Nature are calming and consolatory," murmured Fizzle.

"And so are the doctrines of grace," whispered Muzzle.

Fizzle could hold out no longer. Still he tried to look the placid, and to speak with meekness.

"Pray, how did it come, Brother Muzzle," said Fizzle, "that you reported I declared in my farewell sermon it was as easy to preach to the dead buried six feet under the earth as to the people of Drowsytown?"

"You have been grossly misinformed, my brother," replied Muzzle. "I didn't say *six feet*. I said *four feet*."

In Hood we have all varieties of wit and humour, both separate and intermingled.

As we have already observed, the grotesque is that which is most obviously distinctive in Hood's writings. But in different degrees it is combined with other elements, and in each combination altered and modified. The combination which more immediately arrests attention is that with the ludicrous. In this the genius of Hood seemed to hold a very festival of antics, oddity, and mirth; all his faculties seemed to rant and riot in the Saturnalia of comic incongruity. And it is difficult to say whether, in provoking laughter, his pen or his pencil is the more effective instrument. The mere illustrations of the subject-matter are in themselves irresistible. They reach at once and directly the instinctive sense of the ludicrous, and over them youth and age will laugh together. We have seen a little girl, eight years old, laugh as if her heart would break, in merely looking at the pictures in a volume of Hood. The printed page she did not read or care to read; what the prints illustrated she knew nothing about; but her eyes danced with joy and overran with tears of childish merriment. But in all this luxury of fun, whether by pen or pencil, no word, idea, image, or delineation obscures the transparency of innocence, or leaves the shadow of a sta n upon the purest mind. To be at the same time so comic and so chaste is not only a moral beauty, but a literary wonder. It is hard to deal with the oddities of humour, however carefully, without casual slips that may offend or shame the reverential or the sensitive. Noble, on the whole, as Shakespeare was, we would not in a mixed company, until after cautious rehearsal, venture to read his comic passages aloud. We may apply the statement, also, to the comic portions of Burns, and, indeed, to comic literature in general. But who has fear to read most openly anything that Hood ever

wrote? or who has a memory of wounded modesty for anything that he ever read secretly of Hood's? Dr. Johnson says that dirty images were as natural to Swift as sublime ones were to Milton; we may say that images at once lambent and laughable were those which were natural to Hood. Even when his mirth is broadest, it is decent; and while the merest recollection of his drollery will often convulse the face in defiance of the best-bred muscles, no thought arises which the dying need regret. Who can ever forget "The Lost Heir," or remember it but to laugh at its rich breadth of natural, yet farcical, absurdity? The very opening begins the giggle:—

> "One day, as I was going by
> That part of Holborn christened High."

Then there is that broadest of broad, but morally inoffensive stories, in which the laundress, in trying to cure a smoking chimney, blows herself to death, having merely power to speak a few words to Betty, who gaspingly explains to her mistress "The Report from Below":—

> "Well, ma'am, you won't believe it,
> But it's gospel fact and true,
> But these words is all she whispered—
> '*Why, where is the powder blew?*'"

For other examples refer to "The Ode to Malthus" and "The Blow-up," which pain the sides while they cheer the heart.

Again, we find the grotesque through Hood's writings in union with the fantastic and the fanciful. His fertility in the most unexpected analogies becomes to the reader of his works a matter of continual wonder. Strange and curious contrasts and likenesses, both mental and verbal, which might never once occur even to a mind of more than common eccentricity and invention, seem to have been in his mind with the ordinary flow of thinking. Plenteous and sustained, therefore, as his wit is, it never fails to startle. We have no doubt of his endless resources, and yet each new instance becomes a new marvel. His wit, too, is usually pregnant and vital with force and meaning. This constitutes the singular and peculiar worth of his verbal wit in general, and of his puns in particular. In verbal wit he has had but few equals, and in puns he has had none. He made the pun an instrument of power; and had his wit been malignant, he could have pointed the pun to a sharpness that would have left wounds as deep as thought, and could have added a poison to it that would have kept them rankling as long as memory lasted. The secret of his power in the pun is, that he does not rest in the analogy of sound alone, but seeks also for analogy of significance. Generally there is a subtle coincidence between his meaning and what the sound of the pun signifies, and thus the pun becomes an amusing or illustrative image, or a most emphatic and striking condensation of his thought. "Take care of your cough," he writes to his engraver, "lest you go to coughy-pot, as I said before; but I did *not* say before, that nobody is so likely as a wood-engraver to cut his stick." Speaking of his wife, he says, "To be sure, she still sticks to her old fault of going to sleep while I am dictating, till I vow to change my *Woman*uensis for a *Man*uensis." How keenly and well the pun serves him in burlesque, in his comic imitations of the great moralist! He hits off with inimitable ridicule the great moralist's dislike to Scotland. Boswell inquired the Doctor's opinion on illicit distillation, and how the great moralist would act in an affray between the smugglers and the excise. "If I went by the *letter* of the law, I should assist the customs; but according to the *spirit*, I should stand by the contrabandists." The Doctor was always very satirical on the want of timber in the North. "Sir," said he to the young Lord of Icombally, who was going to join his regiment, "may Providence preserve you in battle, and especially your nether limbs! You may grow a walking-stick here, but you must import a wooden-leg." At Dunsinane the old prejudice broke out. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "Macbeth was an idiot; he ought to have known that every wood in Scotland might be carried in a man's hand. The Scotch, sir, are like the frogs in the fable: if they had a log they would make a king of it." We will quote here a stanza which contains quite a serious application of the pun; and for Hood's purpose no other word could so happily or so pungently express his meaning. The poem is an "Address to Mrs. Fry"; and the doctrine of it is, that it is better and wiser to teach the young and uncorrupted that are yet outside the prison than the vicious and the hardened who have got inside it. Thus he goes on:—

> "I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
> I like your cookery in every way;
> I like your Shrove-tide service and supply;
> I like to hear your sweet Pandeans play;

I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye;
I like your carriage and your silken gray,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your *Newgatory* teaching."

Hood had not only an unexampled facility in the discovery of analogies in a multitude of separate resemblances and relations, but he had an equal facility of tracing with untiring persistency a single idea through all its possible variations. Take, for example, the idea of gold, in the poem of "Miss Kilmansegg," and there is hardly a conceivable reference to gold which imagination or human life can suggest, that is not presented to us.

The interest one finds in reading Hood is often the sudden pleasure which comes upon him. When in the midst of what appears a wilful torrent of absurdity, there bursts out a rush of earnest and instinctive nature. And then the large and charitable wisdom, which in Hood's genius makes the teacher humble in order to win the learner, we value all the more that it conceals authority in the guise of mirth, and under the coat of motley or the mantle of extravagance insinuates effective and salutary lessons.

No writer has ever so successfully as Hood combined the grotesque with the terrible. He has the art, as no man but himself ever had, of sustaining the illusion of an awful or solemn narrative through a long poem, to be closed in a catastrophe that is at once unexpected and ludicrous. The mystification is complete; the secret of the issue is never betrayed; suspense is maintained with Spartan reticence; curiosity is excited progressively to its utmost tension; and the surprise at the end is oftentimes electric. "A Storm at Hastings" and "The Demon Ship" are of this class. But sometimes the terrible so prevails as to overpower the ludicrous, or rather it becomes more terrible by the very presence of the ludicrous. We have evidence of this in the poem called "The Last Man." Sometimes we find the idea of the supernatural added to the ludicrous with great moral and imaginative effect. Observe with what pathetic tenderness this is done in the "Ode to the Printer's Devil"—with what solemn moral power in "The Tale of a Trumpet"—and with what historical satire and social insight in "The Knight and the Dragon." Sometimes the ludicrous element entirely disappears, and we have the purely terrible—the terrible in itself, as in "The Tower of Lahneck"—the terrible in pathos, as in "The Workhouse Clock"—the terrible in penitence and remorse, as in "The Lady's Dream"—the terrible in temptation and despair, as in "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

Hood is a perfect master equally of the grotesque and the terrible. Along with the grotesque and terrible in Hood's writings we also often observe a wizard-like command over the elements of the desolate, the weird, the sad, the forlorn, and the dreary. We may trace it in many of the poems to which we have already alluded. But it appears with all its lonely gloom of power in "The Haunted House."

Hood's pathos culminates in "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lay of the Labourer," and "The Bridge of Sighs." These are marvellous lyrics. In spirit and in form they are singular and remarkable. We cannot think of any poems which more show the mystic enchantment of genius. How else was a ragged sempstress in a squalid garret made immortal, nay, made universal, made to stand for an entire sisterhood of wretchedness? Here is the direst poverty, blear-eyed sorrow, dim and dismal suffering—nothing of the romantic. A stern picture it is, which even the softer touches render sterner; still there is nought in it that revolts or shocks; it is deeply poetic, calls into passionate action the feelings of reverence and pity, and has all the dignity of tragedy. Even more wonderful is the transformation that a rustic hind undergoes in "The Lay of the Labourer," in which a peasant out of work personifies with eloquent impressiveness the claims and calamities of toiling manhood. But an element of the sublime is added in "The Bridge of Sighs." In that we have the truly tragic; for we have in it the union of guilt, grief, despair, and death. An angel from heaven, we think, could not sing a more gentle dirge, or one more pure; yet the ordinary associations suggested by the corpse of the poor, ruined, self-murdered girl are such as to the prudish and fastidious would not allow her to be mentioned, much less bring her into song. But in the pity almost divine with which Hood sings her fate there is not only a spotless delicacy, there is also a morality as elevated as the heavenly mercy which the lyrist breathes.

The pure can afford to be pitiful; and the life of Hood was so exemplary that he had no fear to hinder him from being charitable. The cowardice of conscience is one of the saddest penalties of sin; and to avert suspicion from one's self by severity

to others is, indeed, the most miserable expediency of self-condemnation. The temper of charity and compassion seems natural to men of letters and of art. They are emotional and sensitive, and by the necessity of their vocation have to hold much communion with the inmost consciousness of our nature; they thus learn the weakness of man, and the allowances that he needs; they are conversant with a broad and diversified humanity, and thence they are seldom narrow, intolerant, or self-righteous; feeling, too, their full share of moral and mortal imperfection, they refuse to be inquisitors of the unfortunate, but rather choose to be their advocates and helpers. No man ever had more of this temper than Hood; and out of it came these immortal lyrics upon which we have been commenting. For such a temper the writing of these lyrics was exceeding great reward; not only because they made the author an everlasting benefactor to the poor, but also because they became an interpretation of his own deeper genius, and revealed a nobler meaning in his works than had ever before been discerned. Henceforth he was more thought of as a profound poet than as the greatest of mimes, jesters, and punsters. The lyrics of the poor saved him from imminent injustice.

A. M.

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE IN LIBRARIES.

BY MRS. R. C. WATERSTON.

(*Concluded from January number.*)

IN the illuminated pages of many of these old manuscripts there lurks much more, doubtless, than meets the eye. Thus that famous poem of the Middle Ages, the "Romance of the Rose," has passed for a mere fanciful allegory or love-story. Splendidly illuminated copies of this Romance are well known. The British Museum possesses one, which Dibdin calls "the cream of the Harleian Collection;" it is in folio, and replete with embellishments. He also mentions another copy, at that time belonging to Mr. North, the frontispiece of which represents Francis I., surrounded by his courtiers, receiving a copy from the author. Only the visible of the illuminated volume was probably opened to the eyes of Francis, or even of Dibdin. A later student pronounces the Romance to be a complete specimen of Hermetic Philosophy, concealing great truths under its allegory, the rose being the symbol of philosophic gold.

Such is the view taken of this Romance by Major-General H——, who found time to collect and study three hundred volumes of Hermetic Philosophy, coming forth therefrom as a champion in defence of a much misunderstood class. This ingenious work, entitled "Alchemy and the Alchemists," published in 1857, was written to prove that the alchemists were not foolish seekers for sordid gold, nor vain believers in the elixir of life, but philosophers of deep thought and high aims, who, in days when a man dared not say his soul was his own, veiled in mystic language, perfectly understood by each other, theological and philosophical truths, theories, and discoveries, which would have brought them to the stake or the rack had they been produced openly. "Man was the subject of alchemy, and the object of the art was the perfection, or at least the improvement, of man." These were the real Hermetic philosophers. After them came men who, not knowing the meaning of the symbolic language which concealed the spiritual truths, took the written word in a literal sense, and went to work with crucibles and retorts, seeking the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, not knowing, indeed, the Scripture, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive."

Such a theory as that advanced in "Alchemy and the Alchemists" opens a new chapter in the visible and invisible of a library of Hermetic Philosophy.

The most ancient specimens of caligraphy extant are probably the Terence of the fourth century and the Virgil of the fifth century, in the Vatican Library. Alas for those who have no open sesame to that collection! We shall never forget our disappointment upon entering the Vatican. We could not gaze even on the mouldy

vellum or faded leather of old bindings, and saw nothing but stupid modern painted cases, bodies quite unworthy of the souls they hid. Gladly would we have laid aside our theory concerning unseen treasures, and looked that great collection face to face.

"The taste for the external decoration of manuscripts," says Labarte (whose interesting "Hand-Book on the Arts of the Middle Ages" has been admirably translated by Mrs. Palliser), "already existed among the ancients. Marcus Varro called forth the praises of Cicero for having traced in his book the portraits of more than seven hundred celebrated persons; Seneca, in his treatise 'De Tranquillitate Animi,' speaks of books ornamented with figures; and Martial addresses his thanks to Stertinius, who had placed his portrait in his library."

These ancient works of art have vanished, none have survived the stormy passage of ages, yet this casual mention of them carries us into the otherwise invisible past. We see the seven hundred portraits in Marcus Varro's book, and walk into the library of Stertinius to give our opinion of the portrait of Martial.

"The miniatures of manuscripts were long considered," says Labarte, "only as ornaments. Montfaucon was the first to recognise their usefulness as historical documents. To possess manuscripts of the Middle Ages with miniatures is in fact to possess a gallery of contemporaneous pictures."

The most beautiful specimen of ancient illuminated manuscript we have seen in America belongs to the Honourable Charles Sumner. It is a missal of the fifteenth century, of finest quality. Several of the miniatures might well be claimed as the work of Van Eyck. The frontispiece consists of the portrait of the lady for whose devotions the book was prepared. She kneels before the Madonna, while her patron saint stands beside her. Beneath this celestial vision is the heraldic shield of the lady's family, thus throwing in a glimpse of visible worldly grandeur. The borders and arabesques of this manuscript are equal in execution to the miniatures, and the missal is one of rare beauty.

Can we forbear alluding to that other treasure of Mr. Sumner's collection—the album which belonged to Camillus Cordoyn, who, more than two centuries ago, entertained guests at his house as they journeyed into Italy? One of these, Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, then a young man gaily travelling about the world, wrote his name in the volume, little thinking of the block and the axe which were to illustrate the closing chapter of his book of life. The immortal Milton, on his return from Italy, was the guest of the same nobleman. What would we not give for a look into that house at Geneva, and see this little volume laid before the visitor! The glorious eyes of John Milton looked over its pages, and perhaps he listened to the story of some of the distinguished personages, now all forgotten, whose names and heraldic shields are there. Then he turned to a blank leaf, and wrote two lines from his own "Comus:"

> "If virtue feeble were
> Heaven itself would stoop to her."

He signed his name on that 20th of June, 1639, and the host took back the book. And now, more than two hundred years after, that page is held priceless in America.

We should speak gratefully of the externals of books, because for two long years our oculist did not allow us to open them. We dared not go farther than their titles, yet even these were talismans which revealed wide regions, and carried us from Indus to the Pole. We went with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley to the Holy Land, discovered Nineveh with Layard, explored art treasures with Mrs. Jameson, plunged among icebergs with Parry. A volume of Belzoni bore us not only to pyramids and mummies in Egypt, but away to a strange old hall "in Padua, beyond the sea." Cabalistic paintings cover the walls, misty with age; lurking in one corner of the vast apartment is a gigantic wooden horse that figured at some public festival four hundred years ago, and now pauses, ready to prance out of the mouldy past into the affrighted present; opposite stand two Egyptian statues, cat-headed human figures, resting their hands on their stone knees. These were gifts from Belzoni to his native city of Padua; and his handsome head in the Eastern turban, turned into white marble, stands above the entrance-door.

Coming back from the Paduan hall, so weird and ghostly, we glance along the shelves at a long row of volumes which bear De Quincey's name, and we need not open a page to feel the mysterious spell of the opium-eater. Like one of those strange dreams of his seems a remembrance which comes back to us with his name. A quaint, tall house in the old part of Edinburgh has admitted us into a quiet apartment, where,

as the twilight is creeping in through the windows, a small gray man receives us with graceful and tender courtesy. He converses with a felicity of language like that of his printed pages, but in a voice so sweet, so low, so exquisitely modulated, that the magical tone vibrates on the ear like music. It was De Quincey, who held us entranced until darkness gathered around us, then bade us farewell, his kind words lingering on the air, as, with a flickering candle in his hand, he flitted up the winding stair, and vanished away.

Another volume bears the name of William Wordsworth, and beneath his autograph he writes that it was purchased at Bath from a circulating library. It is that strange journal of the Margravine of Bareith, sister of Frederic the Great, a sad story of those who dwell in kings' houses; but we think only of Wordsworth, and of the viewless history of the book carried by the poet from circulating in Bath to quiet rural Rydal Mount, and now having wandered over to New England.

A dainty volume near by bears the autograph of Rogers, and though the association is not so purely imaginative, perhaps, as a poet should call up, yet it always brings to our mind the breakfasts at his house, of which many of our friends have partaken, and related divers stories concerning those morning refections. They are invisible feasts to us, for we never even picked up the crumbs from them, except at second hand; yet this elegant little book knew all about them, and heard what was said before, and also behind, the table-cloth.

Singular experiences connected with books are sometimes known to their owners, quite invisible to others. In yonder corner are two volumes. Book collectors know that they are rare, and the uninitiated think they contain queer old wood-cuts. To us that corner is haunted; an invisible lady hovers about those volumes. Once upon a time an order was given for those books, but the answer came back that they were not to be had, or to be had only at rare intervals on the breaking up of a library. To our no small surprise, very soon after this quietus had been given to bibliomaniacal hopes, the books in question appeared before us in excellent condition. We could hardly suppose that any one had been benevolent enough to break up a library on purpose to oblige us, and we waited to hear a very odd story.

Soon after the letter had been sent, announcing the ill success of our commission, the writer of it was in a bookseller's shop in London, when a lady entered and desired an interview with the master. After some private conversation, the lady returned to her carriage and drove away. The bookseller remarked to his friend that the lady had brought with her some books, which she desired to part with. Our informant asked to see them, and, lo! the very volumes for which in our behalf he had searched in vain; he immediately secured the prize.

Can any one ask why the figure of the lady who brought those books to us three thousand miles over the sea "haunts us like a shadow?" We see her ascend her invisible carriage, we go with her to her invisible home, we meet her viewless husband—here we shudder, but we recover ourselves; we are convinced that he could not have been a book-collector, or she had not dared such a deed. Then we puzzle ourselves about her unseen motives for selling the books. Had she gambled? Had she bet on the losing horse at the Derby? Had she bought an expensive bonnet? Or was it the impulse of some strong benevolent purpose? Why did she sell those books? Since she did thus part with them, we thank her and are content that by very strange combinations of circumstances, blending the visible and invisible together, those books, viewless in her library, are now apparent in our own.

Here is another volume which has also something mystical about it in its visible and invisible effect. It is a copy of Dibdin's "Bibliomania," which belonged to Dawson Turner. A note in his handwriting states that the tools required for the binding were used exclusively for Lord Spencer, and that a view of Strawberry Hill will be found on its edges. Gilt edges, however, are all that met the eye; but turned by a skilful hand to the right light, the gilding vanishes, and a picture of Strawberry Hill appears, painted with velvety softness. Such a nice bibliomaniacal fancy must have delighted Dibden; and as he was at one time librarian at Althorpe, he doubtless was the medium of bestowing this charm upon the binding of his own work for his friend.

The invisible in libraries has ever seemed to us linked with those who have written or read the books. If souls are allowed to return to their earthly haunts, a library would surely be the place to meet them. Who shall say that authors and students do not come back to the books which contain

their invisible souls, or spirits like themselves? Without venturing to invoke the sceptred sovereigns of literature, or to call up the shades of the prophets and sibyls of elder time, yet at midnight what a circle might come forth and visit the library! Scott and Burns and Byron, Burke and Fox and Sheridan, all in one evening; clever, pretty Mrs. Thrale comes bringing Fanny Burney to meet Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth; Horace Walpole, patronising Gray, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Charles Lamb—what a social club that would be!

A number of gentlemen once went together to a friend's house. While they awaited his entrance, one of the party, being a lover of books, naturally turned to the shelves of the library. Without any particular attraction to the title, he chanced to take down one of the volumes. As he opened it, a sealed letter fell from between the leaves on to the floor. He took it up, and to his no small astonishment perceived that it was addressed to himself.

He called the attention of his companions to this strange circumstance. As it could be no breach of decorum to break the seal of a letter addressed to one's self, he did so. The surprise was increased by finding a bank-note within. The letter came from a well-known gentleman, and bore the date of a year past. When the owner of the house entered, he found his guests in quite a tumult of surprise and puzzle. At first he was quite as much at a loss as themselves to account for this discovery. It was, however, remembered by the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed, that about a year before he had applied to the writer for aid in some charity, but, having many demands of the same kind to supply, he declined. Afterwards, as it appeared, he regretted having done so, and had accordingly enclosed the money. Probably, soon after, he met the gentleman in whose book it was found (with whom he was on intimate terms), and asked him to give the letter as addressed. The receiver brought it home, laid it on his table, and forgot it. The book lying open, it may be that the letter slipped between the leaves and the volume was returned to the shelf. And there it had waited for more than a year, holding the invisible letter quite safe, until the person to whom it was addressed took down, for the first time in his life, a volume from those shelves, and received into his own hand the communication intended for him.

Although few may be so fortunate as to find bank-notes in letters addressed to themselves between the leaves of books in libraries, yet we all have felt the sensation of discoverers of hidden treasures. After carelessly looking at a volume which has stood on the shelves for years, we open it, and find within thoughts which appeal to our deepest experiences, high incentives to our nobler energies, deep sympathy in our sorrows, sustaining words to help us on with our life-work. How differently do we ever after regard the visible of that book! The invisible has been revealed to us, and we almost wonder whether, if we had looked into it two or three years before, we should have found there what now we prize so much. Perhaps not; for after different experiences in life come different revelations from books. The pages which a few years ago we might have glanced over with indifference now speak to us as if uttering the emotions of our own souls.

Sometimes it is a work of fiction which we open for the first time, the title of which has been familiar to our eyes. Out of it invisible spirits walk. We are introduced to charming people who never existed, and yet who become our daily companions. We go with them through many trials, we rejoice with them, we know all their secrets, and share with them many of our own. Is it possible that, shut up between these covers, long unknown, all these existed which have since made life brighter and better to us?

In Sterling's "Onyx Ring," Walsingham, the poet, takes down a volume from Sir Charles Harcourt's library, and reads a charming romance, apparently from its pages. A lady of the company afterwards turned to the same book, which proved to be a work of Jeremy Bentham's, and searched in vain for the graceful narrative. Walsingham smiled at her perplexity, and said, "Those only find who know where to look."

The invisible world of thought, and the invisible representation of it in books, have known many changes since Cicero looked at the volume which Marcus Varro had illustrated; and from an earlier civilisation than Cicero's comes the exclamation of the soul-wearied Job, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" Solomon also exclaims, "Of making many books there is no end." He dreamed not of the extent to which the manufacture would be carried in these days. On the other hand, how little we know of the literary world existing in the days of Job or Solomon! and may we not be led by

these exclamations to suspect not only a large supply of books, but even the existence of an *Arabian Review* or a *Dead-Sea Magazine?*

The increase of wealth, and the restless activity of intellect in the new world which surrounds us, lead naturally to the accumulation of libraries both public and private. In our daily walks we often pass dwellings which we know hold literary treasures. Sometimes the beauties of nature can be combined with those of art around the library even in a city. We recall one from the windows of which we look forth, not on crowded streets, but on the wide river as it bends to the sea. Behind the distant hills the heavens are resplendent with the autumnal hues of sunset, the water is aglow with reflected glories, while swooping and sailing over the waves come the white sea-gulls. It is a leaf from the illuminated prayer-missal for all eyes and hearts. The literary treasures of that friend's library have been elsewhere described, some of them gifts from wise men, earnest women, world-worshipped poets, bearing on their leaves the signatures of their authors' friendship. Other treasures are there, visible and invisible, among which we would fain linger, but we must pass on. We enter another library, once filled with rare and costly works, which taught of the wonderful structure of plants, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon. Gone now are these volumes, and vanished, too, is their collector, whose wide and generous culture was veiled by the curtain of modesty and quietness. His collections he bestowed upon a public institution, where the wonders of God's universe will be a subject of study for all coming time. These he gave, and then went peacefully away from our sight to learn yet wider and grander lessons at the feet of that Teacher who, when He was on earth, bade His followers "consider the lilies of the field." Is not that library as real to us as when the books filled its shelves, and we were welcomed by the gentle voice of its master?

In America the crowds which form the living stream that surges through Washington Street and eddies around the Old South Church seldom, perhaps, pause to think of that edifice as one of the links uniting the memorable past of the country's history with the momentous present. Still less do they who raise their eyes to the tower to learn the hour of the day imagine that there is an invisible library connected with the familiar form of the belfry. Yet a romance of literary and historic interest encircles it. At the time of the Revolution Dr. Prince was pastor of the Old South Church, and in the tower he kept his historical treasures along with the New England Library. Among these volumes were Governor Bradford's letter-book and the manuscript of his "History of the Plantation of Plymouth." During the siege of Boston the British turned the Old South into a riding-school, and the troopers had free scope to do what mischief they pleased. After the evacuation of the town the library was found in a disordered condition, and the valued manuscripts of Bradford were missing. Some time after a person observed that the article he had bought from a grocer in Halifax was wrapped in paper written over in a peculiar hand. He deciphered enough to make him earnest to obtain what remained of the manuscript in the grocer's possession. It proved to be fragments of the missing letter-book of Governor Bradford. Years passed on till 1856, when the attention of an historical writer was attracted by a quotation, in a note to an English work, from "a manuscript history of the Plantation of Plymouth, in the Fulham Library." As the extract contained passages not found in any part of that history known in America, it immediately occurred to those interested that this might be the missing volume from the Prince Library. A correspondence was thereupon opened with the Bishop of London. The handwriting of Bradford being authenticated, as well as that of Dr. Prince, which was found in a memorandum, dated "June 28th, showing how he obtained it from Major John Bradford," there could no longer remain a doubt that this was indeed the lost historical treasure. Part of the manuscripts of Bradford had been carried by the British soldiers to Halifax, and sold at last as waste-paper to a grocer; and the rest, after some history unknown, reached England and found protection under the care of the Bishop of London. A copy of this manuscript is now in the possession of the Boston Historical Society.

In the rooms of that society is preserved the Dowse Library. A rare collection of books, formed by a man daily engaged in the mechanic craft of a leather-dresser, is a singular illustration of the visible and invisible of libraries. We recall past days when, beneath the sign of a white wooden sheep, we entered the unpretending house which contained not only the leather-

dresser's shop, but a small gallery of pictures and this valuable library. We remember, also, with grateful interest, the modest but manly welcome of the master of both the mechanic craft and the treasures of art and literature, and how quietly he would give us a few words about his books. The Dowse Library we visit is always there, and although much is visible in the beautiful room where the bequest of the owner has been fittingly enshrined, yet its distinctive charm is invisible.

The City Library of Boston has one feature entirely new in the visible of a great public collection. A large portion of the books, under certain regulations, are circulated among the inhabitants of the city, and thousands avail themselves of this privilege. Here, then, is opened a great fountain of knowledge in the midst of a wide population: all may come, without money and without price. The visible pages of learning, wisdom, science, truth, imagination, ingenious theory, or deep conviction lie open not only to the eyes, but to the hearts and homes of a great people. It is like the overflowing Nile, carrying sweet waters to irrigate many waste places, and clothing the dry dust of common life with the flowers, the fruit, and the sustaining grain, springing from invisible seeds cast by unseen hands into the wide field of the world.

"If," says Lord Bacon, "the invention of ships was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"

JOHN HERRICK'S OATH.

I WAS never good at describing persons or faces. For this reason I shall not attempt to tell you just how he looked that first evening when I met him out under the cool beech trees just behind the hotel. I can't now remember that he made any particular impression upon me, one way or another. If I thought of him at all over my cigar upon the balcony that evening after tea, I am sure I could not have told whether he were tall or short, stooping or straight, robust or thin. The few words exchanged were commonplace enough, being merely an inquiry on his part about the easiest way to reach certain points in the neighbourhood, whose picturesque beauties had given the quiet little country watering-place most of its character as such.

Next day, strolling in the same locality, I met him again, when the quiet greeting was prolonged into a dozen sentences—of praise on his part of the romantic scenery he had that morning visited, and thanks to me for directing him to how to find the same.

The next day we met again, when the conversation was prolonged to a half hour of pleasant chat upon different subjects, such as would likely engage the attention of two men who had sought the seclusion of this retreat for quiet and rest and meditation. I have never been able to remember what we talked about in this beginning of our acquaintance. I only know that his conversation was quiet, refined, intelligent, and of that rare quality which leaves one imbued with a feeling of restful, hopeful enjoyment of life. Looking backward now to those two months of summer life, I wonder at the unquestioned ease with which we grew into each other's interests and lives. And, more than this, I wonder at the easy, natural way in which we accepted each other as living factors in the great problem of existence. I think our intercourse must have continued for at least a month before it occurred to me to wonder, in my quiet way, who and what he was. Where did he come from? And—will you believe it?—I had not yet learned his name. Before we met next I had forgotten this temporary fit of curiosity, and it was fully a week later that I learned in an incidental way that his name was John Herrick.

I had not noticed before that his health was evidently failing. A slight hacking cough and a hectic flush upon his cheeks were but too surely the forerunners of that fell destroyer which sweeps away annually so many victims. He never spoke of it, and once or twice when I called his attention to his cough he treated it as only the temporary effects of a cold which would pass away in time. But it did not, growing worse instead of better, until it was evident to me that his strength was failing. Again I expressed my anxiety, and urged him to consult a physician, and again

he passed the matter by. Our acquaintance and intercourse during all this time consisted only of these afternoon talks, held in the wood when the weather was fair or in the house if it rained. He never invited me to his room, and invariably declined joining me in my own, saying he did not wish to get in the way, and saying it, too, in that way which left no room for discussion.

Thus the latter half of July and all of August drifted by, and the mild September was gently knocking at the doors of the year when, one evening, as we were sitting in a rustic seat in front of the house watching the golden sunset die in the west, a carriage drew up at the door and a lady and a boy got out. The lady was dressed in black, and wore a heavy veil over her face. The boy was some ten years of age, and had a frank, honest face, lighted up by a pair of handsome blue eyes. The landlord came forward, to whom the lady said a few words, in a low, musical voice, about her luggage, and then followed that individual up the steps and into the house.

The boy lingered a few moments, glancing around in boyish fashion, doubtless taking stock mentally of the woods and hills around, and then followed the lady into the house.

"I wonder who they can be," I remarked.

My companion did not answer, but sat erect and almost rigid in his seat, looking directly at the two strangers, from whom he did not take his gaze until they disappeared inside. Then, sitting for a few moments longer, as if in a reverie, he gazed at the vacant door through which they had disappeared, but still unheeding my last remark. Then rising, with something nearer a sigh than I had ever before heard him utter, simply said—

"I'm tired. If you'll excuse me I'll go to my room."

I remarked, as he went slowly toward the house, how weak the poor fellow was growing, and wondered if he knew how soon a messenger would call for him to go upon a long journey from which there is no return.

Two seats had been vacant at the table for a few days past, and when I went down to breakfast next morning I was not surprised to find them occupied by strangers.

"Mother and son," was my mental comment as the lady looked up for a moment, and I caught a glimpse of the same fair blue eyes I had seen the evening before in the boy's face. A faint colour came into the pale face as her eyes met mine, and then fell again to the plate before her.

"Mother, please get me an egg," was a request I overheard from the boy during the meal, convincing me that my surmises as to the relationship of the parties were correct.

So engrossed had I become with my new neighbours that I had forgotten, for the time being, my invalid friend, and suddenly remembering my delinquency, glanced towards his accustomed seat for the usual morning nod of recognition. His seat was empty. At each late arrival at the breakfast-table, I looked up, hoping to see the familiar face, but was again and again disappointed. I lingered until nearly all the guests departed, and still he did not come.

I called the landlord and asked him to send a servant up to my friend's room and ascertain if he was ill. He came back in a few moments, saying that Mr. Herrick was not feeling very well, and would not come down to breakfast.

"Would he have something sent up to his room?" asked the landlord.

"Nothing!" the man answered.

I was uneasy about my stranger friend, and sent up a note asking to come to him, and inquiring if I could do anything for him. The servant brought back a scrawled note, in reply, saying that he was only slightly indisposed, and that, if I would excuse him, he would join me in the afternoon.

The afternoon came, and wore away, but still my friend did not make his appearance. Aside from the anxiety I naturally felt on account of his evident ill health, I sorely missed the companionship which had, almost unconsciously, grown to be a part of my daily life. I passed the afternoon in nervous lounging about the house and grounds, anxiously waiting and watching for some sign of the man who had awakened such interest in my heart. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of him at the window of his room, but it was only for a moment, and before I could get within speaking distance he was gone. Several times I was on the point of sending another note to his room, but was prevented by his evident desire not to be disturbed. At last I managed to settle down upon a seat in the grove, with a new book in my hands, between which and the window opposite I divided my attention, but, it must be confessed, giving the larger portion to the latter.

I had been thus engaged for perhaps an

hour, when I noticed yesterday's arrivals coming down the path which led past my seat and out into the wood beyond. After she had passed me a few yards, I noticed that she had dropped a handkerchief—a thin, filmy little thing—in the path opposite my position. It was the work of but a moment to overtake them and return the missing property. She gave me a few low-voiced words of thanks, another glance of the blue eyes, a friendly bow, and resumed her walk.

The boy had lingered to capture a bright-winged butterfly, hovering near, and I improved the opportunity of beginning an acquaintance with him, by aiding and abetting in his boyish sport. He looked up wonderingly into my face with those joyous blue eyes of his, and a frank, honest expression on his face, which reminded me of some one I had seen, and set me to wondering who it could be. The longer I thought of it, the worse puzzled I became; but for the next hour I could not divest myself of the impression that I had seen those eyes and that face before. I was still puzzling over the matter when they returned, an hour later. The mother bowed as she passed, and the boy, lingering in the path, undecided whether to join me or not, decided in my favour as I held out my book towards him and motioned him to take a seat by my side. He held in his hands some wild flowers which he had gathered in the wood, and talking for half an hour with him about these, I tried to decide where and when I had seen him before.

I was still thus engaged when his mother appeared at a window and beckoned for him to come to her. He left me with a promise to come back on the morrow, and look at some famous pictures of mine, and, gathering up my books, I followed him to the house, and sought my room.

The next morning John Herrick was still absent from his place at the table. The landlord informed me, when questioned, that he was still indisposed, and that he had sent up a cup of coffee to his room. The two places opposite my plate were not occupied while I remained at breakfast, though I lingered longer than usual, hoping the strangers would come in.

After breakfast I again sent a note to the invalid, offering my services for anything I could do for him. He sent a line in reply, saying that if he was not able to come down in the afternoon, he would be glad to see me in his room. At three that afternoon a waiter brought me a note, which read as follows:—

"Will my friend come to my room an hour from now?

"JOHN HERRICK."

As the clock was upon the stroke of four I knocked at his door and was bidden to enter.

He was lying propped up in bed, with several newspapers scattered over the bed, and a small table drawn near, upon which were several phials of medicine. In all my previous life and experience, I had never seen so great a change in any human being in so short space of time. His face was shrivelled and pale, and his eyes were sunken and hollow.

"My dear friend," I said, "I had no idea it was so bad as this. You should have let me do something for you earlier."

He held out his hand, which was cold and clammy. "You could have done nothing, and it would only have been a trouble and a worry," he answered, in a voice which sounded so hollow—so different from the voice to which I was accustomed that I was shocked at the change two short days had wrought.

"Have you had a physician?" I inquired.

"Yes, one came to see me this morning, and he told me, what I already knew, that I can live only a few days—what I have known and felt, in fact, for a week past."

"I hope it is not so bad as that," I began, when he interrupted me.

"I know how bad it is, and it was not to talk about that that I sent for you. It is useless for me to deceive myself," he continued. "I know that my time has come, and, as you are the only friend I have near, there is something—a little story—I would like to tell you before it is too late."

I expressed my willingness to listen to any statement he wished to make. He was now interrupted by a fit of coughing, which lasted for some minutes, after which he resumed—

"It will take me some time to tell it; can you wait?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"It is the story of my life; though I fear I cannot tell it in a way to interest you; but, to have you understand something more of me than you now do, I will try."

I hastened to assure him that nothing would give me more pleasure than to listen to the story, and desired him to begin.

"It is now," he began, "ten years since

I was married to a young girl, whom I had known all her life, and whom I loved very dearly. My love was returned ardently, or, at least, I fancied so; and for a time after our marriage our cup of happiness was full. I had about five thousand pounds in my own right when I married, and my wife brought a like sum as her dower. The two sums united made a handsome little capital, upon which I went into business in a growing and prosperous city. For a time everything went well; business was good, and I made money rapidly. At the end of two years I had more than doubled my capital, and felt that I was surely on the high road to fortune. But, in an evil hour, I made the mistake which so many merchants make—that of embarking in speculations outside of legitimate business. A panic came, and a few short feverish days saw all my hard earnings swept away, and I was left in the world penniless. I would not have minded so much on my own account, but to see my darling wife reduced to poverty was more than I could bear. The whole of her money had gone with my own."

Here he was interrupted by another severe fit of coughing, which left him tired and out of breath.

"With the money," he resumed, "went all our happiness. Instead of clinging closer to me on account of my misfortune, my wife seemed to lose all love for me. Her life was daily made up of tears, lamentations over her fallen fortunes, and upbraidings of myself for having brought such a life upon her. My blood almost boils again as I think of the hard, bitter, cruel things she said to me during that wretched period. They are burnt and seared into my heart as with a hot iron, and have embittered my whole existence. I would have gone away and left her for ever, had it not been for leaving her and the baby in such bitter, cruel poverty. But one day there came a letter to me from a lawyer in a distant city, stating that my wife's only surviving relative, a bachelor uncle, had recently died, leaving a large property to my wife, as his only heir. We lost no time in going to the uncle's late residence, and in a week's time my wife was fully established in the possession."

He paused to rest a few moments, for the recital was wearing on him.

"My friend, will you please pour me a few drops of that medicine in a glass?"

I gave him the liquid, when, after a longer pause, he continued—

"I fear my friend, that you will blame me for what I did, but I could not help it. The cruel, bitter, rankling pain gnawing at my heart would have consumed me had I stayed——"

"You left your wife?" I interrupted.

"I left my wife and baby, and did not see them for eight long, bitter years, and I have never spoken to either of them since."

"Did your wife know of your intention to leave her?" I asked.

"Yes," and a spasm of pain shot across the poor man's face as he recalled the bitter memory. "Yes, she knew it was all over. O God! such a scene as that was! I remember as though it were but yesterday. Her going down upon her knees and setting the boy before me, and begging me to stay for his sake; the humble, heart-broken manner in which she begged me to forget and forgive the past; and then the few cold words in which I told her that all love was dead between us. I felt sorry for her; and pity, they say, is akin to love; but my pity has never, in all those long years, melted into love. And even after I had gone away, and had thought it all over, I tried to get my own consent to return; but then would come the memory of all those cruel words, burning and seething upon my heart, and almost turning me into a demon. Yes, I went away, and left her to enjoy her fortune alone. I went away, resolved that I would yet win wealth, and would repay to her every farthing of the money I had lost of hers. I am now worth about a hundred thousand pounds, and I intend to leave a will, giving her one half of this and the boy the other half. I wish you, my friend, to send for a lawyer to draw up the will."

"Did you never hear from your wife during all this time?"

"Her banker was our mutual friend, and kept me posted as to hers and the boy's doings."

"And you did not see her for eight years?"

"I did not see her for eight years, and then it was an accident."

I made a rapid mental calculation: "Married ten years, lived together two years, and then did not see his wife for eight years!"

A sudden thought came into my mind.

"How long since you saw your wife and boy? and where are they now?"

"I saw them just two days ago, and they are now in this house."

It was even as I had guessed a moment before. The blue-eyed woman and the frank-faced, honest-looking boy were his. It was upon the face of my invalid friend that I had seen the familiar expression which had so puzzled me in the boy. He was his father over again. In a short time I withdrew to go in search of an official to draw up the instrument. It was a journey of some three or four miles, and procuring a horse I set off. I found the notary in his office, and obtaining a promise from him to attend early in the morning, I set out on my return. I had proceeded probably half the distance home, when I was surprised to see the stranger lady riding along the road some distance ahead of me. During the journey I had been revolving in my mind whether or not I should inform her of her husband's presence and critical condition. The sight of her renewed these questionings in my mind, but rendered no aid towards their solution.

It was the work of only a few moments to overtake her, having first resolved to be governed by circumstances in what I should say. She was riding slowly along the road, and when I first caught a glimpse of her face, it had upon it such an expression of utter abandonment to sorrow and grief as I had never seen before.

She greeted me with a quiet "Good-evening!" and then, reigning in my horse to accommodate his pace with hers, we fell into conversation. All the while I was asking myself whether or not I should tell her all. What would my friend say? He knew of her presence, and that of his boy; and if he wanted them would he not have told me so? On the other hand, had she not a right to know? Whatever had been their unfortunate differences and disagreements in the past, and whichever of them may have been to blame, was it quite fair to her or to him to suffer him to go out into eternity with this great gulf yawning between them?

"How is your friend?" she asked, after we had talked for some time upon other subjects.

I was taken by surprise at the suddenness of the question.

"He is very poorly indeed," I answered, watching her face closely to see the effect of my words.

I could see the fair face grow paler as she listened, and then asked quickly, looking up,

"Is he in immediate danger, do you think?"

"I feel sure he is."

"O God, pity me!"

She reeled in her saddle, and would have fallen to the earth had I not been by her side and caught her.

"Excuse me," she said, when she had somewhat recovered. "But he—has told you who I am?"

"He has."

"Oh, tell me!" and she grasped my arm with a painful grip, "do you think he will see me? You cannot know the burden I have borne for so long. Cannot you persuade him to see me?"

I promised that I would do what I could to bring about a reconciliation between herself and husband.

"But I know he will not do it," and the voice was freighted with a world of despairing sadness. "You do not know him as well as I do. He will die without forgiving me; die, as his heart died long ago, from my cruel treatment. I deserve it all; but oh, my God! it seems so hard. My punishment is greater than I can bear."

My heart was moved at the sight of the woman's suffering, and I thought that, if the invalid, so near to death's door, could have seen her then, he would have forgotten the past. But it was even as she feared. I called to see my friend immediately after tea, and, after reporting in regard to the lawyer, brought up the subject so near my heart. He grew excited as soon as I mentioned his wife.

"I took a solemn oath when I left her that I would never willingly see her or speak to her again until I could feel for her the old love. It was a rash vow, and one made from out the depths of a wounded and lacerated heart; but I have kept it, and will keep it. I have tried to nurse back to life the old love, but I cannot. It is dead—for ever."

"Perhaps you would feel differently if you would see her."

To this he made no answer, and, fearing to urge the matter further then, I changed the subject.

When I left his room to seek my own, I found the unhappy wife walking up and down in the hall. "Is there any hope?" she said, laying her hand upon my arm, and looking up into my face.

"We must wait," I answered. "I hope it will all come out right."

Without another word she dropped my arm, and walked away towards her room.

The lawyer came the next morning, and the will was made and duly attested. By

its terms, I was appointed its executor, and the mother was made guardian of the boy. I spent almost the entire day by my friend's bedside, only leaving it to get my meals. The seats opposite still remained unoccupied. I saw nothing of mother or son, until, as I was returning from tea, I met her in the hall. The appealing eyes asked the question before the lips formed the words.

"He is no better yet. And will he— ?"

I did not wait for her to finish the other question. "I have broken the ice; I think it will all come right soon."

She said no more, but after standing a moment went away to her room.

That night I stayed with my friend until a late hour, leaving his bedside, at last, in charge of a faithful watcher sent up by the landlord. It was evident that his strength was failing very rapidly. At the rate he had been going, he could not last many days longer. The next day I talked with him again on the subject of seeing his wife and boy. He was not so strong in his opposition as on the former occasion, but said he did not see how he could consent to anything, after having taken the oath he had.

Fearing to push the subject too far, I said no more, hoping that all would come right in good time. Thus matters stood for three or four days.

One evening, at the end of that time, as I was trying to get a sleep in my room after having been up almost the whole of the preceding night, there came a messenger saying that the sick man desired to see me. When I entered his room a few moments later, he was sitting propped up in bed like I had found him on a former occasion; but, oh, looking so much paler and more worn.

I motioned for the attendant to retire, and then, taking a seat by his side, asked what I could do for him.

"I have thought much," he began, "of what you have said to me about seeing my wife and boy, and I believe you are more than half right. I have thought of late that perhaps I have done wrong in some things myself. In any away, the boy is not to blame for the cup of bitterness its parents have been forced to drink. And it seems so hard," a touch of feeling sounding in the weak voice, and a tear gathering in the sunken eye; "it seems so hard for a man to lie here and die without a last look at his own flesh and blood, and under the same roof with him."

"Then you will see them?" I said.

"I want to see my boy, and I would to God that I could say the same about his mother; but I cannot, cannot go out of the world with a lie in my mouth. If only I could feel enough of the old love to ease my conscience of my rash oath, I would gladly do so. I have been trying so hard, but I cannot, my friend, I cannot. But I will see the boy if you can bring him to me."

I withdrew, and, going to the wife's door, knocked gently. She opened it in a moment, and gave a startled little scream as she saw who it was.

"There is a message for your boy," I said, as gently as I could, for I knew how like a knife the words would pierce her heart.

She did not ask if there was any word for her, well knowing that if there had been I would have hastened to tell it.

"Johnny, come here," in a low, frozen voice. The boy came and stood beside his mother, looking up in my face with wonder in his blue eyes. "Will you go with this gentleman for a little while? He will take you to see papa."

"Can't you go, too, mother?"

"No, my son, I cannot go now. You will go with the gentleman, and I will go some other time."

Taking him by the hand, we went and knocked at the invalid's door. We were answered by a faint "Come in."

Entering, the boy stood for a moment looking in wide-eyed wonder towards the bed on which lay the pale-faced invalid. The latter lay back upon the pillows, and regarded him with hungry, devouring eyes. This lasted for perhaps a moment, during which neither spoke or moved. Then, taking the boy by the hand, I led him up to the bedside, when his father laid his hand upon his head and asked—

"Do you know me, boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"He looks like his mother," said the father, with his hand still upon the sunny head, while a light came into his eyes that I had never seen before. "How like his mother!"

He turned his face towards me as he spoke, and in doing so his eyes caught and became riveted upon the door. Involuntarily I followed his glance, and saw there, standing in the half-opened door, looking upon the group before her with wide-staring, stony eyes, the wife and mother. I glanced at the invalid to see the effect upon him.

Saying not a word, he gazed at the figure in the doorway for a moment, while the humid light in the poor sunken eyes grew more luminous. Then, raising his thin, feeble arm, he held it out with a gesture of entreaty towards the waiting, expectant figure. For a moment longer she stood in the doorway, uncertain whether to advance or retreat; while the invalid raised the other arm, and, stretching it also towards the door, uttered her name—"Mary!"

Only the single word, uttered in a half-audible tone; but there was that in it, and in the outstretched arms and humid eyes, which told me that John Herrick was absolved from his rash vow. The figure in the door did not speak; but, slowly advancing to the bedside, and humbly kneeling, she buried her face in the bed-clothes, and the invalid's trembling hand rested upon her hair like a benediction. With noiseless step I left the room and sought my own apartment.

John Herrick did not die. It turned out that his disease was not consumption, but one which, although it brought him very near to death's door, still left its victim with hope. Under the gentle, loving, tireless ministrations of the devoted wife, together with the best medical advice the country could furnish, he grew slowly back to life. When I left a few weeks later, he had greatly improved, and was considered almost out of danger. They were both very grateful for the part they were pleased to think I had taken in their reconciliation, though I have ever been unable to see that I did more than anyone else might have done in my place. A year later I visited the city in which they resided, and gave myself the pleasure of calling upon my friend. I found him in his office busily engaged.

"Come and dine with us to-day," was the invitation he extended as I left him an hour later. "Mary will be glad to see you, and will never forgive me if I do not bring you."

I went at the appointed hour, and spent a most charming and pleasant evening. I think I have never seen a more perfectly happy home than the one from which I went at a late hour that night, and very thankful I felt that I had been a humble instrument in reuniting those separated lives.

M. T. A. ADKINS.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER I.

MERRILY wedding bells were pealing from an old church tower situate in one of the loveliest valleys in England, the melody rising and falling in exquisite harmony. How brightly the sun shone and how exquisitely fragrant was the air, laden with a wealth of sweetness from mignonette and roses. A pleasant chattering could be heard among the people grouped in various directions, discussing the probabilities of happiness between the newly-married pair and their future.

The bride seemed to be an especial favourite among them all. Mary Jones, a comely-looking dame, said, "I've seen her when she was a little mite full of fun and laughter, and I've seen her grow into a handsome girl, and then into a fine young lady, after she went to London to be brought out, as the missus said she was, and certainly I scarcely knew her when she came home. Always pleasant spoken, she seemed then more friendly like, more to feel for one's troubles. God bless her, wherever she goes! and if her husband treats her ill, I think I could be the death of him."

Mary was born and bred in the village, and had also at one time lived as nursemaid with Mrs. Travers at Hill-top House. She had seen a good deal of the youthful bride, Juliet Travers, now Mrs. Arthur Cameron.

"Do you know where Mr. Cameron comes from?" asked an elderly gentlemanly man, who had recently come from Whittlesey to the picturesque village of Sunley for the sake of the capital fishing which the river flowing at its extremity afforded.

"Don't at all know, sir. I believe somewhere from the North," answered a carpenter.

"Mrs. Travers will be sorry to lose her daughter, I should think."

"She won't lose her, sir. Mr. and Mrs.

Cameron are going to live in that pretty house overlooking Church Avenue Gardens. It is fitted up beautifully; the furniture mostly came from London, and I have been employed there some weeks to make it all nice and comfortable. Would you like to look it over? I've got the key, and am only just come from there to see the wedding."

"Thank you; I should like it very much."

The house was not a stone's throw from where they were, and a very nest for happiness it seemed to be. Lines of stately poplars, which gave their name to the house, flanked it on one side; behind, a high hill sloped upwards, and was crowned by umbrageous trees, which also clothed its sides.

"So protected from the north, and the front all open to the south, you see, sir; it's just a little paradise," was the carpenter's remark.

"H'm," was the answer from his companion. Mr. Lincoln, who was carefully looking at the back premises which abutted on the hill, suddenly asked, "Where is the drainage here?"

"Here, sir, at the side; don't you hear it swishing down?"

"I hear something like a small river gushing down?"

"Yes, that's it."

"That's the drainage from the hill; where's the house drainage?"

"There's none but this, excepting that perhaps the house drains lead into this, though that's not likely, because if you look outside it's nothing but clean water comes through the pipe."

"Is it healthy here?" Mr. Lincoln suddenly asked.

"Healthy! Yes, sir. A family lived here for twenty-seven years. And now that some of them are dead and some have emigrated, the house was to let till Mr. Cameron took it, because Miss Travers liked it so much."

"Pray, where did the family come from that lived here for twenty-seven years?"

"They were all born and bred here."

"I thought so. One can be born in a place and live in it, no matter how unfavourable for health to others it might prove; but for Mr. Cameron to transplant his wife from yonder airy hill-top to this valley may not be wise. Let me tell you, my friend, that personally I should have no objection to take this house and live in it, and no doubt should enjoy the place, but then I don't come from the top of a hill nor from any of the breezy, health-giving downs. My house is in the Fens, or what until recently was the Fens, so that fog and damp are my old familiar friends. However, what is done, is done, and I suppose won't be undone for any words of mine."

"I should think not," replied the carpenter, in an altered tone of voice, as he turned away without the civility of a parting word.

Mr. Lincoln looked after him with a puzzled expression.

"What's the matter now?" he thought.

Some days after this, on one of the still summer days, as he was in a punt waiting for a bite at his line, he heard some men a short distance off, from whom, however, he was concealed, discussing the situation of "The Poplars." "Only to think," said one, "that duffer at the Jolly Anglers wants to live there himself. Joyce says he's been running down the whole place as unhealthy, but that he should like to live at The Poplars."

"That's just the way of the world—every-one for himself. I've lived here for sixty years; was born here, and no harm is come to me but the rheumatism and a fever now and then, but that's to be had everywhere. I never did see such a lot of old people as there is about here, and——"

"But all of them walking with sticks or crutches, my friend," said Mr. Lincoln, who had joined the trio unawares.

"Well, if you give the place such a bad name, what on earth do you want to live at The Poplars for?"

"Nothing was ever further from my thoughts. I told the carpenter that it was unwise for a person who had been born and bred on a hill to come down into a valley like this to live. It would not hurt one born in it. I told him I came from the Fens, and fog and damp. Harmless to me, born and bred in them, here during my stay there has been neither; but I know, from the situation, that nine months in the year fogs prevail, and wrap, like a wet blanket, a new comer from hill and open. And that's truth, my friends."

The men laughed incredulously. They were not labourers, but well off in house and purse.

Mr. Lincoln pondered a moment. He was never put down by laugh or jeer if he had good to communicate. Presently he said—

"Just listen. I'll tell you a story, which

perhaps you have heard before. The exaggeration of it I cannot vouch for, but I have seen it occur several times in a modified degree. A poor man living in the Fens determined to get honestly rich, and looked about for a rich wife. None was to be found in the Fens of Lincolnshire; but more than one or two could be had in Yorkshire for the wooing. In a twelvemonth he brought to his decent, comfortable homestead a cherry-cheeked damsel, who looked defiance to illness, strong and muscular, with the whitest teeth, rosiest mouth, and such deep grey eyes that she seemed 'Health' personified. Moreover, she possessed five hundred pounds of her own.

"For the first year all went tolerably well. Whatever sickness there came was attributed to overwork or care for the young puny baby. The next year she complained that all strength was gone out of her, that she wanted fresh air to breathe, and that the cold of the nights wrapped her round like a wet sheet. The third year she was borne to her grave, and her two sickly infants with her. The husband was for a time inconsolable, but he looked about to replace his loss, and again sought and found a bride somewhere between Manchester and Huddersfield, where the houses are most of them built on the very top of the steepest hills, the factories and the rivers a long way below them. This girl, blooming, bright, and comely, had eight hundred pounds as her portion. Not so ruddy or so muscular as her predecessor, she yet was free from delicacy of constitution and illness of any kind. However, to make a long matter short, in less than two years she also died. So far as this, I can vouch that I have known similar instances where the fog and damp played their murderous part. However, the story goes on to say that the bereaved husband sought, found, and buried ten wives. He had fortunes with them all, and was counted a rich man. In due course he brought home the eleventh wife. She had no money. The man's fancy for which he selected her soon wore off, and, after the first year, he looked daily to see the accustomed change; but instead of growing weaker—pale she had always been—she grew healthier, ruddier, and fatter. Her husband remarked this to her one day, and told her how his other wives had grown ill and died.

"'Ah, well,' she said, 'didn't you know I was born in these parts, just over Whittlesey. I've never been well since I left home till I came here—always asthmatical up in the north. I'm very well now.' And she outlived him."

The hearty laugh which accompanied the termination of the story, showed how it had been appreciated, but still they assumed that their beloved valley had been slandered. "He's prejudiced against it," said one. "He wants to buy land cheap," remarked another.

"What do you say, Joyce?" to the carpenter who was passing.

"Say to what?" asked the man.

"About this Mr. Somebody at the Jolly Anglers, croaking all sorts of evil things about the place."

"I think he wants to buy the whole of the ground round The Poplars. He said the orchard bore lots of apples and pears. He went ferreting about the drains, as if he was going to sign the lease, or to buy the place. I told him it wasn't to be sold."

"What did he say?"

"Why on earth didn't they put this pretty house on the top of the hill instead of at the bottom?"

"I think he's a lunatic to talk like that."

"Certainly he must be. Why what does the man mean? Here, in this lovely sheltered spot, to talk about its being unhealthy. Nonsense!"

Then he pointed to the top of the hill, and said, "There's health there; dwindling and fever here."

"God bless the man! he'll give a bad name to the place. What's to be done?"

After this Mr. Lincoln found the people he met not very courteous; he began to lose whatever influence he had over the sick, the ailing, and the ignorant. For he often visited them, and relieved their wants either by gifts of food, clothes, and medicines, and instructed them how, in many instances, to cure themselves, and not to thoughtlessly say, "The Lord sent me this affliction," or "It's God's will."

One quarrelsome old woman, with bitter tongue, was always railing against "the Lord" as the cause of her rheumatism. Mr. Lincoln exasperated her by saying, "Just let your husband, who is a bricklayer, drain that water from your back door; look at it running down underneath the flooring, and rising up here and there between the stones. I wonder there's not more fever among you than there is. Our ancient builders built wiser than they knew, by leaving plenty of ventilation from the front door, which opens

into the living room. Get rid of the water, and sleep upstairs, instead of in that back place.

"I can't get upstairs, I be so crippled."

"Just try it a step at a time, and rest. And what do you sleep in, sheets or blankets?"

"Sheets, of course, what else? I've got blankets over me, and a good thick cotton counterpane over that."

"I thought so; put away the sheets and the counterpane, and sleep in blankets, under and over, and no counterpane at all. The sheets and the counterpane do a great deal of mischief."

"Well, now, how can that be?"

"The cotton keeps the sour heat and perspiration from the body in the bed, and so you breathe poisoned air all night, summer and winter, and that poisoned air makes your rheumatism ten times worse. If you were in blankets they would not absorb the perspiration; it would pass through from one to the other, but in cotton, if it absorbs it—I had better say soak into it—there it remains cold or hot, and clammy."

"That be right, sure enough, for I do perspire so with pain, that one might wring the sheets sometimes."

"Now, then, I've pointed out to you two misdeeds of your own, which have in some degree given you the rheumatism, don't be wicked enough to say, 'The Lord sent it to you.' As long as you live in this damp place you will suffer pain, but you need not have so much of it. Sleep upstairs, and get your husband to knock out one of the little diamond panes, and so get fresh air night and day. Get your limbs rubbed with heartshorn, oil, and laudanum. I'll get you a bottle from the chemist's, and a little potash to take in your drink, just before your meals."

"Potash, potash? Why that's what Betsy Hill told me her husband was cured with. A penn'orth o' potash in half a quartern of gin, and that quantity she was to take in the twenty-four hours. I'll send for it, if you think I ought."

"I don't know what quantity a penny-worth of potash may be, but if you fill this very small teaspoon half full, that is to say, less than half a drachm of potash, and drink it in half a tumbler of water just before dinner, and do this for a week, you'll find yourself better. Don't take the gin."

"I can't abide water, Mister Lincoln, and that's the truth."

"Ah! what do you drink?"

"I take just ale or porter, as my William gets it."

"That's the third thing you do to give yourself rheumatism. Mind you don't again say, 'The Lord sent it.' Malt liquor is just poison for rheumatism and gout. You can take the potash in skim milk instead of water."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do without my drop o' beer, or gin, or anything to comfort one? You be a hard doctor, Mister Lincoln."

"Am I? Cleanliness is hard for dirty persons to practise, abstinence for a glutton, wholesome drink is distasteful to a drunkard, and abstaining from liquor is hard to one who likes to be racked with pain."

"But what good will the potash do me?"

"I'll tell you, but you cannot understand; better have faith in my remedy and take it without asking questions."

"No, no; I like to know about things and the why of things."

"First, then—why you suffer from rheumatism? Your house stands on a gravelly soil."

"Now, don't go to say anything against gravel. I've always been told that gravel soil is best to build a house upon; it is the driest."

"On the surface only; all the rain soaks into it, as well as drainage from pools of all kinds, and thus deep down the mischief lies, every moment rising in invisible vapour to work its ill in fevers, rheumatism, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other complaints arising from blood-poisoning."

"Why, I never took poison in my life!"

"Indeed, you have, and do daily and hourly, and would be doing so now at this moment if the doors were not open, whereby the air freely enters. You have breathed the deadliest poisons, in over and over breathing through the night the breath you have expelled from your lungs. Even if these plants—not flowers, mind—had been in your sleeping room they would have purified the air, in a degree, by absorbing—taking up into their breathing vessels—the bad breath of yourself and husband. This poisoned air, without ventilation, is again breathed by you, enters into your blood just as if you had drank poisons; for you can both drink it and breathe it, and all sorts of diseases enter with it and wait, as a plant in a hot-bed, the opportunity to germinate into more or less sickness."

"I'm sure I don't understand it all, but if

you'll get me the potash, I'll take it. Will you just tell me what good it'll do me?"

"It is an alkali, and will neutralise the too great acidity of the stomach, and finally of the blood."

"Well, I'm not much the wiser."

"Do you know what hard water is?"

"I should think I did! What of it?"

"When you want to make it soft, fit for washing clothes, what do you do?"

"Why, put in some 'ley,' or soda, to be sure"

"Soda is a most powerful alkali; much more powerful than medicinal potash; that is the bi-carbonate of potash, which you must take as a tasteless medicine, and just as the soda makes the water less hard, so does the potash make your blood become less poisoned by neutralising the too great acidity of the stomach."

"I know a great many people who take carbonate of soda, and much harm they have got by it, Mister Lincoln."

"The remedy I offer you is a fine preparation of potash which is found in all vegetable substances, that is in all vegetables, trees, and plants. In proper doses it can be used with safety, as it does not accumulate in the body; but soda, being a mineral, does, and causes chalk-stones in the fingers, and gravel. Moreover, it is only of temporary benefit compared to that of potash, known to chemists as one of the salts of potash. I daresay you have often made what the bi-carbonate of potash is produced from."

"I? Never in my life; I don't meddle wi' such things. You be only laughing at me, Mister Lincoln."

"Why, I saw you do it the other day."

"Sure, man alive, you must be mad to say so."

"Didn't I see you gather a lot of nut-boughs, chop them up small, and burn them in that iron crock yonder? Why, you are about it now! See the smoke. Now, what do you burn the wood for?"

"To get the ashes, to be sure, to make 'ley' out of, to wash dirty clothes with. I'm not going to buy soda when I've just to burn the wood, pour water over the ashes, let it stand a bit, and then strain it."

"Just so; and what do you call it?"

"I've heard it called pearl-ash, but I've never seen pearls in it."

"You would if the water, after standing some time on the ashes, were poured off and dried, the sediment would be pearl-ash, or pot-ash—the very name tells you its origin, only potash is a preparation of a fine kind made from the pearl-ash. So you see if you were a thousand miles from a chemist's shop, and having trees or shrubs near, you may make your potash without difficulty, only recollect that as a medicine pearl-ash would be very burning, while potash in proper doses is tasteless."

"Good gracious! to think I knew so much, and didn't know it."

"Don't go and drink, instead of potash, the 'ley,' as the water poured on the wood-ashes is called, or you will find your mistake. That bi-carbonate of potash is formed from it is true, but it is in a way that you couldn't manage. This is the chemist's work. Get out of this damp by letting your husband drain away the water, put some coir-matting on the floor, sleep upstairs in purer air—if it be only constantly admitted night and day by an aperture the size of a crown piece, or even less. And, above all, give up the beer; milk is cheaper, and skim-milk best of all."

"Who ever heard of such a thing as skim-milk recommended, when one can get whole milk with the cream upon it. Well, that beats all."

"Listen, and don't exclaim. Skim-milk alone is a grand remedy for some diseases. Without anything else, it will often cure diabetes. You don't know what that is? I pray you never may. Rheumatism is bad enough, even if it comes by one's own imprudence or thoughtlessness, or ignorance of the laws of health. However, many people suffering from the disease I have named, on being ordered a milk diet, get at once the richest milk to be procured. All that is well, but the cream should be quite taken from it, for the reason that the butter it contains disagrees with many persons; but good skim-milk and vegetables that have no starchy matter, as peas, beans, and potatoes have, will in many cases effect a cure."

"Well, this is the first time I've heard of skim-milk being given to any but pigs."

"And don't pigs thrive upon it? I tell you it goes to make good blood. People get strong, for it nourishes the muscles and other tissues. God's gifts surround us; He pours down abundance, and sends us pure air without stint; and what do we do in return?—shut up our dwellings that the pure air can't enter, and its exclusion poisons our blood; throw to the pigs food which would make us strong. He sends us rain, and instead of letting it drain away properly,

we keep it round our houses to stagnate and give us illness, and then in our supreme laziness say, 'The Lord sent us this affliction.'"

"Mister Lincoln, you be hard upon us poor folks."

"That's the way you go on—blame those who show you how diseases arise. If it's any satisfaction to you to suffer, then enjoy yourself; but in pity to your neighbours, have those stagnant pools removed. Now get the work done, there's a good soul."

"That's very easy to say, but when my man comes home five nights out of the seven after being at the public, why, when's the work to be done?"

"Ah! there's the evil; and yet it is not all his fault," thought Mr. Lincoln, as he soon after left the miserable cottage. "This damp air, soaking ground, rough food, and a wife full of pains and aches are enough to depress the stoutest heart. Under such conditions the human frame craves for stimulants—indeed, would die without them. I wonder what the good folks hereabout would think of the Fen country, where I've known laudanum drank to a frightful extent, when neither beer, wine, nor spirits would satisfy; yet the cause was not in the people themselves, but in the climate and their surroundings. I have pity, indeed, for them, not censure."

There was no disguising the fact that Mr. Lincoln felt himself shunned, notwithstanding his philanthropic heart, which overflowed with love and kindness, impatient only when people would not move a finger to lift their own burdens, self-imposed by their laziness or ignorance. He battled strongly against that greatest misleading power, "Prejudice," and although no headway was perceptibly made, yet he toiled on and remained in the village.

Three months elapsed before the bride and bridegroom returned, and then chill autumn had painted the landscape with yellow gold and ruddy brown. The peaceful village looked in marvellous beauty when the inhabitants mustered to give a becoming welcome to the husband and wife, both returning with blooming health, winning smiles, and pleasant greetings. Many were the blessings for which Heaven was invoked on the happy pair as they entered their pleasant and beautiful home. Fires were sparkling in welcome in every room as the bride an hour later visited each in succession with her husband, and, looking into his face with tears of joy in her eyes, said, "What a cosy nest you have given me, dear Arthur. We shall be very happy here."

"I hope so, darling. Nothing shall be wanting that I can give to make it so."

And so wealth, and taste, and love were lavished upon the home, and for a time all went well. Mrs. Cameron again took up her district-visiting. Though the whole village was her district, every door opened readily to her often before she had time to demand admittance. Frequently she met Mr. Lincoln, who seemed to be as assiduous as herself in looking after the interests of the villages, only there was a difference. Mrs. Cameron's purse was rarely shut. She gave money, which too often found its way to "The Public," as the village inn was termed—a place altogether of different standing from "The Jolly Angler," the temporary abode of gentlemen who came for the fishing season.

Mr. Lincoln, on the contrary, rarely bestowed money. He pointed out how with little trouble sickness might be averted; how with simple remedies ailments could be cured or rendered more easily bearable; but, above all, he inculcated self-helpfulness and forethought, and, for a wonder to everyone, he was not outrageous against intemperance. Mr. Cameron asked him one day why, abstaining from alcoholic liquors himself, he did not impress the necessity of abstinence from drink upon others.

"The cases are altogether different," he replied. "I am well fed, well clothed, have moderate but independent means, and, like Falstaff, 'can take mine ease in mine inn,' where I am well and quickly waited upon, have my ample and excellent meals well cooked. Moreover, from my habits of life I have discretion enough to choose my acquaintances, and am not 'Hail fellow, well met' with anyone willing to gossip. I read the papers, know what is going on in the world, can take up a scientific or entertaining book, and appreciate both, and my mind is expanded or diverted thereby.

"Mark the difference: Most of these good fellows hereabouts—I call them 'good,' for under their circumstances I should be desperate. In the first place, they are underfed, the pipe supplying the deficiency. The wife, burdened with work for which she can find no helper, is slatternly, and the best housewife would be so under similar circumstances—children sick, crying, and dirty; dirt everywhere; dwellings at the back waterlogged from deficient drainage; gutters choked with fever breeding obstructions,

which seem to be not only tolerated, but cherished. The man and wife, often totally uneducated, can find no refuge from misery in books, because they can't understand them —that is, any that would open their intellectual faculties. Why, man, under similar conditions I should be the greatest reprobate of any; therefore I would not snatch the only comfort they have from them, but be rather a quiet example of abstaining from liquor, than preach to them against it."

"I have understood you to be an apostle of temperance, not an abettor in the reverse."

"I have a dislike to intemperance of any kind, whether in drink, food, or clothing; but until working-men have dwellings better drained, better found in domestic conveniences, wives better skilled in well cooking simple things, and intellectually trained to method and order, there is no hope that drunkenness will decrease. If I persuade a man to give up going with his fellows to the public, what do I offer him in return. Coffee and tea may be substituted for liquor, but at "the public" are unattainable. Newspapers that he understands, are composed in phrases of no difficult or obscure meaning, and the opinions expressed lead to disloyal notions. He appreciates no government but that which might offer equality and riotous liberty, and detests the refinement and civilisation which are the results of a liberal education. Nevertheless the true-born Briton's spirit is in him, though dormant, and woman is the only earthly power capable of his redemption."

Mr. Cameron looked up sharply. Mr. Lincoln went on:—

"A pure-minded, intellectually-educated woman, gentle yet firm, refined not fidgetty, and by no means learned, excepting in the lore of the common things of life; a practical knowledge of things, domestic and otherwise, which go to make up a great part of a working life, such only will have power to make men worthier. It is said that woman ate of the tree of knowledge first, and perhaps this accounts for the intelligent sons which an intellectual woman bestows upon the world. The fact is mortifying, that a clever, well-educated father, having a weak-minded woman for his wife, rarely ever can show us a son equally gifted with himself."

"I have heard that remark before," said Mr. Cameron.

"Yes, it is not mine. It is said, however, to be founded on fact, and, if so, is a truth which cannot be too often repeated, if only for the reason that the education of women should be equal in degree, if not in subject, with that of man. See these little ones yonder coming from school!—their tongues are chattering, and their brains full of a mass of information they don't understand. How many of them, think you, have observation beyond that of sharply seeing the shortcomings or faults of their companions. They are picking their way over the puddles yonder without a thought of why the water is standing there only and not elsewhere. One of them, you see, is stepping over stones placed in the water as a footpath to the door-step: it is that sickly child, Jenny Morris. Her father is killing her, as if by slow poison. Look at the potato-peelings and refuse cabbage-stumps tainting the air, the child breathes day and night, while half an hour's work each day for a week would render the place wholesome. That delicate girl will be the first fatal victim to fever, and thus the parents will tell you their bereavement is the "Lord's doing," and the clergyman, worthy man as he is, would tell them they must submit with humble hearts. Heavens! it is their own deadly work! They have actually laid traps for fever visits, and in the way it has been done you see.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

ALICE *et* JEANNETTE (*stupéfaites*).—*Ah!*
Alice and Jeannette (stupefied). — Ah!

JEANNETTE.—*Mais ils ne sont pas cuits*
Jeannette. — But they not are not baked
du tout, vos gâteaux, mam'zelle!
at all, your cakes, miss!

ENGLISH.—But your cakes are not baked at all, miss.

ALICE. — *Par exemple!* (1)... *Ah! c'est*
Alice. — For example! ... Ah! it is
pourtant (2) *vrai!*
however true!

JEANNETTE. — *Où les avez-vous donc*
Jeannette. — Where them have you then
mis à cuire?
put to bake?

ALICE.—*Dans le four dont* (3) *on se*
Alice. — In the oven which they itself
sert d'habitude.
use of habit.

ENGLISH.—In the oven which we always use.

LOUISE.— *Ils sont tels qu'auparavant.*
Louise. — They are as before.

JEANNETTE.— *Y a queque* (4) *chose là-*
Jeannette. —There is some thing there
dessous qui n'est pas naturel ; permettez que
upon which not is not natural ; permit that
j'allions (5) *un peu voir...*
I go a little to see ..

JEANNETTE (*sortant*).—*Bien, mam'zelle !*(6)
Jeannette (going out).— Well, miss !

LOUISE.—*Va-t-elle s'y reconnaître ? il*
Louise. — Goes she there to observe ? it
fait noir par là comme dans une cave.
makes black by there as in a vault.

ENGLISH.—Is she going to look ? It is as dark there as in a vault.

JEANNETTE (*riant aux éclats avant de re-*
Jeannette (laughing {heartily / to burst} before to re-
paraître).—*Ah ! ah ! la bonne farce !... ah !*
appear). —Ah ! ah ! the good farce ! ... ah !
ah ! (*S'asseyant et se tenant les côtés.*)
ah ! (Herself seating and herself holding her sides)
Je ne m'étonne plus que ça n'allait
I not myself wonder more that that not went
guère...
but little...

ENGLISH.—I no longer wonder that that did not succeed...

Que ça n'allait même pas du tout...
That that not went even not at all...
ça n'aurait pas mieux été pendant huit
that not should have not better been during eight
jours... ah ! ah ! Et comment vouliez-vous
days... ah ! ah ! And how would you
que ça marche ? Il n'y avait pas un
that that {march ? / behave well} There not there had not a
brin de charbon dans de foyer.
bit of coal in the hearth.

ENGLISH.—There was not a bit of coal.

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(1) Also—pattern, incident, instance, written copy.
(2) Also—notwithstanding.
(3) Also—Whereof, of whom.
(4, 5, 6) Jeannette's French is *patois provincial.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

A PLEA FOR ART IN THE HOME. By J. W. LOFTIE. (London: Macmillan and Co.) — Mr. Loftie has in this small volume given considerable information respecting art in the home and in the collection of objects of art. The first chapter, on the "Prudence of Collecting," is full of anecdotes on the subject, and are so related that one gets a good deal of knowledge about black-letter books, coins, old china, engravings, and other matters. Furnishing and old furniture—much of the advice in this chapter is pleasantly conveyed, and profit may be derived from its perusal. For instance, on the economy of buying good furniture—"Smith says 'I have been three years furnishing. I have paid for all, drawing-rooms and bed-rooms, as nearly as possible, £1000, and now the babies are multiplying and I must stop buying; but it is a satisfaction to think that what I have will sell for as much as I gave, or more, even after a few years' wear; and that it is pretty to look at and pleasant to live in the house with, and that, moreover, I have had a lot of fun in buying it.'" The chapter on pictures is a guide to those who buy pictures, not only for the love of them, but also for disposal, or as a means of investment. The volume may be characterised as one conveying a mass of information upon useful and decorative furnishing, and related in one of the most pleasant forms of anecdotal experiences, a practical and reliable adviser that many will be glad to have, and, whether for use or not, it is charming to read.

HOUSE DECORATIONS. By RHODA AND AGNES GARRETT. (Macmillan and Co.)—The illustrations in this work carry us back to the mode of furnishing a century since; in the present day it appears quaint, but very substantial—would certainly last a lifetime, even with a small army of boys. The sensibly-written "Introduction" is worth reading. Where ample means and lofty rooms are at disposal, the book is useful; but where there are low rooms and limited means, the directions for decorations are not quite so suitable; nevertheless, there is a goodly amount of practical directions. We are very glad to see that Venetian blinds are condemned as nuisances, and that suggestions are given for the proper colouring or painting of bed-room walls.

A MANUAL OF THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF ART, PRE-HISTORIC, ANCIENT, CLASSIC, EARLY CHRISTIANS; WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ORNAMENTATION. By G. G. ZERFFI, Ph. D., F.R.S.L., one of the Lecturers of H.M. Department of Science and Art.—Our brief notice last month of this remarkable work scarcely gave any idea of its aim or scope. The chapter on "Ethnology in its bearing on Art" commences with "The negro, the fossil, the black and antediluvian man. He is cross-toothed (*prognathous*), triangular-headed, has flat feet, long heels, a very powerful digestive organ, and a correspondingly enormous mouth. The Oceanic Negro is the best example of this type. His reasoning faculty is very limited, his imagination slow, but his perceptive faculties (the senses) are highly developed. He is altogether incapable of rising from a fact to a principle. In studying the artistic products, the customs, and manners of this group, we can picture to ourselves the state in which Asiatics and Europeans must have lived during the earliest stone period.

"The ruling lines of the face and head of the negro are reflected in his triangular, or mound-like, architectural constructions."

Next we have the Turanian (from *tura*, the swiftness of a horse), the Mongol, the square or short-

headed, the yellow man. "He excels in technical ability, has great powers of imitation, can produce geometrical ornamentations of the most complicated and ingenious characters, and a realistic imitation of flowers, butterflies, and birds, but has no sense for perspective and no talent for shading. He is incapable of drawing the human form" "Like his facial lines, the roofs of his houses are twisted upwards."

"Finally, we have the Aryan, the long or oval-headed man, the historical, the white man—the crowning product of the cosmical forces of nature." "This development is not limited This group of mankind, though divided into many different types (races or nations) which have arisen from an intermixture with the two groups, or through the influence of climate, food, and the aspect of nature, stands at the highest point of civilisation. As the lines of his face are admirably counterbalanced, and his body is a masterpiece of regularity and proportion, he has tried to establish a perfect balance between the conflicting forces in his moral and intellectual nature. To him exclusively we owe art in its highest sense. Once he stood on the same level with the primitive black savage; then he advanced to the ingenuity of the yellow man, and left both far behind him in his gradual but always progressive development. He surpasses the other two groups in humanity, not only in technical skill, but especially in invention and reasoning power, critical discernment, and purity of artistic taste. The white man alone has produced idealised masterpieces in sculpture and painting." "The white man in his architecture uses either the horizontal or the vertical line or both, he takes the triangular building of the negro, and places it on the square tent of the yellow man, making his house as perfect as possible. He goes further, and in accordance with his powerfully-arched brow, he overarches not only rivers and chasms, but builds his magnificent cupolas and pointed arches, the acme of architectural forms."

"There are four hundred millions of Chinese, nearly all Turanians. Taking an equal number of Aryans * we shall find that the former are not less than three thousand four hundred million cubic inches short of brains."

"Ethnology" (the study of races of men) "then serves as a foundation for the study of art in its different phases."

From this point the author takes the history of art pre-historic and savage art, Chinese, Indian, Persian, Assyrian and Babylonian. He traces the mythology of the Greeks back to the Indian race. "Dypac, the Indian god of love, read backwards, gives us Cupid. The Indian name is derived from *Depaka*, the 'inflamer.' The mischief-maker of India and Greece had one and the same name We find his name and character in Shakespeare's masterly delineation of Puck." This chapter (V.) is intensely interesting. An epitome of the original pure faith of the Persians is different from the common opinions.

Greek art was really art. "Whatever the Hellenes touched they beautified." The chapter on Greek art is one to be studied and remembered as a trustworthy guide. Etruscan art comes next. The Romans had no native art. They built upon Etruscan work, and so no pure system was ever developed by them. The volume terminates with early Christian art, in which Professor Zeffi clearly traces the adoption of symbols and practices derived from the purest sources have become debased into the most puerile and credulous worship. This, the latest work of the author, is one that will be of lasting benefit to those with whom art is both a passion and an employment.

* The descendants of Japhet; originally from the neighbourhood of the Oxus, not far from Khiva—the Indo-European race.

THE WORLD BEFORE ADAM; or, Geological Footprints of Jehovah. By Rev. A. BEANLAND. (London: Bemrose and Sons.)—The book is written with a view to reconcile the Biblical account of the creation with geological facts The author conceding that the six days of creation may mean, or rather do mean, six periods of time, each of indefinite duration, there is not much else to dispute. We would recommend those who are doubtful of the Biblical account to read the arguments in its favour which Mr. Beanland adduces, and those who accept the Genesis in its integrity will find excellent matter for thought, and no little valuable information about the earth and its buried treasures.

THE FLORAL WORLD AND GARDEN GUIDE (New Series. Groombridge and Sons) has articles upon "Window Gardening," "Management of Plants in Rooms," "The Construction of Rock-work," a sensible paper upon "Poultry Keeping," and an excellent Garden Guide for the Month.

THE GARDENERS' MAGAZINE / Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.H.R.S. (London: Allen and Co.)—The number published January 1st contains a supplement, with almanac printed in colours. The contents are, as usual, variedly useful, informing and amusing. In the supplement there is an illustrated article upon "The Flowers on Pottery and Porcelain."

OLD JONATHAN, THE DISTRICT AND PARISH-HELPER (1d.) (London: Collingridge and Co.) has a short biography of the late George Moore. The story of such lives should be known everywhere. Much good might be done by a monthly record of good men's similar deeds.

IDYLLS OF THE RINK. With eight Illustrations. By G. BOWERS and OTHERS. (London: Hardwicke and Bogue, 192, Piccadilly.)—These thirteen parodies upon the words of popular airs are most amusing. We wish, however, that Gray's "Elegy" and the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" had been spared. It is a well got-up little book in print, paper, illustrations, and binding, and deserves success.

MIDLAND RAILWAY SKETCHES. By STREPHON. (London: Bemrose and Sons.)—These sketches are descriptive of the Derby railway and other important stations on the Midland line. They are amusingly written, and give considerable information upon the subject.

GOLDEN HOURS (6d.) and SUNSHINE (1d.). Edited by W. MEYNELL WHITTEMORE. (London: W. Poole, Paternoster Row)—Pleasant reading in both magazines. The former contains an account of the "Life and Work of Mrs Hannah Moore."

THE WOMAN'S GAZETTE; or, News about Work. (2d.) (Hatchard's, Piccadilly, and Partridge, Paternoster Row.)—In this number is a full description of the Ladies' Guild, situate at 30, Onslow Square.

THE FOUNTAIN: a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. (1d.) (Published at 335, Strand.)

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION. (3d.)—A weekly journal of religious life and work.

SIMPLE LESSONS ON MONEY, chiefly intended for use in elementary schools. By Rev. T. E. RALLAN, M.A. (London: Edward Stanford, Charing Cross).

OUR POETS' PAGE.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

See "THOMAS HOOD," *page* 77.)

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore on fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain, so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents. (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny.
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope,
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nurs'ling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin son!
Toss the tight ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face, grotesque and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn and brilliant as its star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

OUR DARLING'S GRAVE.

THE snow in falling calm and white,
Like a pale garment of the night,
Covers a low and narrow bed,
Where lies my darling's curly head.

His tiny hands above his breast
Are meekly folded into rest;
The sweet blue eyes I lov'd so well
Will now no fair bright promise tell

Of manhood's truth and mystic spell,
Seen by my loving eyes so well.
Alas! my little one is dead,
And willows wave above his head!

The clinging lips are still at last,
The joyous heart that beat so fast
And tenderly is now quite still;
And nought can wake him good or ill.

Would I were by thy side, my love,
My soul with thine in Heav'n above.
These bitter tears I shed in vain,
I must not call thee back again!

No pain, no grief, no care for thee:
From all life's weariness thou'rt free.
Thou'rt "gone to God," where all is bright
And pure around His throne of light.

I will not ask thee back, my life—
Back to this world of woe and strife,
And all the pain that wearied thee.
Thank God! from all thou art now free.

VEREBONAE, R. D.

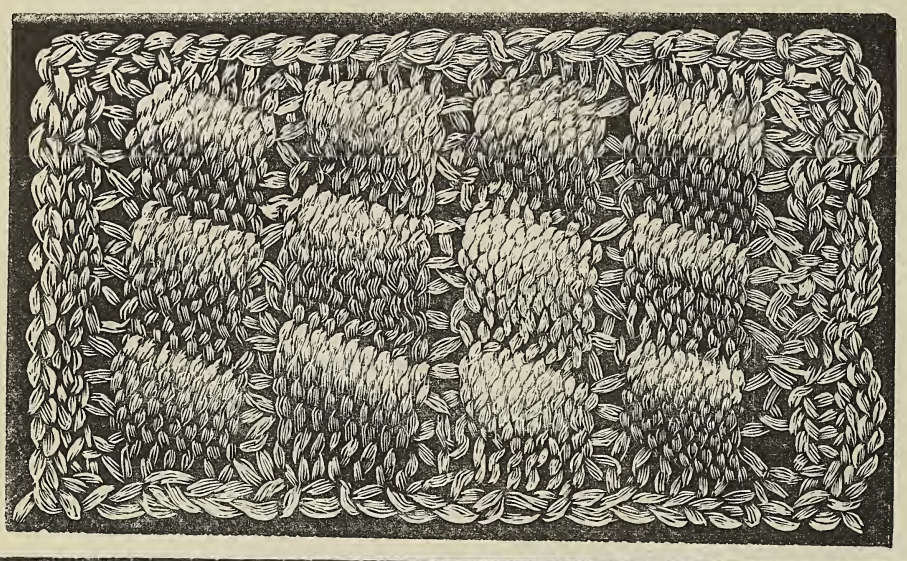
THE AFTER RAIN.

OH, hasten South Wind, with your dreamy sweetness
Across the purple hill-tops mildly blow!
Oh, lily-flakes, in summer's full completeness
Drift o'er the violet beds your fragrant snow!
Oh pure white lilies, press your tear-moist fingers
Within this weary, toil-worn hand of mine.
The memory of your fragrant kisses lingers,
And wakes my muse with ecstasy divine.

Oh, South Wind! whisper low your loving story;
In fond embrace my drooping form enfold,
Till royal Summer, robed in regal glory,
Reflects the imagery of Heaven's gold.

E'en now I breathe the scent of summer flowers,
And press the emerald turf like eider-down,
And dream sweet dreams amid the fairy bowers
Where Queen Titania weaves her violet crown.
What matters it that dreamy winds are sighing?
What matters it my hours of toil and pain?
Though brightest hopes of early spring are dying,
They'll bloom again when comes the after-rain.

MARY E. K.







HOME COSTUME FOR YOUNG LADY.

Petticoat of black silk with pleated and gathered flounces. The first flounce is cut bias, and gathered above this is a kilted frill; again a wide band of straight silk, gathered near each edge to form a puffing in the centre and a frill on each edge. Princesse polonaise of grey cashmere or any fancy woollen material; round it is a bias fold, corded at the edge with maroon silk; the kilted pleating is of grey silk or alpaca to match the dress, is narrower in the front than at the back; the edge is turned over and piped with colour. The back of the polonaise is partially open at the skirt. The collar is of maroon silk, with a white linen collar inside.

Model of dress complete, 6s. 6d.; plain paper model of petticoat, 2s.; of polonaise, 2s. 8d.

NEEDLEWORK.

Diagonal Stripe for Counterpane, or for Diamond-shape Pieces to be sewed together.

Materials.—Three-thread white, or white and scarlet fleecy. This may be knitted in one or in two colours. If the latter, join the coloured wool after the 4th pattern is completed, which ends with a plain row knitted loosely. Bone or wood pins, No. 10

Cast on twenty-two stitches, that is six for each pattern, and on each side two edge stitches. Pearl and knit a row alternately for four times; the last *knitted* row being done *very loosely*.

1st. Pattern row.—Slip 1; K 1; * K 5 together. Wool in front pearl, but not take the stitch off the pin till the following is done:—Wool *round the pin to the front* pearl; wool round the pin again, pearl; now slip off the stitch to the right pin; thus there are five stitches in a group. Repeat from *; end with K 2.

2nd. Knit a row. *3rd.* Pearl. *4th.* Knit. *5th.* Pearl. *6th.* Knit a row *very loosely*.

Commence again by slip 1, K 1, K 5 together as at the first *.

Next to the diagonal stripe should be placed a stripe of plain knitting of twenty-two stitches, in which a design in scarlet wool should be introduced, or be embroidered in coloured wools. When the work is complete, a narrow embroidered band of plain knitting should go all round, a fringe of ends of wool to be tied in at the bottom and top only.

Embroidered Doyleys.

Materials.—Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s white Boar's Head Cotton, No. 10, and pink Maltese, No. 10, or their coarsest ingrain marking cotton. White jean or pique cotton canvas.

Either sketch a design with pencil on the material, as for a small mat, five inches square, reproduce the engraving by putting a piece of carbon paper the oily side downwards on the material, then the engraving on the black paper, and with a blunt pencil trace the pattern, pressing the pencil firmly, just as bills are made out in drapers' shops. The design can be worked on the hand in the manner indicated in the engraving, the darkest portion being in the coloured cottons. This embroidery is suitable for dresses, as it washes and wears well. It is admirable for children's pinafores and blouses. No other cotton does so well as the Boar's Head, as the latter is round, firm, and does not easily flatten, so that the work always looks in relief.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page 227) to Messrs Walter Evans & Co., of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

VISITING and reception dresses are the order of the day. Balls, indeed, become yearly fewer and fewer in Paris. And as only the very young dance in these days of progress, afternoon parties are preferred to late night balls. Reception and visiting dresses are nearly similar, in make they are entirely the same. The difference which exists between them is the colour or shade of the dress. Visiting dresses are darker in hue than reception dresses. Both are still made with very long skirts, forming a straight, tight sheath in front, with an endless train at the back. These skirts are no longer tied round the figure, but the two back seams, under the train, are joined together by india-rubber straps, which stretch to allow the body to enter, then close tightly round the figure, so soon as the skirt is pulled down into its place. I think that this is the last effort of the bracing system; what tighter strapping can be invented? The train at the back is held in the hand on all occasions, excepting in the drawing-room, there it is allowed to spread itself in all its peacock semblance.

Tight as these dresses are, they are becoming when well worn, and the figure

tolerably good. Handsome figures, indeed, look like animated statues; and the long, full, and flowing draperies of the train add a beauty to the figure. In order for one of these statue-like costumes to be pleasing and convenable, the dressmaker must provide the necessary under garments for it; for, unless correctly and appropriately under-skirted, these dresses look grotesque and ridiculous. A muslin frill, edged with lace, is added to the under hem of every train. This is to preserve the dress and keep the train from the feet.

But, fortunately, it is not necessary for every lady to select this costume, which is chiefly adapted to the young and slim. Portly persons, and those who may have passed their forty years, have a selection of Marie Stuart, Diana of Poitiers, and all the celebrated beauties of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. from which to choose. A few ladies also, especially those of very advanced tastes, adopt the Directoire fashions.

Thus, present dress may be divided into three distinct styles — the Grecian, the Grande-Période, and the Revolution or Directoire—and each lady selects which most suits her style of beauty and her social position.

The Grecian, however, is that most generally adopted. Its soft textures of embroidered cashmere and gauze are so exquisitely soft and poetically becoming. The Louis costumes are too expensive and too rich for ordinary wear, and they have become the almost exclusive right of Princesses and Duchesses, who becomingly wear heavy velvets and brocades, of which these magnificent costumes are composed. They are made in long train-skirts of silk brocade, with waistcoats of embroidered satin, and coats of braided velvet. The embroidery of the satin waistcoats is of the colour of the waistcoat or of coloured silk, representing flowers and foliage. Sometimes the entire waistcoat is covered with embroidery; sometimes only a wreath of flowers edges it. The large square pocket-flaps are embroidered in the same style. The coats are embroidered or braided to match their colour, or with gold or silver. Silk or satin coats may be embroidered in colours like the waistcoats, but not velvet coats. Cashmere coats are also made, but they are not so much worn as velvet or silk coats. Lace cravats, ruffles, and cuffs accompanying this dress; and, for out of doors, a mousquetaire hat with long ostrich feather is *de rigueur*.

For evening, the court dresses are made with open trains, over under-skirts of silk or satin. The trains alone are embroidered; the under-skirts are either untrimmed or are covered with lace. Deep collarets of old lace fall over the neck and shoulders, even when they are made low on the shoulders. This is an innovation which will become very popular. These collarets take the name of celebrated ladies who may have worn them. Thus we have already the Duchess of Berry collaret, the Valière collaret, the Virginia collaret, &c.

High mittens, reaching to the elbows, are now accepted in preference to gloves for demi-toilette. No drawing-room, indeed, can now be entered during the evening in gloves. These are reserved for balls, or for walking. They are not worn on any other occasion. For the theatre you must wear mittens, not gloves. They are made of lace or network, and of the colour of the dress, or black. They are plain or embroidered according to taste and means. Gold and silver thread mittens are worn. A little ruching of lace or ribbon surrounds the mittens at the elbow, with a bow of ribbon on one side. Dinner dresses are, one and all, edged with embroideries of silk, beads, and chenelle.

Flowers are worn in profusion this winter. Fans are composed entirely of flowers, train-holders of flowers, and pockets of flowers. We are in a flower fever.

Cravats are tied in a large careless bow, and a little on one side.

Chenelle nets, with Pompadour bow at the top, are fashionable.

For *sorties-de-ball*, black or white lace mantillas with a rose on one side and a gold arrow on the other. These head dresses are so becoming, that ladies prefer retaining them on their heads at the theatre instead of appearing with hat or bonnet.

In bonnets there is nothing new. Toques still rule the promenade and street. A few Tyrol hats are seen in carriages. These are made of plush, and trimmed with flowers, ribbons, and feathers. Toques have no flowers or ribbons; they are made entirely of feathers.

For morning-caps, the Charlotte Corday shape is the favourite. Little foulard fichus also are twisted round the head *à la Créole*, both for morning and night wear. They are edged with soft lace, or blonde, and are fastened to the hair by gold pins.

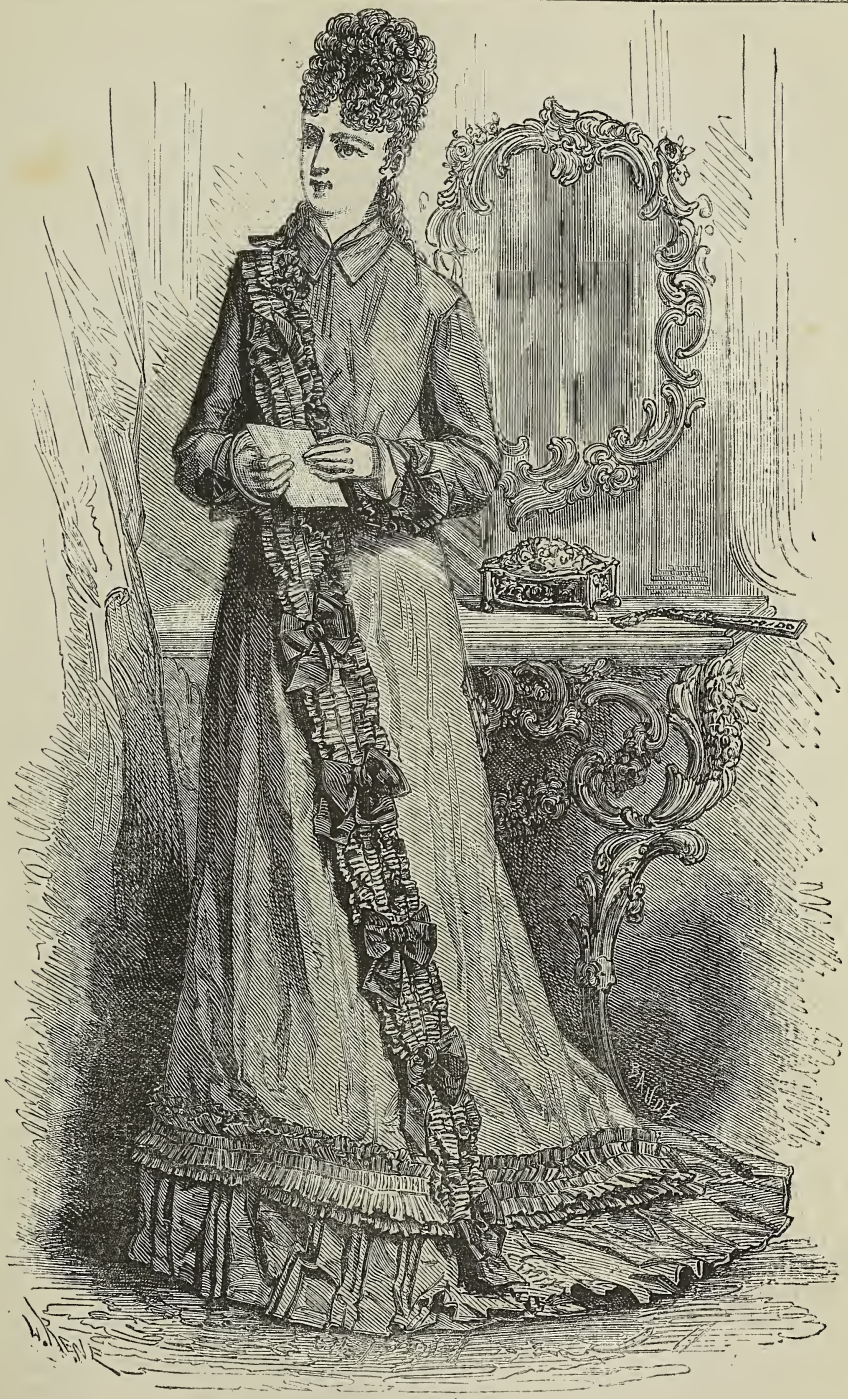
White matelassé is used for dressing-gowns.

M. DE B.



MORNING ROBE (*back view*).

Robe of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with cardinal red silk and ribbon. The Princesse polonaise and skirt are in one, which is flounced all round as in the front. At the back additional breadths are added to the polonaise—on the right side by securing two breadths under the bows of ribbon, on the left they are buttoned to it, these breadths cover the flounces of the polonaise, and are tacked under them. The pocket is lined with red, a portion of which turns over. The trimming commences on the right shoulder (see opposite page). The hair is worn in a most becoming style, with a bow of blue ribbon at the back.



MORNING ROBE (*front view*).

The front of this robe is trimmed with pleatings of blue silk alternating with plain spaces; in the latter are bows of cardinal ribbon. The trimming slopes off at the bottom of the dress, where it terminates in a point with a bow and ends. The back of the bodice is cut in four divisions; the front is partially full. The sleeves are not put in quite tight at the shoulders.

Model of robe complete, 6s. 6d.; plain paper pattern, 3s. 2d.

THE FASHIONS.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE FASHIONS.

The most that can be said of any distinctive style, or which is decidedly new, is that, at present, none exists. The very convenient mode of trimming has been introduced by the drapers—that of having the trimming of a dress sold as a set, just as flowers are sold for a ball dress. This can be removed to any dress, and can be worn several times with a little different arrangement. This saves time and service of a dressmaker. All kinds of trimmings are being made in this way—plush velvet, satin, silk, and lace.

For evening and dinner dresses, the robe is half-high, square in front; sleeves only to the elbow. The train is very long, and when the bodice, sleeves, and front breadths are of silk, then the train is velvet; but if the bodice be of velvet and the sleeves of silk, then the train is mingled with velvet, which is the material principally used. A trained velvet petticoat without trimming, a polonaise of silk and velvet, with as little trimming and fringe as possible, is now the grand mode; but then the fringes are exquisite, and also an extravagant price. Dresses for elderly ladies are remarkable for there richness, but those of young ladies are extremely simple—the materials being cashmere, lainage, that is all woollen materials, and French merinos, for the latter are far cheaper than cashmere, wear an endless time, and bear dyeing well. For evening wear and dinners, silk bareges are adopted; these are often striped and are much trimmed.

Polonaises, with bows of ribbon, are as long as the dress, and are mostly unlooped. An extra fulness is set in some inches below the back, and, where it commences, is concealed by a long loop of the same material, or by a succession of ends which reach nearly to the hem; but they are rarely looped, unless low down. The Princess form is still the favourite. Where the cuirass bodice is adopted, it has a deep fringe round. There will certainly be no change in the present style of dress until May, and the Parisian modistes assert that no fulness near the waist will be worn for a very long time to come.

All polonaises and overskirts are now so long that the skirt proper is almost concealed, and yet upon its cut and flow much of the beauty of the costume depends. It should be narrow, clinging in front and at the sides, long at the back, and its width around its lower edge should be on an average from three to three and a half yards. The three front gores are so closely sloped that there is no gathering or plaiting into the belt. The two straight back breadths are sewn to the belt in one large box-plait, and have a drawing-string about half a yard below the waist to confine all the fulness to the centre. The skirts are neither lined nor bound with braid; they are hemmed up with a deep bordering of crinoline, which is again faced with alpaca to match the dress, and then the dress material is turned up on these in the usual manner. Velvet skirts, and, indeed, all those of thick materials, are fitted closely around the hips, and have deep flounces for the necessary fulness, every means being taken to lessen any bulkfulness about the hips. Skirts are cut short enough in front and at the sides for comfortable walking, but the back is always a train, but thus much in its favour, it is so narrow it can be easily lifted. The dressmaker's principal object now in cutting the bodice is to make the figure look as slender and long-waisted as possible; hence the backs are narrow, the shoulder seams being cut farther back than has been the custom for some years. The fronts of polonaises are much trimmed with long-looped bows. And yet, with all these peculiar styles, never was there a time when partly-worn dresses and remnants could be utilised with more advantage, and this is because combinations in materials and colours are used for a single costume. No dress is made of one material only; and instead of shading tone upon tone of one colour, as last year, bright contrasts to dark colour are preferred. There are four shades of brown fashionable this winter; variations of seal and bronze brown, and some twilled brown materials are manufactured with gilded stripes, which are used for sleeves, cross bands, and collar. The time has passed for all bouffant tournures, and manufacturers are producing long, slender bustles, that serve to hold the lower part of the skirt from the feet. Plaitings of stiff crinoline placed inside each skirt serve the same purpose, the principal aim being to render the slope from the waist to the end of the train gradual, and to prevent the skirt clinging too closely about the

heels of the wearer, otherwise the effect of the overdress and long cloak is spoilt.

For evening dresses are overskirts composed entirely of flowers. They are composed of a light foundation of ribbon or gauze, which is covered with flowers of one kind, or else with a mixture of every variety. For the under edge, drooping flowers, such as fuchsias, are selected to form the fringe. Ribbons form the only trimming on such toilets, neither jewels nor any other ornaments being permissible. Transparent materials for the overdress of evening toilets show brocade and damask designs closely worked up to cover the whole material, while others have open lace worked grounds. These are called gauze grenadines, and are manufactured in new shades of lilac, canary colour, cream, the linden green (which is almost as pale as cream colour), Indienne blue, and foam green. They are made up as basque bodices, buttoned behind, with half-high square necks. The lower skirt of silk has a gauze grenadine drapery of folds, scarfs, and plaits, but not caught up in loops and bunches, as was formerly the fashion. These gauze scarves, which are draped in many different styles, are very fashionable just now, and at the Maison Roger the following may be seen:—A scarf of pale blue gauze embroidered all over with quite a shower of snowballs, the fringe of artificial flowers to match; a second of the same blue studded all over with swallows; and a third of white gauze worked with small tufts of lilies and ermine, the tufts of lilies being tied with gold. The fringe was white and gold, mixed with ermine tails of black silk, which fell above the fringe.

Close clinging bonnets that fit to the sides of the head are high in front, and have broad crowns sloping off abruptly behind, are the most popular. These are trimmed in the simplest manner, by a bias band of velvet an inch and a half wide, lined with gros grain. This band is passed around the crown, lapped high on the right side, where one or perhaps two small steel ornaments are stuck, while an ostrich tip or a cluster of cock's plumes trims the left side. The face trimming is a facing with puffs, a band, or loops of velvet or gros grain of some becoming colour. For young ladies are the loveliest Gainsborough bonnets, not hats in the exaggerated shapes worn during the autumn, but oddly shaped, one-sided bonnets of black or dark velvet made gay with clusters of roses, and requiring a handsome and elaborate coiffure beneath them, and more than all a young face. For such a setting these bonnets make an appropriate frame, especially with dressy carriage toilets. Worn with plain faces that have lost their youth, they are absurd caricatures. A black velvet Gainsborough has for its only touch of colour two or three cardinal roses stuck in the front on the black velvet band. A velvet band piped with silk is around the crown. Two black ostrich tips fastened on top of the brim nod over on the face trimming, and a wing of a black-bird is on the left side erect against the brim, which is turned up only at that point.

For children, there are a great variety of new costumes and mantles for the winter.

The Regent is a charming costume of velveteen for a little girl. It has a kilted velvet skirt, and a long jacket of embroidered cashmere, which shows under the velvet paletot, to match the skirt, half-fitting behind, open in front, with a velvet cross-strip and buttons at the top. With a velvet toquet and feather, this makes up an extremely elegant walking costume for a child.

The Milanese is a long paletot, forming a complete pelisse for children, of a new downy sort of cloth called drap-mousse, in all fashionable colours, and is extremely warm and comfortable for children of all ages in winter.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED PLATE.

Ball Dress of faille *tilleul* colour (blossom of the lime or linden tree). Cuirass bodice, trimmed with fringe. The skirt is moderately trained, and has at the hem a *chicorée ruche*. Two draperies of scarfs, white and tilleul colour, are draped with tilleul silk, and arranged point ways on the front; the lower forms a portion of the train, the upper is lost under the garlands of lilac of two colours.

Evening Dress for a Young Lady, of pale blue silk trimmed with embroidered Indian muslin. This trimming is formed of wide bands of muslin embroidered on each edge, gathered in two places; this covered by two rows of insertions, put on to form a puffing of the muslin. At the back, a cascade of muslin, which falls on the train of the robe. The bodice of silk only; the sleeves and jacket of muslin. Models of either dress, 8s. 6d.; plain paper patterns of tunic, 3s. 2d.; of blue polonaise, 2s. 8d.



BLACK SILK PALETOT, BRAIDED.

Braiding pattern on pattern of jacket, 6*s.* 6*d.*; *plain paper pattern,* 1*s.* 7*d.*

This style of paletot is suitable for weather when the winter paletots are too heavy. The material is black gros-grain, or fine black cloth; if the former, it is lined with flannel and silk; if of cloth, then lined with silk only; the braid is of mohair; the trimming is sable fur; the lower part of the pocket is for show rather than use; the upper part only, with simulated button-holes, holds the handkerchief. This design for paletot is given early, as those who may wish to braid it will have time before the warm weather comes. If the trimming be of ostrich feathers the paletot made in silk only, is suitable for summer wear. The pattern should be run on to the material with silk of the colour of the material, the paper torn away, and the braid sewed on to the silk tracing.



THE VIRGINIA COLLARETTE

Is a useful article of a lady's dress placed either on a new robe or to conceal the fraying of one that has been worn. In the engraving the collarette is of black satin embroidered in colours. It fastens at the back of the neck, where, in the shape of a flat collar, it is slightly open.

A collarette varies the monotony of an untrimmed bodice, and is easily transferred to any dress. It is pretty made in white muslin, and embroidered; or in black net, and the pattern darned with coloured dacca silk, not floss or filoselle, on account of the latter *fluffing* or catching in everything.

A collarette made of lace only on a net foundation is extremely handsome, and with an upright collar of a band of net fastened to it thus encircling the throat, is useful for ladies not young.



STRAW HAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL,

trimmed with cardinal ribbon and white chrysanthemums.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

BY MADAME VEVAY.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up:—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	2	8
Princesse polonaise	2	6
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Tabliers with different sides	2	6
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	8
Fichus	1	1
Cross overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	6
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New long Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, and the *size of waist.*

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, as well as at the heading of the paper, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters requiring an answer by post, forward a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps must be enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

SEVERAL ENQUIRERS.—The corset band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band have button-holes, and be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band.

S. E. M. (Tunbridge Wells).—Messrs. Hilditch, 11 and 12, Cheapside, have an old-established reputation for selling good silks. Time was, when they lived on Ludgate Hill, that whoever wanted to purchase a reliable silk went there. The goods were then accounted expensive but good. Now, the firm maintains the same character for excellence, with as moderate prices as can be obtained elsewhere. As you are coming to London, by all means call there.

ECONOMY.—Nothing is better than black grenadine for evening wear at home; it can be trimmed with gold braid or be piped with gold coloured silk, or with cardinal colour and cardinal bows. At night, the quality of the grenadine is not seen. You may get a very good one for 6d. or 8d. a yard. The petticoat must be silk, the flounces of alternate silk and grenadine, the latter kilted, the former on the bias.

Mrs. JAMES B. (Crediton).—Summer dressing-gowns are made of white twilled cambric, or of pique, or of cambric muslin. They are trimmed with work, some have lace; but it does not look so well as the former. Dressing-gowns should always be loose, and, for cleanliness, never below the petticoats. 2. Wear at night a "Nightingale jacket," which is no jacket, but two and a quarter yards of flannel cut and joined slanting in the back, the sleeves formed by sewing the ends and sides of the flannel together. A pattern can be sent for 1s. 1d.

MONTROSE, E. B.—Messrs. Avis, of 213, Upper Street, Islington, sells the Spatula corsets adapted to stout figures. You would, probably, have to put in a piece of coutil at each side, no ready-made stays are larger than twenty-nine inches in the waist. The corset band is made with button-holes to button it to the stays; or it is sewed round the stays, and two rows of buttons are put on whereby to button on petticoats of different lengths. The band of a flannel petticoat or any other can be made in a similar manner.

COMA GRIS (Nantes).—Madame Vevay's

hair wash. It would be expensive to send it so far. It could be forwarded by any London agent who is sending a parcel to the locality; ten bottles would cost in carriage but little more than two. Your opinion that it is the best of any washes is the same we hear daily. In the next parcel there will be no sulphur, as this eats off the hair. Use the portion you have left without shaking the bottle.

Elsie. — Marie Antoinette fichus are worn, but they suit only thin figures.

M. B. C.—You can introduce breadths of silk or damassé at the back of the polonaise, and on this place a pyramid of kilted flounces, but the point not to come above the train. These trains are awkward to manage. If you put velvet on damassé, and silk and velvet trimming, the effect will be good. Certainly, loops of ribbon or buttons down the front of the polonaise; the former preferable.

Minie.—For your ball-dress, pale green silk trimmed with white matelassé, and silver fringe mixed with silver lace. Silver gauze trimmed with snowdrops over the palest lilac silk. The sleeves only to the elbow.

Mrs. F.—Trim your black tulle with cardinal red and gold braid. (2). There is nothing to compensate for the lack of gentlemen. They won't come to balls, and dancing is falling into disuse in consequence. White is the most fashionable colour in Paris for evening dresses; it is embroidered in gold or silver, or in these colours with silk, in which the metal thread is largely introduced, and has a better effect than embroidery of wholly gold or silver.

Disappointed Bessie.—Read above. It is not wholly at English balls that gentlemen are scarce. It is in Paris the same, and cards are substituted for dancing. Young ladies do not play cards; hence a ball without gentlemen is dull. The *Queen* newspaper gives an account of one of the first costume balls of the season in Paris. By the way, these balls are very popular. You may take a hint from the following droll description:—"The ladies wear ordinary ball dresses, and the head only is travestied. This vagary produces most singular effects—sometimes pleasing, and sometimes comical to a degree. At a recent fancy ball there were heads of Egyptian goddesses, Bacchantes, gipsies, Neapolitans, Annes of Bretagne, Agnes Sorels, harlequins, Watteau peasants, powdered marquises, magicians, &c., and these with any ball dress it may have been convenient to wear. Perhaps the most pleasing was the Marvellous Cat, which had the head of a white cat perched on the top of the powdered hair. The gentlemen appear to emulate each other in dressing up their heads so as to look not only comical, but frightful. Thus, at the ball I referred to, one personated M. Prudhomme, another an old rag man, a third the Malade Imaginaire, a fourth a schoolmaster, and a fifth 'Le Monsieur Reveillé.' The last was simply a gentleman with a cotton nightcap on his head just as he would rise from his bed, and this always unbecoming head-dress produced a most laughable effect when it crowned full evening attire. This innovation is likely to prove quite a success. At other fancy balls, where the entire dress must be a travesty, some ladies have taken a fancy to array themselves in actresses' costumes, and those of Madames Judic and Théo, designed by Greuse, have been more than any others most faithfully copied. Then there are imitations of the Siren or mermaid's costume in blue, pink, white, and green, the two last being the most poetical. The costume is composed of a skirt of some pale-coloured crêpe worn over a petticoat of silver cloth, and edged with a fringe of grass, shells, and leaves powdered with crystal. The silvery cuirass bodice is either of the material woven to represent fish scales, or of pale green satin embroidered with gold and silver, the design representing Medusa heads and fishes. A siren's is one of the easiest costumes to imagine; with shells, mother-of-pearl, silvery fabrics, pearls, and dewdrops, the effect desired is not difficult to accomplish."

At a ball given recently by one of the Orleans Princes a lady wore a humming-bird costume. She wore a pale-green dress with a wide scarf of white silk gauze tied round the skirt; the gauze was embroidered with humming-birds in shaded silks, and fringed with floss silk, which looked as soft as snow. This scarf tunic was draped on one side with a large bow, in the centre of which was a humming-bird in diamonds. The head-dress consisted of a diamond and ruby humming-bird (the tail being entirely diamonds), and a large purple cactus on the left side. Small diamond humming-birds for earrings.



RECEPTION DRESS.

The material of petticoat tunic and bodice is of striped silk, trimmed with pleatings of plain silk, embroidered galon, and fringe. The petticoat has two plain kilted flounces. The train is added to the tunic, and is differently trimmed from the petticoat. The former droops low in the front, is high on each side and is twisted in a peculiar manner at the back. Cuirass bodice cut with three seams at the back. The galon forms a pointed trimming in front. The sleeves are rather large at the wrist.

Model of dress entire, 8s. 6d.; of tunic, 3s. 2d.; of bodice, 1s. 6d.



AN INFANT'S ROBE.



GIRL'S SUMMER PALETOT.

INFANT'S DRESS of white piqué or French merino; it is trimmed with English embroidery. At the back the skirt is in pleats, coming from below the large bow, and ends of ribbon placed at the centre of the back. This style of robe suits a child from two to four years old. Made of holland, without the work, and braided with white cotton braid, the robe answers instead of a blouse. Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

GIRL'S SUMMER PALETOT is made of washing cambric, écru, or brown holland, and is trimmed with English or with Richelieu embroidery. The paletot opens in front, and is buttoned from the neck downwards. Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

Some pretty spring coats have been devised for little girls' wear. They are made of light cloth, and trimmed with wide worsted braid the colour of the cloth, or wide black military braid. Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

THE BEAUTY COLUMN.

ENQUIRER.—Rowland's Kalydor preserves the complexion from tanning with the sun, or chapping. Washing in oatmeal-water is excellent for hard skins; but if you wish to preserve your complexion, wash the face night and morning in warm water and use violet powder. A good deal of powder-bismuth is too often mixed with violet powder. Mr. Hooper's, King William Street, London, is very pure and cheap.

COSMETIC FOR THE COMPLEXION.—A pint of treble strength elder-flower water; borax, half ounce; eau de Cologne, one ounce. Mix. Wash the face with it at night.

POMMADE DE BEAUTÉ.—Melt together in an earthen vessel placed in hot water one and a half drams of purified white wax; of spermaceti, two drachms; oil of sweet almonds, half an ounce; olive oil, half an ounce; beat together with two drops of balsam of Peru. When nearly cold, add a drop of acetic ether.

TO REMOVE WRINKLES.—Cod liver oil applied at night *is said* to do this. Glycerine and rose water, equal quantities, is preferable; but washing and bathing the face frequently in hot water is beneficial; also, this latter removes "acné" or black spots, sometimes termed "morphew."

FOR PRESERVATION OF CLOTHES FROM BLAZING FIRES.—Rinse them in a solution of tungstate of soda.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

A REMEDY FOR BLOOD-POISON, WHETHER RESULTING FROM JAUNDICE OR FROM DISEASES ACQUIRED THROUGH VACCINATION.—Put the white portion of a raw freshly-laid egg into a tumbler, add less than a wine-glassful of cold water once boiled, beat both together till to a froth; then drink it just ten minutes before a meal. Take this three times a day.—[This is a tried and successful remedy. It has restored many persons to health who have despaired of any medical treatment.—ED. L. T.]

CURE FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Get a bottle of Condy's fluid, use a tablespoonful to a pint of luke-warm water. If the burn be on the hand dip it in, and keep it there till the water turns yellow. The moment the fluid touches the burn or scald, the pain ceases. If the body is burned, use a bath, and renew the mixture as often as the water turns. Burns from carbolic acid are thus also cured. Forty grains of any permanganate of potash (2d.), put it in a pint of cold (boiled) water, and the like proportions used has the same effect.

A NEW METHOD OF WASHING has lately been adopted in several French towns with considerable advantage. One kilogramme (about two and a quarter pounds) of soap is stirred with a small quantity of water, making a kind of glue, which, after being slightly heated, is cooled in forty-five litres (a litre is a little more than an English quart; thus, it would be about twelve gallons English) of water, to which have been added a table-spoonful of oil of turpentine and two table-spoonfuls of ammonia. The mixture is vigorously stirred, and the water must be kept at a temperature of about thirty degrees Centigrade (eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit). Into this mixture are put the objects that are to be washed, and they remain there two hours before they are washed with soap. The soap water can again be heated, but some turpentine and ammonia must be added afresh. After the linen has been washed with soap it is brought into warm water, and then coloured with starch blue. This process, which saves time considerably, is also highly economical, the expense of washing being reduced about 100 per cent. Moreover, the employment of brushes, and other appliances which contribute to destroy the linen, is rendered entirely unnecessary, and the impurities are removed by the solution itself.—[This must be a purer way of washing linen than the English mode, inasmuch as by the above process the personal perspiration and other offensive matters absorbed by the clothes is thus eliminated from them; while, by the English laundresses, these offensive things are boiled *into* them. Most housekeepers here know the unpleasant odour of clothes sent from the laundresses home.—ED. L. T.]

BLACK-BOARDS USED FOR DRAWING DIAGRAMS UPON IN SCHOOLS.—Instead of the ordinary wall tables, diagrams, &c., used in technical and other schools, Professor Marx, of Stuttgart, recommends the use of black

paper and chalk. He orders from a paper-hanging manufactory an endless strip of black paper one metre broad, and cuts off a portion as required. The piece is then attached to the wall, and the writing or drawing produced on it with white or coloured chalk. The chalk is fixed on the paper by means of a spray-producing apparatus, such as is used by glass artists or dealers in caoutchouc; with this a dilute solution of spirits of wine shellac-solution is blown for a quarter of an hour against the chalk, which then apparently vanishes, but re-appears after drying. (The liquid is prepared by solution of fifty grains bleached shellac in one litre ordinary alcohol of eighty degrees to ninety degrees Fahrenheit.) The paper, when dry, can be rolled up without the chalk being obliterated. For ten years Professor Marx has used tables and drawings prepared thus; they generally stand rolled up in a corner, and when they have to be used they are opened out and fixed with pins on the wall.

How to Find Readily any Book in a Library.—The time spent in waiting for books in the British Museum is of importance to literary men. The Museum authorities have succeeded in reducing the time to a quarter of an hour. This is a great improvement; but "A. B. R." writes to say that in the library at St. Petersburg the time occupied in getting a book is not more than five minutes. The plan by which this is managed is as follows:—A cross is made in every book, with a number in each of the angles of it, thus: $\frac{7}{10} \mid \frac{9}{15}$. Of these, the first stands for the particular room, out of the nineteen rooms of the library, in which the book in question is placed; the second number stands for the bookcase in which it is to be found; the third number for the shelf in that bookcase; and the fourth number for the number from left to right of the shelf.—*Examiner.*

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

German Bread Pudding.—Crumb ten ounces of bread, pour half a pint of milk upon it; when well soaked, add about two ounces of clarified butter, three eggs well beaten, and three ounces of sugar. The butter to be added last. Butter a basin well, lay in a layer about an inch thick, then a layer of apricot jam or orange marmalade, and so on alternately until the basin or mould is full, with a layer of bread at last. Boil or steam it nearly an hour, but do not let the water come to the top. Turn it out, and serve with some of the preserves on the top and some sweet sauce round the dish.

Elsie.—*Chicory Colouring.*—This is not bitter if properly made. Two ounces of dark chicory, pour on it a pint of boiling water, let it boil up once, fine it by pouring a cupful out and back twice; when fine, use a teaspoonful or tablespoonful as needful. When two ounces of chicory are made into colouring with half a pint of boiling water, this decoction should be poured into a bottle, and will serve to mix with a greater quantity of water.

Gas Stove.—Have an iron plate put on the oven plate, or place in the oven a gridiron with the handle cut off; nothing will burn then. Raise the paste first by putting the tart under the deflecting jets, and afterwards finish in the oven.

Invalid.—Two tablespoonfuls of fine Scotch barley, well washed three times in warm water then in cold, put on in a pint and a half of *cold* water, a salt spoonful of salt, and half a pound of shin of beef; boil for three hours. This is most restorative and nice.

Marion L.—Stand the basin of milk in a basin of hot water and on the outside of a warm oven; in a few hours a thick cream will have risen; take it off, aud drink the skim milk. It is nourishing, and *not* saccharine, and acts beneficially on a weak system; but then the milk must be good—not poor milk.

Chestnuts Celeried.—Put a teaspoonful of celery seed into a quart of *cold* water, and a teaspoonful of salt; when this has boiled for twenty minutes, throw in the chestnuts; let them boil rapidly for twenty minutes, when they will be cooked. Take them out and dry them in the oven. Serve in a napkin. These are excellent eating with a little cold fresh butter.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

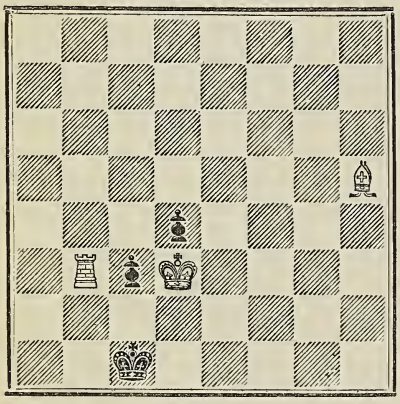
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XIII.

BY THE LATE J. KLING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in THREE moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 8.	1. Anything.

2. Mates accordingly.

(This problem can also be solved by 1 Q to B 2 ch.)

Correct solutions received from W. McArthur and M. A. Coad.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M'Arthur.—Your letter arrived in time. We have written to you.

IT is with sincere regret that we announce the death of J. Kling, the famous chess analyst and problem composer. Herr Kling was a professor of music, and he came to this country in its pursuit many years ago. As a composer of chess problems his name will ever be remembered, and he deservedly ranked with the greatest masters of the art in that branch of the game. He was a competitor in the last two tourneys of the late British Chess Association. In 1866 his set gained the third prize, and in 1872 he was awarded the special prize for the best two-move problem. Herr Kling was born at Mayence in 1811.

THE *Chess Players' Chronicle*.—This magazine has reappeared under the control of the Rev. C. E. Ranken, of Malvern.

The members of the Mid-German Chess Association of Leipsic will hold a festival in honour of Herr Anderssen's birthday some time this year.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

ERRATA IN JANUARY NUMBER :—

1. Double Acrostic, line 8, for *which* read *what*.
2. Mathematical (3), for $\frac{38}{9}$ read $3\frac{8}{9}$.
3. ,, (4), for $\frac{1}{100}$ per day, read $\frac{1}{120}$.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. A boy having been told to multiply a fraction by a certain number by mistake inverted the fraction before multiplying. It was found that the true answer, the false one, and the difference between those were exact squares. What was the fraction (proper) and the number in question?

2. The late Professor de Morgan, who died a few years ago, is said to have replied to some one, asking his age, "I shall be x in x^2." Will any lady reader give his age and the year in which he was born from the above data alone?

3. Place *four* ones in such a manner as to represent a dozen.

4. What is that sum which produces £285 interest (simple) in nineteen years at 3 per cent?

5. A can do a certain piece of work in three days, B the same in four days, and C in five days. They work one day at a time, each taking his turn in the order above. When will they finish it?

6. Explain the method of constructing magic squares (see back numbers of this magazine for examples) for odd numbers.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. The weights—1, 3, 9, and 27 lbs.—fulfil the conditions.

2. Here 20 apples cost $20 \div 5 \times 2 = 8$d.; and $30 \div 5 \times 3 = 18$d., cost of 30 at 5 for 3d. Therefore 50 apples cost 2s. 2d. But these were sold $50 \div 5 \times 2\frac{1}{2} = 25$d. The loss was therefore *one* penny.

Answered by W. Munn, E. E. Roche, E. Bedford, B. Carr, S. Cater, A. F. Chifferiel, K. Cope, H. P. Dean, T. Suter, E. R. Hensman, J. Trotter, W. Hildesley, E. Knights, H. Stanley, W. Ayton, T. Webster, J. L. Bongard, W. Beckford, W. Parnell, A. Sanders, C. Courtney, C. Weingott, Maggie, George S., Jane P., Georgina Waters (2).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FarM, AdO, ToT, HannaH, EvE, RobbeR.
Father—Mother.

Answered by G. Waters, Jane Proctor, Alice, Maggie, and G. B. V.

N.B.—Would any reader kindly look over the answer to the Mathematical Puzzle in last number, and, should it be found that any lady (represented by small letters) or any gentleman (by capitals) appears at Mr. Punch's table *twice* in company with the same person, communicate the fact, and oblige.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

THE infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was christened at the Palace of Sant' Antonio, Malta, on January 1. The ceremony was private, and few invitations were issued. The names given to the infant Princess were Victoria Melita. The sponsors were her Majesty the Queen, the Grand Duchess Cesarevna, the Princess Louis of Hesse, Prince Leopold, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. By her Majesty's desire the Hon. Mrs. Monson represented the Queen, and the other sponsors were represented by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The robe worn by the infant Princess was the same one that was worn at their christenings by all her Majesty's children and grandchildren. After the ceremony the guests partook of luncheon with their Royal Highnesses.—The Duchess of Edinburgh held a reception on Thursday at the Valetta Palace, and all classes of people resident in Malta attended.

PRINCES FREDERICK WILLIAM AND HENRY OF PRUSSIA, both grandsons of Queen Victoria, are about to pass their examination of "maturity" before quitting the gymnasium of Cassel.

THE Post Office officials give notice that on and after the 1st of this month telegrams for banks, counting-houses, offices, and other places of business in the city of London, which may arrive on Sundays and after eight p.m. on week days, will not be delivered until the following morning, unless a request be made in writing, by the addressees, that such telegrams may be delivered immediately on their arrival. The department hopes by this means, without causing inconvenience to the public, to put a stop to the loss or delay of business telegrams which not unfrequently occurs through their being overlooked or mislaid after delivery at places of business which are closed.

MISS P. A. BRINK, M.D., recently left Calcutta for the little State of Punnah, where she was to stay for a month under an engagement with the Maharajah to treat some members of his Highness's family. She would return at expiry of that time to resume her practice at Calcutta.

GENTLEWOMEN'S SELF-HELP INSTITUTE, 15, BAKER STREET.—None of the workers live on the premises; rooms are provided for the saleswoman alone. The current expenses of the society amount to from £600 to £650. The sum received by the working members last year was £517 19s. 1½d. by work to order, and £867 6s. 11½d. by the sale of their own goods, making a total of £1385 6s. 1d. Constant employment is given to about fifty ladies by order in plain work, and at the present time about fifty others are employed on orders in other work. The Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute is established for ladies, and necessitous ones. It does not accept the work of anybody who chooses to sell it. The committees are particular in their admission of members, and accept only those who can satisfactorily show that they are ladies, and are in need.

MISSING.—During 1875 no less than 10,609 persons were reported to the police as either lost or missing.

THE accounts of the Crystal Palace Company for the fourteen months ending 31st December last, were submitted to the directors recently, and show—subject to audit—that, after providing for the dividend for fourteen months on the debenture stock, there will be a balance to the credit of the general revenue account sufficient to admit of the payment of a dividend on the preference stock of the company at the rate of two and one-third per cent. for the twelve months ending 31st October last, and at the rate of seven per cent. for the two months ending 31st December last.

THE King of Spain and the Princess of the Asturias have opened in Madrid a children's hospital, the first established in Spain. It is on the English model. The Duchess of Santona is the foundress.

A FUND is being raised for the purpose of procuring an annuity for Miss Park, the niece of Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller. Miss Park is now in her seventy-third year and in somewhat reduced circumstances.

THE *Westminster Gazette* says, "We learn on good authority from Rome that the young Prince Louis Napoleon has been initiated by Prince Humbert into the mysteries of Italian Freemasonry. The Pope is very dissatisfied with the conduct of the ex-Empress Eugénie and of her son. Pius IX. had advised the young Prince to quit Italy as soon as possible. This judicious advice, however, has not been followed; on the contrary, the Empress has been very assiduous in her visits to the Quirinal, and is in constant intercourse with those of the noble families in Rome who are partisans of King Victor Emanuel. For these reasons the Pope refused to dispense with his own hands the Holy Communion both to the Empress and the Prince. As the Empress Eugénie's request was made to him the Pope said, 'Anche, l'altro presela Santa Comunione a Santa Anna dorata.' By the 'other' the Pope meant Napoleon III. The Pope held up as an example to the Empress and the Prince the conduct of Don Carlos, who on his recent visit to Rome sought the Apostolic blessing, and on advice at once took his departure from Italy."

THE vast majority of Queen Victoria's subjects (139,000,000) are neither Protestants nor Catholics, but Hindoos, while the Mohammedans, 40,000,000 in number, are themselves more numerous than the Protestants of all denominations in the empire.

AFTER seven years' repeated remonstrances on the part of the art librarian at South Kensington on the insufficiency of accommodation for the readers, of whom last year there were upwards of 24,000, the *Academy* says there is now about to be built a fitting reading-room for their use. The old entrance to the museum, with its mass of small buildings adjoining, is being pulled down to give a suitable site for a new library.

THERE is to be a manufactory of Gobelin tapestry at Windsor. Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Leopold are interested in it. The total cost of the required buildings is estimated at about £15,000, to be raised by donations; a subscription of £1000 or more entitling to a foundership, with certain privileges. £3000 have already been promised, and the grant of a suitable site on Crown land, opposite the entrance gate to the Royal Gardens at Windsor, with the frontage of the main building facing the river just above Albert Bridge, is under consideration.

MDDLE. SARAH BERNHARDT, the actress of the Français, who has been playing the *Etrangère* before the King of Holland, has just received the following letter from his Majesty:—"Mademoiselle,—Desirous, as I cannot otherwise be of offering you a mark, how-

ever modest, of my high esteem and very great admiration of the talent, as highly dramatic as artistic, with which you are so powerfully endowed, allow me to present you with the Grand Medal of Art. The medal and accompanying diploma will reach you in a few days through my Minister accredited to the French Republic. Hoping that you will kindly and indulgently accept my offer, receive the assurance of the sentiments of high esteem and consideration with which I have the honour to be your very affectionate GUILLAUME."

APPEAL.—A journalist, of high character and several years' experience, with a wife and two children dependent upon him, was struck down by nervous disease fifteen months ago. After many months' illness, his life being often despaired of, he has regained his bodily and mental powers, but remains totally blind. It is proposed to collect a small sum of money sufficient to start his wife in business, and subscriptions for this worthy object are solicited. Particulars may be learned from, and donations forwarded to, Justin McCarthy, Esq., 48, Gower Street, W.C.; Edward D. J. Wilson, Esq., Reform Club; E. R. Russell, Esq., *Daily Post* Office, Liverpool; and Sherard B. J. Burnaby, Esq., 3, Plowden Buildings, Temple, E.C.

OLIVE LOGAN describes, in a letter to the *Graphic*, the magnificent mausoleum which Queen Victoria has erected to the memory of the Prince Consort. "The entrance to this sanctuary is so scrupulously guarded that even the Queen's children cannot enter there without written permit. An exception to this rigorous rule is made on the anniversary of the Prince's death—the 14th of December—when, after services held in the presence of the Queen alone, members of the Royal Family and certain officers of the household are admitted. Eye has hitherto not seen the equal in magnificence of this mausoleum; imagination can scarcely conceive it; words are quite powerless to describe it. The rarest pictures, the choicest statues, the most gorgeous gems known to our comprehension, glitter and glow with an almost barbaric splendour on every hand. It has already cost £5,000,000 sterling, and is not yet finished. Those who have seen the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park will have difficulty in understanding how anything could be grander than that; but that monument to departed greatness is as a Delft plate to a Sèvres vase, compared to the souvenir to her consort which the Queen has erected at Windsor. So great is the gorgeousness displayed in this tribute that one cannot help wondering what finer or more imposing erection mortal hands could raise in England over the body of the Queen herself."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

MISS S.—The shake to be played on the A second space, commencing with the first and second fingers, to be changed to the thumb and first finger at the conclusion of the bar, where the A occurs as an octave. The other notes G are to be struck also with the proper fingers, not interfering with the shake. *We find it impossible to answer letters privately.*

SARA.—It will not do. What is there of interest in it?

J. C. (Cambrian).—No space available. Thank you much.

A WIFE.—The Married Women's Property Act (1870) enacts that "The wages and earnings of any married woman, acquired or gained by her in any employment, occupation, *or trade in which she* is engaged, or which she carries on separately from her husband; and also any money or property so acquired by her through the exercise of any literary, artistic, or scientific skill; and all investments of such wages, earnings, money, or property, shall be deemed or taken to be *property held and settled to* her separate use, *independent* of any husband to whom she may be married, and her receipt alone shall be a good discharge for such wages, earnings, money, and property."—*Notary.*

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The cost of THE LADIES' TREASURY is 6d., postage 7d.; the yearly volume 7s. 6d., very beautifully bound; covers for binding the numbers, 1s. 6d.

MARY G.—Before the almond oil, or rather nut oil, turns rancid, add a drop or two of acetic ether; pure salad oil is better than nut oil for the hair.

ENQUIRIES.

Can you tell me who was the Holy Maid of Kent?—*Ben.* [One Elizabeth Barton, who hindered the Reformation, and asserted that Henry VIII. would die a violent death if he married Anne Boleyn. The Holy Maid of Kent was hanged at Tyburn in 1534.—*E. W.*]

When was the *Illustrated News* issued, and by whom?—*Cæsar.* [It was first issued in 1842 by Mr. Herbert Ingram.—*Ed. L. T.*]

Will you be good enough to tell me what is meant by "a dry wine?"—*L. L.* [A wine is said to be dry when not sweet—"sec," dry, from whence we have the word sack in Shakespeare's day.]

PRIEST AND KING AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHISEDEC.—What was this order, and was Melchisedec the name of a man or an order?—*Curioso.*

I want to live in a high and dry situation; can anyone recommend me a place, town or village, the latter preferred?—*Hurried.*



THE LOVERS' "GOOD-BYE."—LIFE IN VENICE. From a Painting by Professor C. Beeker.

VENICE.

"BEAUTIFUL VENICE, Bride of the Sea," as she once was, but now

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And annual marriage now no more renewed.
The Bucentaur* lies rotting unrestored!
Neglected garment of her widowhood;
St. Mark yet sees his lion† where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an emperor sued,‡
And monarchs gazed and envied, in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

". . . . . Venice lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks like a seaweed into—whence she rose.

"Statues—of glass all shivered—the long file
Of her dead Doges, are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust—
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets. . . .

"I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart."

Thus said Lord Byron in "Childe Harold"; and though beautiful Venice was certainly in direful decay, let us hope that her downward tendency is stopped by the introduction of that modern civiliser—the railway; for where it enters it brings with it a new creation—a new birth.

When Italy was overrun by that scourge of God Attila, many families fled for shelter to the lagoons and marshes, upon which were some fishermen's huts. From them, it is said, the city of Venice took its name—*venna*,§ a fisherman. These lagoons were then ten miles from the continent. Here the city grew into one of the first marts in the world, governed by a Republic, the chief of which was termed the Doge, a duke; and here every year this high peerage went in state to the Adriatic, or Gulf of Venice, and threw his ring into it, in token of the sovereignty of the Republic of Venice over its waters.

Harriett Prescott Spofford, in an article on Mediæval Furniture, writes:—"While our ancestors and most of the inhabitants of Western Europe had been occupied with petty warfare among their petty strongholds, Venice had inherited the splendours of the Greek Empire, and made herself cosmopolitan by her commerce with all the known world. Magnificence, and grace, and beauty could go no further than they went in the civil buildings of the Venetian Gothic.

"When the greater part of Christendom sat in comfortless squalor, without chimneys or fireplaces, without glass in the windows, with no pleasures but those of war, and such rude diversions as hawking and the chase, Venice was mounting an eminence of social and intellectual culture. She had but few houses without gardens of some description, and also aviaries, with a passion among her people for music, birds, and flowers, and with a discriminating taste in colour, so that ultramarine blue was already known as the Venetian colour.

"Slow as communication was then — so slow that fifty days were required for a Venetian to receive from Constantinople an answer to his message, yet Venice in the eighth* century kept up constant intercourse with Greece, Egypt, and India; and in her adventures familiarised herself with France, England, and Flanders. The Venetians then led the fashions of the world in the fair at Pavia, where the courtiers of Charlemagne were eager to buy mantles like their monarch's, and the ladies sought cloaks of cloth of gold like those which the brides of Venice wore. The wealth of Venice even then was enormous. An abbess could afford to give the Doge a diadem in whose centre a huge diamond was surrounded by a wreath of huge pear-shaped pearls, underneath was a blazing ruby, upholding a gold cross inlaid with more than a score of priceless emeralds.

"Many of the dwellings of private citizens were like palaces. Twenty thousand ducats of that period was not considered an immoderate price for a house, and two thousand more were expended on ultramarine for painting, and upon the gilding, carving, painting, mosaic-work, and glass of a single room. The commonest citizen broke as much as he liked of the lovely and now priceless glass, fashioned by the fingers only; and this at a time when in England

* The vessel in which the Doge of Venice used to proceed to wed the Adriatic, from the twelfth to the eighteenth century.

† The standard of the Republic of Venice.

‡ Frederic Barbarossen, A.D. 1177.

§ "Words and Places." By the Rev. Isaac Taylor.

* The close of our Saxon Heptarchy.

drinking vessels of glass were so rare that Henry III. had but a single cup, the gift of Guy Roussillon, and which the king sent to the goldsmith Edward of Winchester, with instructions to set it in hoops of silver-gilt, and with a handle, that he might present it to the Queen."

We were eight hundred years attaining to only a tithe of the civilisation of the Venetians. Two centuries since Venice is described as having four hundred and fifty bridges built across its different channels. In the midst of the city the great canal in serpentine form winds its way. The Rialto is the principal bridge over it. Although every door in Venice can be reached by solid ground, yet at one time there were said to be fifteen thousand gondolas plying for passengers. The gondola is—

"A long, covered boat, that's common here,
Curved at the prow, built lightly but compactly.
Rowed by the rowers, each called—gondolier.
It glides along the water looking blockly,
Just like a coffin clap in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

From the fourth century to the nineteenth the Republic of Venice existed, and owned a considerable portion of Greece. It fell under the First Napoleon, in the wars consequent upon the French Revolution in 1792.

Our engraving depicts a scene which was not of unusual occurrence at that date, when the fair Venetian dames accepted, under parental ban, Frenchmen for lovers.

Fair Venice fell from her high estate chiefly through her own despotic government.

"Her palaces are desolate, her nobles are no more."

Yet the ruined palaces in Venice are objects of great interest to travellers. Mr. Howells, in his "Year in a Venetian Palace," relates some pleasant stories of "the Giustianini," who were a family of patricians during the times of the Republic that gave so many splendid names to history. This palace, in 1862, was let into apartments, some of which Mr. Howells and his family occupied.

The Giustiniani were a family of patricians very famous during the times of a Republic that gave so many splendid names to history, and the race was preserved to the honour and service of Saint Mark by one of the most romantic facts of his annals. During a war with the Greek Emperor in the twelfth century every known Giustiniani was slain, and the heroic strain seemed lost for ever. But the State that mourned them bethought itself of a half-forgotten monk of their house, who was wasting his life in the Convent of San Nicolo; he was drawn forth from this seclusion, and, the permission of Rome being won, he was married to the daughter of the reigning doge. From them descended the Giustiniani of aftertimes, who still exist; indeed, in the year 1865 there came one day a gentleman of the family, and tried to buy from our landlord that part of the palace which we humbly and insufficiently inhabited. It is said that as the unfrocked friar and his wife declined in life they separated, and, as if in doubt of what had been done for the State through them, retired each into a convent, Giustiniani going back to San Nicolo, and dying at last to the murmur of the Adriatic waves along the Lido's sands.

Next after this Giustiniani I like best to think of that latest hero of the family, who had the sad fortune to live when the ancient Republic fell at a threat of Napoleon, and who alone of her nobles had the courage to meet with a manly spirit the insolent menaces of the conqueror. The Giustiniani governed Treviso for the Senate; he refused, when Napoleon ordered him from his presence, to quit Treviso without the command of the Senate; he flung back the taunts of bad faith cast upon the Venetians; and when Napoleon changed his tone from that of disdain to one of compliment, and promised that in the general disaster he was preparing for Venice, Giustiniani should be spared, the latter generously replied that he had been a friend of the French only because the Senate was so; as to the immunity offered, all was lost to him in the loss of his country, and he should blush for his wealth if it remained intact amidst the ruin of his countrymen.

The family grew in riches and renown from age to age, and, some four centuries after the marriage of the monk, they reared the three beautiful Gothic palaces, in the noblest site on the Grand Canal, whence on one hand you can look down to the Rialto Bridge, and on the other, far up towards the church of the Salute, and the Basin of St. Mark. The architects were those Buoni, father and son, who did some of the most beautiful work on the Ducal Palace, and who wrought in an equal inspiration upon these homes of the Giustiniani, building the delicate Gothic arches of the windows, with their slender columns and their graceful

balconies, and crowning all with the airy battlements.

The largest of the three palaces became later the property of the Foscari family, and here dwelt with his father that unhappy Jacopo Foscari, who after thrice suffering torture by the State for a murder he never did, at last died in exile; hither came the old Doge Foscari, who had consented to this cruel error of the State, and who after a life spent in its service was deposed and disgraced before his death; and hither, when he lay dead, came remorseful Venice, and claimed for sumptuous obsequies the dust which his widow yielded with bitter reproaches. Here the family faded away generation by generation until, the last male survivor of the line having died under a false name in London, where he had been some sort of obscure actor, there were but two old maiden sisters left, who, lapsing into imbecility, were shown to strangers by the rascal servants as the last of the Foscari; and here in our time was quartered a regiment of Austrian troops, whose neatly pipe-clayed belts decorated the balconies on which the princely ladies of the house had leaned their jewelled arms in other days.

The Foscari added a storey to the palace to distinguish it from the two other palaces Giustiniani, but these remain to the present day as they were originally planned. That in which we lived was called Palazzo Giustiniani of the Bishops, because one of the family was the first patriarch of Venice. After his death he was made a saint by the Pope; and it is related that he was not only a very pious, but a very good man. In his last hours he admitted his beloved people to his chamber, where he meekly lay upon a pallet of straw, and at the moment he expired, two monks in the solitude of their cloister heard an angelical harmony in the air: the clergy performed his obsequies not in black funereal robes, but in white garments, and crowned with laurel, and bearing gilded torches, and although the patriarch had died of a malignant fever, his body was miraculously preserved incorrupt during the sixty-five days that the obsequies lasted. The other branch of the family was called the Giustiniani of the Jewels, from the splendour of their dress; but neither palace now shelters any of their magnificent race. The edifice on our right was exclusively occupied by a noble Viennese lady, who, as we heard—vaguely, in the right Venetian fashion—had been a ballet-dancer in her youth, and who now in her matronly days dwelt apart from her husband, the Russian count, and had gondoliers in blue silk, and the finest gondola on the Grand Canal, but was a plump, florid lady, looking low and out of her true place in life.

Our own palace—as we absurdly grew to call it—was owned and inhabited in a manner much more proper to modern Venice, the proprietorship being about equally divided between our own landlord and a very well-known Venetian painter, son of a painter still more famous. This artist was a very courteous old gentleman, who went with Italian and clock-like regularity every evening in summer to a certain café, where he seemed to make it a point of conscience to sip one sherbet, and to read the *Journal des Débats*. In his coming and going we met him so often that we became friends, and he asked us many times to visit him, and see his father's pictures, and some famous frescoes with which his part of the palace was adorned. It was a characteristic trait of our life, that though we constantly meant to avail ourselves of this kindness, we never did so. But we continued in the enjoyment of the beautiful garden, which this gentleman owned at the rear of the palace, and on which our chamber windows looked. It was full of oleanders and roses, and other bright and odorous blooms, which we could enjoy perfectly well without knowing their names; and I could hardly say whether the garden was more charming when it was in its summer glory, or when, on some rare winter day, a breath from the mountains had clothed its tender boughs and sprays with a light and evanescent flowering of snow. At any season the lofty palace walls rose over it, and shut it in a pensive seclusion which was loved by the old mother of the painter, and by his elderly maiden sister. These often walked on its moss-grown paths, silent as the roses and oleanders to which one could have fancied the blossom of their youth had flown; and sometimes there came to them there grave, black-gowned priests—for the painter's was a devout family—and talked with them in tones almost as tranquil as the silence was, save when one of the ecclesiastics placidly took snuff—it is a dogma of the Church for priests to take snuff in Italy—and thereafter, upon a prolonged search for his handkerchief, blew a resounding nose. So far as we knew, the garden walls circumscribed the whole life of these ladies; and I am

afraid that such topics of this world as they touched upon with their priests must have been deplorably small.

Their kinsman owned part of the storey under us, and both of the storeys above us; he had the advantage of the garden over our landlord; but he had not so grand a gondola gate as we, and in some other respects I incline to think that our part of the edifice was the finer. It is certain that no mention is made of any such beautiful hall in the property of the painter as is noted in that of our landlord, by the historian of a "Hundred Palaces of Venice"—a work for which I subscribed, and then for my merit was honoured by a visit from the author, who read aloud to me in a deep and sonorous voice the annals of our temporary home. This hall occupied half the space of the whole floor, but it was altogether surrounded by rooms of various shapes and sizes, except upon one side of its length, where it gave through Gothic windows of vari-coloured glass, upon a small court below, a green-mouldy little court, further made damp by a cistern, which had the usual curb of a single carved block of marble. The roof of this stately *sala* was traversed by a long series of painted rafters, which in the halls of nearly all Venetian palaces are left exposed, and painted or carved and gilded. A suite of stately rooms closed the hall from the Grand Canal, and one of these formed our parlour; on the side opposite the Gothic windows was a vast aristocratic kitchen, which, with its rows of shining coppers, its great chimney-place well advanced towards the middle of the floor, and its tall gloomy windows, still affects my imagination as one of the most patrician rooms which I ever saw; at the back of the hall were those chambers of ours overlooking the garden of which I have already spoken, and another kitchen, less noble than the first, but still sufficiently grandiose to make most other kitchens seem very meekly minute and unimpressive. Between the two kitchens was another court, with another cistern, from which the painter's family drew water with a bucket on a long rope, which, when let down from the fourth story, appeared to be dropped from the clouds, and descended with a noise little less alarming than thunder.

Altogether the most surprising object in the great *sala* was a sewing-machine, and we should have been inconsolably outraged by its presence there, amid so much that was merely venerable and beautiful, but for the fact that it was in a state of harmonious and hopeless despair, and, from its general contrivance, gave us the idea that it had never been of any use. It was, in fact, kept as a sort of curiosity by the landlord, who exhibited it to the admiration of his Venetian friends.

The reader will doubtless have imagined, from what I have been saying, that the Palazzo Giustiniani had not all that machinery which we know in our houses here as modern improvements. It had nothing of the kind, and life there was, as in most houses in Italy, a kind of permanent camping out. When I remember the small amount of carpeting, of furniture, and of upholstery we enjoyed, it appears to me pathetic; and yet I am not sure that it was not the wisest way to live. I know that we had compensation in things not purchasable here for money. If the furniture of the principal bedroom was somewhat scanty, its dimensions were unstinted; the ceiling was fifteen feet high, and was divided into rich and heavy panels, adorned each with a mighty rosette of carved and gilded wood, two feet across. The parlour had not its original decorations in our time, but it had once had so noble a carved ceiling that it was found worth while to take it down and sell it in England; and it still had two grand Venetian mirrors, a vast and very good painting of a miracle of Saint Anthony, and imitation-antique tables and arm-chairs. The last were frolicked all over with carven nymphs and cupids; but they were of such frail construction that they were not meant to be sat in, much less to be removed from the wall against which they stood; and more than one of our American visitors was dismayed at having these proud articles of furniture go to pieces upon his attempt to use them like mere arm-chairs of ordinary life. Scarcely less impressive or useless than these was a monumental plaster-stove, surmounted by a bust of Æsculapius; when this was broken by accident, we cheaply restored the loss with a bust of Homer (the dealer in the next campo being out of Æsculapiuses), which no one could have told from the bust it replaced; and this and the other artistic glories of the room made us quite forget all possible blemishes and defects. And will the reader mention any house with modern improvements in America which has also windows with pointed arches of marble opening upon balconies that overhang the Grand Canal?

At the risk of an apparent immodesty, I am obliged to assume that perhaps one or two of my readers may have looked at a book I once wrote about Venice; and for their sake I will say that it was to Palazzo Giustiniani we removed when we left Casa Falier in order to get rid of an attached and faithful servant. For our new apartment, which consisted of six rooms furnished with every article necessary for Venetian housekeeping, we paid four shillings and twopence a-day, which in the innocence of our hearts we thought rather dear, though we were somewhat consoled by reflecting that this extravagant outlay secured us the finest position on the Grand Canal. We did not mean to keep house as we had in Casa Falier, and perhaps a sketch of our cheaper *ménage* may not be out of place. Breakfast was prepared in the house, for in that blessed climate all you care for in the morning is a cup of coffee, with a little bread and butter, a musk-melon, and some clusters of white grapes, more or less. Then we had our dinners sent in warm from a cook's who had learned his noble art in France; he furnished a dinner of five courses for three persons at a cost of about tenpence each; and they were dinners so happily conceived and so justly executed that I cannot accuse myself of an excess of sentiment when I confess that I sigh for them to this day. Then as for our immaterial tea, we always took that at the Caffè Florian in the Piazza of Saint Mark, where we drank a cup of black coffee and ate an ice, while all the world promenaded by, and the Austrian bands made heavenly music.

Those bands no longer play in Venice, and I believe that they are not the only charm which she has lost in exchanging Austrian servitude for Italian freedom; though I should be sorry to think that freedom was not worth all other charms. The poor Venetians used to be very rigorous about the music of their oppressors, and would not come into the Piazza until it had ceased and the Austrian promenaders had disappeared, when they sat down at Florian's, and listened to such bands of strolling singers and minstrels as chose to give them a concord of sweet sounds without foreign admixture. We, in our neutrality, were wont to sit out both entertainments, and then go home well toward midnight, through the sleepy little streets, and over the bridges that spanned the narrow canals, dreaming in the shadows of the palaces.

We moved with half-conscious steps till we came to the silver expanse of the Grand Canal, where, at the ferry, darkled a little brood of black gondolas, into one of which we got, and were rowed noiselessly to the thither side, where we took our way towards the land-gate of our palace through the narrow streets of the parish of San Barnabà and the campo before the ugly façade of the church; or else we were rowed directly to the water-gate, where we got out on the steps worn by the feet of the Giustiniani of old, and wandered upward through the darkness of the stairway, which gave them a far different welcome of servants and lights when they returned from an evening's pleasure in the Piazza. It seemed scarcely just; but then those Giustiniani were dead, and we were alive, and that was one advantage; and, besides, the loneliness and desolation of the palace had a peculiar charm, and were at any rate cheaper than its former splendour could have been. I am afraid that people who live abroad in the palaces of extinct nobles do not keep this important fact sufficiently in mind; and as the Palazzo Giustiniani is still let in furnished lodgings, and it is quite possible that some of my readers may be going to spend next summer in it, I venture to remind them that if they have to draw somewhat upon their fancy for patrician accomodations there, it will cost them far less in money than it did the original proprietors, who contributed to our selfish pleasure by the very thought of their romantic absence and picturesque decay. In fact, the Past is everywhere like the cake of proverb—you cannot enjoy it and have it.

And here I am reminded of another pleasure of modern dwellers in Venetian palaces which could hardly have been indulged by the patricians of old, and which is hardly imaginable by people of this day whose front doors open upon dry land—I mean to say the privilege of sea-bathing from one's own threshold. From the beginning of June till far into September all the canals of Venice are populated by the amphibious boys, who clamour about in the brine, or poise themselves for a leap from the tops of bridges, or show their fine, statuesque figures, bronzed by the ardent sun, against the façades of empty palaces, where they hover among the marble sculptures, and meditate a headlong plunge. It is only the Venetian ladies, in fact, who do not share this healthful amusement. Fathers of families, like so many plump domestic

drakes, lead forth their aquatic broods, teaching the little ones to swim by the aid of various floats, and delighting in the gambols of the larger ducklings. When the tide comes in fresh and strong from the sea the water in the Grand Canal is pure and refreshing; and at these times it is a singular pleasure to leap from one's door-step into the swift current, and spend a half-hour very informally among one's neighbours there. The Venetian bathing-dress is a mere sketch of the pantaloons of ordinary life; and when I used to stand upon our balcony, and see some bearded head ducking me a polite salutation from a pair of broad brown shoulders that showed above the water, I was not always able to recognise my acquaintance, deprived of his factitious identity of clothes. But I always knew a certain stately consul-general by a vast expanse of baldness upon the top of his head; and it must be owned, I think, that this form of social assembly was, with all its disadvantages, a novel and vivacious spectacle. The Venetian ladies, when they bathed, went to the Lido, or else to the bath-houses in front of the Ducal Palace, where they saturated themselves a good part of the day, and drank coffee, and, possibly, gossipped.

I think that our balconies at Palazzo Giustiniani were even better places to see the life of the Grand Canal from than the balcony of Casa Falier, which we had just left. Here at least we had a greater stretch of the Canal, looking as we could up either side of its angle. Here, too, we had more gondola stations in sight, and as we were nearer the Rialto there was more picturesque passing of the market-boats. But if we saw more of this life, we did not see it in greater variety, for I think we had already exhausted this. There was a movement all night long. If I woke at three or four o'clock, and offered myself the novel spectacle of the Canal at that hour, I saw the heavy-laden barges go by to the Rialto, with now and then also a good-sized coasting-schooner making lazily for the lagoons, with its ruddy fire already kindled for cooking the morning's meal, and looking very enviably cosy. After our own breakfast we began to watch for the gondolas of the tourists of different nations, whom we came to distinguish at a glance. Then the boats of the various artisans went by—the carpenter's, the mason's, the plasterer's—with those that sold fuel, and vegetables, and fruit, and fish, to any household that arrested them. From noon till three or four o'clock the Canal was comparatively deserted; but before twilight it was thronged again by people riding out in their open gondolas to take the air after the day's fervour. After nightfall they ceased, till only at long intervals a solitary lamp, stealing over the dark surface, gave token of the movement of some gondola bent upon an errand that could not fail to seem mysterious or fail to be matter of fact. We never wearied of this oft-repeated variety, nor of our balcony in any way; and when the moon shone in through the lovely arched window and sketched its exquisite outline on the floor, we were as happy as moonshine could make us.

Were we otherwise content? As concerns Venice, it is very hard to say, and I do not know that I shall ever be able to say with certainty. For all the entertainment it afforded us, it was a very lonely life, and we felt the sadness of the city in many fine and not instantly recognisable ways. Englishmen who lived there bade us beware of spending the whole year in Venice, which they declared apt to result in a morbid depression of the spirits. I believe they attributed this to the air of the place, but I think it was more than half owing to her mood, to her old, ghostly, aimless life. She was, indeed, a phantom of the past, haunting our modern world—serene, inexpressibly beautiful, yet inscrutably and unspeakably sad. Remembering the charm that was in her, we often sigh for the renewal of our own vague life there—a shadow within the shadow; but remembering also her deep melancholy, an involuntary shiver creeps over us, and we are glad not to be there. I must try to fix the remembrance of two or three palaces of which our fancy took the fondest hold, and to which it yet most fondly clings. It cannot locate them all, and least of all can it place that vast old palace, somewhere near Cannaregio, which faced upon a campo, with lofty windows blinded by rough boards, and empty from top to bottom. It was of the later Renaissance in style, and we imagined it built in the Republic's declining years by some ruinous noble, whose extravagance forbade his posterity to live in it, for it had that peculiarly forlorn air which belongs to a thing decayed without being worn out. We entered its coolness and dampness, and wandered up the wide marble staircase, past the vacant niches of departed statuary, and came on the third floor to a grand portal

which was closed against us by a barrier of lumber. But this could not hinder us from looking within, and we were aware that we stood upon the threshold of our ruinous noble's great banquetting-hall, where he used to give his magnificent *feste da ballo*. Lustrissimo was long gone with all his guests; but there in the roof were the amazing frescoes of Tiepolo's school, which had smiled down on them as now they smiled on us; great piles of architecture, airy tops of palaces, swimming in summer sky, and wantoned over by a joyous populace of divinities of the lovelier sex that had nothing but their loveliness to clothe them and keep them afloat; the whole grandiose and superb beyond the effect of words, and luminous with delicious colour. How it all rioted there with its inextinguishable beauty in the solitude and silence, from day to day, from year to year, while men died and systems passed, and nothing remained unchanged but the instincts of youth and love that inspired it! It was music and wine and wit; it was so warm and glowing that it made the sunlight cold; and it seemed ever after a secret of gladness and beauty that the sad old palace was keeping in its heart against the time to which Venice looks forward when her splendour and opulence shall be indestructibly renewed.

There is a ball-room in the Palazzo Pisani, which some of our readers may have passed through on their way to the studio of the charming old Prussian painter, Nerly; the frescoes of this are dim and faded and dusty, and impress you with a sense of irreparable decay, but the noble proportions and the princely air of the place are inalienable while the palace stands. Here might have danced that Contarini who, when his wife's necklace of pearls fell upon the floor in the way of her partner, the King of Denmark, advanced and ground it into powder with his foot that the King might not be troubled to avoid treading on it; and here, doubtless, many a gorgeous masquerade had been in the long Venetian carnival; and what passion and intrigue and jealousy, who knows? Now the palace was let in apartments, and was otherwise a barrack, and in the great court, steadfast as any of the marble statues, stood the Austrian sentinel. One of the statues was a figure veiled from head to foot, at the base of which it was hard not to imagine lovers, masked and hooded, and for ever hurriedly whispering their secrets in the shadow cast in perpetual moonlight.

Yet another ball-room in yet another palace opens to memory, but this is all bright and fresh with recent decoration. In the blue, vaulted roof shine stars of gold; the walls are gay with dainty frescoes; a gallery encircles the whole, and from this drops a light stairway, slim-railed, and guarded at the foot by torch-bearing statues of swarthy eastern girls; through the glass doors at the other side glimmers the green and red of a garden. It was a place to be young in, to dance in, dream in, make love in; but it was no more a surprise than the whole palace to which it belonged, and which there in that tattered and poverty-stricken old Venice was a vision of untarnished splendour and prosperous fortune. It was richly furnished throughout all its vast extent, adorned with every caprice and delight of art, and appointed with every modern comfort. The foot was hushed by costly carpets, the eye was flattered by a thousand beauties and prettinesses. In the grates the fires were laid and ready to be lighted; the candles stood upon the mantels; the toilet-linen was arranged for instant use, in the luxurious chambers; but from basement to roof the palace was a solitude; no guest came there, no one dwelt there save the custodian; the eccentric lady of whose possessions it formed a part abode in a little house behind the palace, and on her doorplate had written her *vanitas vanitatem* in the sarcastic inscription, "John Humdrum, Esquire."

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER V.

"PLEASE let me come in and help you."

Regina knocked timidly at the door of the best bed-room, and Mrs. Lindsay answered from within—

"Come in? Of course you may; but what help do you imagine you can render, you useless piece of prettiness? Shall I set you on the mantelpiece between the china kittens and the glass lambs, right under the sharp nose of my grandmother's portrait, where her great solemn eyes will keep you in order? Whence do all those delectable odours come? Are you a walking sachet?"

She was kneeling before an open drawer of the bureau, methodically arranging sundry garments, and pausing in the task, looked over her shoulder at the girl who stood near, holding her hands behind her.

"I am sure I could help you if I were only allowed to try. I am quite a large girl now, more than a year older than when I came here, and Hannah has taught me to do ever so many things. She says I shall be a famous cook some day. You didn't know that I made up the Sally Lunn for tea?"

"What an ambitious bit of majesty you are! You wish to reign in the kitchen, rule in the poultry yard, and now presume to invade my province, my special kingdom of making things ready for the Bishop! For my boy, who is to be a bishop you know. Have you been anointing yourself with a whole vial of Lubin's extract of—ah!—delicious—what is it?"

"Whatever it may be, will you let me put it, to suit myself, on the Bishop's bureau?"

"No, you impertinent wily Delilah in short clothes! I never promise in the dark; show it to me first, and then perhaps I may negotiate with you. You know as well as I do that the Bishop dearly loves perfumes, and if I should generously concede you the privilege of presenting 'sweet-smelling savours' unto him you might some day depose me, and I wish you distinctly to understand that I intend to reign over him as long as I live; not an inch of territory shall you filch."

Regina held up her hands, displaying in one several feathery sprays of Belgian honeysuckle, with half of its petals pearl, half of the palest pink; in the other a bunch of double violets of the rarest shade of delicate lilac, so unusual in the floral kingdom.

"You should be called 'Mab,' and ride about the world on a butterfly, or a streak of moonshine. How did you coax or conjure that honeysuckle into blooming before its appointed time?"

"Here are three pieces—two for the Bishop and one for you. May I fasten it in your hair?"

"Yes; put the handsomest spray in my hair, and then, if you make me look young, and very pretty, you may do as you like with the others,"

Still kneeling, she inclined her head, while Regina twisted the wreath around the coil of neatly-braided hair. Then, kissing the girl lightly on her cheek, Mrs. Lindsay closed the drawer and rose. Drawing a silver cup from her pocket, Regina filled it with water, placed it close to the mirror, and proceeded to arrange the violets and honeysuckle. Stepping back to inspect the effect, she folded her hands and smiled.

"Mrs. Lindsay, tell him I gathered them for him, because he was so kind to me when I came here a stranger, and I wish to thank him. When he is at home it seems always summer time; don't you think so?"

The mother's eyes filled, and laying a hand on the girl's head, she answered—

"Yes, dear, he is my sunshine and my summer time."

"How long will he stay with us?"

"He could not say positively when his last letter was written, but I hope to keep him several months. You know it is possible he may be forced to go away in order to complete some of his studies before—Oh, Regina! Could we bear to have the ocean swelling between our Bishop and us?"

"Why, then, will you let him go?"

"Can I help it?"

"You are his mother, and he would never disobey you."

"But he is a man, and I cannot tie him to my apron strings as I do my bunch of keys. I must not stand in the way, and prevent him from doing his duty."

"I suppose I don't yet know everything about such matters, but I should think it was his duty first to please you. How devoted he is to 'duty'? It must be horrible to leave all one loves, and go out to India among the heathens?"

"Pray, what do you know about the heathens?" said a manly voice, and instantly two strong arms gathered the pair in a cordial embrace.

"My son! You stole a march upon me! O Douglas! I never was half so glad to see you as now!"

"If you do not stop crying, I shall feel tempted to doubt you. Tears are so unusual in your eyes, that I shall be disposed to regard your welcome as equivocal."

He kissed her on cheek and lips, and added:—

"Regina, can't you contrive to say you are a little glad to see me?"

There was no reply, and turning to look for her, he found she had vanished. "Queer little thing—she has gone without a word, though she insisted on dressing her silver cup with those flowers, which she thought would suggest to you her gratitude for your numerous little acts of kindness. Have you seen your uncle?"

"Yes, mother; I stopped a few moments at the church, where he is engaged with one of the committees. Uncle Peyton is not looking well. Has he been sick?"

"He has suffered a good deal with his throat, since you left us, and now and then I notice he coughs. He is overworked; and now that you can fill his pulpit he will have an opportunity to rest. Oh, my son! In every respect your visit is a blessing."

Leaning her head on his breast, she looked up with proud and almost adoring tenderness, and, drawing his face down to hers held it close, kissing him with that intense clinging fervour which only mother love kindles.

"Does my little mother know that she is spoiling her boy by inches? making a nursery darling, instead of a hardy soldier of him? You are weaving silken bonds to fasten me more securely here, when you ought rather to aid me in snapping the fetters of affection, habit, and association. Come, be so good as to brush the dust out of my hair, while you tell me everything about everybody, which you have failed to write during these long months of absence."

For some time they talked of family matters, of occurrences in V——, of some invidious and unkind remarks, some caustic personal criticisms upon the Pastor's household affairs which had emanated from Mrs. Prudence Potter, a widowed member of the congregation, who had once rashly dreamed of presiding over the clerical hearth as Mrs. Peyton Hargrove, and having failed to possess her kingdom, had become a merciless spy upon all that happened in the forbidden realm.

"Poor Mrs. Pru, what a warfare exists between her name and her character! Really I often wonder how Peyton can force himself to smile and parry the vinegar cruets that woman throws at him in the shape of observations upon the 'rapid decline of evangelical piety' and the 'sadly backslidden nature' of the clergy."

"Because he is the very best man in the world, and faithfully practises what he preaches—Christian charity. What is Mrs. Pru's latest grievance?"

"That Peyton does not admit her to his confidence, and supply her with all the particulars of Regina's history and family which he withholds even from you and me, and about which we should never dream of asking him. In a better cause her bold effrontery would be sublime. Fortunately she was absent for some months after the child came, and curiosity had subsided into indifference until she returned, when, lo! a geyser of righteous anxiety and suspicion boiled up in the congregation and well nigh scalded us. What do you suppose she blandly asked me one day in the child's presence? 'Were not Mr. Hargrove's friends mistaken in believing he had never married?' Now, I contend that the law of the land should indict for just such cruel and wicked inuendoes, because these social crimes that the statutes do not reach work almost as much mischief and misery, as those offences against public peace which the laws declare penal. I confess Mrs. Potter is my *bête-noire*, and I feel, as no doubt Paul did when he wrote to Timothy, 'Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works.'"

"Mother, what reply did you make to her? I can imagine you towering like Mrs. Siddons."

"You may be sure I unmasked a battery. I looked straight into her little grey eyes, and I answered that my brother had been exceedingly fortunate, as, notwithstanding the numerous matrimonial nets adroitly spread for him, he had escaped like the Psalmist, 'as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers,' and fled for safety unto the mountain of celibacy."

"Poor Mrs. Prudence Potter! From my earliest recollection she has been practising archery upon the target of her neighbour's characters. Mother, let her rest!"

"With all my heart! 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished;' but that is just the last thing she proposes, until the muscles of her tongue are paralysed. Rest, indeed! Did you ever see a hyena caged in a menagerie? Did you ever know it to rest for an instant from its snarling and snapping? My son, I would not for my right hand malign or injure her, but how can I sincerely indulge charitable reflections concerning a person, who has so persistently persecuted your uncle?"

"Then, dear little mother, do not think of her at all. Be assured her ill-natured shafts will fall as blunt and harmless upon the noble well-tried armour of my uncle's Christian character, as a bombardment of cambric needles against the fortress of Cronstadt. How rapidly Regina has grown, since she came among us! Her complexion is perfect. Is she the same straightforward guileless child I left her?"

"Unchanged, except in the rapid expansion of her mind, which developes surprisingly. She is the most mature child I have ever met, and I presume it is attributable to the fact that she has never been thrown with children, and having always associated with older persons, has insensibly imbibed their staid thoughts, and adopted their quiet ways. I should not be more astonished to see my prim grandmother yonder step down from the frame, and turn a somersault on the carpet, or indulge in leap-frog, than to find Regina guilty of any boisterous hoidenish behaviour, or unrefined, undignified language. Even Hannah, whom you may recollect, who was so surly, harsh, and suspicious when she first came here, and who really has as little cordiality or enthusiasm in her nature as a gridiron or a rolling-pin, seems now to be completely devoted to her; as nearly infatuated as one of her flinty temperament can be, and who conquers old Hannah's heart, you will admit must be well nigh perfect."

"Does my uncle continue to teach her?"

"Yes, and I think it is one of his greatest pleasures. She is ambitious and studious, and Peyton is never too weary to explain whatever puzzles her. She is exceedingly fond of him, and he said last week that she was his 'Jabez;' he had received her so reluctantly, and she proved such a comfort and blessing!"

"I presume her mother writes to her occasionally?"

"Regularly every fortnight she receives a letter. Sometimes for days after, Regina looks perplexed and sorrowful, but she never divulges the contents. Once about two months ago, I found her lying on the rug in her own room, with her face in her hands, and her mother's last letter beside her. I asked if she had received any bad news, for I knew she was crying in her quiet way, and she looked up, and said in a tone that was really piteous: 'There is nothing new. It is always the same old thing; she does not yet know when she can come, and I must be good and patient. Oh, Mrs. Lindsay! I am so hungry to see my mother! When I look at her picture, I feel as if I would be willing to die if I could only kiss her, and hear her say once more, "My baby! My darling!" Last night I dreamed she took me in her arms, and hugged me tight, and looked at me as she used to do when she came to the Convent, and said, "Papa's own baby! Papa's poor stray lamb!" Mrs. Lindsay, when I waked I had the pillow in my arms, and was kissing it.'

"Now Douglas, it is a great mystery how a mother could voluntarily separate herself from such a child as Regina. I asked her to show me the picture, and she cried a good deal and said: 'I have often wished to show it to you, but she says I must let no one see it. Oh! she is so beautiful! Lovelier than the Madonnas in the chapels; only she always has tears in her eyes. I never saw her when she did not weep. Mrs. Lindsay, help me to be good, teach me to be clever in everything, that I may be some comfort to my mother.' The saddest feature in the whole affair is, that Regina begins to suspect there is some discreditable mystery about her mother and herself; but Peyton says it is marvellous how delicately she treats the subject. She came home one day from Sunday school and told him that Mrs. Prudence asked her in the presence of the class, how her mother could afford to dress her in such costly clothes; and whether she had ever seen her father? Peyton wished to know what reply she made, and she said her answer was: 'Mrs. Potter, if I were you, and you were Regina Orme, I think I would have my tongue cut out, before it should ask you such questions.' Then Peyton told me she looked at him as if she were reading his secret soul, and added: 'It is hard not to understand everything, but I will be patient, for my mother writes that some day I shall know all; and no matter what people say, no matter how strange things may seem, I will believe in my mother, as I believe in

God?' Most girls of her age would be curious to discover what is concealed from her, but although your uncle thinks she is uncertain whether her father be living or dead, she carefully shuns all reference to the subject. There is the door bell! Hannah will let somebody in, before I can fly down and tell her to excuse me. How stupid of people not to know that my son has come! Oh, dear! It is Mrs. Cartney, and she has come for the aprons I promised to make for the Asylum children, and they have not been touched! Yes, Hannah, I am coming. Why didn't you say I was engaged with my son?"

She disappeared, and after awhile Douglas Lindsay went down to the library, and thence through the door opening upon two steps that led into the garden.

It was one of those rare golden days that sometimes come in March, in sunny prophecy of yet distant summer; windless days, when rime and haze are equally unknown, and tender fingers of the timid spring lifting the shrouding sod, advance tendril and leaf and bud as heralds of the annual resurrection. Double daffodils stood erect and conspicuous like commissioned officers, along the line of yellow jonquils that bordered the walks, and snowy narcissus and purple and rose hyacinths made a fragrant mosaic over which the brown bees swung, and hummed their ceaseless hymn—*laborare est orare.* Following the winding walk that led to the palings which shut out the poultry realm, the young minister leaned against the gate, overshadowed by a tall lilac, and looked across at the feathered folk, of which from boyhood he had been particularly fond.

In the centre of the enclosure was a handsome pigeon-house, circular in form, and easily accessible by a flight of steps, while upon the top of a cupola that sprung from the roof, was built a small but prettily-painted martin's home, in the quaint shape of the Ark, as we find it in Scriptural illustrations. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, probably no other mere amateur fowl-fancier possessed such a collection as Mr. Hargrove had patiently and gradually gathered from various sources. The peculiarity consisted in the whiteness of the fowls; turkeys, guineas, geese, ducks, English, Leghorn, Bramah chickens all spotlessly pure, while the pigeons resembled drifting snow-flakes, and the pheasants gleamed like silver.

Upon one of the steps sat Regina, with a basket of mixed grain by her side, and in her lap a pair of white rabbits which she was feeding with celery and cabbage leaves. At her feet stood two beautiful Chinese geese, whose golden bills now and then approached the edge of the basket, or encroached upon the rabbits' evening meal. The girl was bareheaded, and the fading sunshine lingered lovingly upon the glossy hair and delicate lovely face which had lost nothing of the purity that characterised it eighteen months before, while during that time she had grown much taller, and gave promise of attaining unusual height and symmetry.

The dress of blue merino was relieved at the throat by a frill of lace, and, as in days of yore, she wore the white apron with pretty pockets. Her abundant hair was plaited in two long thick braids, and passed twice around her head, forming a jet coronal, and imparting a peculiarly classic contour.

There was in this quiet poultry-yard scene, something so innocent, so peaceful, that it was inexpressibly soothing and attractive to the man who stood beneath the lilac boughs, jaded with unremitting study, and laden with wearying schemes of future labour. Douglas Lindsay was only twenty-five, but the education and habits of a theological student had stamped a degree of gravity on his handsome face, which was doubtless enhanced by a slight, yet undeniable baldness.

Closely resembling his mother, except in the brownness of his fine eyes, his countenance lacked the magnetic warmth and merry shifting lights that rendered hers so pleasant; yet none who looked earnestly upon it could doubt for an instant that he would prove a staunch, faithful, worthy ensign of that Banner of Peace which Jesus unfurled among the olive-girdled hills of holy Judea.

With no taint of bigotry to sully his soul, blur his vision, or cramp his sphere of action, the broad stream of Christian charity flowed from his noble generous heart, sweeping away obstacles that would have impeded the usefulness of a minister less catholic in sympathy, more hampered by creed and denominational fetters. To an almost womanly tenderness and susceptibility regarding the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, he united an inflexible adherence to the dictates of justice, and the rigorous promptings of conscience; but devoutly yielding allegiance solely to God, to whose service he had reverently dedicated his young life, there were times when, in almost ascetic

self-abnegation, he unconsciously bowed down to Duty.

Scholarly in tastes, neither Mr. Lindsay's habits nor inclination led him often into fashionable society, but standing upon the verge of Vanity Fair, he had looked curiously down at the feverish whirl, the gilded shams, the maddening murderous conflict for place, the empty mocking pageantry of the victorious, the sickening despair and savage irony of the legions of the defeated; and after the roar and shout and moan of the social maelstrom, as presented in the city where his studies had been pursued, it was pleasant this afternoon to watch the fluttering white creatures that surrounded that calm beautiful child, and to listen to the soft cooing of the innocent lovers in the dovecote above her.

Opening the gate he walked toward the group, and lifting the basket, sat down on the steps.

"Why did you not wait, and invite me to come out and inspect your pretty pets?"

"I thought your mother could not spare you this first afternoon, she had so much to say to you; but I am very glad you have not quite forgotten us. Do you see how tall the China geese have grown? When the gander stretches his neck he can touch my shoulder with his bill. Isn't he beautiful?"

"Decidedly the handsomest gander of my acquaintance. When I went away you were trying to find a name for him. Did you succeed?"

"Yes, I call him Alcibiades."

"Why? Do you wish to insult the memory of the great Athenian?"

"I wish to compliment him, because he was so graceful and beautiful, and was so fond of birds he carried them about in his bosom. My Alcibiades is so good-natured he never fights or hisses at my pigeons, and just now one of them lighted on his back, and picked up the barley that had fallen on his feathers. Mr. Hargrove promises me that just as soon as I can make money enough to pay the mason, he will have a large cemented basin built near the pump, where the geese and ducks can swim about every day."

"How do you propose to make money?" asked Douglas, lifting one of the rabbits into his lap, and offering it a crisp morsel of celery.

"Don't you know that I sell the eggs? Those of the white Guineas bring twelve shillings a dozen, and I could sell more of the white turkeys, at the same price, than we can spare. Our new Pigeon Palace was paid for entirely out of the poultry money."

"Who keeps the poultry book? Have you at last learned to multiply fractions?"

She looked up smiling into his laughing eyes.

"Mr. Lindsay, I am not so stupid, as when you tried so hard to explain that sum to me. I keep the account, and your uncle examines it once a week. He says it will teach me to be accurate in my figures."

"What did you pay for your rabbits? I have a pair of Angolas for you, but the man from whom I bought them, advised me not to remove them until all danger of cold weather had passed, as they are quite young."

"Thank you, Mr. Lindsay. You are very kind to remember that I wished for them last year. I did not buy these——"

She raised the rabbit from her apron, and rubbed her cheek against its soft fur, then added in a lower and touching tone:

"My mother sent them to me. I can't tell how she found out that of all things I wished most to have them, but you know that mothers seem inspired, they always understand what is in their children's hearts and minds, and need no telling. So I love these more than all my pets; they are the latest message from my mother."

She held out her hand, and interpreting the expression in her superb eyes, he placed the other rabbit in her arms, and for a moment she pressed them close.

"I must shut them up until to-morrow, or the owls might make a supper of them, as happened to some the Sisters kept at the Convent."

She opened the door of a wired compartment beneath the pigeon-house, where in an adjoining division the pheasants were settling upon their perch, and carefully deposited the bouncing furry creatures on a bed of wheat straw.

"Mr. Lindsay, all the fowls are going to roost, and you must wait till morning to see the squabs, and broods of Brahmas and Leghorns. They look like snow-balls rolling about after their food."

As she locked up the grain, and balanced the key on her fingers, her companion said:

"I must persuade Uncle Peyton to get some black Spanish, and a few Poland chickens."

"Oh, no! We don't want any black things; if they laid a dozen eggs a day, they could not come here. We never raise a fowl that has coloured feathers; all our beauties must be like snow."

"I see you have converted my uncle to your pet doctrine, and before long I suppose you will persuade him to sell his pretty bay, and buy a white pony?"

"No, I like 'Sultan' too well to care much about his colour, and besides Mr. Hargrove is attached to him. There is one thing we both want very much indeed, and that is a white Ava cow. Your uncle read me a description of those cattle last week, and said when you went to the East he would ask you to try and send him one."

As he looked down at her perfect face, then at one of the doves that had perched on her shoulder, and thought of treacherous swart Sepoys, of Bengal tigers, of all the tangled work that lay before him in Hindostan jungles, a shadow fell over the young man's brow, and a dull pain seemed to tighten the valves of his heart. Just then, his appointed lot in the Master's vineyard did not smile as alluringly as the sunny slopes of Eshcol; but he put aside the contrast.

"Regina, I saw Mr. Palmer the other day."

"I hope he is well."

"He certainly looked so. Among other things, he asked if the art of writing had been altogether omitted in your education. I told him I was unacquainted with your accomplishments in that line, as I had written you two letters which remained unanswered."

"But your mother thanked you for them in my name."

"Which was very sweet and good in my dear mother, but questionably courteous in you. Mr. Palmer sent you a present."

"He is very kind indeed, but if I am expected to write and thank him, I would much rather not receive it."

"Do you dislike him?"

"How could I dislike my mother's best friend? I daresay he has a good heart, of course he must have; but whenever I think of him I feel a queer chill creep to my very finger-tips, as if the north wind blew hard upon me, or an iceberg sailed by."

"Guess what he has sent you."

"A copy-book, pen and ink?"

"He is too polished a gentleman to punish you so severely. Come and let me show you his gift."

He led the way to the house, and here they found Mr. Hargrove and Mrs. Lindsay admiring a young Newfoundland dog, which was chained to the balusters.

"Look, Regina! it is a waddling snowbank So round, so soft and white! Did he come from Nova Zembla or Hammerfest, or directly from 'Greenland's icy mountains'?"

"Mr. Palmer sought long before he found a pure white dog, to suit him. It seems he knew Regina's fondness for snowy pets, and this is the only Newfoundland I have ever seen who had not even a dark hair. Mr. Palmer put this handsome collar and chain upon him, and asked me to bring him to Regina. He will be very large when grown; now he is only a few months old."

Regina softly patted the woolly head, and her eyes glistened with delight.

"How did Mr. Palmer guess that I wanted a dog?"

"He requested me to suggest something that would please you, and I told him that all at the Parsonage were grieving over the death of poor old Biorn. He immediately decided to send you a dog, and this is a noble, sagacious creature."

"What is his name?"

"That is left entirely to your taste; but I hope you will not go all the way to Greece to find a title, as you did for your classic gander."

"Then I will call him whatever Mr. Hargrove likes best."

As she spoke Regina nestled her fingers into the pastor's hand, and he smiled down into her radiant face.

"My dear child, exercise your own preference. Have you no choice?"

"None."

"Suppose you name him 'Edgar,' in compliment to Mr. Palmer?"

"I should never dare to call him that; it would seem impertinent. He is such a splendid dog, I should like a fine, uncommon, grand name, out of some of Mr. Hargrove's learned books."

"Oh, don't Regina! It will be positively cruel to turn Peyton loose among his folios, and invite him to afflict that innocent orphaned brute with some dreadful seven-syllabled abomination, which he will convince you is Arabic, or Sanscrit, classic or mediæval, Gaelic, Finnish or Norse, but which I warn you will serve your jaws very much as an attack of mumps would; and will torture the victim into hydrophobia. Be pitiful, and say Teazer, Tiger, Towser, but don't throw the sublime classics literally to the dogs!"

"Now, mother, I protest against your infringement of Uncle Peyton's accorded rights. Be quiet, please, and let him give

Regina a few historic names from which she can select one."

Douglas passed his arm over Mrs. Lindsay's shoulder, and both watched the eager, intent face which the girl lifted to the pastor.

He took off his glasses, wiped them with the end of his coat, and readjusting them on his nose, addressed himself to his ward.

"There is an East Indian tradition that a divinely-appointed greyhound guards the goldern herd of stars and sunbeams, for the Lord of Heaven, and collects the nourishing rain-clouds as the celestial cows, to the milking-place. That greyhound was called "'Saramâ.' Will that suit you?"

She shook her head.

"The Greeks tell us of a dog which was kept in the temple of Æsculapius at Athens, and on one occasion when a robber entered and stole the gold and silver treasures from the altar, the dog followed him for days and nights, until the thief, who could neither beat him away nor persuade him to eat meat, was captured, and carried back to Athens. Now, dear, this was a very shrewd and courageous animal, and his name was Capparus."

"Why did not his owner change it for something handsome, after he performed such service?"

Regina spoke dubiously, and looked down at the new pet, who wagged his plumy tail as if to deprecate the punishment of such a title.

"When Pyrrhus died his favourite and devoted dog refused to stir from the body, but when it was carried out of the house he leaped upon the bier, and finally sprang into the funeral pile, and was burned alive with his master's remains. This exceedingly faithful creature was Astus."

"Mr. Hargrove, are all the classic names so ugly?"

"I am afraid the little girl's ear is not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them. I will try once more. The Welsh Prince Llewellyn had a noble deerhound, whom he trusted to watch the cradle of his baby boy, while he himself was absent. One day, returning home, he found the cradle upset and empty, the clothes and the dog's mouth dripping with blood. Concluding that the hound had devoured the child, the father drew his sword and slew the dog, but a moment after the cry of the babe from behind the cradle showed him his boy was alive. Looking around, the prince discovered the body of a huge wolf, which had entered the house to attack and devour the child, but which had been kept off and killed by this brave dog, who was named Gellert."

Fearing from the expression of the girl's eloquent face that Wales would win the game, Mrs. Lindsay exclaimed, with an emphasis that made the dog prick up his ears—

"*Gwrâch y Rhybn*—be merciful! The poor wretch looks as if he were ready to howl at the bare mention of such a heathen, fabulous name. Anything would be an improvement on the Welsh — Cambyses, Sardanapalus, are euphonic in comparison."

"Mr. Hargrove, I am much obliged to you for your goodness in telling me so much about celebrated dogs, and if the queer names sound any sweeter to me after I am well educated, and grow learned, I will take one of them; but just now I believe I would rather call my dog Hero."

"Regina Orme! you benighted innocent! Don't make Peyton's hair rise with horror at your slaughter of the 'unities.' Why, my dear, Hero was a young lady who lived in Sestos a few thousand years ago, and was not considered a model of prudent behaviour even then."

"Are not brave, noble men called heroes? Did not Mr. Hargrove say last week that Phil Smith was a hero, when he jumped into the mill-pond and saved Lemuel Martin from drowning? Does not my history call Leonidas a hero? I don't know exactly who the 'unities' are, but until I learn more, I intend to call my dog Hero. To me it seems to mean everything I wish him to be; good, faithful, brave, grand; and I shall call him Hero. Come along Hero, and get some supper."

Chapter VI.

"Mrs. Orme, now that you are comfortable in your wrapper and slippers, let me take down your hair, and then I will bring you a cup of tea, not the vile lukewarm stuff they give us here, but good genuine tea made out of my own caddy; that has some strength, and will build you up. Rehearsals don't often serve you so badly."

"Thank you, Mrs. Waul, but the tea would only make me more nervous, and that is a risk I cannot afford to incur. Please raise both windows; fresh air, even Parisian air, is better for me than anything else."

"You have not seemed quite yourself

since we came here, and I don't understand at all why two nights in Paris serve you worse than a week's acting elsewhere."

"Have not I told you that I dread above every other ordeal the critical Parisian audience?"

"But you passed so successfully through it! Last night the galleries absolutely thundered, and people seemed half wild with delight. William says the papers are full of praise."

Mrs. Waul crossed the room to lay upon the bureau the steel pins she had taken from her mistress's hair, and the latter muttered audibly—

"For me the 'ides of March' are come indeed, but not passed."

"Did you speak to me?"

"There comes your husband. I hear his slow, heavy step upon the stairs. Open the door."

As an elderly, white-haired man entered, Mrs. Orme put out her hand.

"Letters from home, Mr. Waul?"

"One from America, two from London, and a note from the American minister."

"You saw the minister then? Did he give you the papers we shall require?"

"He has been ill I believe, but said he would be at the theatre to-night, and would call and see you to-morrow."

"Hear this sentence, good people, from his note: 'Only indisposition prevented my attendance at the theatre last night—to witness the brilliant triumph of my countrywoman. Since the palmy days of Rachel I have not heard such extravagant eulogies, and I proudly and cordially congratulate you——'"

"Are you going to faint! Stand back, William, and let me bathe her face with cologne! What is the matter, Mrs. Orme? You shake as if you had an ague."

But her mistress sat with eyes fixed upon a line, visible only to herself: "Your countrymen here are very much elated, and to-night I shall be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Laurence, son of General René Laurence."

"Be quick, Phœbe, and get her a glass of wine. She has no more colour in her lips than there is in my white beard!"

"No—give me nothing. I only want rest—quiet."

She crushed the delicate paper in her hand, and rallied her composure. After a moment added:

"A slight faintness, that is all. Mr. Waul before the curtain rises to-night, I wish you to ascertain in what portion of the house the minister's box is situated; write it on a slip of paper and send it to the dressing-room by your wife. Just now I believe I have no other commissions. If I do not ring my little bell do not disturb me until five o'clock; then bring me a cup of strong coffee. And Mrs. Waul, please baste a double row of swan's-down around the neck and sleeves of the white silk I shall wear to-night. Let no one disturb me; not even the manager."

As the husband and wife withdrew, she followed them to the door, locked it on the inside, and returned to the easy-chair. With a whitening, hardening face, she reread the note, and thrust it into one of the silk pockets of her robe.

Although nine years had elapsed since we saw her first, in the mellow lamplight of Mr. Hargrove's library, time had touched her so daintily, so lovingly, that only two lines were discernible about the mouth, where habitual compression had set its print; and it would have been difficult to realise that she was twenty-eight, had not the treacherous eyes betrayed the gloom, the bitterness, the ceaseless heartache that filled them with shadows, which prematurely aged the whole countenance.

The added years seemed only to have ripened and perfected her exquisite beauty, but with the rounded smoothness, and the fresh, pure colouring of youth, was mingled a weird indescribable expression of stern hopelessness, of solemn repose, as if she had deliberately shaken hands for ever with all that makes life bright and precious, and were fronting with calm smile and quiet pulses a grim and desperate conflict, which she well knew could have an end only in the peace of the pall—that long truce whose signal is the knell and the requiem.

Had she been reared amid the fatalistic influences of Arabia, she could not have more completely adopted and exemplified the marble motto: "Despair is a free man; Hope is a slave." For her the rosy mist that usually hovers over futurity had been swept rudely aside, the softening glow of the To-come had been precipitated into a dull, pitiless leaden ever Present, at which she neither raved nor railed, but inflexibly fought on, expecting neither sunshine nor succour, unappalled and patient as some stony figure of Fate, which chiselled when the race was young, feels the shrouding sands of centuries drifting around and over it, but makes no moan over the buried youth, and watches the

approaching night with the same calm, steadfast gaze that looked upon the starry dawn, and the golden glory of the noon.

The cautious repression which necessity had long ago rendered habitual, had crystallised into a mask, which even when alone she rarely laid aside for an instant. In actual life, and among strong positive natures, the deepest feelings find no vent in the effervescence of passionate verbal outbreaks, and outside the charmed precincts of the tragic stage the world would not tolerate the raving Hamlets and Othellos, the Macbeths and Medeas that scowl and storm and anathematise so successfully in the magic glow of the footlights.

To-day as Mme. Odille Orme leaned back in her luxuriously-cushioned chair, she seemed quiet as a statue, save the restless movements of her slender fingers, which twined and intertwined continually; while the concentrated gaze of the imperial eyes never stirred from the open window, whence she saw, not Parisian monuments of civic glory and martial splendour, only her own past, her haunting skull and cross-bones of the By-gone. Her violet-coloured dressing-gown was unbuttoned at the throat, exposing the graceful turn of the neck and the proud poise of the perfectly modelled head, from which the shining hair fell, framing the face and figure on a background as golden as that of some carefully preserved Byzantine picture.

At last the heavily-fringed lids quivered, drooped, the magnificent eyes closed as if to shut out some vision too torturing even for their brave penetrating gaze, and in her rigid whiteness she seemed some unearthly creature, who had done for ever with feverish life, and the frail toys of time.

Raising her arms above her head, she rested her clasped hands upon her brow, and in a low, strangely quiet tone, her words dropped like icicles.

"It was a groundless fear, that when the long-sought opportunity came, my weak womanish nature would betray me—and I should fail, break down utterly under the crushing weight of tender memories, sacred associations. What are they? Three dreamy weeks of delirious wifehood, balanced by thirteen years of toil, aspersion, hatred, persecution; goaded by want, pursued ceaselessly by the scorpion scourge whose slanderous lash coiled ever after my name, my reputation. Three weeks a bride, unrecognised as such even then, twelve years an outcast, repudiated, insulted, mother and child denied, derided, cast off as a serpent's skin! Ah, memory! thou hast no charm to stir the blackened ashes in a heart extinguished by the steady sleet of a husband's repudiation. When love is dead, and regret is decently buried, and the song of hope is hushed for ever, then revenge mounts the chariot and gathers the reins in her hands of steel; and beyond the writhing hearts whose blood dyes her rushing wheels, sees only the goal. Some wise anatomists of that frail yet invincible sphinx woman's nature, babble of one weighty fact, one conquering law,—that only the mother joy, the mother-love fully unseals the slumbering sweetness, and latent tenderness of her being; for me, maternity opened the sluices of a sea of hate and gall. Had I never felt the velvet touch of tiny fingers on my cheek, a husband's base desertion might in time have been forgiven, possibly at least, forgotten; but the first wail from my baby's lips awoke the wolf in me. My wrongs might slumber till that last assize, when the pitying eyes of Christ sum up the record,—but hers—have made a hungry panther of my soul. Come memory, unlock your treasure-house, uncoil your spells, chant all your witching strains, and let us see whether the towers of Notre Dame will not tremble and dissolve as soon as I?"

Bending to a trunk near her chair, she unlocked it and taking out a *papier maché* box, opened it with a small key that hung from her watch chain, and placed it on the table before her, where she had thrown the unread letters. Leaning forward, she crossed her arms upon the marble, and looked down on the contents of the box, her child's letters, her own unanswered appeals in behalf of her babe, a photograph of the latter, and most prominent of all a large square one of a handsome boyish face, with a short curl of black hair lying inside the case.

"Idolatrous?—Yes all women are embryo pagans, and the only comfort is, that when the idol crumbles into clay, mocking our prayers and offerings, we still worship at the same old shrine, having dusted and garnished and set thereon maybe the Furies, which bid fair to survive the wreck of gods, of creeds, and of time.

"Bride and bridegroom, face to face—Cuthbert! So you looked, when we parted, when you strained me to your heart, and swore that before a fortnight passed you would hold 'darling Minnie in your arms once more!' Did you mean it even then?

No, no, already the hounds of slander were snuffing in my path, and the toils were spread for my unwary feet. Here look back at me, my husband, with those fond peerless eyes, as on that day when I saw you last all mine. To-night—across the gulf of separation, and of shameful wrong, —we shall look into each other's faces, once more,—while another woman wears my name, fills my place at your side. Fair treacherous face of my first and only love, handsome as a god!—false as Apollyon!"

She had lifted the photograph and held it close to her eyes, then her hand sank until the picture dropped back into its place, and the lonely desolate woman buried her face in her palms. The pretty gilt clock on the mantel ticked monotonously, and the hum of life, and the busy roll of vehicles in the vast city, was borne in through the window, like the faint roar of yet distant Niagara; and after awhile when the sharp stroke of the clock announced four, the bowed figure raised herself.

Sweeping back the blinding veil of hair, her brilliant brown eyes shone calm and dry, dimmed by no tears of fond womanly regret, and as they fell upon the photograph of Regina, a smile of indescribable bitterness curled the lovely lips that might have served as model for Psyche's.

"'The trail of the serpent is over all.' Can there be pardon for the man who makes me shrink shudderingly, at times, from her, whose little veins were fed from mine, whose pulses are but a throb from my heart, my baby! My own baby who when I snatch her in my arms, smiles at me with his wonderful eyes of blue; and well nigh maddens me with the very echo of a voice whose wily sweetness won my love, to make an hour's pastime, a cheap toy, soon worn out, worthless and trodden under foot after three weeks' sport! Stooping over my baby, when she stretched her little hands and coaxed me to lift her on my lap, I have started back from the sight of her innocent face, as if a hooded viper fawned upon me; for the curse of her father's image has smitten my only darling, my beautiful proud child! O God! that we had both died in that dim damp ward of the hospital where she first opened her eyes, unwelcomed by the father, whose features she bears!"

But beneath this bitter tide that was surging so fiercely over her long suffering heart bubbled the pure sweet incorruptible fount of mother love, and while she studied the fair childish face, her own softened as that of some snow image whose features gradually melt as the sunlight creeps across it. It was a picture taken after Regina's removal to the Parsonage, and represented her with the white rabbits nestling in her arms.

"My proud little Regina! my pure sensitive darling! How much longer must we be separated? Will the time ever come when the only earthly rest that remains for me can be taken in her soft clinging arms? Patience, patience. If it were not for her, for my baby, I might falter even now, but she must, she shall be righted at any sacrifice, at every cost; and may the widow's and the orphan's God be pitiful, be pitiful at last."

She raised her child's picture in her clasped hands, as if appealing indeed to the justice of Him who "never slumbers nor sleeps," and the tremor of her lips and voice told how passionate was the affection for her daughter, how powerful the motives that sustained her in the prolonged and torturing ordeal.

Restoring the portraits to their hiding-place, she locked the trunk, and as she resumed her seat seemed suddenly to recollect the letters lying on the table.

One was a brief note from the manager of the London theatre where she had recently been engaged; the second from a celebrated money-lender, which bore only the signature "Simon," and was as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—Since our last conversation relative to the purchase of a certain mortgage I have ascertained that you can secure it by adding one hundred pounds to the amount specified by the holder. Should you still desire me to effect the transfer delay might thwart your negotiation, and I respectfully solicit prompt instructions."

Twice she read these lines, then slowly tore the paper into strips, and threw them towards the grate, while a stony expression settled once more upon her features. The remaining letter was addressed in a bold round mercantile hand, but when the envelope had been removed the formal, angular chirography of a schoolgirl displayed itself, and as the sheet was opened there issued thence a delicate perfume that gushed like a breath of spring over the heart of the lonely mother.

Several leaves of lemon-verbena and a few violets fell from the folds of the paper,

and, picking them up, Mrs. Orme spread them on her palm. Only a few withered leaves and faded petals to whisper fragrant messages of love from the trusting brave young soul whose inexperienced hand had stiffly traced at the top of the page "My darling Mother."

Ah! what a yearning tenderness glorified the woman's frozen face as the flowers in her hand babbled of the blue eyes that had looked last upon them, of the childish fingers that brushed the dew from their purple velvet, of the dainty almost infantile lips that had fondly pressed them, of the holy prayer breathed over them that ere the time of violets came again mother and child might be reunited.

Just now, she dared not read the letter, dared not surrender to the softening influences that might melt the rigid purpose of her soul, and, kissing the flowers reverently, the mother laid them aside until a more convenient season, and began to walk slowly to and fro.

The play that night was "Kenilworth," and had been cast to admit some alterations made in the dramatisation by Madame Orme, who frequently introduced startling innovations in her rendering of her parts, and in almost all her favourite *rôles* refused rigid adherence to the written text. The reputation of her beauty and former triumphs, the success achieved on the previous nights, and certain tart criticisms upon the freedom of her interpretation of Scott's lovely heroine, Leicester's wife, combined to draw a crowded house, and ere the curtain rose every box was occupied save one on the second tier near the stage.

As the crash of the orchestra died away, and the play opened with the interview between Lambourn and Foster, followed by Tressilian, and the encounter with Varney, the door of the box opened and the American minister entered, accompanied by a lady and gentleman, who, after seating themselves and gathering back the folds of the box curtains, proceeded to scan the audience.

As they disposed themselves comfortably a white-haired man, watching through a crevice in the side scene, scribbled on a piece of paper, which was handed into the dressing-room, "Second box, second tier, right-hand side. Two gentlemen and a lady wearing a scarlet cloak."

Sitting between the Minister and her husband, Mrs. Laurance with her brilliant wrappings was the most prominent of the group, and in the blaze of the gaslight looked at least thirty-five; a woman of large proportions, compactly built, with broad shoulders that sustained a rather short thick neck, now exposed in extreme *décolleté* style, as if to aid the unsuccessful elongation of nature. Her sallow complexion was dark, almost bistre, and the strongly-marked irregular features were only redeemed from positive plainness by the large fiery black eyes, whose beauty was somewhat marred by the intrusive boldness of their expression. Bowing to someone opposite, her very full lips parted smilingly over a set of sound strong teeth, rather uneven in outline, and of the yellowish cast often observed in persons of humble birth and arduous life. Her dusky hair, belonging to the family of neutral brown, was elaborately puffed and frizzed, and in her ears hung large solitaire diamonds that glowed like globes of fire, and scattered rays that were reflected in the circlet around her throat.

Beside her sat her husband, leaning back with negligent grace, and carelessly stroking his silky black moustache with one gloved hand, while the other toyed with an opera-glass. Although only two years her junior, she bore the appearance of much greater seniority, and the proud patrician cast of his handsome face contrasted vividly with the coarser lower type of hers.

Over his dreamy eyes arched the peculiarly fine jet eyebrows that Mr. Palmer had found so distinctive in Regina's face, and his glossy hair and beard possessed that purplish black tint so rarely combined with the transparent white complexion which now gleamed conspicuously in his broad, full, untanned forehead. The indolent *insouciance* of his bearing was quite in accord with his social record as a proud, high-born man of cultivated and elegant tastes and unmistakably dissipated tendencies, which, doubtless, would long ago have fructified in thoroughly demoralised habits had not his wife vigorously exerted her exigeant guardianship.

"Have you heard the last joke at Count T——'s expense?" said Mrs. Laurance, tapping the arm of the Minister with her gilded fan.

"Do you refer to the *contretemps* of the masks at the grand ball?"

"No; something connected with Mdme. Orme. It seems the Count saw her in London, became infatuated, as men always

are about pretty actresses, and the first night she played here he was almost frantic, wrote a note between the acts, and sent it to her twisted in that costly antique scarfring he is so fond of telling people once belonged to the Duke of Orleans. Before the play ended it was returned, with the note torn into several strips and bound around it. Fancy his chagrin! Colonel Thorpe was in the box with him, and told it next day when we met at dinner. When I asked T—— his opinion of Madame he answered—

"'She is perfectly divine! But, alas! only an inspired icicle. She should be called "Sulitelma,"' which I believe means—Cuthbert, what did you tell me it meant?"

"Queen of Snows. Do lower your voice a trifle," he answered without even glancing at her, and she continued—

"I wanted to see her last night in 'Medea,' but Cuthbert had an opera engagement, and beside little Maud had the croup——"

A storm of applause cut short the nursery budget, and all turned to the stage, where Amy Robsart entered, followed by Janet and by Varney.

Advancing with queenly grace and dignity to a pile of cushions in the centre of the drawing-room at Cumnor Place, she stood a moment with downcast eyes, till the acclamation ceased, and Varney renewed his appeal.

Her satin dress was of that exquisite tint which in felicitous French phraseology is termed *de couleur de fleur de pêcher*, and swept down from her slender figure in statuesque folds, that ended in a long court train, particularly becoming in the pose she had selected. The Elizabethan ruff, with an edge of filmy lace, softened the effect of the bodice cut square across the breast, and revealed the string of pearls, Leicester's last gift, that shone so fair upon his Countess's snowy neck. From the mass of hair heaped high upon her head soft tendrils clustered to the edge of her brow, and here and there a long curl strayed over her shoulder, and glittered like burnished gold in the glare of the quivering footlights. The lovely arms and hands were unburdened by jewels, and save the pearls around her throat, and the aigrette of brilliants in the upper bandeau of her hair, she wore no ornaments. The perfect impersonation of a beautiful, innocent, happy bride, impatiently expectant of her husband's entrance, she stood listening to his messenger, a tender smile parting her rosy lips.

The chair of state chanced to be placed in the direction of the Minister's box, and only a few feet distant, and when Varney attempted to place her upon it, she waved him back, and raising her right hand towards it, said, in that calm, deep, pure voice which had such a thrilling emphasis in its lowest cadences—

"No, good Master Richard Varney, I take not my place there until my Lord himself conducts me. I am for the present a disguised Countess, and will not take dignity upen me until authorised by him from whom I derived it."

In that brief sentence she knew her opportunity and seized it, for her glance followed her uplifted hand, mounted into the box, and sweeping across the Minister, dwelt for some seconds on the dark womanly countenance beside him, and then fastened upon the face of Mr. Laurance.

Some whose seats were on that side of the house, and who chanced to have their lorgnettes levelled at her just then, saw a long shiver creep over her, as if a blast of cold air had blown down through the side scene, and a sudden spark blazed up in the dilating eyes, as a mirror flashes when a candle flame smites its cold dark surface; but not a muscle quivered in the fair proud face, and only the Varney at her side noticed that when the slight hand fell back it sought its mate with a quick, groping motion, and the delicate fingers clutched each other till the nails grew purple.

For fully a moment that burning gaze rested on the features that seemed to possess some subtle fascination for her, and wandering back to the wife, a shadowy smile hovered around the lips that were soon turned away to answer Varney. As she moved in the direction of a window, to listen for the clatter of horse's hoofs, Mrs. Laurance whispered—

"Is not she the loveliest creature you ever beheld? I never saw such superb eyes; they absolutely seemed to lighten just now. Cuthbert, did you only notice how she looked right at me? I daresay my solitaires attracted her attention, and no wonder. They are the largest in the house, and these actresses always have an eye to the very best jewellery. Of course it must have been my diamonds."

(*To be continued.*)

THE KINDERGARTEN IN AMERICA.

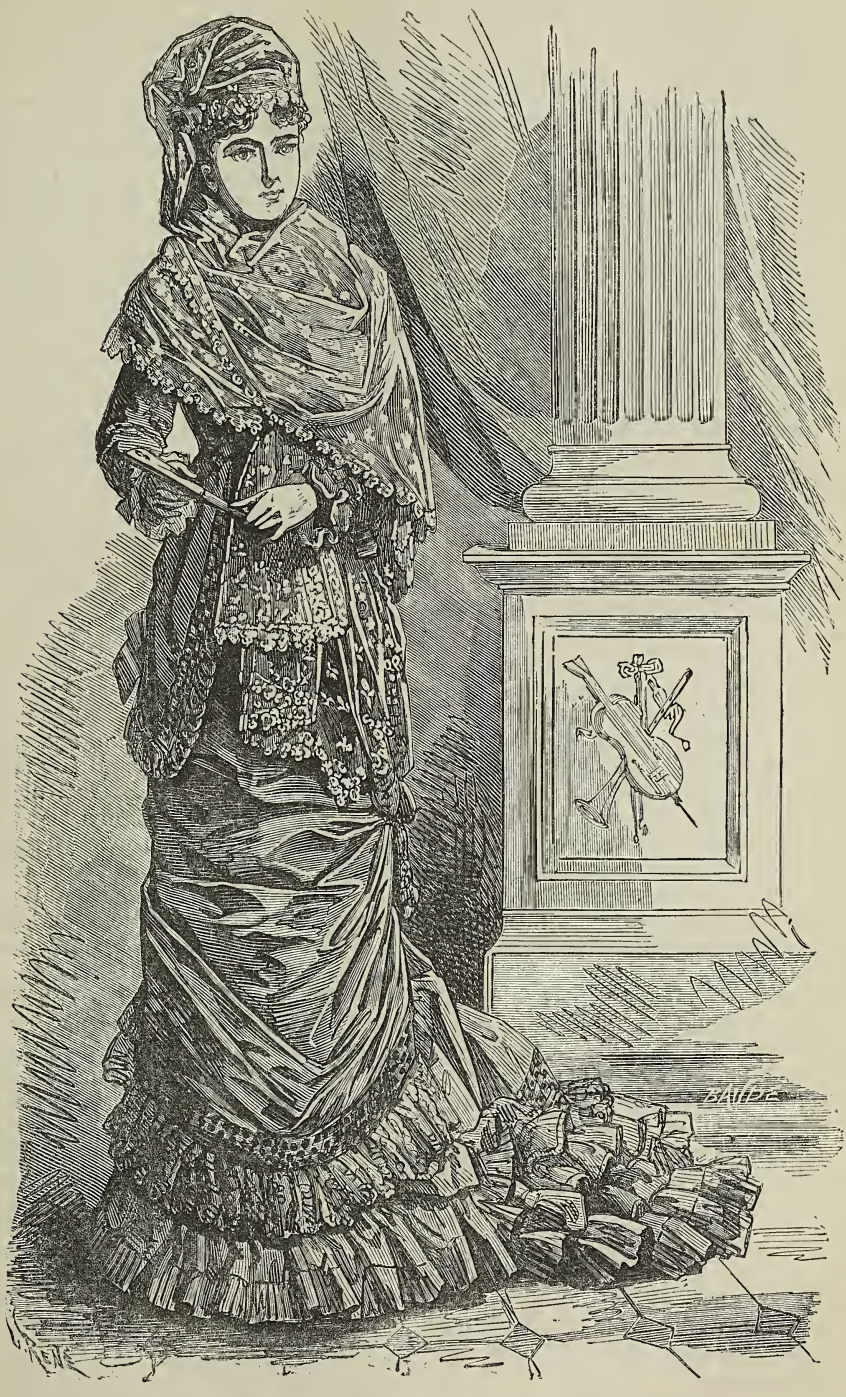
THE epitome of civilisation is the town. Man made it; man inhabits it. There are but three ways to live in a town: to work, to beg, to steal. Living on one's income does not affect the question; that is an enjoyment of fruits. Every fortune is the result of one of the three ways. Someone worked for it, begged for it, or stole it; it is given to his kindred to enjoy it. That is called luck, and comes to very few. Generally the heir scatters it; sometimes he works to increase it. When many do so a privileged class appears, as in England. That, however, does not last for ever; it remains while the privileged class can fight for its accumulations. When it becomes idle and luxurious, as in France, some day up rise the workers and cast it out, for even in our civilisation the weakest goes to the wall at last. Of the three ways of making a fortune, labour is the one best able to hold its own, for it is the strongest.

In our country, above all others, it would seem that the truest national education should be that which trains up the most workers. Where the ideal end of government is the greatest good of the greatest number, the policy which produces the largest number of "skilled workmen" would seem to be the best. A nation cannot have too many farmers, artisans, and artists, for they alone add to its wealth. The model of the limit of strictly public education is that which teaches its citizens how to earn a living, so as not to be a burden on the State. The direction of each man's career must be left to himself thereafter.

In those countries where there is no common-school system, what becomes of the children of the poor? They grow up as Nature meant them, playing and learning to work, half of their play being work. The farm-boy learns to do a thousand and one little things about the farm, the fisherman's son goes out with his father, the young carpenter plays with tools, the boy weaver with the loom. The transition from play to work is gradual, and Luigi the vinegrower, Jean Baptiste the sailor, Garcia the muleteer, Jan the weaver, grows up, marries and settles, brings up a healthy family, and dies perfectly happy and content, but guiltless of literature.

The question arises, for a thousand children of all classes from each system of education, which has given the best preparation for earning a living in the world as it is—the present public-school system of America, or the no-school system? How many has the public-school system provided with a living? The answer is very easy. In a thousand boys ten take to teaching other boys, while they are studying law or medicine. Two of these remain teachers all their lives. Fifty go into bookkeepers' places, where ten remain. The rest disperse to business of all kinds, trades and shopkeeping, all of which have to be learned, and in which the school education is of little use, save indirectly and by its general cultivation of the intelligence. Of the thousand girls fifty go to teaching. The rest forget all they ever learned. Of knowledge useful to them as mothers they have acquired nothing; of housekeeping duties less.

This is the dark side of modern education. There is of course a bright one. Take a hundred workmen, brought up to any given handicraft, especially one requiring intelligence. The men who can read and write, and who have enjoyed the benefits of an English education, are more likely to rise in the world, to improve their position, than those who have never known anything but one routine of work from their earliest years. To become a skilled workman, indeed, education is absolutely necessary. The question remains—what sort of education is most likely to help them, one wholly theoretical, or one in which practice and theory are joined? The answer is obvious. It is found in the great and increasing popularity of industrial schools, wherever such have been established by private philanthropy. They are, so far, the only institutions of an educational nature, public or private, with whose benefits no injury has been found to mingle. The only objection to their universal establishment is found in their expense, owing to the vast variety of mechanical employments. These at present render a complete scheme of industrial schools as a national undertaking too difficult for practical adoption. Ideally such a system would be the most perfect national education yet devised. It would at once train the rising generation into useful citizens and true wealth producers. Failing that, let us see what can be done with present systems to attain the most desirable end. We find that the common schools tend to produce school-teachers, lawyers, doctors, politicians, newspaper men, bookkeepers, clerks, brokers, and all that class of men who live



OPERA COSTUME.

by their wits. Of artisans, artists, and agriculturists, capable of developing the wealth of a new country, they produce none. These come from outside.

Happily for the future of our country a man has at last arisen to accomplish a revolution in education which promises to supply the want we have referred to. The man and his system are, as yet, but little known here, but it is by no means bold to say that when they have taken complete possession of the land they will double the wealth and prosperity of America, and, what is more, increase its stock of happiness and virtue tenfold. Beginning in the face of chilling indifference and active opposition, they have effected the complete conquest of Germany, and aided to make it the practical and intellectual leader of Europe. In America, where the field is so much vaster, the opportunities greater, they promise to do still more. Need we say to those who know both—the man is Friedrich Frœbel, the system is the Kindergarten?

There are probably few subjects of current interest in the United States on which information is so scanty and inaccurate as the Frœbel system. There are few cities that have not one or two institutions, generally private, called "kindergarten schools," and the toy market is full of boxes of "kindergarten building blocks" and such like implements. These things, and the scarcity of teachers educated on the real system of Frœbel, have given to many people the idea that there is nothing serious or practical in a kindergarten; that it is a dreamy, transcendental sort of school, that amuses the children, but teaches them little or nothing of value.

So far from this being the case the highest value of the kindergarten system is found in its intensely practical spirit, in its exquisite adaptation to the needs of every class of children, and in the great vigour, both of intellectual and mechanical faculties, which it cultivates. It is, above all things, fitted for the education of the masses of humanity, and loses half its strength when applied, as at present almost exclusively applied in America, to the tuition of the children of the rich. With the object of showing this, it has seemed to us that a short sketch of what the kindergarten has done for America, and what it is, may not prove uninteresting.

The first person who brought the kindergarten into general notice on our side of the water, as far as we have information, was Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the sister-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and to her intense enthusiasm much of its popularity is owing. She was followed by Miss Alma Kriege, from the home of the kindergarten itself, and finally by Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, the first completely and thoroughly educated kindergartner who made her appearance in this country. It is to the labours of this last-mentioned lady, more than to any other, perhaps, that the increasing success of kindergartening in America is due, and her pupils have accomplished more than all the rest. The reason is simple, they are the most thorough; the reason of that again equally simple, their teacher was the most thorough.

Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, of all American kindergartners, holds the highest place. She comes to us most directly from the founder of the system, being a pupil of Frœbel's widow. It appears that Frœbel always predicted that the truest and largest field for the development of the kindergarten system would be found in America, and that his latest aspiration was to find someone capable of becoming the pioneer of its introduction in our country. Mrs. Kraus-Boelte early determined on realising this wish of the master, and devoted * the best years of her life to becoming perfectly conversant with the extent and limitations of the kindergarten system. Only then, when she felt herself thoroughly and entirely competent, did she leave Germany for America, where she has ever since resided.

Her deliberation and careful previous training have since that time marked a very sharp contrast between her and some of the more pretentious advocates of the cause. No branch of education has suffered more from the misdirected efforts of half-trained teachers than the kindergarten. None requires more care and constant restraint over one's own enthusiasm to avoid turning the garden into a hothouse, to prevent the over-stimulation of the human plants, to their permanent injury. Frœbel, who devoted a lifetime of various learning to the elaboration of his apparently simple system,

* Mrs. Kraus-Boelte has an experience of eighteen years in the kindergarten. After Frœbel's death his widow established a kindergarten and training school in Hamburg. Here Mrs. Kraus studied for two years, beginning in 1859. In 1861 she went to England, and remained in the English kindergartens established by Frœbel's pupils for four years more to master the English language, after which she went back to Germany again, and thence came to America, where she has ever since been established.

knew this; and his immediate pupils and those educated by them always keep it in mind. Impatient, enthusiastic people, who have only studied the subject superficially or at second hand, almost invariably err on the side of over-stimulation. It is these, and especially some of those who are most conspicuous in the press, that have really done more to injure the cause of kindergartening in this country than they can probably ever repair.

Leaving Miss Alma Kriege and Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, with their immediate pupils, out of the question, it is doubtful whether there is a single true kindergartner in the country as yet, and the pupils of the last-named lady have so far accomplished more than all the rest.

Especially is this the case with Miss Susan E. Blow of St. Louis, the most distinguished of the pupils of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte. This lady was the first to introduce the kindergarten into American public schools, against opposition and indifference. The results proved so satisfactory that they converted the whole school board of St. Louis, and the experiment, begun with a single school, has now been extended to twelve, with the happiest effect. In Boston the kindergarten system, under the management of Miss Symonds, has succeeded equally well, though only established a short time. Beginning with one public kindergarten in Somerset Street last year, the school committee has lately announced its intention of adding four more to the number, and strong efforts are making in the Boston journals to effect the general adoption of the system throughout the city. In Minnesota the kindergarten has also lately been attached to the public school system, but the movement is so far in its infancy there, and not yet properly open to criticism.

The reader may now ask, What is this kindergarten system? what does it for the children, and how is it superior to the common school education? Especially, what has it to do with earning a living? To answer these questions we must enter the kindergarten, see its occupants, find what they are doing, and note the effects of the work on their characters after leaving.

The kindergarten is intended for the training of children from three to seven years of age. Its implements are known as "gifts," its teaching by the name of "occupations" and "plays." To the child of three comes the "first gift," six soft balls in the three primary and three secondary colours, each with a string attached. His occupation is to play with them, and the teacher sing to them, hear stories about everything in heaven and earth, in all of which the balls appear as actors, representing all sorts of characters, a doll, a dewdrop, a baby, a bird, a bell, the pendulum of a clock. Only three years old, yet the child learns from the simplest of all natural forms his first abstract ideas of form, colour, number, and learns them—how? By playing with the teacher, who stands for the mother.

Then comes the "second gift." A ball, a cube, and a cylinder of wood, each with a string attached, are in a little box. That is all, and yet that is the foundation of Frœbel's system. The ball and the cube are "opposites," and the cylinder is the medium between them: it combines the roundness of the ball, the edges and surfaces of the cube. Remove the edges, and the ball is seen; square the sides, and it becomes a cube. Again the child plays with the teacher-mother, and again abstract ideas flow into the mind without exertion, through the medium of play.

Then comes the "third gift." It is a cube divided into eight smaller cubes. Again the play begins, this time combined with work, for the child begins to pull down and set up again, and learns without any conscious effort arithmetic and geometry by the building and separations. Here too, as in the other gifts and plays, while abstract ideas rule the building, natural history pervades the plays, and insensibly during the games the child learns about the outer life of the world of nature and human work. Here too, at four years old, the little one has already mastered without effort the science of fractions and cube root, in a vivid and picturesque manner, that will never leave its mind.

Then comes the "fourth," "fifth," and "sixth gifts," all cubes, but differently divided. The fourth has eight oblong blocks; the fifth has twenty-seven small cubes, whereof three are halved and three divided into quarters by diagonal cuts; the sixth follows the fourth in principle, having twenty-seven oblong blocks, whereof three are divided lengthwise and six across.

These six gifts will occupy the mind of the child for at least two years before their combinations are exhausted, and at the end of that time what a progress has been made, with how simple materials! Not a book

has been used: first a ball; then ball, cube, and cylinder; then the four cubes cut into parts. The child of five has learned the geometrical properties of solids and square and cube roots to nine and twenty-seven, besides the practical sciences of equilibrium, symmetry, and gravity, as illustrated in building. Henceforth the solid is laid aside. The next step is the surface or plane.

This is illustrated in the "seventh gift," a box containing thin wooden tablets, squares and the subdivisions of squares, triangles of every variety, fitting together into the ultimate square which contains them all. This constitutes the next step to abstract thought; from the solid to the plane by the tangible surface. After the plane comes the line, the straight line first, then the curved line. The straight line is the basis of the "eighth gift." It is a box of thin sticks, cut into various lengths. The child sits at the kindergarten table, a plain flat board, scored across with small squares. The little stick is to him the concrete straight line. He can make squares, triangles, stars, figures of symmetry, and forms of life, and all with these few sticks on a table.

After the straight line comes the curve, and the "ninth gift" is the embodied curve. It is a box of wire rings and half rings, to be laid on the table like the sticks.

The nine gifts have thus reversed the ordinary course of abstract arithmetic and geometry. Beginning with the solid, they have ended with the line; beginning with cube and square root, they have ended with the multiplication table, concrete in sticks and rings.

These nine gifts, the first which the child learns to use, all have one object, the communication of abstract ideas by concrete symbols. Their simplicity is admirable; they require little mental effort on the part of the child, and yet, by means of play pure and simple, they place in his mind at seven years of age clear images of thoughts which few children of twelve years old have mastered under the book system, and then only at the cost of wearisome, dry, and distasteful labour.

But side by side with the toys, and coeval with them, something else is going on in the kindergarten—something which constitutes the fundamental difference between it and the common school. Besides the head the hand must be educated, and besides the hand the heart. Here comes in the great benefit of the Frœbel system, and these features are those that need introduction into the higher branches of ideally perfect education, to train the children of a nation into useful, happy, and good citizens. The first of these features is that of the "occupations." As the "gifts" are carefully graded, from the concrete solid in its simplest form through the cube to the embodied line, so the "occupations" return in the same gradation from the line to the solid.

The "eighth gift" really opens the occupations. The child, having been taught to analyse, commences to put together, to construct—to do things. The "tenth gift" is a drawing slate and drawing paper. Each is covered with cross lines, the same as the table, and the child's first effort is to draw a straight line by following the scoring. Thence it progresses to the square, the triangle, the star, and hundreds of mathematical figures, learning the beauties of symmetry, combination, and opposition, always aided by the simple network of squares. Side by side with these forms of beauty are the forms of life—pictures of animals, houses, trees, flowers, which the child learns to copy, just as the artist does, aided by the square network. Without knowing it the whole mystery of freehand drawing is being mastered by the little child before he is seven years old—that science of proportion of parts which constitutes accurate representation on any scale. So many squares, large or small, so much of the object, eye, and hand are trained together.*

Then comes the "eleventh gift." It is known as "perforating paper." Ruled in squares like the slate when patterns are given, the outlines are pricked in by the child with small holes by means of a perforating needle. The slate takes the abstract line for a basis; the paper shows the point as the basis of the line; another abstract lesson side by side with the practical training of eye and hand to proportion in a still more delicate manner. The child is learning mechanical drawing without rule or compasses, as well as freehand drawing from nature, and every day completes the unity of perception and execution.

* It must be stated here that copying of geometrical patterns is not practised in the true kindergartens. The teacher shows the child how to combine the lines into patterns, but the patterns themselves are never shown to the child, and invention is from the first stimulated.

The "twelfth gift" continues the eleventh. The pricked pattern is now embroidered with coloured silk or worsted on cardboard.

The "thirteenth gift" leaves the line, and advances to the plane surface. It consists of squares of paper, which the child is taught to fold in various ways, then to cut with the scissors, so that the paper unfolds into a variety of symmetrical figures. The little pupil is advancing to the art of decorative design, learning the paramount importance of symmetry and opposition, and the infinite variety of combination that lies in the two foundation forms, the square and circle. Here it will be observed in passing that we are coming back to the origin of all, the ball and cube; for square and circle are the plane imitations of the two respectively.

The "fourteenth," "fifteenth," "sixteenth," and "seventeenth" gifts advance from the geometrical principles of abstract design to their concrete application in woven fabrics. They consist of strips of coloured paper and slats of wood, which are woven and interlaced so as to form patterns. They develope all the variety of decoration of which a plane surface is capable, by contrast or harmony of colour alone, form being here secondary.

In the "eighteenth gift" the child comes back to form pure and simple. It may be regarded as a continuation of the "thirteenth," consisting of folded squares of paper, with which the elements of plane geometry are illustrated in a practical manner.

The "nineteenth gift" is one of the most fascinating and useful to children or adults of any. It is known as "peas or cork work." Peas are soaked in water for six or eight hours, and the little sticks of the "eighth gift" (or pointed wires) are stuck into them for the purpose of imitating geometrical figures or real objects. Small cubes of cork are sometimes used for the peas, especially with the wires.

This peas work is capable of more variety than any previous work in the kindergarten. It owes its existence to the demands of the children themselves, and the kind and wise heart of Frœbel. He had noticed that the children, when they began the stick-laying work, were much delighted with the beauty of the forms their own hands had created, and were equally disappointed at the end of the day when their cherished work was swept away in clearing up the kindergarten. To enable them to keep their forms and render them permanent, he devised the soft peas work, by which the lines could be connected and removed from the table, so as to be dried and preserved in the patterns invented by the little workers. But by the invention of this peas work another step was made towards the perfect harmony of the Frœbel scheme of education.

From the "first" to the "ninth" gifts it has been observed that the progression from the simplest solid through the cube to the plane and line was perfect in analysis. Till the peas work came, there existed a gap in the synthetic part of the work. The line and point existed in the drawing and pricking work, the plane in the paper work, the arts of coloured design in the weaving. There remained still a natural step to be devised, from the plane back to the solid, to complete the unity of the scheme. This step exists in the peas work. The stick or wire being the concrete line, the pea becomes the concrete point. It marks the junction of lines, and it was quickly discovered by the delighted children that any reasonable number of lines could be made to radiate from one pea, and that they could construct a perfect imitation of a solid by framing its skeleton and fixing the points by the peas. Not only the cross, the triangle, the square, the star, or any plane figure could be fixed, but the squares could be united into cubes, and all the common forms of life could be set up bodily. Little fairy chairs and waggons, houses and churches, sofas, tables, ladders, stairs, railings, porticos, windows, could be made. There seems, indeed, no limit to the capacity of the peas work. It frames a perfect skeleton of almost any imaginable object.

From thence to the crown of the whole system, the last step comes in the "twentieth gift." It gives the child at the close, as it gave him at three years old, a little soft ball.

This time, however, the ball is of clay or wax, and with it comes the sculptor's modelling stick. Within that little ball, the simplest form of all matter, a lump of clay formed with the hands, by simply rolling it round and round, lie all, and more than all, the forms that the child has seen. It is whatever the child can make it. What the child does make of it would hardly be believed by any one who has not visited a kindergarten and seen the completed work. The child begins with the round ball, as round as the little hands can roll it. Cut off the sides, and it becomes a cube. Roll

the cube round and you have the cylinder. The cube can be divided into all the forms of the early gifts. Then it can be framed into natural objects around. With a little carving the cube becomes a box with its lock, or a bureau. Cut in half it becomes a slab, to be fashioned into a book or a cushion. Adding lumps with fingers and stick, we have a sofa or a Turkish armchair. We can carve leaves and flowers, garlands and wreaths on its surface. Then it becomes an egg. A few lumps pressed on and carved, the egg becomes a chicken, a hen crouched on her nest, a rabbit, or a pussy-cat. Children seven years old become expert little sculptors, and execute animals with wonderful fidelity. In the careful and correct modelling is recognised the crown of the system. The little child, at seven, has become a cunning artist, a "skilled workman." It has learned what it can never learn so well late in life, manual skill, the union of eye and hand, the principles of design, the power of symmetry, practical mathematics—all that distinguishes the skilled artist and artisan from the plodding labourer or the helpless though highly educated school graduate, cast adrift among strangers to earn a living by labour.

This it is—the "occupations"—the work of the kindergarten, that distinguishes it from the purely mental training given in the primary schools to young children. It teaches them from the first the dignity of labour; from the first they do things for themselves, and rejoice in their work. Not alone the head, but the hand, has been trained. But the kindergarten does not stop here. It educates the heart also. In the common schools the children rise from class to class, silence being the inflexible rule, each child working for itself. In the kindergarten the little artists work like grown men and women, happy and absorbed in their work, but ready to help a neighbour, to drop casual remarks, even to sing at their work. Besides this, the "occupations" never last long. They are alternated with "games," which are really calisthenics and object lessons in disguise. In all these children and teacher are together, associating freely, politeness and kindness constantly inculcated, and the golden rule of society enforced by example. The kindergarten has but one punishment, but that is all-sufficient. The sulky, selfish, and disobedient child is doomed to idleness, sent away from his comrades, and not allowed to play with them or work with them. This method has never been known to fail in reformation. The philosophical reader who has followed us through the general features of the system, will have doubtless perceived ere this that the gifts and work are founded on the constitution of the human mind. The discipline is founded on the laws of human society, which constitute its happiness. The rudest child, brought up by slovenly and ill-mannered parents, learns in the kindergarten the true basis of politeness, the greatest good of the greatest number, and gives way to its companions for its sake.

In the public schools, as a rule, the children either go home to dinner or bring their lunch-boxes and eat their contents as best they can, much as a savage gnaws the bone he snatches from the fire. Let them go to a kindergarten and the atmosphere changes. Each child takes its lunch in a little basket, and at recess the same table at which they have played is spread, a plate and cup of water to each child's place, and the lunches are eaten as a civilised lunch should be, at a table, in company, seasoned with cheerful conversation, good manners, inculcated by example. The effect of this and other apparently trifling features of the kindergarten, is that the children who enter it little untaught savages, leave it polite little ladies and gentlemen. They know how to enter and leave a room, how to speak to strangers without bashfulness or forwardness, and especially how to behave at table, having learned at the most impressionable age.

We have now shown in a brief sketch of the work of the kindergarten what it does for the child. It does it slowly and in the midst of variety. The different occupations alternate with each other daily and with the plays. Even the smallest child begins to work at folding, stick-laying, drawing, pricking, and modelling from the first, beginning with the simplest forms, and going gradually to the highest, and stimulated to exercise invention and to make things "out of its own head." The kindergarten leaves the trained child at seven a skilful little workman, deft in finger and brain—an embryo artist or sculptor, as its taste dictates, and free to show the natural bias of its mind.

The question remains, What advantage is all this to the child entering a common school and never having seen a book? Will not the change from the delightful freedom of the kindergarten infallibly disgust and dishearten it, and will it not fall behind

other children who have only received home training?

A little while ago the answer to these questions in America could only be made by assertion and probability. The present year has furnished a very decisive reply, overwhelming in favour of the kindergarten. It comes from the most distinguished of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte's pupils, before referred to, Miss Susan E. Blow, of St. Louis. In a report Mr. Harris, Superintendent of Public Schools, says:—

"It was hoped that the children of the very poor would be brought to the kindergarten, inasmuch as the peculiar power of the new institution to elevate and regenerate as it were was relied upon to work great results where its influences were most needed. Cleanliness, manual skill, taste in ornament and design, are the very virtues needing cultivation first among the indigent. But as in all educational matters, the intelligent and well-to-do were foremost in appreciating the kindergarten and in entering their children to enjoy its benefits. Ignorance cannot be left to itself to provide its own remedy; directive intelligence must first show the way. There has been a certain improvement in this respect, and when the afternoon kindergarten was opened at the Everett school, the ultimate success of the experiment in this direction was no longer in doubt."

After discussing the cost of the system as compared with that of a primary school, which it exceeds in the amount per head, he continues:—

"I have no question as to their great success under reasonably competent and well-trained teachers, to produce the following results:—(1) Good physical development; (2) quickness of invention and fertility of imagination; (3) a keen sense of symmetry and harmony; (4) great mechanical skill in the use of the hands; (5) ability to form rapid judgments in number, measure, and size at a glance of the eye; (6) initiation into the conventionalities of polite society in their demeanour toward their fellows, and in the matters of eating, drinking, and personal cleanliness."

In a note Mr. Harris states that the question of expense for the materials used by each pupil has been solved by payment of a fee of one dollar a quarter from all except the very indigent, and mentions that the number of kindergartens has been increased to twelve. He then annexes Miss Blow's report, that lady being general superintendent of all the kindergartens, and having gratuitously trained the teachers. We extract from her report all that touches the question of the practical results of the kindergarten on after life. She says:—

"I. The kindergarten children submit more readily to school discipline than do children received directly into the primary room. . . .

"II. The average intelligence of the kindergarten pupils is greatly superior to that of children who enter school without previous training. They observe accurately, seize ideas rapidly and definitely, illustrate readily, and work independently. Thus far the promoted pupils of the kindergarten have led every class into which they have been received, and the teacher who has the greatest number of them under her charge tells me that the best of them learn so rapidly as constantly to exceed the work required.

"III. In addition to superior general development, the kindergarten children show special aptitude for arithmetic, drawing, and natural science; have quick comprehension of language, and express their own ideas with accuracy and fluency. . . .

"The means employed to attain this result can only be appreciated by those who thoroughly study the kindergarten gifts in their sequence and relation, and intelligently observe their practical effects. The results which have come under my own observation are surprising. In the Des Peres Kindergarten predestined engineers have built bridges as remarkable in conception as they were clever in execution; little mathematicians have discovered rather than learned all the simple relations of numbers; children with more than ordinary spiritual insight have intuitively seized the moral analogies of physical facts; tiny fingers have guided the pencil to trace beautiful decorative designs; and soft clay has been fashioned into flowers, fruits, and animals by the dexterous hands of embryo sculptors. There was no child who could not find in the varied material of the kindergarten some expression for his individuality."

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

GERMELSHAUSEN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GERSTACKER.)

IN the autumn of 184— a fine hearty young fellow, with knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand, was plodding leisurely along the broad high road which leads up from Marisfeld to Wichtelhausen. The traveller was no wandering journeyman seeking work from place to place, that was clear at a glance, even if the neat little leathern portfolio strapped upon his knapsack had not unmistakably betrayed the artist. Then, too, the broad-brimmed black hat jauntily set on one side, the long, light, curly hair and full though soft and youthful beard, all bespoke his calling; to say nothing of the worn black velvet coat, unbuttoned in the warmth of the morning; and as he wore no waistcoat, there showed beneath a white shirt loosely held at the neck by a black silk handkerchief.

A mile or so out of Marisfeld he heard the bells there ringing for church, and stopped, leaning on his stick and listening

to the full chimes, whose harmony came floating to him faint and weird. Long after the ringing had ceased he stood there, looking dreamily over towards the mountain slope. His thoughts were at home with his own people in the pleasant little village by the Taunus Hills, with his mother and sisters, and something very like a tear gleamed in his eye. But his light and merry heart found little room for sorrowful thoughts. He only took off his hat, waved it with a kindly smile in the direction of his home, and then with a firmer grip of his stout stick, strode briskly along the road again.

The sun meanwhile shone hotly down on the broad, monotonous, dusty highway, and our traveller had for a good while been looking out right and left for an easier path. There was a road, to be sure, that branched off to the right, but as it promised no better, and threatened to take him too far out of his way, he kept straight on a while longer, until he reached a clear mountain brook spanned by the ruins of an old stone bridge. On the other side a grassy path led down into the vale, but careless and without fixed aim, as he was only going to the pretty valley of the Werra to gather studies, he sprang dry-shod over the great stones in the bed of the stream to the close-cropped meadow beyond, and then, delighted with the change, stepped out briskly over the springy turf and in the shadow of a dense alder coppice on his further way.

"Now I have the advantage," said he, smiling to himself, "of not having the faintest notion where I'm going. None of your stupid guide-posts, telling you leagues beforehand the name of the next place, and then always getting the distance wrong. However the people here measure their leagues puzzles me. It's oddly quiet here in the valley! To be sure, on Sunday the peasants have nothing to do out-of-doors, and after having to plod along the whole week through behind the plough or beside the cart, they care little for Sunday walking, and would rather get a sound nap at church in the morning, and stretch their legs under the ale-house table in the afternoon. Ale-house! h'm! a glass of beer wouldn't go ill just now in this heat, but, till I can get it, this clear water will have to do instead." And so, throwing off hat and knapsack, he clambered down to the stream and drank his fill.

After enjoying the pleasant coolness of the draught, he noticed a queer old gnarled willow, which he set to sketching with ready and skilful hand; and then, thoroughly rested and refreshed, picked up his knapsack and went on his way, careless whither it might lead. He had gone on a league or so in such easy fashion, sketching in his portfolio, here a bit of rock, and there a queer alder bush or a gnarled oak bough, and was just making up his mind, as the sun rose higher and higher, to step out more briskly, so as, at least, to be in time for dinner at the next village, when, further down the valley, he saw a peasant girl sitting beside the brook. She was at the foot of an old stone pedestal, the former base, perhaps, of some sculptured saint, and gazing along the way he was coming. Himself hidden by the bushes, he saw her sooner than she him; but following the course of the brook, he had no sooner stepped out from the screen than she sprang up with a cry of joy, and darted towards him.

Arnold, as the young painter was named, stopped short in surprise, and saw that the stranger was a beautiful girl of scarce seventeen, and dressed in a peculiar but extremely neat peasant costume, who was hurrying to him with outstretched arms. He knew, of course, that she took him for some one else, and that this joyous welcome was not intended for him. In fact, as soon as the young girl caught a clear sight of him, she stopped, frightened, turned first pale and then crimson, and, timid and embarrassed, stammered out—

"Pray excuse me, Sir; I—I thought——"

"That I was your sweetheart, didn't you, my dear?" said the young man, laughing; "and now you are vexed to meet another—a stranger, whom you don't care for. Don't be angry with me for not being the right man."

"Oh, how can you speak so?" said the girl in a low, embarrassed voice. "How could I be angry? But if you only knew how I have longed to see him!"

"Then he doesn't deserve you should wait for him a minute longer," said Arnold, struck with the really wonderful grace of the simple peasant girl. "If I had been in his place, you shouldn't have had to wait a single second in vain for me."

"How oddly you talk!" said the girl, abashed. "If he could have come, he would certainly have been here. Perhaps he is ill, or perhaps dead," she added, slowly, and with a long-drawn sigh.

"And is it so long since you have heard from him?"

"Very, very long."

"Then he lives far from here, I suppose?"

"Far? yes, a good bit from here," said the girl—"in Bischofsroda."

"Bischofsroda! why, I've just been staying there four weeks, and know every creature in the village. What's his name?"

"Heinrich—Heinrich Vollgut," answered the girl, timidly; "the son of the magistrate in Bischofsroda."

"H'm!" said Arnold. "I've been in and out at the magistrate's often; his name is Bauerling—I'm sure of that; and I never heard the name of Vollgut in the whole village."

"You can't very well know all the people in the place," replied the girl; and through the sad expression that lay on her sweet face there stole a mischievous little smile that became her quite as well as her former melancholy, or perhaps better.

"But," said the young painter, "you can come over the mountains from Bischofsroda in two hours, or, at most, in three."

"And yet he is not here," answered the girl, again with a deep sigh, "though he promised me so faithfully."

"Then he will certainly come," Arnold exclaimed, assuringly and heartily; "for if anybody has once promised you anything, he must have a heart of stone to break his word, and Heinrich certainly has not that."

"No, indeed," said the girl, earnestly. "But now I won't wait for him any longer. I must be at home by noon, or my father will scold me."

"And where is your home?"

"Right there in the valley. Don't you hear the bell? They are just ringing for church to let out."

Arnold listened, and could hear from time to time the slow strokes of a bell. They sounded not full and deep, but harsh and discordant; and as he looked down upon the landscape, a dense yellow fog seemed to hang over the whole valley. "Your bell is cracked," he said; "it rings false."

"Yes, I know it," the girl answered calmly. "It doesn't ring nicely, and we would have had it recast, only there's never enough money; and besides there's no bell-founder here. Yet what does it matter? We know it, and we know what it means when it strikes, so it does just as well as a sound one."

"What is the name of your village?"

"Germelshausen."

"And can I get from there to Wichtelhausen?"

"Very easily. It takes only an hour; perhaps not so long if you walk fast."

"Then I will go with you through your village, my child, and if you have a good ale-house, I'll eat my dinner there."

"The inn is only too good," said the girl, sighing, and casting a look back to see if even now her Heinrich were not coming.

"And can an inn ever be too good?"

"For peasants, yes," she said, seriously, as she walked by his side down into the valley. "In the evening, after the day's work, peasants still have many things to do about the house, and they neglect them if they sit late at the tavern."

"But I've nothing more to do to-day."

"Ah, of course, with gentlemen it's very different. They don't work, and so they have nothing to neglect; but peasants have to earn their bread for them."

"Well, not exactly," said Arnold; "they grow the bread, certainly, but we have to earn it ourselves, and hardly enough, too, sometimes. Besides, peasants' work is very fairly paid."

"But you don't do any work. Your hands don't look so."

"I'll show you how I can work. Just sit down there on that flat stone under the old alder bush."

"But what shall I do there?"

"Only sit there," said the young artist, quickly throwing off his knapsack and taking up his portfolio and pencil.

"But I must go home."

"In five minutes I'll be through. I should like to carry out into the world with me some remembrance of you that even your Heinrich could not object to."

"A remembrance of me? You are jesting."

"I will take your portrait with me."

"You are a painter?"

"Yes."

"That's good. Then you could paint over the pictures in our church in Germelshausen; they are all spoiled."

"What is your name?" asked Arnold, who had meanwhile opened his portfolio and rapidly sketched the girl's lovely features.

"Gertrude."

"And what is your father?"

"The magistrate of the village. If you are a painter, you shall not go to the inn;

but I'll take you to the house, and after dinner you can talk over everything with my father."

"Talk over the church pictures?"

"Yes, certainly," the girl answered, seriously; "and you must stay with us a long, long time, until—our day comes again, and the pictures will be all ready."

"We'll talk about that afterwards, Gertrude," said the painter, busily handling his pencil meanwhile. "But won't your Heinrich be angry if I'm at your house very often, and talk with you a great deal?"

"Heinrich?" said the girl. "He won't come any more."

"Not to-day, but to-morrow, perhaps."

"No," said Gertrude, quietly. "At eleven o'clock he was not there, so he will stay away until we have our day again."

"Your day? What do you mean by that?"

The girl looked at him with great, serious eyes, but did not answer his question; and while her gaze followed the clouds drifting past high overhead, her face wore a peculiar expression of pain and sorrow. At this moment Gertrude was really beautiful as an angel, and Arnold forgot everything in the interest he took in finishing the portrait. He had but little more time; for the young girl stood up suddenly, and, throwing a handkerchief over her head to shield her from the sun, she said—

"I must go; the day is so short, and they expect me at home.'

Arnold had his little picture ready, and drawing in the drapery of the dress with a couple of bold strokes, he said, holding it out towards her, "Have I caught the likeness?"

"Is that I?" exclaimed Gertrude, quickly, and almost frightened.

"Who else should it be?" said Arnold, laughing.

"And do you wish to keep the picture and take it away with you?" she asked, shyly but anxiously.

"Certainly," said the young man; "and when I am far, far from here, I shall think of you very often."

"But will my father permit it?"

"Permit me to think of you? How can he prevent it?"

"No, but permit you to take the picture out into the world with you?"

"He can't hinder me, my dear," said Arnold. "But would it displease you to know it was in my hands?"

"Me? no," answered the girl, after a short deliberation. "But still I must ask my father."

"You're a queer child," said the painter, laughing. "Even a princess would be willing to let a painter have her portrait. Why, no harm can come of it. But don't run away, you wild little thing. I'm going with you. Or do you want to leave me here behind, with no dinner? Have you forgotten the church pictures?"

"Oh, yes, the pictures," she said, standing still and waiting for him.

Arnold, who had fastened up his portfolio quickly, was at her side in a moment, and then, walking faster than before, they went on towards the village.

It lay, however, much nearer than Arnold had supposed from the sound of the cracked bell; for what he had from a distance taken for an alder thicket turned out, on coming nearer, to be a closely-planted row of fruit trees, behind which, snugly sheltered, but on the north and north-west surrounded by broad fields, lay the old village, with its low church tower and its smoke-begrimed roofs.

At first they came upon a solid, well-paved road planted with fruit trees on each side. Over the village hung the dark fog, which Arnold had seen from a distance, and obscured the clear sunshine which fell upon the grey old weather-beaten roofs with a dismal yellow light. However, Arnold had hardly a glance for all this, for Gertrude, who was walking at his side, quietly took his hand as they approached the first houses, and, holding it in hers, she walked on with him into the next street.

A strange emotion took possession of the young fellow at the contact of this hand, and involuntarily he sought the young girl's eye. Gertrude, however, did not look up at him, but with her gaze fixed modestly on the ground she led the guest towards her father's house. Arnold's attention was at last turned to the villagers he met, who passed by quietly without greeting him. This astonished him at first, for in all the neighbouring villages it would have been considered almost an offence not to offer a stranger at least a "Good-day" or a "Grüss Gott." Here no one thought of such a thing; and just as in a large city, the people went by either silent and indifferent, or stood still and looked after them, but none accosted them—even the girl herself was not greeted by a soul.

And how odd the old houses looked, with their pointed and carved gables and thatched roofs, all grey and weather-beaten. Although

it was Sunday, not a window was brightly cleaned, but the round panes set in lead, looked dull and tarnished, and caught on their flat surfaces a shimmering rainbow light. Here and there a casement opened as they went by, and the friendly faces of girls or staid old matrons looked out. Arnold was surprised at the queer costume of the people. It differed essentially from that of the neighbouring villages. Then, too, an absolute unbroken silence reigned everywhere, and became at last so painful that he said to his guide—

"Do you keep Sunday so strictly in your village that the people when they meet have not even a greeting for one another? If you didn't now and then hear a dog bark or a cock crow you might think the whole place dead and buried."

"It is noon," Gertrude answered, placidly, "and the people don't like talking. This evening you will find them all the noisier."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Arnold, "there are, at least, some children playing in the street. It fairly began to seem uncanny here. Why, they keep Sunday very differently in Bischofsroda."

"There is my father's house," said Gertrude, softly.

"But I ought not to come down on him so unexpectedly; it might not be convenient, and I like to have friendly faces about me at table. You had better show me the inn, my child, or let me find it myself, for if Germelshausen is no exception to other villages the inn stands close by the church, and if you aim for the tower you can't go wrong."

"You are right there; at least, it is just so with us," said Gertrude, quietly. "But they expect us at home, and you need not fear you won't be welcome."

"Do they expect us? Ah! you mean yourself and your Heinrich. If you would take me in his place, I would stay here as long as—as—until you yourself should tell me to go away."

He spoke the words with involuntary ardour, and softly pressed her hand, which still held his own. Gertrude immediately stood perfectly still, and said, looking at him earnestly—

"Would you, really?"

"With all my heart," said the young painter, quite overcome by the girl's beauty. Gertrude, however, replied no further, but walked on as if deliberating upon his words. At last she stopped before a high house with broad stone steps and iron railings in front, and said, in her former shy and embarrassed way—

"I live here, sir, and if it please you come with me to my father, who will be proud to see you at his table."

Before Arnold could answer, the magistrate himself stood in the doorway, and a window was opened, from which the friendly head of an old woman looked out and nodded, while the father said, "Why, Gertrude, you've stayed out long to-day; and what a fine companion you've brought with you!"

"My dear sir—" Arnold began.

"Don't stand talking on the steps. Come in. The dumplings are done, and they'll soon be cold and hard."

"But that isn't Heinrich," the old woman called out of the window. "Didn't I always say he wouldn't come back?"

"There, there, that'll do, mother," said the magistrate, as he stepped forward and held out his hand to the stranger. "Welcome to Germelshausen, young gentleman, wherever the girl may have picked you up! And now come in to dinner, and fall to with a relish, and afterwards we can talk."

The young painter had really no more chance for apology, for, vigorously shaking the hand which Gertrude had dropped, as soon as he set foot upon the steps, the magistrate took him confidentially under the arm and led him towards the family living room.

The air in the house was damp and earthy. Well as Arnold knew the German peasant's habit of shutting out every breath of fresh air, and even in summer often making a fire to get up the roasting heat in which he is most at home, still the atmosphere seemed strange to him. The narrow entry offered little that was inviting. The plaster had fallen from the walls, and seemed to have been just hastily swept aside. The one window, at the back, admitted scarcely a ray of light, and the stairs that led to the upper story looked old and dilapidated.

He had, however, little time to observe all this, for in a moment his hospitable host threw open the door of the living-room. It was not a high room, but very spacious, and freshly aired, strewn with white sand; the table, in the centre, spread with snowy linen, contrasted most agreeably with the remaining somewhat disorderly arrangement of the house.

Besides the old woman, who had now

shut the window and drawn her chair to the table, there sat in the corner a couple of rosy-cheeked children. There was also a stout peasant woman (clad like the others, in a costume different from that of the neighbouring villages), and she was just opening the door for the maid-servant, who came in with a large dish. The dumplings were smoking on the table, and they all pushed up their chairs for the welcome meal. No one, however, sat down, and the children kept casting anxious glances towards the father, who went to his chair, leaned upon it with his arm, and looked gloomily and in perfect silence upon the ground before him. Was he praying? Arnold saw that he held his lips pressed together, and his right hand firmly clinched, hung at his side. In his features there was certainly no sign of prayer, but rather of stubborn and yet helpless defiance.

At last Gertrude went softly up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, while the old woman stood opposite with earnest and beseeching looks.

"Let us eat," said the man, sharply; "it's of no use;" and moving his chair forward, and nodding to his guest, he seated himself, took up the great ladle, and helped them all round. His whole manner impressed Arnold unpleasantly, and what with the constrained behaviour of the others, too, he could hardly feel comfortable. However, the magistrate was not a man to spoil a dinner with gloomy thoughts. When he knocked on the table the maid-servant came in with bottles and glasses, and with the costly old wine which he poured out came a lighter and happier spirit over all the table.

The rare drink went through Arnold's veins like liquid fire; never in his life had he tasted anything like it. Gertrude drank it, and so did the old mother, who sat in the corner by her spinning-wheel, singing in a low voice a little song about the happy life in Germelshausen. Even the magistrate seemed to undergo a change. In proportion as he was before silent and morose, he was now gay and merry; and Arnold himself could not escape the influence of this rare wine. He hardly knew how it happened, but the magistrate had taken a violin and was playing a lively dance, while Arnold, with the lovely Gertrude in his arms, whirled about the room so madly that he upset the spinning-wheel and chairs, and ran against the maid, who was clearing off the table, and played all sorts of lively tricks, until the others almost killed themselves with laughing.

Suddenly every thing in the room was hushed; and as Arnold looked around in surprise for the magistrate, he pointed with his violin bow to the window, and laid the instrument back in its wooden case. Then Arnold saw that in the street outside a coffin was being carried by. Six men, clad in white gowns, bore it on their shoulders, and behind them walked an old man with a little fair-haired girl by the hand. The old man was bent nearly double, but the child, who was scarcely four years old, and could have no notion what lay in the dark coffin, nodded cheerfully whenever she spied a familiar face, and laughed aloud as two dogs scampered by chasing each other, and one of them ran against the steps of the schoolhouse and tumbled himself over.

The silence lasted only as long as the coffin remained in sight, and then Gertrude stepped up to the young man and said, "Now rest a while. You have frolicked long enough, and the strong wine is going more and more to your head. Come, get your hat and we'll take a little walk together. When we come back it will be time to go to the tavern; there is a dance tonight."

"Dance? Good!" exclaimed Arnold, delighted. "I came just at the right time. And you'll give me the first dance, Gertrude?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

Arnold took up his hat and portfolio, and the magistrate asked, "What do you want of the book?"

"He can draw, father," said Gertrude; "he has drawn me. Just look at the picture?"

Arnold opened the portfolio and held out the little portrait. The peasant considered it awhile in silence. "You want to take that away with you," he said at length, "and perhaps frame it and hang it up?"

"Yes; why not?"

"May he, father?' said Gertrude.

"If he doesn't stay with us, I have nothing to say against it; but there's something lacking at the back there."

"What?"

"The funeral procession. Paint that in on the same paper, and you may take the picture away with you."

"The funeral procession with Gertrude?"

"There's room enough," said the magistrate stubbornly. "It must be put there, for I won't let you take my child's picture

away all alone. In such serious company nobody can think any harm of her."

Arnold shook his head and laughed over the strange notion of giving the lovely girl a funeral procession as guard of honour. However, the old man seemed to have his idea fixed, and, to content him, he let him have his way. Afterwards, Arnold knew he could easily take out such a gloomy accompaniment. He sketched, from memory, the shapes that had just passed by, while the whole family pressed about him and watched, with wide-open eyes, the rapid execution of the drawing.

"There, is that all right?" he asked, holding the picture at arm's-length.

"Capital!" answered the magistrate, with a nod. "Who'd have thought you could do it so quick? And now go with the girl and see the village. You may not get a sight at it again. But make sure to be back again by five o'clock. To-day is a festival, and you ought to be on hand."

What with the closeness of the room and the wine in his head, Arnold felt heavy and oppressed, and longed for the fresh air; so in a few moments he was walking by the lovely Gertrude's side along the street that led through the village. Now the road was not so still as before. Children were playing in the street, and old men sat before the doors here and there and watched them; and the whole place, with its curious old buildings, would have had a pleasant aspect if the sun could only have shone through the thick brownish smoke that lay over the roofs like a cloud.

"Is there a bog of wood burning in the neighbourhood?" Arnold asked. "This smoke hangs over no other village, and it can't come from the chimneys."

"It's from the earth," said Gertrude, calmly. "But did you never hear of Germelshausen?"

"Never."

"That's strange; and the place is so old—so very old."

"The houses certainly look so, and the people have an odd sort of demeanour; besides, your speech is different from that of the neighbouring places. You seldom get out of your village, I suppose?"

"Seldom," said Gertrude.

"Why, there isn't a single swallow. They can't have gone away already?"

"Long ago," answered the girl, speaking in a low monotone. "They don't build their nests in Germelshausen any more. Perhaps they can't bear the air here."

"But you don't always have this fog?"

"Always."

"That's the reason, then, that your fruit trees don't bear. Why, in Marisfeld they have to prop up the branches, there's such plenty this year." Gertrude answered no further, but walked at his side silently through the village, until they reached the outer limits. On the way she often nodded pleasantly to some child, or spoke a few low words to some young girl, perhaps about the dance or the ball dress. The girls cast very kindly glances upon the young painter, and he himself felt, he scarcely knew why, a certain warmth about the heart; but he did not dare say so to Gertrude. Finally they reached the very last houses, where it was lonely and silent as death, although the village was full of life. The gardens looked as if they had not been trodden for years; long grass grew in the paths; and it seemed particularly strange that the fruit trees should every one be barren. Now they met people coming towards them, and Arnold immediately recognised the returning funeral train. It moved silently past them again into the village, and involuntary they turned their steps towards the burying-ground.

Arnold tried to cheer up his companion, who seemed very sad. He spoke to her of other places where he had been, and described how the outside world looked. She had never seen a railroad, nor even heard of one, and listened to Arnold's description attentive and astonished. Neither had she any notion of the telegraph, nor of any of the new inventions; and the young painter could not understand how it was possible that there could be living in Germany people so completely cut off from the rest of the world. Talking in this way, they reached the grave-yard, and the young painter was struck with the antique stones and monuments, although they were all perfectly plain and simple.

"That is a very old stone," he said, bending over the nearest one, and with difficulty deciphering the twisted letters.

ANNA MARIA BERTHOLD, born STIEGLITZ.
Born December 1, 1188;
died December 2, 1224.

"That is my mother," said Gertrude, seriously, and two great shining tears welled up to her eyes and rolled down slowly upon her dress.

"Your mother! my good child," exclaimed Arnold, astonished—"one of your

great-great-grandmothers it might have been."

"No," said Gertrude, "my own mother. My father married again, and the one at home is my step-mother."

"But doesn't it say died 1224?"

"The year is nothing to me," said Gertrude, sadly. "It is hard to be separated from one's mother; and yet," she added, softly and sorrowfully, "it was well perhaps that she went to God before it happened."

Arnold shook his head, and bent over the stone to examine the inscription more closely, and see if the first 2 in the date might not be an 8, which the antique lettering made not unlikely. But no; the other 2 was exactly like the first, and we haven't yet reached 1884. Perhaps the stone-cutter had made a mistake. The girl was so absorbed in thinking of her dead mother that he would not disturb her with questions; so he left her at the stone, where she had sunk down, softly praying, and went on to examine some of the other monuments. All, without exception, bore date many hundred years back—even as far as 930 and 900 A.D. He found no newer stones, and yet burials were even now made there, as the last entirely fresh grave testified.

From the low church wall was an excellent view of the old village, and Arnold immediately seized the opportunity to make a sketch. Over this place, also, hung the strange fog or smoke, and yet farther towards the wood he could see the sun shining clear and bright upon the mountain slope. Again the old cracked bell rang in the village, and Gertrude, standing up quickly and brushing the tears from her eyes, beckoned pleasantly to the young man to follow her. Arnold was at her side in an instant.

"We must not grieve any longer," she said, smiling; "they are ringing church out, and now comes the dance. You must have thought the people of Germelshausen very dull and stupid, but this evening you shall find just the contrary."

"Yes; but over there is the church door," Arnold said, "and I see nobody coming out."

"That's very likely," answered the girl, laughing, "because nobody goes in, not even the priest; but the old sacristan gives himself no rest, and rings church out and in."

"And none of you go to church?"

"No; neither to mass nor confession," she replied, calmly. "We are at variance with the Pope, who lives in a far country, and he will not allow it until we obey him again."

"But I have never in my life heard anything about it."

"Indeed! well, it happened so very long ago," said the girl, carelessly. "Look, there's the sacristan coming out of the church, all alone, and shutting the door. He doesn't go to the tavern in the evening, but sits at home all by himself."

"And does the priest go?"

"I should think so! He's the merriest of all; he doesn't take it to heart."

"And how did all this happen?" asked Arnold, less surprised at the curious statements than at the girl's artlessness.

"It's a long story," replied Gertrude, "and the priest has written it all down in a great thick book. If it would amuse you, and if you know Latin, you can read the book. But," she added, warningly, "don't speak of it before my father, because it vexes him. See, here are the young men and girls coming out of the houses already, and I must hurry to get home and dress myself, for I wouldn't like to be the last."

"And how about the first dance, Gertrude?"

"I shall dance it with you. You have my promise."

They walked quickly back to the village, where quite a different spirit was prevailing since the morning. Laughing groups of young people stood everywhere around; the girls were decked out for the holiday, and the boys, too, wore their best clothes. Outside the tavern, as they went by, were garlands of leaves hung from window to window, and forming a great triumphal arch over the door. When Arnold saw that everyone was in his best attire he did not care to appear in his travelling clothes, so he went in at the magistrate's, unbuckled his knapsack, took out his good suit, and just had his toilet done when Gertrude knocked at the door and called him. How wonderfully beautiful the girl looked in her rich yet simple costume, and how sweetly she bade him come with her, as the father and mother would not come till later.

"The longing after her Heinrich cannot oppress her heart very much," thought the young man, with satisfaction, as he drew her arm through his and walked with her in the gathering twilight to the dancing hall. He took good care, however, not to give words to such a thought. It was a singular feeling that came stealing over him, and when the young girl's heart

beat against his arm his own throbbed violently.

"And to-morrow I must go on again," he said, softly, with a sigh. He hardly knew that he had spoken, when his companion answered, smiling,

"Don't concern yourself about that. We may be together longer—longer, perhaps, than you would wish."

"And would you like me to stay with you, Gertrude?" asked Arnold, his forehead flushing.

"Certainly," she replied, artlessly. "You are good and pleasant, and I know my father likes you, too. Besides, Heinrich didn't come," she added, resentfully.

"And what if he come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" said Gertrude, and looked up at him earnestly with her great dark eyes. "A long, long night lies between. To-morrow! You will understand to-morrow what the word means. But to-day let us not talk about it," she said, breaking off abruptly. "To-day is the festival we have long—oh, so long!—looked forward to, and we won't spoil it with sad thoughts. Here we are, you see, at the place. The young men won't take it amiss that I bring a new partner with me."

Arnold was going to speak further, but loud music from within drowned his voice. The musicians played strange tunes—he was not familiar with one of them—and at first he was almost blinded by the brightness of the many lights. However, Gertrude led him into the middle of the hall, where a crowd of young peasant girls were talking together. There she left him until the dance should really begin, to look about a little and become acquainted with the other young men.

For the first few moments Arnold felt ill at ease among such strange people. Their queer dress and accent repulsed him, and, sweet as their peculiar speech had sounded from Gertrude's lips, it came very harshly from the others. Yet the young men were all friendly to him, and one of them came up, and, taking his hand, said,

"It is sensible of you, sir, to wish to remain with us. We lead a merry life, and the interval passes pretty quickly."

"What interval?" asked Arnold, less astonished at the expression than that the young man should speak so decidedly as if he were going to make the village his home. "You think that I am coming back here?"

"Why, do you intend to go away?" asked the peasant, quickly.

"Yes, to-morrow or the day after, but I'm coming back."

"To-morrow! Indeed! Oh, that's all right, then. To-morrow we'll talk it all over again. But come and let me show you all the fun, for if you go away to-morrow you won't get another chance at it."

The others laughed slyly among themselves, but the young peasant took Arnold by the hand and led him all through the house, which was closely packed with people. First they passed through rooms in which were card-players, who had great heaps of gold lying before them; then to a nine-pin alley all laid out in shining stones. In a third room "kiss-in-the-ring" and other games were going on, and the young girls ran out and in, laughing and frolicking with the young fellows, until a flourish from the musicians, who had all along been playing merrily, gave the signal for the dance to begin, and Gertrude stood at Arnold's side and took his arm.

"Come, we must not be the last," said the charming girl, "for, as the magistrate's daughter, I have to open the dance."

"But what strange tune is that?" said Arnold. "I can't get into the measure at all."

"You'll be all right presently," laughed Gertrude. "In five minutes you'll get used to it. I'll show you how."

They all pressed towards the dancing hall, laughing and making merry noisily, and Arnold soon forgot everything in the mere happiness of holding the wonderfully lovely maiden in his arms. Again and again he danced with Gertrude, and no one seemed to dispute his claim, though the young girls passing by them in the dance rallied him more than once on his devotion. One thing, however, surprised and troubled him. Close by the tavern stood the old church, and in the dancing-room the harsh, discordant tones of the cracked bell could be heard distinctly. At the first stroke it was as if some magic spell had fallen upon the dancers. The music ceased in the midst of a measure, the gaily moving crowd stood motionless, fixed as statues, and seemed to count anxiously, but all hushed as death, each heavy clang of the bell. But no sooner had the last echo died away than the noise and merriment broke out afresh. This was repeated at eight, at nine, and at ten o'clock. When Arnold tried to ask the meaning of such a strange proceeding Gertrude laid her finger on her lips, and looked at him so sadly and so

sorrowfully that for all the world he would not have troubled her any more.

At ten o'clock came a pause in the dance, and the musicians, who must have had lungs of iron, marched ahead of the young people into the supper-room. There everything went merrily; the wine flowed freely; and Arnold, who could not very well be behind the rest, was realising what a void the evening's dissipation would leave in his slender purse. But Gertrude sat close by him. They drank from the same glass, and could he long find room for any such anxiety? Besides, what if her Heinrich should come to-morrow?

The first stroke of eleven sounded, and again the boisterous jollity of the drinkers was hushed; again the breathless listening to each long, heavy tone. A strange dread fell upon him—he hardly knew of what—and a thought of his mother at home stole into his heart. He took up his glass slowly, and emptied it to the health of the loved ones far away. At the eleventh stroke the guests sprang up from the table for the dance to begin anew, and all hurried back to the hall.

"To whom did you drink that last time?" said Gertrude, as she laid her hand upon his arm again.

Arnold hesitated. Perhaps Gertrude would laugh at him if he told her. But no; she had prayed fervently at her own mother's grave, and in a low voice he answered,

"To my mother."

Gertrude said not a word, and went up the stairs with him in silence. But she laughed no more, and before beginning the next dance she asked,

"Do you love your mother so dearly?"

"More than my life."

"And does she love you?"

"Does not a mother always love her child?"

"And what would she do if you did not come home to her?"

"Poor mother!" said Arnold, "her heart would break."

"The dance is beginning again," exclaimed Gertrude, quickly. "Come, we must not lose a moment." And, wilder than ever, the dance went on. The young men, warmed with the strong wine, frolicked and shouted and fairly screamed, until the noise threatened to drown the music. Arnold no longer felt happy in the confusion, and Gertrude too had become silent and serious. But with the others the fun only seemed to increase, and in a pause of the dance the magistrate came up, gave the young fellow a hearty slap on the back, and said, laughing,

"That's right, Herr Painter; let your legs move lively this evening. We've time enough to rest. Nay, nay, little girl; what are you pulling such a long face about? Is that fit for the dance, do you think? Come; move lively. It's beginning again. I must go and hunt up my old woman and have the last turn with her. Get into place. Come; the musicians are puffing out their cheeks again." And, with a shout, he went off, elbowing through the noisy crowd.

Arnold had thrown his arm around Gertrude for the dance just beginning, when she suddenly freed herself, grasped his arm, and whispered softly,

"Come!"

Arnold had no time to ask where, she urged him so hurriedly and secretly to the door of the hall.

"Where are you going?" two of her friends called out.

"Oh, I'm coming directly back," she answered, shortly; and in a few seconds she and Arnold stood outside in the cool evening air.

"Where are you going, Gertrude?"

"Come!" Again she grasped his arm, and led him through the village to her father's house, where she stepped in, returning with a bundle.

"What are you going to do?" Arnold asked, astonished.

"Come!" was all she answered, and walked with him past all the houses, until they had left the outer walls of the village behind. They had been following the broad, hard, travelled street, but now Gertrude turned off to the left, and went up a little hill, from which one could easily look down on the brightly lighted windows of the tavern. Here she stood still, held out her hand to Arnold, and said, with feeling,

"Greet your mother for me, and farewell."

"Gertrude!" cried Arnold, astonished and perplexed, "will you send me from you so, and in the night? Have I said a word to offend you?"

"No, Arnold," said the girl, calling him for the first time by his name; "but just because—because I love you, you must go."

"But I will not leave you, still less in this way, to go back to the village all alone in the dark. You do not know how dear you are to me, how in these few hours I

have given you all my heart. You do not know how—"

"Hush! Say no more," said Gertrude, interrupting him. "We will take no farewell. When you have heard the clock strike twelve—it can lack hardly ten minutes now—come back to the door of the tavern. I will wait for you there."

"And meanwhile?"

"Stay here on this spot. Promise me that you will not move a step to the right nor left until it shall have done striking twelve."

"I promise it, Gertrude; but then—"

"Then come," said the girl, and giving him her hand, was about to go.

"Gertrude!" cried Arnold, in a sorrowful, beseeching voice.

Gertrude hesitated a moment, then suddenly threw her arms about his neck, and Arnold felt her ice-cold lips pressed upon his own. It was only for an instant; in the next she had torn herself away, and he stood dazed and completely overcome, yet, remembering his promise, he remained on the spot where she had left him. Now for the first time he noticed that within a few hours the weather had changed. The wind howled through the trees, the sky was covered with thick drifting clouds, and a few big drops of rain gave token of a coming storm.

The lights of the tavern shone brightly through the darkness, and as the wind blew from that way the sound of the instruments was borne to him in fitful gusts. But this did not last long. He had been standing so only a few minutes when the old church bell began to strike twelve, and at that instant the music stopped, or was drowned by the howling of the storm, which raged so fiercely over the whole hill-side that Arnold had to bend down to avoid being thrown upon the ground.

In stooping, he felt upon the earth before him the bundle that Gertrude had brought out of the house. It was his knapsack and portfolio, and in his surprise he stood up again. The hour had struck, the storm was blowing over, but nowhere in the village could he any longer see a light. The dogs that just before had been barking and howling were still, and a thick damp vapour exhaled from the ground.

"The time is up," Arnold murmured softly to himself, throwing his knapsack over his shoulder, "and I must see Gertrude once more, for I cannot part from her so. The dance is over, the dancers will be going home now, and if the magistrate won't keep me overnight, I'll stay at the tavern; besides, I could never find my way through the wood in the dark."

He came cautiously down from the little slope that he had ascended with Gertrude, expecting to strike the broad white road that led into the village, but he only groped about vainly among the bushes. The ground was soft and marshy. With his thin boots he sank ankle deep, and all about where he supposed the road to lie grew thick alder bushes. He could not have gone over the road in the darkness, for he would have felt it hard to the tread; besides, the village wall ran across it, and he could not have missed that. He sought about in anxious haste, but all in vain. The earth kept growing softer and more swampy. The further he went on the thicker the bushes grew, and he was pierced on every side by thorns, his clothes torn to pieces, and his hands scratched until they bled.

Had he strayed off to the right or left, and so passed by the village? He feared wandering still further out of the way, and so remained upon a tolerably dry spot, waiting until the old bell should strike one. But it did not strike; not a dog barked, and no sound of human life reached him. In pain and anxiety, wet through and through, and shivering with cold, he worked his way back to the higher ground where Gertrude had left him. From there he made two more attempts to penetrate the thicket, but quite uselessly. Tired to death, and oppressed, too, by a vague terror, he shunned at last the dark, weird valley, and sought a sheltering tree under which to pass the night.

And how tediously the hours dragged by! Shivering with cold, he could not catch a moment's sleep all night long. From time to time he thought he could hear the harsh tones of the bell, but only to be, as so often before, disappointed.

At last the first faint light glimmered in the east, the clouds had passed away, the heavens were clear and starlit, and the awakening birds twittered softly in the dusky trees. The light in the east grew broader and brighter, and he could easily distinguish the tree-tops, but he looked in vain for the old church tower and the weather-beaten roofs. Nothing but a wild alder thicket, with here and there a stunted willow, lay before him.

At last he came to the stone on which he had sketched Gertrude. That place he

would have recognised among a thousand, the old alder bush, with its stiff branches, marked it so plainly. He knew now exactly how he had come, and and where Germelshausen must lie; so keeping on strictly in the same direction, he walked back very briskly through the valley which he had followed yesterday with Gertrude. He recognised the slope over which the mountain mist had hung, and only the alder thicket separated him from the first houses. Now he had reached it, forced his way through, and—found himself back in the same swamp where he had been wading about in the night.

Tired to death, he threw himself down under a tree. He took from out his portfolio Gertrude's picture, and with bitter longing dwelt upon the dear face of the maiden that had taken such fast hold upon his heart. Suddenly he heard behind him a rustling in the foliage, then a dog barked, and as he sprang up quickly, there stood, not far off, an old gamekeeper, who was looking curiously at such a strange, wild-looking individual so respectably dressed.

"Thank God!" cried Arnold, rejoiced to meet a human being, and then laying the leaf back in his portfolio, he said, "You're just the man I wanted to see, Herr Keeper, for I believe I'm astray."

"H'm," said the old man, "if you've passed the night lying in the bushes, when it's hardly a mile over to Dillstedt, where there's a good inn, I think so too. Donnerwetter! how you look—just as if you'd been tumbling head over heels in the briers and the marsh!"

"What is the next village called?"

"Dillstedt, right over there. When you get up on that rising ground you can see it lying just below."

"And how far is it to Germelshausen?"

"To *where?*" said the keeper, aghast, and taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"To Germelshausen."

"Lord 'a mercy on me!" cried the old man, casting a frightened glance around. "I know these woods well, but how many fathoms deep in the earth the 'enchanted village' lies, only God knows; and, besides, it's none of our business."

"The enchanted village!" exclaimed Arnold.

"Germelshausen—yes," said the keeper. "It stood right there in the swamp, where now the old willows and alders grow, but it sank—nobody knows why, or where it went, and there's a saying that every hundred years it comes up again. May no good Christian ever happen to see it! But lying out all night in the bushes doesn't seem to have agreed with you. You're white as a sheet. Here, take a drink from this flask—it will do you good—so—so—take plenty. That isn't half enough—a good stiff pull. That's the right stuff. And now just you start for the tavern over there, and get into a warm bed."

"At Dillstedt?"

"Yes, of course; there isn't one nearer."

"But Germelshausen?"

"Do me the favour not to speak of that place again right on the spot where we stand. Let the dead rest, and particularly those who haven't any rest, and may appear among us again unexpectedly at any moment."

"But yesterday the village was still standing here," Arnold insisted, utterly bewildered. "I was in it. I ate, drank, and danced there."

The keeper looked the young man over from head to foot, and then he said, smiling, "Are you sure it hadn't some other name? You seem to have come right from Dillstedt; there was a dance there last night, and it isn't everyone that can bear the strong beer the landlord brews nowadays."

For answer, Arnold opened his portfolio, and took out the sketch he had made from the graveyard.

"Do you know that village?"

"No," said the keeper, "in all the country round here there's no such low tower as that."

"That is Germelshausen," said Arnold. "And do the peasant girls in the neighbourhood dress like this one here?"

"H'm, no. What kind of a queer funeral procession is that?"

Arnold did not answer. With a strange pang at his heart he laid the paper back in his portfolio.

"You can't miss the way to Dillstedt," said the keeper, good-naturedly, for a dim suspicion still haunted him that the stranger was not quite right in his head. "If you like, I'll guide you until you come in sight of the place; it wouldn't be far out of my way."

"Thank you," said Arnold, declining the offer. "I'll get over there all right. Then it's only once in a hundred years that the village comes up?"

"So the people say," answered the keeper; "but who can tell if it's true?"

Arnold had taken up his knapsack.

"Grüss Gott," he said, holding out his hand to the keeper.

"Thank you kindly," the man answered. "Where are you going now?"

"To Dillstedt."

"That's right. The other side of the hill there you'll strike the high-road."

Arnold turned and walked slowly away, but when he reached the point from where he could see the whole valley he stood still and looked back.

"Farewell, Gertrude," he murmured, softly, and as he passed on his way there were tears in his eyes.

CHARLES CARROL.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

As Mr. Lincoln predicted, when the perennial relapsing fever broke out in the village at its accustomed spring-time little Jenny Morris was the first victim to be covered with "a daisy quilt."

The parents were inconsolable. She was their only child—the one pet blossom. They had no idea that anything they had done or left undone had helped her to this early grave, not even when Mr. Lincoln quietly pointed out the dangerous character of the surrounding nuisances, and that they were one cause of illness.

"The fever had always come," they replied.

"Undoubtedly, and, having it from year to year, did the idea never strike you that yourselves and your neighbours help to bring it here?"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, how can we help it? It's the Lord's doing."

"Now, Morris, I don't want to be hard upon you, for you have a sore trouble, but just tell me one thing—if you put your hand into that red fire will it be burned?"

"Of course it will—what then?"

"If you hadn't put your hand in would harm have come?"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, d'ye think we're fools?"

"No matter what I think. Your putting your hand in the fire was the cause of its being burned—the cause, remember. Now there must be a cause for all things happening. You quite understand the cause of your burn, that is, supposing you had put your hand in the fire."

"Well, in course we do."

"Then look round at your own house, and your neighbours', all swamped with pools of water, and unwholesome with vegetable rubbish lying in heaps here and there. You ought to see as plainly as that fire will burn that here is the cause of the fever which will desolate many homes and sap the strength of all, poor and rich. Yonder market garden, with its heaps of refuse matter lying rotting in the sun, is as bad as a pest-house."

"Why, that's put there for manure, though, to be sure, there's some awful smells do come from it at times."

"Simpson ought to know better. Why doesn't he put the heap by yonder hedge away from the lane, and cover it with coal ashes, lime, old sawdust, and other matters which go to make good manure? If he were to dig a very deep pit, put into the bottom a deep layer of sawdust, and then throw in the refuse mixed with ashes and lime; but it is better to burn it, and on a day when the wind blows the smoke from the village not towards it."

"We've had the fever here every year, though sometimes 'tisn't so bad as others; but, there, none of us 'll die till our time comes."

"So you believe in fate, do you? Don't you know you make your own fate? You invite the fever to kill you."

"Why the fever don't come flying about like a bad sperrit."

"That's just what it does. The air is full of germs or motes—you know what they are; those motes you can see well enough if a ray of sunlight comes through a closed shutter. All the room or air is full of these motes or germs of life and disease, so small are they that you can't see them; but they

lay hold of putrefying matter and still water, and then the former breeds disease, fevers, and what not, and the water teems unwholesomely with life. Morris, that can't be healthy, you know."

"Don't stand to reason, Mister Lincoln, but what can poor folks do?"

"Bestir yourselves, clear off the water, and don't put gravel down in its place. Cut some deep ruts for drainage down to the hedge yonder. All the water that's now running there is natural drainage from the hill, and just ram a good bed of clay down round the house, and let it slope well to the ditch."

"Whoever heard of clay? Why gravel must be best, because that's dry directly after a shower."

"Yes, dry on the surface, but wet enough below. Gravel makes a capital colander—everything runs through it. It's hard work work to get wet into clay. It may be mud in the winter and dust in the summer, but it is healthier than gravel, for it is principally metal. Look at this stud on my cuff, which is produced from a species of clay. Our roofing tiles, our bricks, and our china are made from clay. It is cold, I grant you, but it is healthier than low-lying gravel to build a house upon, because gravel is full of water and clay is made up of flint and other minerals ground down to a mass. It is damp but wholesome, no drainage can run into clay. Gravel in a valley is mischievous, on a high hill is another matter; that in a valley comes from the bed of a river in long ages past: a hill of gravel is an upheaval, and safe enough.

"All this, Morris, you wont understand yet; but you need not make matters worse. This relapsing fever is the result of natural causes heightened by neglect, by drink instead of food, and by neglect of any precautions to make bad matters better. Unfortunately in a valley, just when one wants dry and cool air, one gets damp and warmth, and this gives shivering and headache. It is the wet season in which fevers are prevalent. This and the decomposition of animal and vegetable refuse increase the malady."

"Are you a doctor, Mr. Lincoln?" asked Mrs. Morris.

"Once upon a time—yes, I was a doctor, but have given up my profession, that is as far as pay is concerned. Why do you ask?"

"Because, instead of telling us all this which we don't understand, you may perhaps be telling us what to do. My poor little Jenny is gone; as you don't like to hear us say, 'Twas the Lord's will,' just tell us what we must do to cure ourselves, for I am sickening for it, and Jim Wood's family is down in it, and 'twill have the run of the place before 'tis done."

"The floods and fogs have paved the way for it, and the dirt and putrefaction have given it a suitable lodging. First of all, clear away and drain off the pools, abstain from drink, excepting tea, cocoa, or skim milk, and when the shiverings come on take a solution of camphor. There, I'll write it for you, or give you some, if you come to me for it. This is the prescription.

"Three drachms of camphor in an ounce and half of spirits of wine. This is now a clear solution, looks like water. Fill a teaspoon half full of moist sugar, drop seven drops of the camphorated spirit upon this, fill the teaspoon up with cold water and swallow the mixture. In a moment the heat will probably return and the shiverings cease. This remedy for cold was successfully used in India at the time of the cholera, when the victims were almost in the last stage of the disease, but then two drops were administered every five minutes, and additional clothes heaped upon the sufferers. It is said that scarcely any died after this treatment. If you sniff up the camphor it stops sneezing and running at the nose. When the hot flushes come, it is well to take the simple rose infusion, which I will come here and show you how to make. It is a simple medicine, and should be found in all households. A celebrated doctor stated that in his practice he had by this medicine never lost a child in the scarlet fever, and that he always administered this remedy in fever cases. But without plenty of fresh air and cooling drink, even if only water, fever will have its way; but, above all things, this smell of the drains and from the garden-house must be got rid of."

"We be poor folks, Mister Lincoln, and we can't do this, and the parish won't."

"Then the only remedy is to use carbolic acid freely, because this totally destroys the infectious germs of disease which are always floating in the air seeking a comfortable nest of dirt and decomposition to hide in, and then spread its direful mischief over a household. It is not in your houses alone, my good folks, that it takes up its residence. In grand houses where the servants heap together all rubbish, where the drain traps

are left open, and where that abominable 'essence of sink' pervades the whole house, there also fever of any kind enters by special invitation."

"The moment the cold shiverings come on sit out of the draught, but with plenty of clothes on, and take the camphor mixture as I have directed you, with sugar and water, *not without*, open the window, let in any quantity of fresh air, and have a fire in the room. When the heat flushings return then drink cold water, and take the rose infusion as medicine. To-morrow I will bring some rose leaves and other matters, and show you how to make it. You may repeat the dose of camphor in a quarter of an hour after the first dose, if you feel chilly. One must get rid of these first symptoms or relieve them, before the sickness comes on."

"Ah, my poor little Jenny suffered dreadfully from this sickness."

"But you applied a mustard plaster to the pit of the stomach, didn't you?"

"When the doctor came over from Gritstone, he put one on himself, but she was too far gone, poor soul. He's got so far to come that it was long before he was here. He's overworked just now."

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Chapter II.

Mr. Lincoln did not fail to return early the next day, and brought with him a quarter of an ounce of damask rose leaves,* two ounces of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces of Epsom salts, thirty drops of diluted sulphuric acid, and some ginger chips. The kettle was boiling; he picked the rose leaves apart, poured upon them a pint of boiling water, added the sugar and ginger, and covered it close. The salts he did not use; not he said, "because I believe them to be injurious; on the contrary, think them excellent under certain conditions; but a physician, a friend of mine, objects to use aperients for the first six days after the attack." After the infusion had stood closely covered for two hours, it was strained into a bottle, and then appeared something of a straw colour; the moment the acid was added it became of a beautiful deep rose colour, and a very pleasant, efficacious medicinal drink it made; and, certainly, in all cases of fever and chronic diarrhœa was the one successful remedy.* "Not that you should take any medicine to stop simple diarrhœa, which is an effort of nature to get rid of some obstruction. Not until the third day don't try to stop it; unless cholera is about; this is another matter; call in a doctor at once."

"Sooner said than done, Mr. Lincoln, when our doctor lives so far away. He's got a wide district to attend.

"How much of this pretty-looking stuff be I to take?" said Mrs. Morris.

"Two table-spoonfuls three times a day, four hours between each. Don't eat meat, but rice boiled with milk, or sago; as much cold water as you like, or skim-milk, if you like it better.

"Now you know, as well as I do, that you will probably get out of this in a few days and be apparently well, when the fever will again return, and this is why it is called 'relapsing fever.' Just be careful; when you feel better don't eat meat or drink beer or wine; but you may have beef tea with bread in it; and if you want a relish, and to give tone to the stomach, a good basin of onion broth will help you. Onions are capital things; but do you know how to cook them?"

"In course I do, nasty things they are; I'd as soon take poison."

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily, "I see, I must be cook and doctor too; when it is fit for you to have onion broth, I'll come and make it for you."

"Lor,' bless me, onions do take such a time to cook. You'll soon be tired of waiting to cook my broth."

"I'll cook the broth, onions and all, in ten minutes, and be ready to eat it, too, in that time."

"Be you a cook, too, as well as a doctor?"

"I daresay there's some things you may beat me in; but I'll cook onion broth better than you. Don't you know that most doctors are to some degree cooks?"

"I don't know about that, but your camphor has done me a power of good. Thank the Lord for that; but I don't like the cold air."

"Wrap yourself up warm and go and walk in the sun; open your doors and win-

* The dried buds of French damask rose leaves, gathered before they have expanded; they are of a deep but bright red, the colour of damask rose-velvet, indeed the petals when opened resemble velvet.

* This is one of the best family medicines known. It is largely dispensed by medical practitioners. It is known to the writer of this article as the one specific for erysipelas and for skin diseases; but when requtred as an aperient, the salts should not be omitted.

dows and let a thorough draught through the house (don't be fool enough to stand in it). I tell you all the fresh air you can get night and day is not too much for a fever. If you tire and must come in, just sit out of the draught and keep a good fire."

It was this mode of treatment which kept the fever under—a fever consequent upon the floods, bad ventilation, and bad drainage. Mr. Lincoln was the good angel, the "messenger of God," to the afflicted. He visited house by house, and where comforts were needed he never came with his pockets or black bag empty. The visiting doctor and himself had been medical students together, and he was well content to place his dispensary and his poor patients at Mr. Lincoln's disposal. With the rich the latter did not attempt to meddle, but always he had one or two children trotting after him, who were never invited to follow or discouraged from doing so—and never more than two, and often there was a dispute between them as to which should have the privilege. It was in the days when school-boards were not. The children listened as if they understood; but, whether or not, Mr. Lincoln never asked them. He was quite sure that in more than one instance the seed was falling in good ground, and the children would ultimately teach their parents.

The relapsing fever—for which there is no specific cure; nothing but cleanliness, cool, fresh air, dryness, temperance, nutritous food, and slightly acidulated medicines—made a wide-spread visit of considerable duration, but at last the village was getting quite healthy. It had done this much good: nuisances were removed or rendered harmless.

At this time Mr. Lincoln was often at the Poplars. Mrs. Cameron had lost a great deal of healthy bloom. She was often feverish and irritable—ill-tempered, as she herself termed it—an assertion laughingly parried by her husband, who, nevertheless, often missed the pleasant manner and tone once was so charming. Nevertheless, a visit of a week or two to the Hill-top house with the baby boy always sent them home in health and spirits. Mr. Cameron, living much in the open air, gardening, fishing, coursing, or hunting, was in fine health and spirits, and did not feel the depression his wife complained of — heaviness, weariness, lassitude, and capricious appetite—all which her husband could not understand.

"Take a glass of wine, dear, it will set you up."

And the wine worked magic for a few short weeks, but unfortunately it possessed a clamouring spirit—a spirit powerless to relieve unless appeased by more frequent libations increasing the weakness by excitement, consuming to-day the strength needed for the morrow. To the wine succeeded "the wee drop of spirits and water" "not too strong."

Mr. Lincoln heard and saw the advice given and gladly received. He was deeply grieved, and sought for a long time how it was possible to avert the coming evil without giving offence. One day Mrs. Cameron observed—

"You never drink wine, Mr. Lincoln—why is it?"

"I have no strength to throw away. My life is a happy one, and in trying to make it useful I am loath to invite any malady to prey upon me."

"Surely you don't think a glass of wine now and then is poison?"

"It may not be so to all, but to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred it becomes so by frequently taking small doses."

"Is it possible that it can poison?" Mrs. Cameron asked, rather anxiously.

"Decidedly. Some constitutions resist for a long time, but frequent sips poison much quicker than when only a moderate quantity is taken at long intervals."

"Good gracious! why is this not better known?"

"It is a well-known fact, and medical men know it, too, but it is necessary to give stimulants occasionally, and alcohol is a favourite medicine with many, and therefore it is ordered. There are upwards of thirty millions of human beings in the kingdom—how many of them, think you, know that drunkenness is not altogether a vice but is a disease self-inflicted, and which in many instances imposes tortures upon them that no healthy soul can imagine."

After a pause, in which both were silent, Mr. Lincoln said, with some animation—

"I think of giving a penny-reading in the school-room, which is the largest place excepting the church, will you and Mr. Cameron come to it?"

It was not till that moment that he had the idea.

"Oh, yes, decidedly; but, then, I don't like the night air, it wraps me round like I can fancy a winding-sheet would do."

"True, true. Suppose we arrange to have it on a Sunday afternoon when there is no service."

"But, penny readings on a Sunday, whoever heard of such a thing! The vicar will interfere."

"I hope to talk him over. And don't intend to take a penny from each person; but if the people about here suppose they are to get a reading for nothing, they won't come near it."

"There's something in that. I'll get mamma and her party to come."

"Not this time; I'd rather have the village people and such friends as I have made among them."

This arrangement as to time and place, however, fell to the ground. A large vacant room belonging to an old house, the upper storey used as a store place, was hired for a year. The rent was not much, and Mr. Lincoln knew that if he had any truths to utter, they must be repeated twenty times over before the sense is understood, hence he contemplated many similar gatherings.

The invitation to this meeting was very informal. Mr. Lincoln went into the different cottages and invited each man and woman to come and have a cup of coffee with him on the evening and place fixed. "I want to talk about the sickness," he said, "which has played such miserable work with us all."

He had the tact never to put himself on one side, but always to associate himself with his neighbours, sometimes even in their follies. One great rule he observed—never to blame any excepting for neglect in matters conducive to health. "If I were placed in similar conditions, it is probable I might be quite as bad or ten times worse, and thus feeling, then in God's mercy, let me be kept from blaming others."

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

LOUISE.—*Ah! mais c'est qu'elle a raison.*
Louise. — Ah! but it is that she has reason.
ENGLISH.—But she is right.

ALICE.—*Nous avons négligé le principal.*
Alice. — We have neglected the principal.

JEANNETTE.—*Comme les gas de Falaise!*
Jeannette. — Like the gas of Falaise!
Quoi! Et cette pâte, est-elle assez mal faite!
What! And this paste, is she enough bad made!
On dirait de la colle!...
They would say of the glue!...

ENGLISH.—And this paste, how badly it is made! One would say it was glue.

Si je vous avais donc rencontrée ici dès ma
If I you had then met here from my
première venue, je vous aurais montré la
first come, I you should have shown the
bonne manière.
good manner.

ENGLISH.—If I had only seen you on first coming here, I should have shown you the proper way of making it.

ALICE.— *Tu sais bien faire les*
Alice. — Thou knowest well to make the
gâteaux?
cakes?

ENGLISH.—Do you know how to make cakes well?

JEANNETTE.—*Les gâteaux, la galette; à*
Jeannette. — The cakes, the muffins; in
preuve que p'pa dit toujours: "Bravo,
proof that papa says always: "Bravo,
fillette! mieux vaux faire des gâteaux
young lass! better worth to make some cakes
que des brioches."
than some briosh."

ENGLISH.—Cakes, muffins; as a proof of it, papa says always: "Bravo, young lass! you know how to make cakes better than brioche."

LOUISE.—*Pauvre Jeannette! et nous qui*
Louise. — Poor Jeannette! and we who
avions l'air de dédaigner son
had the appearance of to scorn her
offrande. Elle tombe à merveille maintenant.
offering. She falls wonderfully now.

ALICE.—*Eh bien! Sais-tu, Jeannette; ne*
Alice. — Well! Know thou, Jeannette; not
l'en vas pas encore. Tu nous donneras
thou of it go not yet. Thou us shall give
ENGLISH.—Well! Jeannette, do not go yet.
une leçon de pâtisserie. Oublions notre ingra-
a lesson of pastry. Let us forget our ingra-
titude et notre maladresse. Avec des biscuits,
titude and our unskilfulness. With some biscuits,
c'est-à-dire deux fois cuits! et ton excellent
it is to say two times baked! and thy excellent
fromage qui a l'avantage de se manger
cheese which has the advantage of itself to eat
tout cru... Allons, à table!
all raw ... Let us go to table!

JEANNETTE.—*Moi, mamzelle, à côté de*
Jeannette. — I, miss, to side of
vous? Je n'oserons jamais.*
you? I not dare never.
ENGLISH.—I, miss, am I to sit beside you?

* Correct Jeannette's verb.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready,
Give me the grasp that is firm, true and steady.
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me its grasp, I will ever believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the palm of the rough, sturdy yeoman ;
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not ever,
Give me the grasp that deceit cannot sever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has harmed not another.
Give me the hand that has never played double,
Give me the hand that is firm to meet trouble.

The hand and the eye will go ever together,
The clasp of the one and the glance of the other.
Give me the grasp with the eye true and clear,
And I'll trust it for ever with all I hold dear.

HATTIE.

FRIENDSHIP'S PARTING.

WE stood and watch'd the setting sun
Fade all before our view ;
And in the golden haze of light
We read our thoughts anew ;
And in the far-off vale we heard
The vesper's holy bell,
Which ever soothes the troubled heart
With its enduring spell.

Then at its call the gentle wind
Began its low-ton'd song,
Which made soft melody more sweet
As it bore its notes along ;
And all around seem'd—oh, so calm !
So pure from guilt or sin ;
Nor did the world's tempestuous sea
Disturb us with its din.

'Tis sweet to think upon thy friend,
When parted thou hast been ;
'Tis sweet in gloom's approaching hour
On one true friend to lean.
Our hearts were troubled, mute were we,
It is so sad to part
When one has been relying on
A pure and loving heart.

A hand was softly laid upon
My clustering chestnut hair,
Anon a tender voice was heard
Upon the evening air.
A fervent prayer floated upon
The gentle twilight breeze ;
A blessing was besought from Him
Who all His lov'd ones sees.

It seem'd like some sweet evensong,
All was like holiness ;
Softly she prayed the God above
Our friendship oft to bless.
'Tis hard to loose thee, Oh, my friend,
And yet I know 'tis best ;
And oft I'm praying to our God
That thou may'st e'er be blest.

SARA.

THE CHESTNUT WOOD.

HERE in the chestnut wood a merry hour
We'll spend with song and jest and chatter gay ;
We'll pluck beneath the trees the scented flower,
And with the nuts and scolding squirrels play.

Slily we'll pick the burs from every brake,
And tease the lassies with our sticky load ;
Flashes from every quiet eye we'll wake,
And dreaming love to shouting laughter goad.

We'll fill our pockets from the hazel copse,
And pelt each other on the homeward way ;
We'll rob the maple of its ruddy tops,
To twine a garland with the fragrant bay.

We'll fill our baskets with the pleasant spoil,
And keep a store for winter's stormy eve ;
When, gathering round the fire, forgetting toil,
We'll memories with the popping chestnuts weave.

T. S., Edin.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

WHAT heavy grief is this I feel ?
What tears within mine eyelids steal ?
I cannot say.
Yet let me now my sorrow share,
I've found amidst my jetty hair
A hair of grey.

Across the ball-room's wide expanse,
With envy shall I view the dance,
Where others shine.
Or where, flushed cheeks and dresses torn,
They stay till one o'clock of morn,
O'er cake and wine.

I always liked that Frederic Vere,
But now how very much I fear
He won't like me.
I hear him say, "She's going off."
"She's growing thin," the others scoff.
Their smiles I see.

I dread the scornful laugh of girls,
Who envied once my raven curls,
And black eyes bright ;
The little blondes with locks of gold
Find no grey hairs to make them old
In tresses light.

But wait. A remedy I'll find,
There is a cure yet left behind,
And that I'll try.
Once more shall mine be Frederic Vere,
I will not grieve, I'll dry this tear,
And—learn to dye !

FRITZ.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. By One Who is Fast Getting "Completely Mixed." (London: Bemrose and Sons, Paternoster Buildings. 2s. 6d.)—A series of meditations in verse upon some of the practices and opinions of the present day. The author takes for his inspiration the Board of Guardians, the Aggrieved Parishioner, a Question of Identity, Transcendental Idealism, Disestablishment, the Triumph of Science, the Origin of Species, Our Unhappy Divisions, Popular Education, the Irreligious Difficulty, Papal Infallibility, the Wronged Husband, and other similar subjects. He is by turns pitiful, satirical, humourous, and in most instances just in his strictures. The illustrative engravings are remarkable for their extraordinary fidelity to the subject of the verse. They are even more than this—they are pictured truths needing no word-painting. Whoever the artist may be, if fame he has not won, his laurels are close within grasp. The cuts of "Papal Infallibility" and "The Board of Guardians" are inimitable; worth much to even look at. "The Aggrieved Parishioners" is good advice amusingly given as an antidote against much special aggravation. We should like to find space for a portion, but our readers should buy the book and judge for themselves.

CLOISTER LACCH, A LEGEND OF THE RHINE, and other sketches. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. (London: F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane. 2s. 6d.)—One of the few books which can be said to be thoroughly pure in morals, free from the shadow of a clouded thought, and at the same time decidedly interesting. We do not know of any book so fitted to be placed in a girl's hands as this of Miss Searchfield's. We cordially recommend it as a suitable gift-book on a birthday, or indeed at any time. "Aspirations," one of the sketches, is an unusually charming tale.

DEBRETT'S ILLUSTRATED PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND TITLES OF COURTESY. Personally Revised by the Titled Classes of the Realm, 1877; to which is added much information respecting the immediate family connections of the Peers and Baronets.—This work, in one volume, claims for its specialty that it differs from kindred publications in that it supplies more details than any other book concerning the Naval, Military, and Civil Services, not only of the head of the family but also of the younger sons. It is the only work that furnishes the addresses of younger adult children, and of the widows of peers, baronets, and knights; also the surnames and inferior titles alphabetically arranged in the body of the work, a system facilitating reference. Thus the volume is decidedly useful and correct.

THE EAST ANGLIAN HAND-BOOK, YEAR-BOOK, AND SCRAP-BOOK FOR 1877. (Norwich: P. Johnn, *Argus* Office, Castle Street.)—Full of information, useful, social, agricultural, and biographical, and also a great deal of gossip interesting to the dwellers in this wide district. There is an almanac and diary. The book, in its eighteenth year of publication, has also portraits of some eminent East Anglians, and a *resumé* of the principal events of the past year. The book is very useful.

THE GARDENERS' MAGAZINE. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. The January part, published February 1.—As usual, this serial is one of the best that treats upon gardening matters, and also it gives considerable information on a variety of topics interesting to many readers. Part 134 has, among others, a full-page engraving of the Fernery with Aquarium in the garden of W. Butler, Esq., South Hackney. Now, a fernery is just what everyone admires. It is a lasting joy, and when in good order is a beautiful picture. The cut gives a very excellent illustration of what a fernery should be. The addition of an aquarium is a thing in the right place, and charming. The magazine is published by E. W. Allen, Stationers' Hall Court, London,

THE FLORAL WORLD, GARDEN GUIDE, AND COUNTRY COMPANION. (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—The February number has a beautifully-coloured frontispiece of the dense-flowered fumitory (*Fumaria Densiflora*). The article on Window Boxes is continued from the January number, and illustrated with designs for these ornamental additions to window-sills, and instructions are given how to make them with little expense. How to make a window-greenhouse is lucidly explained. There are good articles on the culture of the Fuchsia, the Dahlia, and the Anemone; on the Culture of the Vine, and on Forcing Asparagus. We find in this number the following recipe for making "greenhouse putty," made solely from whiting and linseed oil, well worked in, and left in a lump to "sweat" for eight or nine days before using it. No other ingredient is required. White lead will cause it to harden quickly, but should never be used for that very reason, for if a pane of glass is broken, the putty made as above may be cut away with a knife after many years, and a square be put in without difficulty.

THE WOMAN'S GAZETTE; OR, NEWS ABOUT WORK. February, 1877. Twopence.—The article on "What can I do?" sixth paper, is written with a thorough understanding of the subject; but it deters women from needlework, which as trade-work is wretchedly paid for, and advocates the adoption of other callings. The paper, "A Glimpse of January in July," gives an interesting account of an expedition across the Gries Pass from the valley of the Rhone into Italy to see the Falls of the Tosa. A paper on the "Charity Organisation Society;" another on "The London Schools' Association for Elementary Needlework," which contains an account of the needlework exhibited at the Albert Hall in December last. The writer says: "Some of the infants' work was quite wonderful; shifts and pinafores made by mites of four. Their knitting, too, was very good, and the way the strips of plain-knitting—by what they were taught—was utilised as a lesson. Three strips sewed together formed a dishcloth. Seven long strips made a capital bath-towel. The Princess Louise purchased one of these." The Ladies' Dressmaking and Embroidery Association is at 42, Somerset Street, Portman Square, London, W., and has been established to give gentlewomen of limited means an opportunity of receiving thorough instruction in the art and practice of needlework that will command the support of the trade. It is especially intended for teaching young ladies the art of dressmaking. The committee offer free instruction for twelve months to young ladies who desire to learn

the business professionally. Ladies who desire to get some knowledge of dressmaking for home use are to pay a fee of a guinea a month, or five guineas for six months. A full account of this institution is given in the February number of the *Woman's Gazette*, published by Messrs. Hatchard and Co., 187, Piccadilly. In this number there are excellent instructions for "Painting on Silk." We should think the *Woman's Gazette* an excellent medium for advertisers in search of employment.

OLD JONATHAN; THE DISTRICT AND PARISH HELPER (One Penny) is noticeable for the excellent full-page engravings, suitable reading, and many other judicious points valuable in such a paper. Published by Messrs. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

MESSRS. BEMROSE, 10, Paternoster Buildings, have published a sheet of receipts by the Rev. Prof. Plumptre, for "Health, and How to Preserve It." Section I., Rules for Health, comprise paragraphs on cleanliness, temperance, purity of air, drains, thrift, medicines. II. Rules for Infectious Sickness. III. Rules for Accidents. This sheet is intended for pasting on a board or wall, where it can be readily consulted. The price is one penny.

A PLEA FOR PRIVATE SCHOOLS. By Dr. W. PORTER KNIGHTLEY, F.C.P. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—We are glad to see this matter taken up in a right light. We question much whether the Board schools will by their cramming send into the world for its ultimate progress any such men, either in tone or number, as private schools have done.

THE LADY-HELP AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME is published in book form (1s.) by Messrs. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square, London. The chapters which comprise this book appeared in the LADIES' TREASURY in 1876.

SPECIALTIES.

The following articles have been introduced to our notice:—

THE GEM NEEDLECASE, suitable for birthday presentations, and is a charming gift at any time. It is really one of the mose elegant designs, strong and useful, that we have ever seen. In form it is like a small memorandum book, fastened with a long ivory stiletto, which replaces the usual pencil. The covers are of wood, black, and highly polished, with designs—one side of a carnation and buds falling on a card containing a suitable "wish;" on the other side roses and buds, with "Many happy returns of the day." In the inside, lined with crimson watered silk, are a hundred of the best needles, a paper of darners, a steel bodkin, and merino for sticking needles. Altogether it is a perfect gem, and is the production of Mr. Thomas Harper, Phœnix Works, Webheath, Redditch. The Gem Needlecase can be had direct from the manufacturer. We do not know the price, but should mention that the needles are of the best quality.

FRANCIS TRACING CLOTH, in blue or white, is an excellent device for tracing patterns on dark or light material. We say this from a trial of its qualities. Mr. Francis, of Hanway Street, London, is the inventor, of whom it may be purchased.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is an agreeable remedy for biliousness, fevers, or other similar obstructions of the bile or blood; it is also an agreeable and refreshing drink at dinner-time, or previous to it. Mr. Eno speaks of it as being one of the most reliable of the salts for readily procuring a saline draught so efficacious in many maladies. It is restorative, and by no means weakening. The inventor states that it is a compound of the salt of sound ripe fruit, and prepared solely by Mr. J. Eno, chemist, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We can speak very favourably of it as a refreshing draught.

SPANISH HAIR WASH.—Of this wash we have previously spoken in favourable terms, and a further acquaintance with it enables us to say that it is decidedly beneficial to the hair in cleaning it and making it soft, and preventing it from falling off. Mr. Muddiman, the proprietor, has now given it an ornamental case, suitable for the toilette-table. As so little of it is needful to use, it is not expensive at 2s. 6d. the half-pint bottle.

READY-MADE LINEN.

Of a parcel lately inspected of ready-made linen we cannot speak too highly. It is furnished by Messrs. Avis and Co., of 213, Upper Street, Islington. At the price, with such quality and shape, ladies' underclothing could not be made at home, even with most careful management, skill, and economy. There is a great variety of shapes and trimming of chemises. The prices range from 2s. 6d., for that named "The Challenge," to that of 10s. 6d., both well made, the latter in hand-work, with an elaborate plastron of insertion embroidery of the first excellence; "The Challenge," also trimmed with work, is of very unique shape, only two seams in it; the sewing is machine-work, lock-stitch. The intermediate qualities are 3s. 6d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. They are all of them to be valued for their excellent shape. The night-dresses are particularly shapely, and have the valuable points of width, are easy-fitting round the neck, and the comfortable set of the sleeves. We know an instance where some new garments of this description were bought and sent home; some weeks afterwards, without trying on, one was selected to be worn on a visit of two days; on trial, it was found too narrow to get over the shoulders, and had to be split down the front. There are some material desiderata in under-linen, which omitted, one's frame "is bound in shallows and in miseries," and this discomfort Messrs. Avis's patterns will not produce. The drawers are equally cheap with the other articles, varying from 1s. 9d. a pair to 5s. 11d., trimmed with two rows of Madeira work. For a young girl, Messrs. Avis have designed drawers and bodice in one. Many parents like this arrangement.

The corset with spatula-busk will be appreciated. It is shapely, like that in the illustration of corset and corset-band in the February number of the LADIES' TREASURY, only these of Messrs. Avis have the busk wide at its termination, and hence is a great support to stout figures. The riding stay is a charming little affair, beautifully made in coutil, and is a support as a ceinture, where stays would be intolerable. This also has a spatula-busk.

We are so often asked where to obtain good under linen that we are glad to have inspected the samples of Messrs. Avis and Co. We must not omit to mention the flannel petticoats prettily embroidered with scarlet wool, nor that stout, well-made coloured stays have the spatula-busk.

NEEDLEWORK.

DESIGN FOR A TIDY in white linen, to be worked with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton in two shades of brown.—Cut the linen in squares rather larger than the pattern; trace upon it the design by putting a piece of carbonised paper on the material—the pattern above it—and with a hard pencil or stiletto trace the pattern, pressing hard upon it. The transferred design is first traced round with needle and fine cotton, and then overcast with the Maltese cotton; each square to be worked half in one tint and half in the other, but reversing the tints in each square. The squares are to be sewed together diamond fashion, and a fringe of ends of No. 8 White Boar's Head Cotton, fastened with a large needle at the edge. In the centre of each white square write with marking ink the autograph of any celebrated person, or of any friends. These can be transferred in the same way as the design.

TWO DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY in white muslin work. Materials: jaconet muslin, Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, No. 8, and their No. 30 for filling in the stitches.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES ABOUT NEEDLEWORK.

A SUBSCRIBER (Perthshire).—The last row (9th) was omitted in the instructions given in December number for lace.

Ninth row, cast off four stitches; knit twelve; cotton forward, knit two together; knit one. Commence again at second row.

COMFORTER.—We have lost sight of the lady who furnished this pattern, and are unable to give it correctly.

GRECIAN NET AND DOUBLE ROSE-LEAF.—We will endeavour to get this pattern for you.

INFORMATION desired respecting the number of stitches required for a plain knitted petticoat: the quality of wool and pins suitable, and the best way of knitting it so as to become small at the upper part.—[We should say 240 stitches, three-ply fleece, in No. 8 pins, to be knitted in brioche stitch; and after knitting half a yard to take smaller pins till it is the required length. (Any precise information acceptable.)]

RECIPE WANTED FOR PORCUPINE STITCH and other stitches of a similar character.

M. B. F.—Use a weak solution of loaf sugar in water to stiffen the Shetland work. It must be a very thin solution.

HONEYCOMB KNITTING.—Messrs. Walter Evans' Maltese cotton, No. 10 brown, and No. 10 white; No. 14 needles. This is pretty for toilet mats, with a fringe round of ends of white or brown cotton tied in. Cast on any number of stitches that may be divided by 6. It is desirable to try first on 18 stiches. White cotton; plait three rows. 4th row, brown cotton. Slip 2, knit 4; repeat. Repeat this last row four times more, always slipping the same stitches. The next row plain, excepting the slipped stitches, which must be pearled. Then repeat from*.

DOUBLE KNITTING.—Cast on an even number of stitches. * Knit 1, cotton in front; slip 1; cotton back; repeat from *. Observe that the end stitch is *always to be slipped*, and with the cotton in front. The rows are all the same.

BRIOCHE STITCH.—3-ply fleecy. Three stitches for each rib; wool forward; knit 2 together; knit 1; all rows alike. Brioche stitch in two colours. *At the end of each row* join on another colour, and knit back. 3rd row with original colour, knit to the end. Wooden pins, No. 6, without knobs at the end.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* MESSRS. WALTER EVANS & CO., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

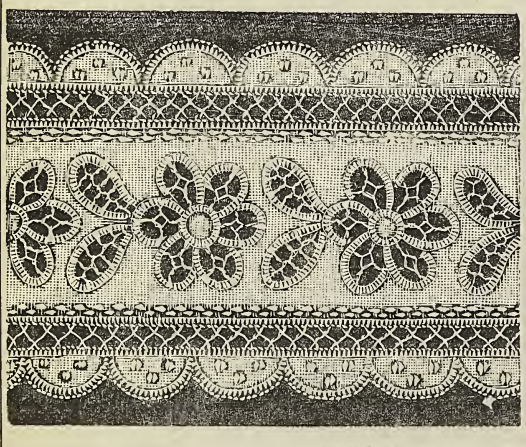
For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

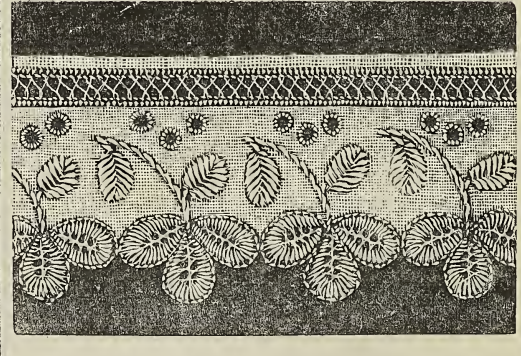
Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.

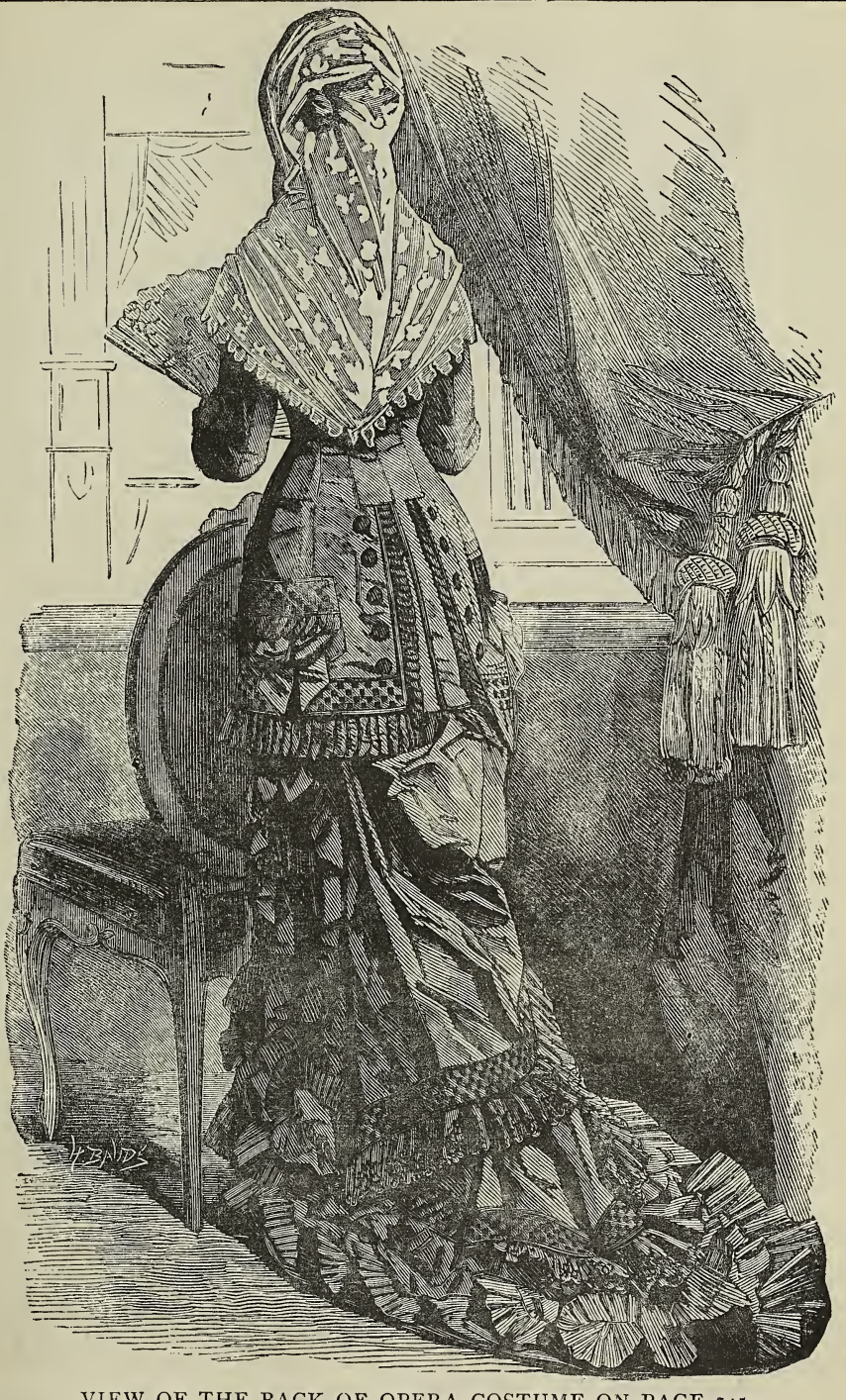


DESIGN FOR A TIDY.





TWO DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



VIEW OF THE BACK OF OPERA COSTUME ON PAGE 145.

The corsage at the back resembles a jacket, with a row of buttons on each side; on the pockets two bows of ribbon. The tunic is open at the back, and has the two ends one drooped over the other, which lies flat.

Plain paper pattern of jacket, 1s. 8d.; of tunic, 2s. 6d.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

WE are still more occupied with ball toilettes than with anything else. Out-of-door costumes will not undergo any change until after Easter. The hitherto mildness of this winter is making us anticipate a frosty spring, and, therefore, do we hesitate to prepare lighter garments. I may, however, tell you in advance what will be the favourite colours this year—two shades of orange for brunettes, and a tint between primrose and pea-green for blondes. The new orange is called "mandarin," which is the French name for that orange known as "Maltese" in England. This colour is also much used for evening dresses—that is, chiefly as trimmings, for an entire toilet of this colour would be too showy. But black silk or tulle trimmed with orange-coloured velvet or satin is very elegant. But, in any case, it requires a very brilliant brunette to wear this colour, which has now superseded the late caroubier red.

Satin is much in vogue, and its favourite colours are green-tea, blue, pink, and silver. The favourite shape for all dresses is still the Princess, which is worn by ladies of every age. For evening, it is embroidered with chenille, jet, and coloured bead. At the back emerges the comet-train.

Dresses are still at their tightest, though our great dressmakers purpose to commence to gradually untighten the bands round the skirts and to give a little more fulling to the front of the skirts.

The bodices of dresses, also, are to be a little less whaleboned than they have lately been. This, also, is pleasant to know, for the figure was becoming too stiff and wooden in appearance to be pleasant to the eye. In a word, we are slightly untightening our elastics, strings, and clasps. Summer will probably see fuller skirts this year. In the meantime, dresses are tied as closely round the knees as ever.

I saw a Bretonne costume not long ago which was so tightly braced round the figure with bands of Bretonne embroidery, that from the front the lady looked like a mummy, or a grown-up French peasant baby in swaddling clothes.

I am somewhat astonished to see these Bretonne costumes last so long; they are not liked by anyone, and yet they are as much worn as if they were among the "favourites" of fashion. Mr. Worth, however, is very partial to them, and that accounts for their extensive wear. A brown cloth costume, with skirt, polonaise, and straight jacket, trimmed with Bretonne bands, is among the most tasteful of these combinations. But I purposed first to describe a few evening dresses, which are more essential for the moment, especially for you, where dinners and other ceremonious meetings follow each other in quicker succession than they do here. Here, an evening reception is quite an event now; with you it is an everyday occurrence. The two most admired dresses at the Reception given by the Minister of the Interior, were worn, one by Madame Floquet, who is a very pretty woman, and the other by the Princess Lisa de Troubetskoï. Madame Floquet's dress was of black satin, made very plain. But the bodice was open in front over an under bodice of soft lace, while three diamond clasps fastened the body together in the front. For the hair, a diamond aigrette, and nothing more.

Madame de Troubetskoï's dress was of white satin. The Princess is partial to white satin. She generally wears it on similar occasions.

There are two other satin dresses which I must mention. The one is of tea-green satin, edged round with a rich chenille embroidery and a wreath of foliage cut out of the satin, and in the shape of the tea leaves in their natural state. The body, forming one piece with the skirt, is square, with narrow shoulder-straps, but no sleeves. The neck is edged round with a trimming to match the skirt. Tea flowers and diamonds in the hair. White silk stockings embroidered with green silk. Green satin shoes.

Many *fourreaux* are being covered in front with puffings of the same material as the dress, with chenille embroidery and lace between each puffing.

Others have bands of feathers between the puffings, which are even richer looking than chenille embroidery. In every case the edges of the bodice must be trimmed like the skirt. With the Lophophore trimming a Lophophore head is placed as aigrette in the hair, with clasp of precious stones to fasten it, and round the neck a collar of Lophophore with jewelled clasp. The same repeated on the arms.

The second *fourreau* is of "orange" ("mandarine") satin, trimmed with an embroidery of brown chenille and gold,

fringed with brown feathers tipped with gold. This is more than rich; it is dazzling, like the sun, and could only be worn by the darkest of brunettes.

These satin *fourreaux* are worn for dinner parties, and also for balls, by ladies who do not dance.

Dancing dresses are of tulle or gauze, and are, one and all, covered with embroidery, some in coloured silks, some in silk of the same colour as the material, and some in gold or silver. The patterns of these embroideries represent foliage and flowers, covering the dress in trellis work. Others represent separate flowers scattered at random over the skirt, whilst others form a constellation of stars. Gold and silver gauzes are also employed in the manufacture of ball dresses.

As for the make of these dresses, it consists of such a multitude of puffings, plaitings, frills, and ruchings, that it would be impossible to describe it by writing. In every case, however, the train is so composed that it may, when desired, be looped up at the side under a bouquet of flowers.

Wreaths and trimmings of foliage are, however, more worn than flowers. All our élégantes prefer leaves to flowers this year. Leaves are considered to be more becoming and brighter in appearance.

A white satin costume, trimmed with white crêpe-lisse and garlan ds of foliage, is one of the most exquisite evening dresses that any lady can wear. For, although embroidery is the order of the day, there are ladies who still cling to the old traditions of elegant dressing, and shine by their simplicity. Wherever such appear, they are generally admired and complimented for their taste. However, if every one were to dress alike, the same admirers might complain of monotony. A black toilette, amid scores of brilliant costumes, is sure to be admired; but if a ball-room were filled with black toilettes it would be very dismal. The same with white, which is always elegant. But every one cannot be dressed in white. Let us leave white, then, for the young, and let non-dancing ladies relieve the monotony of too much white by tasteful toilettes of coloured satin or embroidered gauzes.

Ladies who are fortunate enough to have lace flounces in their possession cannot do better than to have them placed in sideway scarfs or flounces around their *fourreaux*. Each row may be headed with a spray of foliage. At the back long ends of the same fall over the train. In front of the bodices are worn gigantic bouquets of flowers, like those we see on the coats of the powdered footmen of old. Demi-toilettes have almost disappeared from the region of fashion. Not long ago you could go to a ball even in a demi-toilette, and demi-toilettes were always admissible at a dinner-table; but all this has changed now. There is at present but two styles of dresses—quite high or quite low. Middle-aged ladies alone may wear demi-toilette dresses. Jewellery, also, after having been for a time laid aside, is now worn upon every occasion, excepting out of doors.

At the Elysée ball there was not one dress that could be quoted as a model for a lady of taste to imitate. These balls are yearly becoming worse and worse dressed. They seem to be given as a necessity, and to be accepted as such. We must not go there to see elegant dresses.

At the Opera some pretty dresses are occasionally seen. The other evening, for instance, Madame de Metternich showed us a charming white costume, with a wreath of roses perched saucily at the back of her hair, which was dressed *à la Grecque*.

Madame Portalès, the same evening, wore a Pompadour dress, with low-necked waistcoat, and overcoat of green velvet, which was very much admired, though, in our humble opinion, she spoiled the costume by her head-dress, which was a handkerchief of Pampadour foulard twisted round the back of the head *à la négresse*.

Nothing can be more ungraceful than this fichu head-dress. It is made of foulard or crêpe-de-chine, and may be edged with lace or fringe. For a morning cap, yes, it may be becoming, but for an evening head-dress—horror!

From Nice I hear that Madame de Souvarow is making *fureur* with a new Cracovienne blouse, fastened round the waist with a heavy jewelled band.

The Princess Souvarow is always one of the first to introduce a pretty fashion to us. We may, therefore, expect the *Blouse Cracovienne* to become public property.

Madame Vigier (once *Sophie Cruvelli*) adopts the Louis XVI. style of dress in preference to any other.

All dress sleeves are made very short, even for out of doors. They do not reach the wrist. Some scarcely pass the elbow. Long gloves and mittens are therefore indispensable both for house and out-of-door wear!

M. de Brion.



PROMENADE TOILETTE FOR SPRING.

Dress of striped beige, grey and blue; long skirt, with two bias flounces, surmounted by silk or cambric pleatings, alternately grey and blue. The tunic is pleated in the front, and divided in the centre by a fringe of loops of narrow ribbon, blue and grey. Cuirass bodice; the sleeves of plain material, blue silk or cambric.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 2s. 1d.; of cuirass bodice and sleeves, 1s. 6d.



HOME RECEPTION DRESS.

Costume entirely of black silk. The train is comet-shaped and a yard on the ground, trimmed with a gathered and pleated flounce, alternately spaced. The tunic is gathered in the front, and arranged on both sides in nearly the same way, with bows and ends richly fringed. Cuirass bodice, cut up in the back, and finished with bows and ends of ribbon.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 2s. 7d.; of bodice and sleeve, 1s. 6d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED PLATE.

COSTUME FOR WALKING of navy blue thick cambric, striped with black, and trimmed with brocaded galon. The paletot is of the same material, striped in the back, and trimmed with galon. The buttons are of white metal, a double row fastened on a narrow band of white galon, and hung by their metal shanks, in the Breton fashion. The sleeves are of plain material. The skirt has a finely-pleated flounce in the front, headed by a galon; in the back, a cross-cut flounce headed by a narrow pleating of the plain stuff. The Princess polonaise is without trimming, excepting where seen in the engraving. Bonnet a "Directoire" (the time and fashion of Robespierre, 1792); it is a novelty, but too unbecoming to be imitated; there is a curtain at the back, over which a blue scarf is tied similar to that of the second figure. Plain paper pattern of jacket, 1s. 7d.; of polonaise, 3s. 1d.

SECOND WALKING COSTUME.—Skirt of plain brown silk, with one deep flounce on one side only, two on the right side; in the front, two very narrow flounces. Tunic of broche velvet brocade on a silk ground, draped. Directoire jacket, with sleeves of plain silk. Directoire bonnet. Plain paper pattern of jacket and sleeves, 2s. 1d.; of tunic, 3s. 1d.

DESCRIPTION OF OPERA COSTUME ON P. 145.--Toilette of straw-colour silk trimmed with galon and chenelle fringe of pale blue. Skirt very long, ornamented by pleatings surmounted by puffing, terminated by a wide-pleated ruche. Tunic long, draped at the sides by bows of straw-colour ribbon; corsage, Louis XV., with long basques trimmed with lace and galon. Mantilla of Spanish lace envelopes the head and crosses on the chest. It is kept in place by roses of Dijon.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE FASHIONS.

Black velvet is the grand costume for the spring. Her Majesty at the opening of Parliament on February 8th wore a black velvet dress trimmed with black silk, and a miniver cloak. The Princesses wore cloaks of the same fur. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales wore a magnificent diamond tiara, a row of diamonds on black velvet round her neck. The bodice of the dress was black, profusely covered with diamonds; the skirt white satin, also jewelled.

POLONAISES are still paramount, and will hold their own through the summer. At present they are made to cling close to the wearer, and are very long; are sometimes gathered in the front — this for slight figures; others are plain, and look particularly well on stout figures, tall or short. They are infinitely becoming to those who are stout, as their effect is to lessen this, whereas a bodice cuts and marks the figure, and shows its redundancy. Many of the fronts are cut square in apron form, and have a *chicorée* ruching, or cascade of lace, or a galon down each side of the front, and bows and ends of ribbon down the centre, from neck to hem. All have the upright collar. In some cases the two sleeves are of a different style of trimming, not differing in shape—for instance, one will be partially open, the other closed.

In MATERIALS two descriptions will be used, as they have been for some time. *Lainage* (fine woollen fabrics) must have scarfs of silk. The striped woollen material is preferred to plain. The soft cashmere is still the favourite material where expense is no object. There is to be simplicity in the style, and moderation in the trimming of those dresses which in Paris are now preparing for the spring.

In SLEEVES we are returning to the fashion of the Middle Ages, when it was customary to have to the bodice sleeves of different colour. Modern sleeves are now made to match the polonaises, which are rarely on both sides alike. The sleeves are different, not in material, but in arrangement of trimming — one open, the other closed; but the shape is the same, and they are rarely of the same material as the bodice. For ball-dresses the sleeves have given place to a mere band, which in most instances is anything but delicate. A dignitary of the Church asserts that women have deteriorated from their former modest character; the truth of the observation is verified by this fashion, copied from a degraded source, and cannot be advised.

PALETOTS of black silk and velvet are reappearing; it is no longer absolutely necessary to have them of the same colour and material as the dress. This is a step in the right direction. A paletot for every dress was anything but economical. Cambric dresses must have a paletot of the same material, if any be worn, and it seems most suitable they should be. They will be demi-long, a little

longer than the cuirass bodice, and similar in shape to those given in the coloured plates of October and November of last year. There is scarcely any difference. Silk paletots should be gros-grain of good quality; black cashmere should have silk pleatings as trimming, and a pocket of silk.

Cambrics for morning wear have not only stripes, but designs of sprigs on white, buff, or gray grounds, or light or dark mauve upon mauve ground; the edges of these have borders, two inches broad, to be used as trimming, similar to the embroidered bands now fashionable for a similar purpose. This style was in vogue twenty-five years since, and was then one of the prettiest that was ever adopted. There are two kinds of cambrics or *percales*—that with soft unglazed surface, the Alsace; and the Foulard percale, which has a glazed surface. Some of them have indescribable designs of foliage rambling over them, resembling Persian and Indian tracery; others of a cretonne substance and with buff grounds, have the pretty "air-bell," with deep brown rootlets. Where the borders are not given, these cambrics are trimmed with fine pleatings of a dark cambric, of the hue of the root or stem of the plant designed on it. Some of these are made almost plain; at the back, about three or four inches below the waist of the Princess bodice, is a large double pleat, which is drooped by a band underneath. The trimming round is a cross-cut band of suitable colour, corded with a different shade of the same tint. The pocket is of one colour, and decorated with ribbons and loops of ribbon down the front; an upright pleated collar of plain colour. The petticoats to such polonaises are always of a plain colour, with pleated flounces of the same fabric as the polonaise, or with bias bands. The petticoats are never plain.

Tabliers are even yet general; they are very long in front and short at the back. A trained polonaise which has done its duty in this way can be very readily converted to a tablier, by ripping the back breadths and twisting them into form.

Bonnets and Hats, the only difference between them being that the bonnets have ribbon strings, not gauze. Yellow bonnets, or rather orange-coloured, termed "Mandarine," have made their appearance in Paris and London. They are trimmed with brown feathers and brown velvet. This colour and ruby are the favourite tints for bonnets and toques. Silk bonnets of the shade of the dress are becoming popular for the spring. Bonnets of ivory plush are also worn. Some are tied at the side with narrow ribbons; others have strings tied in the centre and made of fringed-out silk—that is, cross-cut silk pulled at the edges into a slight *chicorée-ruche*. Always there is a diadem brim, with ribbon, lace, and flowers under it. Lace will be worn as trimming during the summer. Young ladies prefer the toque or round cap to the hat of any shape; in the latter there is no difference in style.

As the dress of whatever shape or make is worn extravagantly long at the back and short in the front, stockings have become an important adjunct to dress. They are made in all delicate colours, and worn with black satin shoes, encrusted with gems or elaborately worked in jet and steel. Shoes match also the colour of the dress, and are sandalled.

Jet is much used mixed with gold as an embroidery, on black net over black satin, for ball-dresses, and ornamented with sprays of gold; gold berries mingled with bunches of black berries. A few ball-dresses of the following styles have been much admired in Paris and elsewhere.

A pale blue dress of silk and gauze—so pale that the colour, *clair de lune*, is suggestive of moonlight—was trimmed with red poppies and white gauze scarves.

A black net dress over black satin, worked with embroidered bands of pearls, and trimmed with bunches of white lilac.

Peacock-blue satin, embroidered with beads of iridiscent hues, shone like jewels.

A pale pink mauve satin; robe below the cuirass bodice cut in V form, was a magnificent tunic of lace, prettily fastened in the front with diamond butterflies. The train was of silk, bordered with lace, not set on at the edge, but lying on the train; the flounce was twenty inches wide.

For dinner-dresses and musical soirées, a cream-coloured brocade of velvet or satin, trimmed with bands of brown chenelle embroidery and gold thread. A steel-gray satin Princess robe, with long train buttoned down the back to the edge of the train with three rows of gold buttons. The train was bordered with a kilted flounce of pink satin, and over that one of gold lace headed by a narrow puffing of satin, and above that a row of gold insertion.

Satin of all colours, but principally black, is used most extensively for dresses, and trimmed with lace, both black and white. Sleeves reaching to the elbow; long gloves or mittens.



TOILETTE DE VISITE.

Princess polonaise in faille and brocatelle of chestnut brown; the front, entirely of brocatelle, is fastened by brandenbourgs from the neck on the bias to the right-hand side; these are fastenings of passementerie enriched with steel points or tags. The polonaise at the back is sufficiently long to touch the ground and fall on the trained skirt, and is looped and fastened at the back, as seen in the engraving.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.



1949

Coloriste, Huguet, ex Artiste des Gobelins. Paris

Imp. Hte Lefèvre. Paris.

101

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



1949

Imprimerie Hauquet et Artiste rue Gobelins, Paris

Imp. Mme Lefèvre Paris

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THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

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THE PRINCESS D'ORLEANS MORNING ROBE.

The robe is of white silk, or it may be of grey cambric or cashmere; it has a finely-pleated flounce; above this a row of English embroidery, and above this a corded band. The robe is buttoned from the neck to the ground, and finished with a border of embroidery. There is no more elegant style than this worn by the Princess d'Orleans, who is remarkable, as are all the French Princesses, for their simplicity in attire, but at the same time the material is of the finest description.

Plain paper pattern of robe, 3s. 1d.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up:—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	2	8
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Tabliers with different sides	2	6
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	8
Fichus	1	1
Cross overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
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Drawers without fulness	1	1
New long Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band	1	1
Virginia Collarette	0	9
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7
Six shapes for small collars	0	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, and the *size of waist.*

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters requiring an answer by post, forward a stamped and *addresed* envelope, and twelve stamps must be enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

THE CORSET BAND is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band have button-holes, and be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—The cost of paper patterns of a corset band is 1s. 1d. (2.) Any one in your own neighbourhood. (3.) With a very narrow band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all your petticoats. (4.) The toque is a round cap with fur or velvet band; it is the shape of the Rink hat.

ANDOVER.—Messrs. Avis, of 213, Upper Street, Islington, will supply you with all information respecting corsets and under linen.

CAMPSIE.—List of prices always at the head of this article. Paper patterns of all shapes of under linen can be sent you. See List.

FARINA.—All external applications of the kind you mention require to be renewed every third day. As long as the system is living this must be the case. One of the preparations is Alloxan, made from uric acid; not very pleasant to think of.

GLASGOW.—Plain white muslin with patent Valenciennes lace, or on a grey dress black net edged with black lace. There is no thin material of grey colour suitable for trimming a grey dress, excepting fringe, and this is expensive. (2.) A white chip bonnet with violets in bunches on a diadem brim, but not knowing the style of your face, cannot advise. Violets are the proper flowers for April, but they must be of light and dark shades. One shade of colour only will be heavy. (3.) Not knowing whether you are tall or short, we cannot say how many yards would be sufficient. If tall, ten to twelve yards, as organdi muslin is wide. Many styles have appeared in this magazine, choose one of them that has the muslin pattern or stripe upon it. Any way it should be a polonaise. (4.) Crewel embroidery is always of worsted, and would not do for a washing dress, as it would shrink. The wide braid for working on would be 1s. per yard. Mr. Bedford, Berlin Wool Repository, Regent Street, London, would give you every information and furnish you with material. Coarse écru net embroidered with cream filoselle is pretty for trimming a dress.

L. M. S. (Teddington)—The discarded tabliers make excellent aprons for home wear, nothing can be better; or make a new one of black alpaca. Nursing aprons have long wide armholes, are put on and off in a minute. They are similar to the Juive dress.

MARTINET.—We can give you no information. Dressmakers are all so busy, if a young girl advertises her willingness to go

out to work, and if capable and obliging, she never need to have but Sunday at home. The pay in London is from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a day and meals. We are quite sure that gentlewomen would find dressmaking at other people's houses a pleasant occupapation, and is as well paid for as anything else. Some skilled dressmakers take their own machine and charge 3s. 6d. a day.

GREENOCK.—The skirts are all deeply trimmed, and in walking are caught over the arm. The shorter skirt, of the same material as the train robe, shows of course. It is much the fashion to have trains in the shape of a fan. You can easily do this by splitting up the centre back seam of the polonaise half a yard high, cutting two yards of material into two lengths, pleating it, and inserting it in the split seam. This is then concealed by some trimming. Trains are no longer lined. The trained petticoat is found to be sufficient. (2.) A black satin trained robe would, according to quality, cost you from fifteen to twenty guineas; a black velvet, from twenty to thirty guineas.

ECONOMY, N. C.—A black silk velvet robe will last a lifetime. There is no material that can be done so much with, and as fashion changes, none that can be so retrimmed and rearranged. Even if it be short, it can be made long by unpicking the back breadths from the waist; press the velvet by getting some one to hold the breadths, then damp it on the wrong side and press with the hot iron once; this raises the pile. Then let in at the top so much as will make the train, and cover it with drapery of black lace, or silk, or satin.

MRS. JAMES B. (Liverpool).—Clean the alpaca with ammonia-water, and press on the wrong side with a tolerably hot iron; remake the polonaise by looping it at the back, and have loops of ribbon down the front instead of buttons. Ostrich-feather trimming is used very much, but on black velvet it has a funereal effect, unless of a gray colour. Unless we know your height and size, we cannot reply to your second query. (3.) Elastic boots are prettier-looking than buttoned boots. Have the inner elastics two inches larger than those at the outside; you will find no uneasiness then. In all boots these should be much larger than at the outside.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

MOTHER OF A FAMILY.—You may make an excellent soup by boiling bones left from a cooked joint of meat for four hours; strain and let it remain till next day; then take the fat from the liquor with a sauce-spoon; add two tablespoonfuls of fine sago, a teaspoonful of celery seed tied loosely in a bit of muslin, pepper, and a little salt; after it boils reckon an hour; then, while boiling, throw in a chopped onion; let it boil five minutes; thicken with flour mixed with a little cold water, and a small bit of butter; pour the boiling mixture on it, and colour with a teaspoonful of chicory colouring; cut some thin rounds of bread-toast, and butter them on both sides; then, when cold, cut them into dice-shaped pieces, and throw into the soup: you will find it excellent.

E. F., WARWICK SQUARE.—Put your fish into fast-boiling water with two ounces of salt and a wine-glassful of vinegar; let it boil up quickly; reckon from this time six minutes to each pound; one pound of cod will be fully done in six minutes; simmering is not boiling; boil slowly, that the fish might not get broken. The thickest piece of salmon will take seven minutes to the pound, because the thickness prevents the heat from so readily penetrating it. After it boils you need not look at it till the time has expired for cooking it. Don't worry over it; leave it; be sure that it will be done properly; it is a bad cook that is always lifting the cover of her saucepan. A very cheap gas stove (3s. 6d.) is excellent either for boiling or frying fish upon it, as the heat is always regular and continuous, which is not so on a coal fire; moreover, it can be stood anywhere near a gas burner.

TOPSY.—Italian cream is made with a pint of cream, a teaspoonful of boiling water, a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, four ounces of loaf sugar, the strained juice of two lemons, and half a wine-glass of sherry. Mix the wine, lemon juice, and sugar together; dissolve the isinglass in boiling water, and mix that; then add the cream slowly by little and little; stir it well, and whisk it for fifteen minutes; then pour it into a well-wetted mould. It is best first to wash the mould in boiling water; then keep it in cold water till needed.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

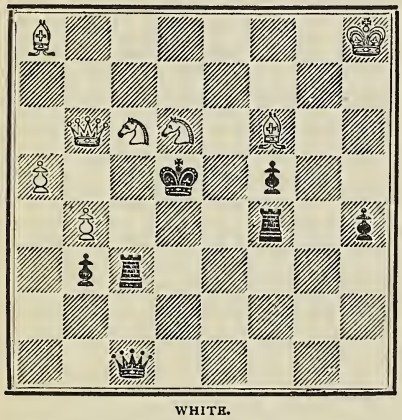
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XIV.

By S. H. THOMAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K 8.	1. P moves (best).
2. B to R 4.	2. K moves.
3. R mates.	

Correct solutions received from S. H. Thomas, W. McArthur, C. D., T. Mercer, J. W. (Huddersfield).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H. T.—A capital problem. We publish it with pleasure in the present number.

J. M.—The matches between McDonnell and La Bourdonnais were played in London during the year 1834.

A. Hill.—According to the rules of the game, if a player, undertaking to give the odds of a piece or pawn, neglect to remove it from the board, his adversary, after four moves have been played on each side, has the choice of proceeding with or recommencing the game.

"Oh, it's a dangerous game that game of chess! with its gallant young knights, clever fellows, up to all sorts of dee, moves, who are perpetually laying siege to its Queens and keeping them in check, threatening them with the Bishop, and, with his assistance, mating at last; and much too nearly does it resemble the game of life to be played safely with a pair of bright eyes talking to you from the other side of the board, and two coral lips, mute indeed, but in their very silence discoursing such sweet music to your heart that the silly thing, dancing with delight, seems as if it must, too, leap out of your breast, and it is not mere seeming either, for hearts have been altogether lost in this way before now. Oh, it's a dangerous game that game of chess!"—*Oddfellow*, 1858.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month for insertion in their proper place.

MATHEMATICAL.

Mrs. De Vere, the thoughtful old dear!
Gave a grand ball, and friends, one and all,
Were duly invited by letters indited
Quite *à la mode* to each one's abode.
Soon came the day, with an array
Of ladies made smart by the "fine art"
Of dressing, to please each one that sees,
With eyes entranced beauty enhanced
By natural laws, where effect and cause
Do duly unite to charm and delight.
In all came a score, with one lady more.
The gentlemen, too, to fashion true,
Duly arrive—twenty-five.
Unhappily here Mrs. De Vere
Was in a fix, for three times six
Whirling pair to the same air only dare
Trip the floor—not one more.
At last she cried, "This rule your guide!
Thirty and six the number I fix
To join in the dance; but let it not chance
That e'er I should see a dozen three
Trip it o'er the creaking floor
Together twice; however nice
Selections seem, you must, I deem,
For politeness' sake, *some* changes make.
So whirl away, while what I say
Is fairly done: to-morrow's sun
Shall mark the bounds of your merry rounds."
I ask you now to tell me how
Many selections—no predilections—
Could thus appear for Mrs. De Vere.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. The fraction is $\frac{4}{5}$ to be multiplied by 5.

True answer is therefore $\frac{4}{5} \times 5 = 4$, an exact square.

False " " $\frac{5}{4} \times 5 = 6\frac{1}{4}$

Diff. " " $6\frac{1}{4} - 4 = 2\frac{1}{4}$

The solution involves an acquaintance with the principles of algebra.

2. The professor was born in 1806, for in 1849 he would thus be 43, which is the square root of 1849; hence he was really x (*i.e.*, 43) in x^2 (*i.e.*, 1849). All persons born in the same year could have said the same thing, and no one living who was born between the years 1722 and 1892 could thus speak of their age, if not born in 1806. Anyone born in 1722 would be 42 in 1764, *i.e.*, x in x^2; and persons born in 1892 will be 44 in 1936, *i.e.*, x in x^2.

3. $11\frac{1}{1} = 12$.

4. £57 is produced in 19 years by 100.

1 " " $\frac{100}{57}$

285 " " $\frac{100 \times 285}{57}$ £500.

5. A can do $\frac{1}{3}$ of work in one day,

B " $\frac{1}{4}$ " "

C " $\frac{1}{5}$ " "

∴ In 3 days they complete $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{5} = \frac{47}{60}$ of whole. There is thus $\frac{13}{60}$ left to be done, and as A begins the fourth day at the rate of $\frac{1}{3}$, or $\frac{20}{60}$ per day, he will finish the work before the completion of that day; indeed he will do it in $\frac{13}{60} \div \frac{20}{60} = \frac{13}{20}$ days $= \frac{13}{20} \times 12 = \frac{39}{5} = 7\frac{4}{5}$ hours, reckoning 12 hours a day; ∴ time req. = 3 days 7 h. 48 min.

39	11	31
19	27	35
23	43	15

6. Any arithmetically arranged series forms a magic square. Take a short example for illustration. Suppose a series 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, 35, 39, 43, where the average or middle term is 27; hence in the magic square the sum of each column must be equal—$3 \times 27 = 81$.

The following have answered:—4 and 5, W. Griffin, E. Hensman, W. Newton; 4, C. Boyle, H. Hyam, F. Leighfield, A. Newton, E. A. Roche, S. T. Stephens, P. Berry, A. Weatherley, R. Child, W. Clay, G. Levy, T. Moore, W. Osborne, W. Sutliffe, T. Sully, J. Warren, C. Weingott, W. Pitt, F. Jarrett; 2, 4, J. E. C.

The following answers to Pastimes in January number have been received:—1, 2 (Mathematical), E. Whiteside, Lillie Newob (hardly correct).

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

THE German Crown Prince has, in conjunction with the Crown Princess, founded a scholarship of 1000 marks annually, to be at the disposal of the head-master of the Cassel Gymnasium, in recognition of the excellent services rendered by that establishment in the education of his eldest son, Prince William. The scholarship is to be available for four pupils of the school passing on to the university, and is to be entitled "The Prince William Scholarship."

THE Duke of Cambridge has sent a princely present of thirty rabbits to the Richmond Infirmary.

THE Marquis of Lorne forwarded a donation of £25 to the Mayor of Brighton in aid of the fund now being raised to assist the labourer, named Brown, whose wife and infant were killed by the falling of a vase from an hotel during the visit of the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) to Brighton.

AT the opening at Brighton, of the New School of Art, on February 2, by the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne, H.R.H. wore a plum-coloured velvet dress and natural ostrich feather bands, bonnet *en suite*. Lord Lorne in a very able speech remarked that science, art, and commerce ought to go hand in hand.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has been appointed Chamber singer to the Imperial Court of Austria.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack at a quarter-past four o'clock, though the public business did not commence till a quarter-past five o'clock. The House rapidly filled, and before half-past four o'clock the benches were filled, the peeresses' gallery was crowded, and a dense crowd of members of the House of Commons gathered round the bar. The occasion of all this unusual interest in the early proceedings of the House was the desire of supporters and opponents alike to witness the first appearance of the Earl of Beaconsfield in the House of Lords. The ceremony of introducing and swearing in a new peer is usually performed in the presence of empty benches. For the first time—in recent history, at all events—peers and peeresses, Privy Councillors, and members of the Lower House, assembled in large numbers to witness the somewhat elaborate ceremonial with which a member of the House of Lords is initiated into his legislative duties. The crowd of peers and commoners, however, had some time to wait before they were gratified by the presence of the Prime Minister. There were four noble lords who had to take the oaths and their seats, and the Earl of Beaconsfield naturally occupied the last and most distinguished place. First there was Lord Ashford, formerly Lord Bury, who was introduced by Lord Henniker and Lord Skelmersdale. Next came Earl Redesdale, who took his seat on his promotion to the rank of an earldom, and who was introduced by the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Carnarvon; and then Lord Sackville and Lord Airey were introduced and took their seats. Last of all came the Earl of Beaconsfield. The procession with which the noble lord was ushered into the House was headed by the Garter King of Arms and the Duke of Norfolk, the Hereditary Earl Marshal, and the Deputy Grand Chamberlain, accompanied by the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Bradford, who fulfilled the formal act of introduction. The Earl of Beaconsfield, arrayed in his scarlet and ermine robes, advanced to the Lord Chancellor and presented the letters patent creating him Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden. This document was then read by one of the clerks, and for once its technical and legal phraseology seemed to be listened to with a kind of interest. The Earl of Beaconsfield next took the usual oath, and was conducted, with the customary formalities, to the earls' bench. There he took his seat for a minute, and exchanged three dignified and ceremonious bows with the Lord Chancellor. The noble earl was then conducted to the viscounts' bench, and the same ceremonial was re-enacted. Last of all, the noble lord was presented to the Lord Chancellor, and, after shaking hands with the noble and learned lord, left the house for the robing-room. In a few minutes he re-entered, in the company of the Earl of Derby and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and took his seat on the Ministerial bench. He was received with loud and hearty cheers, by no means confined to the Conservative side of the House.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

H. DE S.—Some time last year the Queen stood up in a dance with her son, the Duke of Connaught, we believe, at the Braemar gathering.

A SUBSCRIBER.—If done in Andalusian wool, the pattern sent makes a pretty round trimming for braiding woollen material. If done in white or coloured Boar's Head cotton and with a fine hook it would make a braid for white piqué; or if done in black silk would form a pretty braid for black silk jacket. A recipe for treacle posset will be given in next number. Andalusian wool is round and much finer than Berlin wool. A pinafore pattern would be 1s. 7d.

M. E. A.—We do not know of any place where your friend could get work to be done at her own home. A society for fancy work is to be opened on April 10th; prizes given half-yearly; threepence for rules, and a stamped envelope to be sent to Miss Jennings, Walton Vicarage, Hull.

J. E. C.—No book of the kind has been published.

MELROSE.—No space for insertion; much obliged for the offer.

E. S. S.—Whites of eggs only; one beaten with two tablespoonfuls of water for five minutes, and taken ten minutes before every meal, is an excellent remedy for all blood poisons, including gout. The eggs to be taken for a week, twice or three times a-day, then a week omitted, and continue till they have been taken seven or eight weeks. Half a drachm of bicarbonate of potash taken in nearly half a pint of cold water twice a day for three days is an excellent remedy for gout. The mixture to be sipped, not drunk off at a draught.

NUMEROUS ENQUIRIES.—"My Lady Help," by Mrs. Warren, is published at 1s., by post, 1s. 2d, by Messrs. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square. It may be had of all booksellers, or by order.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Both hot and cold. It would scarcely do to give ten or twelve people an entirely cold luncheon, which is—call it by what name you will—a mid-day dinner, and more food is generally eaten at that time than at any other. Soup, cold beef, hot cutlets, chops, steaks, patés of oysters, lobster cutlets, lobster salad, cold chicken and tongue. At luncheon the lady of the house should lead the way. Luncheon is an unceremonious meal. At dinner parties the host takes in the lady, or two ladies, of highest rank, or of customary precedence, and then seats them by himself. If there are more ladies than gentlemen, the hostess goes in last with a lady. The hostess having previously paired off each couple in a pleasant manner, taking care that each shall be mated agreeably.

ENQUIRIES.

Will you be good enough to tell me what Semolina is, and why the steps or rounds of a ladder are termed rungs?—*Tity.* [Semolina is the hard part of wheat left unground in passing through the mill. "Rang" is the right word corrupted into "rung." It is one of the many French words in use in England, and means steps placed one above another—a range of steps.—E. W. F.]

Who published the first romance, and when?—[We cannot tell you when the first romance was published; but a Bishop of Thessaly wrote, about A.D. 398, "Ethiopica, the Loves of Theogenes and Karieleia." "Don Quichotte," or Quixote, was first published in 1605, just after the accession of James I.]

Please tell me why the pretty yellow weedy plant is called "My Lady's Bed-straw?"—*Puzzled.* [The term is a corruption of the Saxon words *bede straw* (prayer-straw). The plant was gathered fresh, and placed before the altars of the Virgin, and upon this devotees were wont to kneel in prayer. The meaning was Our Lady's prayer-straw. A "bede-roll" was a list of persons for whom prayers were to be offered in the Church. A "bede-house" was an alms-house or hospital. "Bedes-men" were men inhabiting a "bede-house," who prayed for their benefactors.]

MELCHISEDEC, PRIEST AND KING.—[Probably the name of the first founder of "The Temple"—a Chanonean, styled "The First King," and the first priest who officiated there. This temple was founded in the city of Salem or Solyma, and to this name the King Melchisedec gave the name of Hierosolyma, the sacred city (as hieroglyphics, sacred writing on stone). King David took this city, and turned out the Chanoneans or Jebusi, and gave it to his own people to inhabit (1 Chron. xi., 4). More than eleven hundred years elapsed from the taking of Jerusalem by David to its destruction under Titus. During this period the Babylonians had possession for nearly 470 years, and from the foundation of the city by Melchisedec, the first king, to its final destruction, nearly 2200 years elapsed.]

EXCHANGE.

A LADY has six very nice water-colour drawings (landscapes), by good artists. Would exchange for anything in the way of furniture, or £5 cash.—*Auroria.*



SAVE ME FROM MY BEST FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIP.

VERY rarely are any to be found who will call themselves friendless, yet too many have Goldsmith's experience—

"Friendship like love is but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Jonathan and David were friends, both well off; Pylades and Orestes were one the son of a king, the other his cousin. Their friendship, like that of the former two, has passed into a proverb. Yet how many poor men who have made the world richer and better for their lives have failed to find friends in their bitterest hour of need. Others, again, owe all the misfortunes of their lives to implicitly trusting a supposed friend — perhaps as difficult to find as in the days of Solomon "The Preacher,"—who found only one man-friend in a thousand people, counting one by one, "but a woman among all these have I not found." Evidently a friend was to Solomon a "pearl of price."

Timon of Athens spent his patrimony in feasting a set of acquaintance, whom he thought friends, yet a looker-on could see

"The fellow that sits
Next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in undivided draughts,
Is the readiest now to kill him; it
Has been proved."

Timon feasted, caressed, and trusted his acquaintances, but with Solomon's experience, not one friend was found among them. Timon believed in his friends when they asked him but to try their fidelity, their friendship.

"The gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else? . . . . O you gods—think I—why need we have any friends if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments shut up in their cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? Oh, what a precious comfort it is to have so many!"

However, Timon finds that friends "feast-won are fast lost," and among all his flatterers not one comes to rescue him in his need, but ultimately in his one-time steward, Flavius, he finds one honest friend, but trusts him not.

To return to King David. He complained that a great evil had been done to him by his own "familiar friend," one with whom he had taken sweet counsel and walked together in the House of the Lord. He bitterly complains, "If an enemy had done this," he could have borne it; but such treachery was overwhelming from one he loved and trusted. And do not half our miseries in life come from trusting too much? It is well to follow Polonius's advice—

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

And again—

"Keep thy secret under thine own lips' key."

Sometimes by too much zeal our friends bring us into jeopardy; wisely has it been said, "Defend me from my friends; from my enemies I can defend myself."

Even animals are occasionally too zealous. The Swiss pastor is placed in jeopardy of his life by the indiscreet voice of his "one familiar friend," who barks till all the cattle gather together threatening revenge, and who will in their savagery undoubtedly make this indiscreet friend greatly suffer if a contest takes place. The poor victim of too much zeal, meanwhile upraised on a shaky edifice, is not so young nor so lithe as to make a swift pedestrian retreat advisable. It is an unpleasant predicament altogether, this compulsory position—none of his own seeking. We wonder how often he has wished his best friend elsewhere, and have any of us ever followed his example?

Much has been said and sung about true friendship, but the most charming verses on the subject is the following translation from the French of Ségur, by L. du Pont Syle, of Yale College:—

TIME, LOVE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

Time, who is of travellers all most ancient,
When one day marching on his weary way,
Arriving near a stream, thus loudly cried,
"Have pity, pity, on my ancient years.
Alas! no more am I remembered here—
I, who count every moment as it flies;
Kind friends, 'tis I who earnestly entreat you,
Come one, come all, and hasten to pass time."

Full many a maid, who, from the opposing shore,
Beheld the old man's plight with tearful eyes,
Burned in her soul his passage to assist
With a frail bark, whose helmsman was true Love.
But one from out the throng, by far most wise,
Restrained them with these cold but prudent words:
"Ah! often, often, has one come to grief
And ruin dire, by seeking to pass Time."

Love gayly pushed his shallop from the bank,
And soon approached the spot where lingered Time.
He bade the old man hasten on with him,
Embarked him, and set sail with prosperous breeze.
Love gently plied his well-shaped oars and swift,
And sang, and sang again, with merry shout,
"You see, you see, my pretty shepherdesses,
My timid maidens, how Love passes Time."

But soon Love drops the oar—in fact, grows weary
(That always was the special fault of Love).
The falling oar is seized by Time, who cries,
"What! tired so soon? Already dost give up?
Poor child, thy weakness great—thy strength how small!
Do thou sleep now, and I will sing in turn
This old refrain, approved of steady wisdom:
'Ah! Time has made Love pass—has made Love pass!'"

A beauteous maid, concealed among the groves
Which lined the river's bank, had heard the talk,
And now, unable to restrain her mirth,
Laughed at Time's moral and poor Love's despite.
Cried Time, in anger, "Who has strength enough
To brave my ancient years and Love combined?"
But Friendship calm, with truthful mien, replied,
"I naught have feared, nor aught will fear, from Time."

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER VI. (*continued.*)

FROM the moment when Amy Robsart entered, Cuthbert Laurance felt a strange magnetic thrill dart through every fibre of his frame; his sluggish pulse stirred, and as her mesmeric brown eyes, luminous, overmastering, met his, he drew his breath in quick gasps, and his heart in its rapid throbbing seemed to pour liquid fire into the bounding arteries. Some vague, bewildering reminiscence danced through the clouded chambers of his brain, pointing like a mocking fiend now this way, then in an opposite direction; one instant assuring him that they had somewhere met before, the next torturing him with the triumphant taunt that he had hitherto never known any one half so lovely. Was it merely some lucky accident that had so unexpectedly brought them, during that long flattering gaze, thoroughly *en rapport?* He no more heard his wife's hoarse whisper, than if a cyclone had whirled between them, and leaning forward to catch the measured melody that floated from the Countess's lips, a crimson glow fired his cheek was he caught the lofty words.

"I know a cure for jealousy. It is to speak truth to my lord at all times; to hold up my mind, my thoughts before him, as pure as that polished mirror—so that when he looks into my heart, he shall see only his own features reflected there.* *Can he who took my little hands and made them wifely—laying therein the precious burden of his honour—afford to doubt the palms are clean?*"

No wonder Varney stared, and the prompter anathematised the sudden flicker of the gas jet that caused him to lose his place; there was no such written sentence as the last, and the rehearsal proved no sure index of all the Countess uttered that night, but the play rolled on, and when the folding doors flew open and Amy sprang to meet her noble husband, the house began to warm into an earnest sympathy.

In the scene that followed, she sat with childlike simplicity and grace on the footstool at Leicester's feet while he exhibited the jewelled decorations of his princely garb, and explained the significance of the various orders; and in the face upturned to him who filled the chair of state, there was a wealth of loving tenderness, that might have moved colder natures than that which now kindled in the deep violet eyes that watched her from the Minister's box. Gradually the curious, timid, admiring bride is merged in the wife, with ambition budding in her heart, and exacting pride, pleading for recognition and wifely dignities, and in this transformation the power of the woman asserted itself.

Bending towards Leicester, until from the the low seat she sank unintentionally upon her knees, she prayed with passionate fervour:

"But shall not your wife, my love, one

* Mrs. Orme's interpolations are all italicised.

day soon, be surrounded with the honour which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest Earl? *'Tis not the dazzling splendour of your title that I covet, but the richer, nobler, dearer coronet of your beloved name, the precious privilege of fronting the world as your acknowledged wife.*"

Again in answer to his flattering evasive sophistries, she asked in a voice whose marvellous modulations, in the midst of intense feeling, seemed to penetrate every nook of that vast building:

"But why can it not be? Why can it not immediately take place, this more perfect uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command? *Think you my unshod feet would shrink from glowing ploughshares, if crossing them, I found the sacred shelter of my husband's name? Ah, husband! dost blanch before the storm of condemnation, which has no terrors for a wife's brave heart? It would seem but scant and tardy justice, to own thy wedded wife!*"

The Earl had led her behind the scenes, and the Minister had twice addressed him ere Mr. Laurance recovered himself sufficiently to perceive that his companions were smiling at his complete absorption.

"Why—Cuthbert—wake up. You look like some one walking open-eyed in sleep. Has Madame's beauty dazed you as utterly as poor Count T——?"

His wife pinched his arm, but without heeding her, he looked quite past her, into the laughing eyes of the Minister, and asked:

"Do you know her? Is her husband living?"

"I shall call by appointment to-morrow, but this is the first time I have seen her. Of her history I know nothing, but rumour pronounces her widow."

Carelessly glancing over the sea of faces beneath and around him, the Minister continued:

"English critics contend that Mme. Orme's 'Amy Robsart' is so far from being Scott's ideal creation, that he would fail to recognise it were he alive; still where she alters the text, and intensifies the type, they admit that the dramatic effect is heightened. She appears to have concentrated all her talent upon the passionate impersonation of one peculiar phase of feminine suffering and endurance, that of the outraged and neglected wife; and her favourite rôles are 'Katherine' from 'Henry VIII.,' 'Hermione,' and 'Medea,' though she is said to excel in 'Deborah.' My brother, who saw her last night as 'Medea,' pronounced her fully equal to Rachel, and said that in that scene where she attempted to remove her children from the side of the new wife, the despairing fury of her eyes literally raised the few thin hairs that still faithfully cling to the top of his head. Ah, the parting with Leicester, how marvellously beautiful she is!"

Leaning against a dressing-table loaded with toilet trifles and *bijouterie*, Amy stood arrayed in the costume which displayed to greatest advantage the perfect symmetry of form, and the dazzling purity of her complexion.

The cymar of white silk bordered with swan's-down exposed the gleaming dimpled shoulders, and from beneath the pretty lace coif, the unbound glory of her long hair swept around her like a cataract of gold, touching the hem of her silken gown, where, to complete the witchery, one slippered foot was visible. When her husband entered to bid her adieu, and the final petition for public acknowledgment was once more sternly denied, the long-pent agony in the woman's heart burst all barriers, overflowed every dictate of wounded pride, and, with an utter *abandon* of genuine poignant grief, she gave way to a storm that shook her frame with convulsive sobs, and deluged her cheeks with tears. Despite her desperate efforts to maintain her self-control, the sight of her husband's magnetic handsome face, after thirteen weary years' of waiting, unnerved, overwhelmed her. There in the temple of Art, where critical eyes were bent searchingly upon her, Nature triumphantly asserted itself, and she who wept passionately from the bitter realisation of her own accumulated wrongs, was wildly applauded as the queen of actresses, who so successfully simulated imaginary woes.

The curtain fell upon a bowed and sobbing woman, and the tempest of applause that shook the building, was prolonged until, after a time, Amy Robsart with tears still glistening on her cheeks came forward to acknowledge the tribute, and her silken garments were pelted with bouquets. Among the number lay a pyramid of violets edged with rose geranium leaves, and

raising it she bent her lovely head to the audience and kissed the violets, in memory of her far-off child, whose withered floral tribute was more precious to the woman's heart, than all the laudatory chaplets of the great city which did homage to her genuine tears.

Some time elapsed while the play shifted to the Court, recounting the feuds of Leicester and Sussex, and when Amy Robsart appeared again, it was in the stormy interview where Varney endeavours to enforce the Earl's command that she shall journey to Kenilworth as Varney's wife. The trembling submissiveness of earlier scenes was thrown away for ever, and as if metamorphosed into a Fury, she rose, towered above him, every feature quivering with hatred, scorn, and defiance.

"Look at him, Janet! that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—him there, that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—him there, my lord's lackey—for my liege lord and husband! I would I were a man but for five minutes! but go! begone!——"

She paused panting, then threw back her haughty head, rose on tiptoe, and shaking her hand in prophetic wrath and deathless defiance, almost hissed into the box beneath which Varney stood:

"Go tell thy master that when I like him can forget my plighted troth, *turn craven, bury honour, and forswear my marriage vows, then, oh, then! I promise him I will give him a rival, something worthy of the name!*"

Was the avenging lash of conscience uncoiled at last, in Cuthbert Laurance's hardened soul, that the blood so suddenly ebbed from his lips, and he drew his breath like one overshadowed by a vampire? Only once had he caught the full gleam of her indignant eyes, but that long look had awakened tortures that would never entirely slumber again, until the solemn hush of the shroud and the cemetery was his portion. No suspicion of the truth crossed his mind, even for an instant, for what resemblance could be traced between that regal woman, and the shy, awkward dark-haired little rustic, who thirteen years before had frolicked like a spaniel about him, loving but lowly?

In vain he sought to arrest her attention; the actress had only once looked at the group, and it was not until near the close that he succeeded in catching her glance. After her escape from Varney, Amy Robsart reached in disguise the confines of Kenilworth, and standing there, travelworn, weary, dejected, in sight of the princely castle, with its stately towers and battlements, she first saw the home whose shelter was denied her, the palatial home where Leicester bowed in homage before Elizabeth. As a neglected, repudiated wife creeping stealthily to the hearth where it was her right to reign, Amy turned her wan, woful face to the audience, and fixing her gaze with strange mournful intentness upon the eyes that watched her from the box, she seemed to throw her whole soul into the finest passage of the play.

"I have given him all that woman has to give. Name and fame, heart and hand, have I given the lord of all this magnificence, at the altar, and England's Queen could give him no more. He is my husband, I am his wife. I will be bold in claiming my right; even the bolder, that I come thus unexpected and forlorn. Whom God hath joined, man cannot sunder."

The irresistible pathos of look and tone electrified that wide assemblage, and in the midst of such plaudits as only Paris bestows she allowed her eyes to wander almost dreamily over the surging sea of human heads, and as if she were in truth some hunted, hopeless, homeless waif appealing for sympathy, she shrouded her pallid face in the blue folds of her travelling cloak, and disappeared.

"She must certainly recognise her countrymen, for that splendid passage seemed almost thrown to us, as a tribute to our nationality. What a wonderful voice! And yet, she is so slender, so fragile," said the Minister.

"Did you observe how pale she grew towards the last, and so hollowed-eyed, as if utterly worn out in the passionate struggle?" asked Mrs. Laurance.

"The passion of the remaining parts belongs rather to Leicester and the Queen. By the way, this is quite a handsome Earl, and the whole cast is decidedly strong and successful. Look, Laurance! were you an artist would you desire a finer model for an Egeria? If Madame had been reared in Canova's studio she could not possibly have accomplished a more elegant, felicitous pose. I should like her photograph at this moment."

In the grotto scene, Amy was attired in pale sea-green silk, and her streaming hair braided it with yellow light, as she shrank back from the haughty visage of the Queen. Rapidly the end approached, courtiers and

maids of honour crowded upon the stage, and thither Elizabeth dragged the unhappy wife, into the presence of the Earl, crying in thunder tones: "My Lord of Leicester! Knowest thou this woman?"

The craven silence of the husband, the desperate rally of the suffering wife to shield him from the impending wrath, until at last she was borne away insensible in Hunsdon's strong arms, all followed in quick succession, and Amy's ill-starred career approached its close, in the last interview with her husband.

When Cuthbert Laurance was a gray-haired man, trembling upon the brink of eternity, there came a vision in the solemn hours of night, and the form of Amy, wan as some marble statue, breathed again in his ear the last words she uttered that night.

"Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the foot-stool of Elizabeth's throne; say that 'in a moment of infatuation moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this poor Amy Robsart.' You will then have done justice to me, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will offer no opposition, since I may then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me. Then, have but a little patience, and Amy's life will not long darken your brighter prospects."

The fatal hour arrived; the gorgeous pomp and ceremonial of the court-pageant had passed away, and in a dim light the treacherous balcony at Cumnor Place was visible. In the hush that pervaded the theatre, the Minister heard the ticking of his watch, and Mrs. Laurance the laboured breathing of her husband.

Upon the profound silence broke the tramp of a horse's hoofs in the neighbouring courtyard, then Varney's whistle in imitation of the Earl's signal when visiting the Countess. Instantly the door of her chamber swung open, and standing a moment upon the threshold, Amy in her fleecy white drapery wavered like a drifting cloud, then moved forward upon the balcony; the trap-door fell, and the lovely marble face with its lustrous brown eyes sank into the darkness to death.

Chapter VII.

To men and women of intensely emotional nature, it sometimes happens that a day of keen and torturing suspense, or a night's vigil of great anguish, mars and darkens a countenance more indelibly than the lapse of several ordinary monotonous years; and as Madame Orme sat in her reception room at one o'clock on the following afternoon, awaiting the visit of the Minister, the blanched face was far sterner and prouder than when yesterday's sun rippled across it, and bluish shadows beneath the large eyes that had not closed for twenty-four hours, lent them a deeper and more fateful glow.

The soft creamy folds of her cashmere robe were relieved at the throat by a knot of lilac ribbon, and amid its loops were clusters of violets. Before her on a gilded stand was the purple pyramid of flowers she had brought from the theatre, and beside them lay several perfumed envelopes with elaborate monograms. These notes contained tributes of praise from strangers who had been fascinated by her "Amy Robsart," and begged the honour of an interview, or the favour of a "photograph taken in the silken cymar which so advantageously displayed the symmetry of her figure."

Among the latter, she had recognised the handwriting of Mr. Laurance, though the signature was "Jules Duval," and her fingers had shrunk from the folds of rose paper, as though scorched by flame. Lying there on the top of the *billets-doux*, the graceful address of "Madame Odille Orme" drew her gaze, like the loathsome fascination of a basilisk, and taking a package of notes from her pocket, she held them for a moment close to the envelope. Upon one, the name of the popular actress, on the other, in the same peculiar beautiful characters, "Minnie Merle." She put away the latter, and a flash of scorn momentarily lighted her rigid face.

"Craven as of old! Too cowardly to boldly ask the thing his fickle fancy favours, he begs under borrowed names. Doubtless his courage wilts before his swarthy, bold-eyed Xantippe, who allows him scant latitude for flirtations. To be thrown aside, trampled down, for such a creature as Abbie Ames! his coarse-featured, diamond-dowered bride! Ah! my veins run lava. Last night the two countenances seemed like—'as Hyperion to a Satyr!' How completely he sold his treacherous beauty to the banker's daughter, whom to-day he would willingly betray, for a fairer, fresher face. Craven traitor!"

She passed her handkerchief across her lips, as if to efface some imaginary stain, and they slowly settled back into their customary stern curves. Just then a timid

tap upon the door of the reception-room was followed almost simultaneously by the entrance of Mrs. Waul, who held a card in her hand.

"The waiter has just brought this up. What answer shall he take back?"

Mrs. Orme glanced at it, sprang to her feet, and a vivid scarlet bathed her face and neck.

"Tell him—No! no—no! Madame Orme begs to decline the honour."

Then the crimson tide as suddenly ebbed, she grew ghastly in her colourlessness, and her bloodless lips writhed, as she called after the retreating figure:

"Stop! Come back,—let me think."

She walked to the window, and stood for several moments as still as the bronze Mercury beside her. When she turned around, her features were as fixed as if they belonged to some sculptured slab from Persepolis.

"Pray don't think me weak and fickle, but indeed, Mrs. Waul, some of my laurels gash like a crown of thorns. Tell the waiter to show this visitor up, after five minutes, and then I wish you to come back and sit with your knitting yonder, at the end of the room. And please drop the curtain there, the pink silk will make me look a trifle less ghostly, after last night's work. You see I am disappointed. I expected the American Minister on business, and he sends this Paris beau, to make his apologies; that is all."

As the old lady disappeared, Mrs. Orme shuddered, and muttered with clenched teeth:

"All have a Gethsemane sooner or later, and mine has overtaken me before I am quite ready. God grant me some strengthening Angel!"

She sank back into the arm-chair, and drew the table before her as a barrier, while some inexplicable, intuitive impulse prompted her to draw from her bosom a locket containing Regina's miniature. Touching a spring, she looked at the childish features so singularly like those she had seen the previous evening, and when Mrs. Waul returned and seated herself at the end of the room, the spring snapped, the locket lay in one hand, the Minister's card in the other.

Mrs. Orme heard the sound on the stairs and along the hall—the well-remembered step. Amid the tramp of a hundred she could have singled it out, so often in bygone years had she crouched under the lilacs that overhung the gate, listening for its rapid approach, waiting to throw herself into the arms that would clasp her so fondly; to-day that unaltered step smote her ears like an echo from the tomb, and for an instant her heart stood still, and she shut her eyes, but the door swung back and Mr. Laurance stood upon the threshold. As he advanced, she rose, and when he stood before her with outstretched hand, she ignored it, merely rested her palm on the table between them, and glancing at the card in her fingers said:

"Mr. Laurance, I believe—introduced by the American Minister. A countryman of mine, he writes." The sweet voice rung its silver chimes as clearly as when she trod the stage, and no shadow of the past cast its dusky wing over her proud pale face, while she gracefully waved him to a seat, and resumed her own.

"If Madame Orme, so recently from home, yields readily to the talismanic spell of 'American' she can perhaps imagine the fascination it exerts over one who for many years has roamed far from his roof-tree, and his hearthstone; but who never more proudly exulted in his nationality than last night, when, as Queen of Tragedy, Madame lent new lustre to the land that claims the honour of being her birth-place."

"Thanks. Then I may infer you paid me the tribute of your presence last evening?"

They looked across the table, into each other's eyes, hers radiant with a dangerous steely glitter, his eloquent with the intense admiration which, kindled on the previous evening, now glowed more fervently from the contemplation of a beauty that to-day appeared ten-fold more irresistible. The question slightly disconcerted him.

"I had the honour of accompanying our Minister, and sharing his box."

"Indeed? I have never had the pleasure of meeting him, and hoped to have seen him to-day, as he fixed this hour for the arrangement of some business details, concerning which I was advised to consult him. One really cannot duly appreciate American liberty, until one has been trammelled by foreign formalities and Continental police quibbles."

An incredulous smile ambushed in his silky moustache, was reflected in his fine eyes, as he recalled the flattering emphasis with which she had certainly singled out his face in that vast auditory, and thoroughly appreciating his munificent inheritance of

good looks, he now imagined he fully interpreted her motive in desiring to ignore the former meeting.

"Doubtless hundreds who shared with me the delight you conferred by your performance last night, would be equally charmed to possess my precious privilege of expressing my unbounded admiration of your genius; but unfortunately the impression prevails that my charming countrywoman sternly interdicts all gentleman visitors, denies access even to the most ardent of her worshippers, and I deem myself the most supremely favoured of men in having triumphantly crossed into the enchanted realm of your presence. Of this flattering distinction, I confess I am very proud."

It was a bold challenge, and sincerely he rued his rashness, when raising herself haughtily, she answered in a tone that made his cheeks tingle:

"Unfortunately your countrywoman has not studied human nature so superficially as to fail to comprehend the snares and pitfalls which men's egregious vanity sometimes spring prematurely; and rumour quotes me aright, in proclaiming me a recluse when the curtain falls, and the lights are extinguished. To-day I deviated from my usual custom, in compliment to the representative of my country, who sends you, so his card reads—'charged with an explanation of his unavoidable absence.' As a Minister-extraordinary, may I venture to remind Mr. Laurance of his errand?"

Abashed by the scornful gleam in her keen wide eyes, he replied hastily:

"A telegram from Pau summoned him this morning to the bedside of a member of his family, suddenly attacked with dangerous illness, and he desired me to assure you that so soon as he returned, he would seize the earliest opportunity of congratulating you upon your brilliant triumph. In the interim he places at your disposal certain printed regulations which will supply the information you desire, and which you will find in this envelope. May I hope, Madame, that the value of the contents will successfully plead the pardon of the audacious, yet sufficiently rebuked messenger?" He rose, and with a princely bow, offered the packet.

Suffering her eyes to follow the motion of his elegantly-formed hand, now ungloved, one swift glance showed her that instead of the unpretending slender gold circlet she had placed on the little finger of his left hand the day of their marriage, a ring endeared to her, because it had been her mother's bridal pledge, he now wore a flashing diamond in a broad and costly setting. Almost unconsciously her own left hand glided to the violets on her breast, beneath which, securely fastened by a strong gold chain, she wore the antique cameo ring with its grinning death's-head resting upon her heart.

Slightly inclining her head, she signed to him to place the papers on the table, and when he had resumed his seat, she asked: "How long, Mr. Laurance, since you left America?"

"Thirteen or fourteen years ago; yet the memories of my home are fresh and fragrant as though I quitted it only yesterday."

"Then happy indeed must have been that hearthstone, whose rose-coloured reminiscences linger so tenderly around your heart, and survive the attrition of a long residence in Paris. Your *repertoire* of charming memories tempts me almost to the verge of covetousness. In what portion of the United States did you reside?"

"My boyhood was spent in one of the Middle States, where my estate is, but my collegiate life removed me to the North, whence I came immediately abroad. My residence in Europe confirms the belief that crossed the Atlantic with me, that in beauty, grace, and all the nameless charms that constitute the perfect, peerless, fascinating woman, my own country pre-eminently bears the palm. Broad as is her domain, and noble her civil institutions, the crowning glory of America dwells in her lovely and gifted women."

He had never looked handsomer than at that moment, as slightly bending his head in homage, his dangerously beautiful eyes rested with an unmistakable expression upon the faultless features before him; and watching him, a cold smile broke up the icy outline of his companion's delicate lips: "American beauty might question the sincerity of a champion whose worship is offered only at foreign shrines, and the precious oblation of whose heart is laid on distant and strange altars."

"Ah, Madame, neither at foreign shrines, nor strange altars, but ever unwaveringly at the feet of my divine countrywomen. Is it needful that I recross the ocean, to bow before the reigning Muse? Is it not conceded that the brightest, loveliest planet in Parisian skies, brought all her splendour from my western home?"

"How you barb with keen regret the

mortifying reflection that I, alas! cannot as an American lay claim to a moiety of your chivalric allegiance! Ill-fated Odille Orme!"

The stinging sarcasm in the liquid voice perplexed him, and the strange lambent light that seemed now and then to ray out of the brilliant eyes that had never wandered from his sent an uncomfortable thrill over him.

"Surely the world cannot have erred, in according to my own country the honour of your nationality?"

"I was born upon a French ship, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

"Ah, dearest Madame, then it is no marvel that your votaries bow as blindly, as helplessly as those over whom your ancient Greek mother ruled so despotically."

"Madame Odille Orme has abjured the pagan æsthetics that seem to trench rather closely upon Mr. Laurance's ethics, and shed far too rosy an orientalism over his mind and heart; and hopes he will not forget her proud boast that by divine right she wears a dearer, nobler, holier title, Odille Orme—wife and mother."

Bolder libertinism than found shelter in Mr. Laurance's perverted nature, would have cowered before the pure face that now leaned far forward, with dilated scornful eyes which seemed to run like electric rays up and down the secret chambers of his heart. Involuntarily he shrank back into the depths of his chair, and mutely questioned, as on the previous night—"where have I heard that voice before?"

With some difficulty he recovered himself, and said hastily: "Will you forgive me if I tell you frankly, that ever since I saw you last night, I have been tantalised by a vague yet very precious consciousness that somewhere you and I have met before? When or where, I cannot conjecture, but of one thing I am painfully certain, we can never be strangers henceforth. Some charm in your voice—in the expression of your eyes—when as 'Amy Robsart' the loving woman, you looked so fondly into your 'Leicester's' face, awoke dim memories that will never sleep again. Happy, enviable indeed that Leicester who really rules the empire of your love."

Tightening the clasp of her palms which enclosed the little gold locket containing the image of their child, a wintry smile broke over her white face, lending it that mournful glimmer which fading moonlight sheds on some silent cenotaph in a cemetery.

"If my stage tricks of glance or tone, my carefully studied and practised attitudes and modulations, recall some neglected memories of your sunny past, let me hope that Mr. Laurance links me with the holy associations that cluster about a mother's or a sister's sacred features. The stage is the arena where I wage my battle with poverty and want; there I receive the swelling acclamations of triumph or the pelting hisses of defeat; there before the footlights where I toil for my bread I am a legitimate defenceless target for artistic criticism, but outside the precincts of the theatre I hold myself as sacred from the world as if I stood in stone upon an altar behind some convent's bars, and as a lonely sorrow-stricken mother widowed of the father of my child, bereft of a husband's tenderly jealous guardianship, I have a right to claim the profound respect, the chivalric courtesy which every high-toned, honourable gentleman accords to worthy, stainless women. Because as an actress I barter my smiles and tears for food and raiment for my fatherless child it were not quite safe to imagine that I share the pagan tendencies which appear to have smitten some of my countrymen with moral leprosy."

The words seemed to burst forth like a mountain cataract long locked in snow, which, melting suddenly under some unseasonable fiery influence, falls in an impetuous icy torrent, bearing the startling chill of winter into flowery meadows where tender verdure sown thick with primroses and daisies smiles peacefully in summer sunshine.

Twice the visitor half rose and essayed to speak, but that deep steady voice bore down all interruption, and as he watched her Mr. Laurance just then would have given the fortune of the Rothschilds for the privilege of folding in his own the perfect hands that lay clasped on the marble slab. While her extraordinary beauty moved his heart as no other woman had yet done, the stern bitterness of her rebuke appealed to the latent chivalry and slumbering nobility of his worldly soul. Looking upon his flushed handsome face, interpreting its eloquent varying expressions by the aid of glancing lights which memory snatched from long-gone years, she saw the struggle in his dual nature and hurried on, warned by the powerful magnetism of his almost invincible eyes that the melting spell of the past was twining its relaxing fingers about her own throbbing heart.

"Trained in the easy school of latitudinarianism so fashionable nowadays on both sides of the Atlantic, doubtless Mr. Laurance deems his adopted countrywoman a nervous puritanical prude, and upon my primitive and wellnigh obsolete ideal of social decorum and propriety, upon my lofty standard of womanly delicacy and manly honour, I can patiently tolerate none of the encroachments with which I have recently been threatened. Just here, sir, permit a pertinent illustration of the impertinence that sometimes annoys me."

Lifting between the tips of her fingers the pretty peach-bloom-tinted note, whose accusing characters betrayed the hand that penned it, she continued, with an outbreak of intense and overwhelming contempt—

"Listen, if you please, to the turbid libation which some rose-lipped Paris, some silk-locked Sybarite, poured out last night after leaving the theatre. Under pretence of adding a leaf to the chaplets won by what he is pleased to term 'divine dramatic genius,' this 'Jules Duval,' let me see, I would not libel an honourable name—yes, so it is signed—this Jules Duval, this brainless, heartless, soulless Narcissus, with no larger sense of honour than could find ample waltzing room on the point of a cambric needle, insolently avows his real sentiments in language that your valet might address to his favourite grisette, and closes like some ardent accepted lover with an audacious demand for my photograph 'to wear for ever over his fond and loyal heart!' That is fashionable homage to my genius, is it? I call it an insult to my womanhood! Nay, I am ashamed to read it! 'Twould stain my cheeks, soil my lips, dishonour your gentlemanly ears. Mr. Laurance, if ever you should become a husband, and truly love the woman you make your wife, you will perhaps comprehend my feelings when some gay unprincipled gallant profanes the sanctity of her retirement with such unpardonable, such unmerited insolence."

She held it up between thumb and forefinger, shaking out the pink folds till the signature in violet ink flaunted before the violet eyes of its owner, then, crushing it as if it were a cobweb, she tossed it towards the window.

Turning her head, she said in an altered and elevated tone—

"Mrs. Waul, may I disturb you for a moment?"

The quiet figure clad in sober grey, and wearing a muslin cap whose crimped ruffle enclosed in a snowy frame the benevolent wrinkled countenance, came forward, knitting in hand, spectacles on her nose, and for the first time the visitor became aware of her presence.

"Please lower the curtain yonder, beside the *étagère*, the sun shines hot upon Mr. Laurance's brow. Then touch the bell, and order the carriage to be ready in twenty minutes."

Humiliated as he had never been before, Mr. Laurance resolved upon one desperate attempt to regain the position his vanity had rashly forfeited. Waiting until the Quaker-like duenna had retreated to her former seat, he rose and leaned across the small table, and, under his rich low voice and passionately pleading eyes, the actress held her breath and clutched the locket till its sharp edge sunk into her quivering flesh.

"You dismiss me as unworthy of your presence, and, acknowledging the justice of your decree, I sincerely deplore the fatuity that prompted the offence. Your rebuke was warranted by my foolish presumption, and confessing the error into which I was betrayed by your condescending notice last night, I humbly and sorrowfully solicit your generous forgiveness. Fervid flattering phrases sorely belie my real character, if sinking me almost beneath your contempt, you deem me devoid of a high sense of honour or of chivalric devotion to noble womanly delicacy. Madame Orme, if your unparalleled beauty, grace, and talent bewitched me into a passing folly and vain impertinence, for which, indeed, I blush, your stern reproof recalls me to my senses, to my better nature, and I beg that upon the unsullied word of a gentleman you will accept with my apology the earnest assurance that in quitting this room I honour and revere my matchless countrywoman far more than when I entered her noble presence. Fashionable freedom may have demoralised my tongue, but I swear it has not blackened my heart nor deadened my perception and appreciation of all that constitutes true feminine refinement and purity. You have severely punished my presumptuous vanity, and now will you not mercifully pardon a man who, finding in you the perfect fulfilment of his prophetic dreams of lofty as well as lovely womanhood, humbly but most earnestly craves permission to reinstate himself in your regard, to attempt to win your esteem and friendship,

which he will value far more highly than the adoration of any—yes, of all other women?"

He was so near her, that she saw the regular quick flutter of the blue vein on his fair temples, and as the musical mastering voice, so well remembered, and once so fondly loved, stole tenderly through the dark, lonely, dreary recesses of her desolate aching heart, it waked for one instant a wild maddening temptation, an intense longing to lift her arms, clasp them around his neck, lean forward upon his bosom and be at rest.

In the weary years that followed, how bitterly she denounced and deplored the fever of implacable revenge that held her back on that memorable day! Verily for each of us, "a Nemean Lion lies in wait somewhere."

Mr. Laurance saw a slow dumb motion of the pale lips that breathed no sound to fill the verbal frame they mutely fashioned, "my husband"; and then with a gradual drooping of the heavily lashed lids, the eyes closed. Only until one might have leisurely counted five, was he permitted to scan the wan face in its rare beautiful repose, then again her eyes pitiless as fate met his, so eager, so wistful, and she too rose, confronting him with a cold proud smile.

"I fear Mr. Laurance unduly bemoans and magnifies a mistake, which, whatever its baleful intent, has suffered in my rude inhospitable hands an 'untimely nipping in the bud,' and most ingloriously failed of consummation. After to-day the luckless incident of our acquaintance must vanish; for in my future panorama I shall keep no niche for mortifying painful days like this, and you, sir, amid the rush, and glow, and glitter of this bewildering French capital, will have little leisure and less inclination to recall the unflattering failure of an attempted flirtation with a pretty but most utterly heartless actress, who wrung her hands, and did high tragedy, and stormed and wept for gold! Not for perfumed pink *billets-doux*, nor yet for adulation and vows of deathless devotion from high-born gentlemen, but for gold, Mr. Laurance, only for gold!"

"Do not inexorably exile me, do not refuse my prayer for the privilege of sometimes seeing you. Permit me to come here and teach you to believe in my——"

"*Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!*" she exclaimed, with a quick nervous laugh that grated grievously upon his ear.

"Madame, I implore you not to deny me the delight of an occasional interview." A sudden pallor crept across his eager face, and he attempted to touch the fair dimpled hand, which still grasping the locket, rested upon the table.

Aware of his purpose, she haughtily shrank back, drew herself up, and folding her arms so tightly over her breast that the cameo ring pressed close upon her bounding heart, she looked down on him as from some distant height, with an intensity of quiet scorn that no language could adequately render, that bruised his heart like hail-stones.

"I deny you henceforth all opportunity of sinking yourself still deeper in my estimation, of annoying me by any future demonstrations of a style of admiration I neither desire, appreciate, nor intend to permit. If accident should ever thrust you again across my path, you will do well to forget that our Minister committed the blunder of sending you here to-day. Mr. Laurance will please accept my thanks for this package of papers, which shall be returned to-morrow to the Minister's office. Resolved to forget the unpleasant incidents of to-day, Madame Orme is compelled to bid you good-bye."

Angry but undaunted, his eloquent eyes boldly bore up under hers, as if in mortal challenge; and he bowed, with a degree of graceful *hauteur*, fully equal to her own best efforts.

"Madame's commands shall be rigidly and literally obeyed, for Cuthbert Laurance is far too proud to obtrude his presence or his homage on any woman; but Mrs. Orme's interdict does not include that public realm, where she has repeatedly assured me that gold always secures admission to her smiles, and from which no earthly power can debar me. Watching you from the same spot, where last night you floated like an angelic dream of my boyhood, like a glorious revelation, upon my vision and my heart, I shall defy the world to mar the happiness in store for me, so long as you remain in Paris. A distant but devoted worshipper, cherishing the memory of those thrilling glances with which 'Amy Robsart' favoured me, permit me to wish Madame Orme a pleasant drive and good-afternoon."

He bent his handsome head low before her, and left the room less like an exile than a conqueror, buoyed by an abiding fatalism, a fond faith in that magnetic influence and fascination he had hitherto successfully

exerted over all whom his wayward, fickle, fastidious fancy had chosen to enslave.

When the sound of his retreating footsteps was no longer audible, the slender white-robed figure moved unsteadily across the floor, entered the adjoining dressing-room, and locked the door. The play was over at last, the long tension of nerve, the iron strain on brain and heart, the steel manacles on memory, all snapped simultaneously; the actress was trampled out of sight, and the woman, the weak, suffering, long-tortured woman, bowed down in helpless and hopeless agony before her desecrated mouldering altar, was alone with the dust of her overturned and crumbling idol.

"My husband! Oh! God! Thou knowest—not hers—not that woman's—but mine! all mine! My baby's father! My own husband!"

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Chapter VIII.

"Nonsense, Elise! She is but a child and I beg you will not prematurely magnify her into a woman. There are so few unaffected natural children in this generation, that it is as refreshing to contemplate our little girl's guileless purity and ingenuous simplicity, as to gaze upon cool green meadows on a sultry, parching August day. Keep her a child, let her alone."

Mr. Hargrove wiped his spectacles with his handkerchief, and replaced them on his Roman nose, with the injured air of a man who having been interrupted in some favourite study, to take cognizance of an unexpected, unwelcome, and altogether unpleasant fact, majestically refuses to inspect, and dogmatically waves it aside, as if to ignore were to annihilate.

"Now, Peyton, for a sensible man (to say nothing of the astute philosopher and the erudite theologian) you certainly do indulge in the most remarkable spasms of wilful, obstinate, premeditated blindness. You need not stare so desperately at that page, for I intend to talk to you, and it is useless to try to snub either me or my facts. Regina is young, I know, not quite fourteen, but she is more precocious, more mature, than many girls are at sixteen; and you seem to forget that having always associated with grown people she has imbibed their ideas and caught their expressions instead of the more juvenile forms of thought and speech usual in children who live among children. She has as far outgrown skipping-ropes as you have tops and kites, and has no more relish for fairy tales than your reverence has for base-ball, or my boy here for marbles. Suppose last October I had sprinkled a paper of lettuce-seed in the open border of the garden and on the same day you had sown a lot of lettuce in the hot-beds against the brick wall where all the sunshine falls. Would you refuse your crisp, tempting, forced salad because it had reached perfection so rapidly?"

"Mother, do you intend us to understand that Regina is very tender and very verdant?" asked Mr. Lindsay, looking up from a grammar that lay open before him.

"I intend you, sir, to study your Hindustanee and your Tamil while I experiment upon the value of analogical reasoning in my discussions with your uncle. Now, Peyton, you see that child's mind has been for nearly four years in an intellectual hot-bed, sunned in the light of religion, moistened with the dew of philosophy, cultivated systematically with the prongs and hoes of regular study, of example and precept, and, being a vigorous sprout when she was transplanted, she has made good use of her opportunities, and behold early mental salad, and very fine! You men theorise, ratiocinate, declaim, dogmatise about abstract propositions, and finally get your feet tangled and stumble over facts right under your noses that women would never fail to pick up and put aside. The soul of Thales possesses you all, whereas we who sit at the cradle and guide the little tottering feet study the ground and sweep away the stumbling-blocks. Day after day, you and Douglas discuss all kinds of scientific theories, and quote pagan authorities and infidel systems in the presence of Regina, who sits in her low chair over there in the corner of the fireplace, as quiet as a white mouse, listening to every word though Hans Christian Andersen lies open on her lap, and scarcely winking those blue eyes of hers that are as solemn as if they belonged to a Judge of Israel. If a child is raised in a carpenter's shop, with all manner of sharp, dangerous, often two-edged, tools scattered around in every direction, who wonders that the little fingers are prematurely gashed and scarred? You and Douglas imagine she is dreaming about the number of elves that dance on the greensward on moonlight nights, or the spangles on their lace wings, or perhaps you believe the child is longing for sugar-candy? Then rub your eyes, you eccle-

siastical bats, and let me show you the 'outcome' of all this wise and learned chat with which you edify one another. You know she beguiled me into giving her lessons on the organ as well as the piano, and yesterday when I went over to the church at instruction hour I was astonished at a prelude, which she had evidently improvised. Screened from her view, I listened till she finished playing. Of course I praised her (for really she has remarkable talent), and asked her when she began to compose, to improvise. Now what do you suppose she answered? She looked at me very steadily, and said, as nearly as I can quote her words, 'I really don't know exactly when I began, but I suppose a long time ago, when I wore brown feathers, and went to sleep with my head under my wing, as all nightingales do.' Said I: 'What upon earth do you mean?' She replied: 'Why, of course, I mean when I was a nightingale —before I grew to be a human being. Didn't you hear Mr. Hargrove last week reading from that curious book in which so many queer things were told about transmigration, and how the soul of a musical child came from the nightingale, the sweetest of singers? And don't you recollect Mr. Lindsay said that Plato believed it, and that Plotinus taught that people who lead pure lives and yet love music to excess, go into the bodies of melodious birds when they die? Just now when I played, I was wondering how a nightingale felt, swinging in a plum tree all white with fragrant bloom, and watching the cattle cropping buttercups and dandelions in the field. Mrs. Lindsay, if my soul is not perfectly fresh and new, I hope it never went into a human body before mine, because I would much rather it came straight to me from a sweet innocent bird.'"

"Surely, Elise, you are, as usual, jesting?" exclaimed her brother.

"On the contrary, I assure you I neither magnify nor embellish. I am merely stating unvarnished facts, that you may thoroughly understand into what fertile soil your scattered grains of learning fall. I promise you, with moderate cultivation, it will yield an hundredfold."

"Mother, what did you say to her, by way of a dose of orthodoxy to antidote the metempsychosis poison?" asked Mr. Lindsay, who could not forbear laughing at the astonished expression of his uncle's countenance.

"At first I was positively dumb, and stared at the child. Then I shook her, and asked if she had gone to sleep and dreamed she was a bulbul feeding on rose leaves; whereupon, she looked gravely dignified, and when I proceeded to reason with her concerning the absurdity of the utterly worn-out-doctrine of transmigration, how do you suppose she met me? With the information that far from being a worn-out doctrine, learned and scientific men now living were reviving it as the truth; and that whereas Christianity was only eighteen hundred years old, that metempsychosis had been believed for twenty-nine centuries, and at this day numbers more followers, by millions, than any other religion in the world. I inquired how she learned all this foolish stuff, and with an indescribable mixture of pride, pity, and triumph, as if she realised that she was throwing Mont Blanc at my head, she mentioned you two eminently evangelical guides, from whose infallible lips she had gleaned her knowledge. As for you, Douglas, I suggest you abandon Oriental studies, forego the dim hope of martyrdom in India, and begin your missionary labours at home. My dear, the Buddhist is at your own door. Now, Peyton, how do you relish the flavour of your philosophical salad?"

"I am afraid I have been culpably thoughtless in introducing to her mind various doctrines and theories, which I never imagined she could comprehend, or would even ponder for a moment. Since my sight has become so impaired and feeble, I have several times called on her to read some articles which certainly are not healthful for a child, and my conversations with Douglas, relative to scientific theories, have been carried on unreservedly in her presence. I am very glad you warned me."

Chapter IX.

The long sultry August day was drawing to a close, and those who had found the intense heat almost unendurable, watched with delight the slow hands of the clock, whose lagging fingers finally pointed to five. The sky seemed brass, the atmosphere a blast from Tophet, and the sun still standing at some distance above the horizon, glared mercilessly down over the panting parched earth. A circumstance of unusual interest attracted the congregation to the church, where Mr. Lindsay intended to preach his farewell sermon; but only a limited number had braved the heat to shake hands with the

young minister, who ere another sunrise would have started on his long journey to the East.

At the parsonage it had been a sad day, sad despite the grave serenity of Mr. Hargrove, the quiet fortitude of Mr. Lindsay, and the desperate attempts of the mother to drive back tears, compose fluttering lips, and steady the tones of her usually cheerful voice. For several days previous, Mr. Hargrove had been quite indisposed, and as his nephew would leave home at eleven p.m., the customary Sunday night service had been omitted.

As the afternoon wore away the family trio assembled on the shaded end of the north verandah, and with intuitive delicacy Regina shrank from intruding on the final interview which appeared so sacred. Followed by Hero, she went through the shrubbery and down a walk bordered with ancient cedars, which led to a small gate that opened into the adjoining churchyard.

In accordance with a custom long since fallen hopelessly into desuetude, but prevailing when the venerable church was erected, it had been placed in the centre of a spacious square, every yard of which had subsequently become hallowed as the last resting-place of families who had passed away, since the lofty spire rose like a huge golden finger pointing heavenward. An avenue of noble elms led from the iron gate to the broad stone steps, and on either side and behind the church swelled the lines of mounds, some white with marble, some green with turf, now and then a heap of mossy shells, not a few gay with flowers; all scrupulously free from weeds, and those most melancholy symptoms of neglect, which even in public cemeteries too often impress the beholder with gloomy premonitions of his own inevitable future, and recall the solemn admonition of the Talmud: "Life is a passing shadow. Is it the shadow of a tower, or of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in his flight; away flies the bird, and there remains neither bird nor shadow."

Could any other than the simple ancient churchyard of bygone days have suggested that Elegy of Gray—the sweetest, purest, noblest in our mother tongue? Do not our hearts yearn with an intense and tender longing towards that church at whose font we were baptised, at whose communion table we reverently bowed, before whose altar we breathed the marriage vows, from whose silent chancel we shall one day be softly and slowly borne away to our last long sleep? Why not lay us down to rest, where the organ that pealed at our wedding, and sobbed its requiem over our senseless clay, may still breathe its loving dirges across our graves, in winter's leaden storms, or in fragrant amber-aired summer days? Would worldly vampires, such as political or financial schemes, track a man's footsteps down the aisle, and flap their fatal numbing pinions over his soul so securely even in the Sanctuary of the Lord, if from his family pew his eyes wandered now and then to the marble slab that lay like a benediction over the silver head of an honoured father or mother, or the silent form of a beloved wife, sister or brother?

Is there a woman so callous, so steeped in folly, that the tinsel of Vanity Fair, the paraphernalia of fashion, or all the thousand small fiends that beleaguer the female soul, could successfully lure her imagination from holy themes, when, sitting in front of the pulpit, she yet sees through the open windows where butterflies like happy souls flutter in and out, the motionless chiselled cenotaph that rests like a sentinel above the pulseless heart that once enshrined her image, called her wife, and beat in changeless devotion against her own; or the little grassy billow sown thick with violets that speak to her of the blue eyes beneath them, where in dreamless slumber that needs no mother's cradling arms, no maternal lullaby, reposes the waxen form, the darling golden head of her long-lost baby? What spot so peculiarly suited for "God's Acre" as that surrounding God's Temple?

A residence of nearly four years' duration at the Parsonage, had rendered this quiet churchyard a favourite retreat with Regina, and divesting the graves of all superstitious terrors, had awakened in her nature only a most profound and loving reference for the precincts of the Dead.

To-day longing for some secluded spot in which to indulge the melancholy feelings that oppressed her, she instinctively sought the church, yielding unconscious homage to its hallowed and soothing influence. Passing slowly and carefully among the head-stones, she went into the church, to which she had access at all times by a key, which enabled her to enter at will and practise on the small organ that was generally used in Sabbath-school music.

Fancying that it might be cooler in the

gallery, she ascended to the organ loft, and while Hero stretched himself at her feet, she sat down on one of the benches close to the open window that looked towards the mass of trees which so completely embowered the parsonage, that only one ivy-crowned chimney was visible. Low in the sky, and just opposite the tall arched window behind the pulpit, the sun burned like a baleful Cyclopean eye, striking through a mass of ruby-tinted glass that had been designed to represent a lion, and other symbols of the Redeemer, who soared away above them.

Are there certain subtle electrical currents sheathed in human flesh, that link us sometimes with the agitated reservoirs of electricity trembling in the bosom of yet distant clouds? Do not our own highly charged nervous batteries occasionally give the first premonition of coming thunder-storms? Long before the low angry growl that came suddenly from some lightning lair in the far south, below the sky-line, Regina anticipated the approaching war of elements, and settled herself to wait for it.

Not until to-day had she realised how much of the pleasure of her life at the parsonage, was derived from the sunny presence and sympathising companionship which she was now about to lose, certainly for many years, probably for ever.

Although Mr. Lindsay's age doubled her own, he had entered so fully into her fancies, humoured so patiently her girlish caprices, and with such tireless interest aided her in her studies, shat she seemed to forget his seniority; and treated him with the quiet affectionate freedom which she would have indulged towards a young brother. Next to the memory of her mother, she probably gave him the warmest place in her heart, but she was a remarkably reserved, composed, and undemonstrative child, by no means addicted to caresses, and only in moments of deep feeling betrayed into an impulsive passionate gesture, or a burst of emotion.

Sincerely attached to the entire household, who had won not merely her earnest gratitude, but profound respect and admiration, she was conscious of a peculiar clinging tenderness for Mr. Lindsay, which rendered the prospect of his departure the keenest trial that had hitherto overtaken her; and when she thought of the immense distance that must soon divide them, the laborious nature of the engagement that would detain him perhaps a lifetime in the far East, her own dim uncertain future looked dark and dreary. The blazing sun went down at last, the fiery radiance of the pulpit window faded, and the birds that frequented the quiet sheltered enclosure sought their perches in the thickest foliage where they were wont to sleep. But there was no abatement of the heat. The air was sulphurous, while the distant occasional growl had grown into a frequent thunderous muttering, that deepened with every repetition, and already began to shake the windows in its reverberations. Two ladies in deep mourning, who had been hovering like black spectres around a granite sarcophagus, where they deposited and arranged the customary Sabbath gift of white flowers, concluded their loving tribute to the sleeper, and left the churchyard, and save the continual challenge of the thunder drawing nearer, the perfect stillness ominous and dread which always precedes a violent storm seemed brooding in fearful augury above the home of the dead.

With one foot resting on Hero's neck, Regina sat leaning against the window facing, very pale, but bravely fighting this her first great battle with sorrow. Her face was eloquent with mute suffering, and her eyes were full of shadows that left no room for tears.

"Going away to India, perhaps for ever!" was the burden of this woe that blanched even her lovely coral lips until their curves were lost in the pallor of her rounded cheek and dimpled chin. "Going away to India!" like some fateful rune presaging dire disaster, it seemed traced in characters of flame across the glowing sky, and over the stony monuments that studded the necropolis.

Suddenly Hero lifted his head, sniffed the air, and rose, and almost simultaneously Regina heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel outside and the low utterances of a voice which she recognised as Hannah's.

"I never told you before, because I was afraid that in the end you would cheat me out of my share of the profit. But I have watched and waited, and bided my time as long as I intend to, and I am too old to work as I have done."

"It seems to me a queer thing you have hid it so long, so many years, when you might have turned it into gold. The old General ought to pay well for the paper. Let's see it."

The response was in a man's voice, harsh and discordant, and, leaning slightly forward, Regina saw the old servant from the

parsonage, standing immediately beneath the window, fanning herself with her white apron, and earnestly conversing in subdued tones with a middle-aged man, whose flushed and rather bloated face still retained traces of having once been, though in a coarse style, handsome. In length of limb and compact muscular development he appeared an athlete, a very son of Anak, but habitual dissipation had set its brutalising stamp upon his countenance, and the expression of the inflamed eyes and sensuous mouth was sinister and forbidding, as if a career of vice had left the stain of irremediable ruin on his swarthy face.

As he concluded his remark and stretched out his hand Hannah laughed scornfully.

"Do you take me for a fool? Who else would travel about with a match and a loaded fuse in the same pocket? I haven't it with me—it is too valuable to be carried about. The care of that scrap of paper has tormented me all these years, and if I have changed its hiding-place once I have twenty times. If the old General doesn't pay well for it I shall gnaw off my fingers on account of the sin it has cost me. I was an honest woman and could have faced the world until that night, so many years ago, and since then I have carried a load on my soul that makes me—even Hannah Hinton, who never flinched before man or woman or beast—a coward, a quaking coward! Sin stabs courage, lets it ooze out as a knife does blood. Don't bully me, Peleg! I won't bear it! Jeer me if you dare!"

"Never fear, Aunt Hannah. I have no mind to do theatre on a small scale, and show you Satan reproving sin. After all, what is your bit of *petit* larceny, your thin slice of theft, in comparison with my black work? But, really, I don't in the least begrudge my sins if only I might have my revenge—if I could only get Minnie in my power."

"Bah! don't sicken me with any more of the Minnie dose! I hate the name as I do small-pox or cholera. A pretty life you have led, dancing after her as an outright fool might after the pewter bells on a baby's rattle!"

"You women can't understand how a man feels when his love changes to hate; and yet you ought to know all about it, for when you do turn upon one another, you never let go. Aunt Hannah, I loved her better than everything else upon the broad earth, I would have kissed the dust where she walked, I always loved her, and she was fond of me, until that college dandy came between us, and made a fool of her, a villain of me. When she forsook me, and followed him off, I swore I would be revenged. There is tiger blood in me, and when I am thoroughly stirred up I never cool. It is a long, long time since I lost her trail, soon after the child was born, and eight years ago I almost gave up and went to Cuba; but if I can only find the track, I will follow it till I hunt her down. I never received your letters, or I would have hurried back. Where is Minnie now?"

"That is more than I know, but I think somewhere in Europe. The letters are always sent to a lawyer in New York, who directs them to her. I have tried in every way to find out, but they are all too smart for me."

"Why don't you pump the child?"

"Haven't I? She is closer than sealing-wax, and shrewder than a serpent. If you pumped her till the stars fell, you would not get an air-bubble. She can neither be scared nor coaxed."

"Where is the paper?"

"Safely buried here, among the dead."

"What folly! Don't you know the dampness will destroy it? Pshaw! you have ruined everything."

"See here, Peleg, all the brains of the family did not lodge in your skull; and I guess I was wiser at your age than you will be at mine. The paper was safe and sound when I looked at it a month ago, and it is wrapped up in oil-silk, then in cotton, and kept in a thick tin box."

"When can I see it? Suppose you get it now?"

"In daylight? You may depend on my steering clear of detection, no matter what comes. I would take it up to-night, but there is going to be an awful storm. Do you hear how the thunder keeps bellowing down yonder, under that dark line crossing the south? There will be wild work pretty soon; it has been simmering all day, and when it begins, it won't be child's play. I want to finish this business, and before day to-morrow I will come over here and dig up my box. There will be dim moonlight by three o'clock, and if it should be cloudy, I can shut my eyes and find the place. I tell you, Peleg, I am sick and tired of this dirty work; and sometimes I think I am no better than a hyena prowling among dead men's bones. Come around to the cowshed in the morning about seven o'clock, when the family will be in the library holding

prayers; and when I go to milk, I will bring you the paper. Only to look at, to read over, mind you! It doesn't leave my hands until the old General's gold jingles in my pocket. Then he is welcome to it, and Minnie may suffer the consequences; and you and I will divide the profits. I want to go away and rest with my sister Penelope, the remainder of my life, and though the family here beg me to stay, I have already given notice that I intend to stop work next month."

"Very well, don't fail me; I am as anxious to close up the job as you possibly can be. I should like to see the child, Minnie's child, but I might spoil everything if she looks like her mother. Good-bye till to-morrow."

The two walked away, one passing down the avenue of elms out into the street. The other sauntered in the direction of the parsonage, but ere she reached the small gate, Hannah turned aside to a low iron railing that enclosed two monuments; a marble angel with expanded wings standing above a child's grave, and a broken column wreathed with sculptured ivy, placed on a mound covered with grass. Just behind the former and close to the railing, rose a noble Lombardy poplar that towered even above the elms, and at its base a mass of periwinkle and ground ivy ran hither and thither in luxuriant confusion, clasping a few ambitious tendrils even about the ancient trunk.

Over the railing leaned Hannah, peering down for several moments at the lush green creepers, then she walked on to the parsonage gate, and disappeared.

Watching her movements, Regina readily surmised that somewhere near that tree the paper was secreted; and she was painfully puzzled to unravel the thread that evidently linked her with the mystery.

"I am the child she spoke of, and she has tried again and again to 'pump' me as she called it. 'Minnie' must mean my mother, but that is not her name. Odille Orphia Orme never could be twisted into 'Minnie,' and that coarse, common, low, wicked man never could have dared to love my own dear beautiful proud mother! There must be some dreadful mistake. Somebody is wrong, but not my mother, no, no—never my mother! Once she wrote that she was forced to keep some things secret, because she had bitter enemies; and this man must be one of them, for he said he would hunt her down. But he shall not! Was it Providence that brought them here to talk over their wicked schemes, where I could hear them? Oh! if I only knew all! Mother—mother! you might trust your child! I can't believe that I am ignorant even of my mother's name. Surely she never was that red-faced man's 'Minnie'!"

Covering her face with her hands, she shuddered at the familiar mention by profane lips, of one so hallowed in her estimation, and this vague threatening of danger to her mother sufficed for a time to divert her thoughts from the sorrow that for some days past had engrossed her mind.

Knowing the affection and confidence with which Hannah had always been treated by the members of the family, and the great length of time she had so faithfully served in the parsonage household, Regina was shocked at the discovery of her complicity in a scheme which she admitted had made her dishonest. Only two days before, she had heard Mrs. Lindsay lamenting that misfortunes never came single, for as if Douglas' departure were not disaster enough for one year, Hannah must even imagine that she felt symptoms of dropsy and desired to go away somewhere where she could rest, and be nursed by her relatives.

This announcement heightened the gloom that already impended, and various attempts had been made by Mr. Hargrove and his sister to induce Hannah to reconsider her resolution. But she obstinately maintained that she was "a worn-out old horse, who ought to be turned out to pasture in peace, the rest of her days;" yet notwithstanding her persistency, she evinced much distress at her approaching separation from the family, and never alluded to it without a flood of tears.

What would the members of the household think, when they discovered how mistaken all had been in her real character? But had she a right to betray Hannah to her employer? Perhaps the paper had no connection with the parsonage, and no matter whom else she might have wronged, Hannah had faithfully served the pastor, and repaid his kindness by devotion to his domestic interests. Regina's nature was generous as well as just, and she felt grateful to Hannah for many small favours bestowed on herself, for a uniform willingness to oblige or assist her, as only servants have it in their power to do. So complete had been her trust in Hannah, that her reticence concerning her mother sprang solely from Mr. Hargrove's earnest injunction that she would permit no

one to question her upon the subject; consequently she had very tenderly intimated to the old woman, that she was not at liberty to discuss that matter with any one.

"She is going away very soon, bearing a good character. Would it be right for me to disgrace her in her old age, by telling Mr. Hargrove what I accidentally overheard? If I only knew 'Minnie' meant mother, I could be sure this paper did not refer to Mr. Hargrove, and then I should see my way clearly; for they both said 'old General,' and no one calls Mr. or Dr. Hargrove 'General.' I only want to do what is right."

(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

THE Hindoos claim to have originated chess—or, rather, say that Siva, the Third Person of their Trinity (Siva, the Destroyer—alas! of time?) gave it to them; Professor Forbes has shown that it has been known among them five thousand years; but words tell no myths, and the Bengalee name for chess, *shathorunch*, casts its ballot for Persia and Shatrenschar. Bochart maintains that *schach-mat* is originally Persian, and means "the king is dead." India may almost claim to be its parent, on account of the greater perfection to which it has brought the game, and the lead it has always taken in chess-culture. India rejoices in a flourishing chess-school. The Indian Problem is known as the perfection of enigmatic chess. And if Paul Morphy had gone to Calcutta instead of London and Paris, he would then have found there one Mohesh Ghutuck. This Mohesh, who was presented by his admiring king with a richly-carved chess-king of solid gold, nine inches high, not only plays a fabulous number of games at once whilst he lies on the ground with closed eyes, but games that none of the many fine native and English players of India can engage in but with dismay.

Chess is a great, world-wide fact. Wherever a highway is found, there, we may be sure, a reason existed for a highway. And when we find that the explorer on his northward voyage, pausing a day in Iceland, may pass his time in keen encounters with the natives; that the trader in Kamtschatka and China, unable to speak a word with the people surrounding him, yet holds a long evening's converse over the board which is polyglot; that the missionary returns from his pulpit, and the Hindoo from his widow-burning, to engage in a controversy without the *theologicum odium* attached; the game becomes authentic from its universality. It is akin to music, to love, to joy, in that it sets aside alike social caste and sectarian differences: kings and peasants, warriors and priests, lords and ladies, mingle over the board as they are represented upon it. "The earliest chess-men on the banks of the Sacred River were worshippers of Buddha. A player whose name and fame have grown into an Arabic proverb was a Moslem. A Hebrew Rabbi, of renown in and out of the Synagogues, wrote one of the finest chess-poems extant. A Catholic priest of Spain has bestowed his name upon two openings. One of the foremost problem-composers of the age is a Protestant clergyman of England; and the Greek Church numbers several cultivators of chess unrivalled in our day." It has received eulogies from Burton, from Castiglione, from Chatham, who, in reply to a compliment on a grand stroke of invention and successful oratory, said, "My success arose only from having been checkmated by discovery, the day before, at chess"; from Comenius, the grammarian, from Condé, Cowley, Denham, Justus van Effen, Sir Thomas Elyot, Guillim, Helvetius, Huarte, Sir William Jones, Leibnitz, Lydgate, Olaus, Magnus, Pasquier, Sir Walter Raleigh, Rousseau, Voltaire, Samuel Warren, Warton, Franklin, Buckle, and many others of ability in every department of letters, philosophy, and art. We know of but one man of genius or learning who has repudiated it—Montaigne. "Or if he (Alexander) played at chess," says Montaigne, "what string of his soul was not touched by this idle and childish game? I hate and avoid it because it is not play enough—that it is too grave and serious a diversion; and I am ashamed to lay out as much thought and study upon that as would serve to much better uses." Looked at simply as a diversion, chess might naturally impress a man of intellectual earnestness thus. It is not a diversion; a recreation it may be called, but only as a variation from "the shop" is recreative. But chess has, by the experiences of many, sufficiently

proved itself to have serious uses to men of thought, and in the way of an intellectual gymnasium. It is to the limbs and sinews of the mind—prudence, foresight, memory, combination, analysis—just what a gymnasium is to the body. In it every muscle, every joint of the understanding is put under drill; and we know that, where the mind does not have exercise for its body, but relies simply on idle cessation for its reinforcement, it will get too much lymph. Work is worship; but work without rest is idolatry. And rest is not, as some seem to think, a swoon, a slumber; it is an active receptivity, a masterly inactivity, which alone can deserve the fine name of Rest. Such, we believe, our favourite game secures better than all others. Besides this direct use, one who loves it finds many other incidental uses starting up about it; such as made Archbishop Magnus, the learned historian of Sweden, say, "Anger, love, peevishness, covetousness, dulness, idleness, and many other passions and motions of the minds of men may be discovered by it." But we promised not to vindicate chess, and shall leave this portion of our topic with the fine verse of the Oriental bard, Ibn ul Mûtazz:—

"O thou whose cynic sneers express
The censure of our favourite chess,
Know that its skill is Science's self,
Its play distraction from distress.
It soothes the anxious lover's care;
It weans the drunkard from excess;
It counsels warriors in their art,
When dangers threat and perils press;
And yields us, when we need them most,
Companions in our loneliness."

Now that the Persian poet has touched his lyre, we will not at once pass to any cold geographical or analytical realm of our subject, but pause awhile to cull some flowers of song which have sprung up on good English soil, which the feet of Caïssa have ever loved to press. No other games, and few other subjects, have gathered about them so rich a literature, or been entwined with so much philological and historical lore. Not the least of this is to be found in the English classics. We begin were English poetry begins, with Dan Chaucer; and from many beautiful conceits turning upon chess, we select one which must receive universal admiration. It is from the "Booke of the Duchesse."

"My boldnesse turned to shame,
For false Fortune hath played a game
At the Chesse with me.

"At the Chesse with me she gan to play,
With her false draughts full divers
She stale on me, and toke my fers:*
And when I sawe my fers away,
Alas! I couth no longer play.

"Therewith Fortune said, 'Checke here,
And mate in the mid point of the checkere
With a paune errant.' Alas!
Full craftier to play she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the Chesse, so was his name."

The pawns in chess represent the common soldiers in battle. The Germans call them "peasants" (*Bauern*); Hindoos call them *Baul*, or "powers" (in the sense of *force*); and that each of these, if he can pursue his file to its end, should win a crown has always given to this game a popular stamp. These pawns are doubtless next to knights, the most interesting pieces on the board: Pnilidor called them "the soul of chess."

At an early period Asiatic chess was divided into two branches, known amongst players as Chinese and Indian. They are different games in many respects, and yet enough alike to show that they were at some period the same. The Chinese game maintains its place in Eastern Asia, Japan, and in the islands of the Archipelago, and, with very slight modifications, throughout the civilised world, the Indian game is played. Indeed, there is no difference between Indian and European chess, except that in the former the Bishop is called the Elephant, the Rooks or Rukhs, Boats; the Queen, Minister: the movements of the pieces are the same.

Of Chinese chess some description will be more novel. Their chess-board, like ours, has sixty-four squares, which are not distinguished into alternate black and white squares. The pieces are not placed on the squares, but on the corners of the squares. The board is divided into two equal parts by an uncheckered space, which is called the River. There are nine points on each line, and forty-five on each half of the board. They have the same number of pieces with ourselves. Each player has a king, two guards, two elephants, two knights, two chariots, two cannons, and five pawns. Each player places nine pieces on the first line of the board—the king in the centre, a guard on each side of him, two elephants next, two knights next, and then the two chariots upon the extremities of the board;

* Mediæval name for the Queen (originally the Counsellor), the strength of the board.

the two cannons go in front of the two knights and the pawns on the fourth line.

The king moves only one square at a time, but not diagonally, and only in an *enceinte*, or court, of four squares—to wit, his own, the queen's, queen's pawn's, and king's pawn's. Castling is unknown. The two guards remain in the same limits, but can move only diagonally; thus we have in our king both the Chinese king and his guard. The elephants move diagonally, two squares at a time, and cannot pass the river. Their knight moves like ours, but must not pass over pieces; he can pass the river, which counts as one square. The chariots and cannon move like our castles, and can cross the river. The pawns always move one step, and may move sidewise as well as forward—taking in the same line in which they move; they cross the river. The cannon alone can pass over any piece; indeed, a cannon can take only when there is a piece between it and the piece it takes—which intervening piece may belong to either player. The king must not be opposite the other king without a piece between. All this certainly sounds very complex and awkward to an English player, and our game has the preferable tendency of increasing the power of the pieces (as distinct from pawns) rather than with theirs limiting their powers and multiplying their number. However, it is probable, whatever may be the respective merits of the two games, that neither of them will ever be altered; the Chinese, who can roast his pig only by burning the sty, because the first historic roast-pig was so roasted, will be likely to continue his chess as nearly as possible in the same form as the celestial Tia-hoang and the terrestrial Yin-hoang played it a million years ago.

But it is only the Indian game which has had a development equal to the development of the civilised arts. This has been chiefly through what are called by the Italian-French name of *gambits*. There is much prejudice amongst a certain class of chess-players against what is called "book-chess," but it rarely exists with players of the first rank. These gambits are as necessary to the first-rate player as are classifications to the naturalist. They are the venerable results of experience; and he who tries to excel without an acquaintance with them will find that it is much as if he should ignore the results of the past and put his hand into the fire to prove that fire would burn. If he should try every method of answering a special attack he would be sure to find in the end that the method laid down in the gambit was the true one. An acquaintance, therefore, with these approved openings puts a player at an advanced starting-point in a game, inexhaustible enough in any case, and where he need not take time in doing what others have already done.

The chess philosophy itself has penetrated every direction of literature. From the time that Miranda is "discovered playing chess with Ferdinand" in Prospero's cell (an early instance of "discovered mate") the numberless Mirandas of romance have played for and been played for mates. Chess has even its mythology—Caïssa being now, we believe, generally received at the Olympian Feasts. The chess library has now become an important collection. Time was when, if one man had Staunton's "Handbook," Sarratt, Philidor, Walker's "Thousand Games," and Lewis on "The Game of Chess," he was regarded as uniting the character of a chess scholar with that of the antiquary. But now we hear of Bledow, of Berlin, with eight hundred volumes on chess, and Professor George Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, with more than a thousand! Such a literature has chess collected about it since Paolo Boi, "the great Syracusan," as he was called, wrote what perhaps was the first work on chess, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

But such numbers of works on chess are very rare, and when the readers hears of an enormous chess library he may be safe in recalling the story of Walker, whose friend turned chess author. Seven years after, he boasted to Walker of the extent of his chess library, whice he affirmed consisted of one thousand volumes *minus* eighteen! It turned out that eighteen copies of his work had been sold, the rest of the edition remaining on his hands.

Though these old works are like galleries of old and valuable pictures to the chess enthusiast they contain very little that is valuable to the general reader. Their terms and signs are to the uninitiated suggestive of a doctor's prescription. But the anecdotes of the game are many of them remarkable, and we believe they are known to have less of the mythical about them than those told in other departments. One who knows the game will feel that it is sufficiently absorbing to be woven in with the textures of government, of history, and of biography. It is of the nature of chess

gradually to gather up all the senses and faculties of the player, so that for the time being he is an automaton chess-player, to whom life and death are abstractions.

How seriously, even religiously, the game has always been regarded by both Church and State may be judged by the account given by old Carrera of one whom we have already named as probably the earliest chess author, as he certainly is one of the greatest players known to fame. "In the time of our fathers," says this ancient enthusiast, "we had many famous players, of whom Paolo Boi, Sicilian, of the city of Syracuse, and commonly called the Syracusan, was considered the best. He was born in Syracuse of a rich and good family. When a boy, he made considerable progress in literature, for he had a very quick apprehension. He had a wonderful talent for the game of chess; and having in a short time beaten all the players of the city, he resolved to go to Spain, where he heard there were famous players honoured and rewarded, not only by noblemen, but also by Philip II., who took no small delight in the game. He first beat with ease all the players of Sicily, and was very superior in playing without seeing the board; for, playing at once three games blindfold, he conversed with others on different subjects. Before going into Spain he travelled over all Italy, playing with the best players, amongst others with the Pultino, who was of equal force; they are therefore called by Salvio the light and glory of chess. He was the favourite of many Italian princes, and particularly of the Duke of Urbino, and of several cardinals, and even of Pope Pius V. himself, who would have given him a considerable benefice if he would have become a clergyman, but this he declined, that he might follow his own inclinations. He afterwards went to Venice, where a circumstance happened which had never occurred before: he played with a person and lost. Having afterward by himself examined the games with great care, and finding that he ought to have won, he was astonished that his adversary should have gained contrary to all reason, and suspected that he had used some secret art whereby he was prevented from seeing clearly, and as he was very devout, and was possessed of a rosary, rich with many relics of saints, he resolved to play a game with his antagonist, armed not only with the rosary, but strengthened by having previously received the sacrament, by these means he conquered his adversary, who, after his defeat, said to him these words—'Thine is more potent than mine.'"

Some of the earliest writers on chess have given their idea of the all-absorbing nature of the game in the pleasant legend that it was invented by the two Grecian brothers Ledo and Tyrrheno to alleviate the pangs of hunger with which they were pressed, and that, whilst playing it, they lived weeks without considering that they had eaten nothing.

But we need not any mythical proof of its competency in this direction. Hyde, in his "History of the Saracens," relates with authenticity, that Al Amin, the Caliph of Bagdad, was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at a time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of the city with a vigour which promised him success. When one rushed in to inform the Caliph of his danger, he cried, "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!" Charles I. was at chess when he was informed of the decision of the Scots to sell him to the English, but only paused from his game long enough to receive the intelligence. King John was at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to inform him that Philip Augustus had besieged their city; but he would not hear them until he had finished the game. An old English MS. gives in the following sentence no very handsome picture of the chess-play of King John of England—"John, son of King Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at chestes, and John brake Fulco's head with the chest-borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that he almost killid him." The laws of chess do not now permit the king such free range of the board. Dr. Robertson, in his "History of Charles V.," relates that John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, whilst he was playing with Ernest, Duke of Brunswick, was told that the Emperor had sentenced him to be beheaded before the gate of Wittenberg, he with great composure proceeded with the game, and, having beaten, expressed the usual satisfaction of a victor. He was not executed, however, but set at liberty, after five years' confinement, on petition of Mauritius. Sir Walter Raleigh said, "I wish to live no longer than I can play at chess." Rousseau speaks of himself as *forcené des échecs*, "mad after chess." Voltaire called it "the one, of all the games, which does most honour to the human mind."

"When an Eastern guest was asked if he know anything in the universe more

beautiful than the gardens of his host, which lay, an ocean of green, broad, brilliant, enchanting, upon the flowery margin of the Euphrates, he replied, 'Yes, the chess-playing of El-Zuli.'" Surely, the compliment, though Oriental, is not without its strict truth. When Nature rises up to her culmination, the human brain, and there reveals her potencies of insight, foresight, analysis, memory, we are touched with a mystic beauty; the profile of the mountain top is sublimer than the mountain. But we must heed well good advice, and not suffer this fascinating game to be more than a porter at the gate of the fairer garden. Only when it secures, not when it usurps the day, can it be regarded as a friend. There is a myriad-move problem, of which Society is the Sphinx, given us to solve.

He who masters chess without being mastered by it will find that it discovers essential principles. In the world he will see a larger chess-field, and one also shaped by the severest mathematics, the world is so because the brain of man is so—motive and move, motive and move: they sum up life, all life—from the aspen-leaf turning its back to the wind, to the ecstasy of a saint. See the array of pawns (forces, as the Hindoo calls them), the bodily presence and abilities, power of persistence, endurance, nerve, the eye, the larynx, the tongue, the senses. Do they not exist in life as on the board, to cut the way for royal or nobler pieces? Does not the imperial mind win its experiences, its insight, through the wear and tear of its physical twin? Is not the perfect soul "perfect through sufferings" for evermore? For every coin reason gets from Nature, the heart must leave a red drop impawned, the face must bear its scar. See, then, the powers of the human arena; here Castle, Knight, Bishop are Passion, Love, Hope; and, above all, the sacred Queen of each man, his speciality, his strength, by which he must win the day, if he win at all. Here is the idea with reference to which each man is planned; it pre-existed in the universe, and was born when he was born; it is the King on the board—that lost, life's game is lost. By his side stands the special Strength into whose keeping it is given, making, in Goethe's words, "every man strong enough to enforce his conviction," his conviction, mark! Pawns and pieces form themselves about that Queen; they are all to perish, to perish one by one—even the speciality—that the King may triumph. Over our largest, sublimest individualities the eternal tide flows on, and the grandest personal strides are merged in the general success. The old author dreamed that the heroes of the Trojan War were changed by Zeus into the warriors of the mimic strife in order that such renowned exploits should be perpetuated among men for ever; rather must we reverse the dream, and apotheosise the powers of the board, that they may appear in the sieges, heroisms, and victories of life.

A. M.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

HOW long ago was it? do you ask, little Benny? Sixty-one years, if it was a day. It is June, now: I was seventy-nine the tenth of last April; and that worst day of the Great Flood was on one other tenth of April, exactly sixty-one years before. It was my eighteenth birthday, too: I remember that as well as anything else that happened. For that matter, I remember it all well enough; it's not very likely I shall forget such a time as *that* was until the sods cover me. Come here to my knee, Benny, and I'll tell you all about it.

The country was new then—not so new that the Indians or the wild animals troubled us much, for there were only a few of the Delawares very near us, and they were so much civilised that they cared for nothing but whisky; and a stray wolf or catamount was all that troubled our pigs and chickens.

When I say it was a new country, I mean that it was pretty much all woods, with very few settlements, and not many people in them. They were mostly along the banks of this river, for 'most every one was lumbering or rafting; and that was what brought father here from Vermont. Mother died away up among the Green Mountains; and it always seemed to me as if he couldn't bear the old homestead after that. He grew very restless and uneasy; and one day he

came home early in the afternoon and said to me—

"Daughter, I have a chance to sell the place at a bargain. Shall I do it? This hasn't been much like home to me for two months: I think I'm wanting new scenes and new faces to blunt the grief I have for her that's left us. Shall we go to Pennsylvania, Bessy? I've a plan to go into the lumber trade; and mayhap I'll make so much money in a year or two that we'll go to Philadelphia, and you'll be a lady the rest of your days. Shall we go, Bess?"

Poor father! The dear, kind soul lived and died with the wish nearest his heart to make me a fine lady. I'm thankful he never saw it accomplished; but he did see me become a useful woman, and, I hope and trust, a good wife and mother. How that happened, little Benny, is the story that I'm telling you now.

Look from the north window, there, boy: I'd come and look with you, but my rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter. Do you see that long point of land, a mile up stream, that runs out into the river? Yes? Well—look a little closer at it. Farthest from the shore it spreads out into an acre of good, high land, but the narrow neck that joins that to the shore is commonly almost as low as the bed of the stream. There are great high stepping-stones across it now, that father laid there when we first came; and we used to walk dryshod over them when the spring rains had raised the river. I remember but one solitary time when the water covered the stepping-stones as well as the neck of land; and that was the time of the great flood.

Our little house was built on that high land, out in the middle of the river—a two-storey frame affair, with two rooms down stairs and two rooms up; and, after all, it took all the neighbours to raise the roof. It was an odd notion of father's putting it there: he used to say that the day would come when he could sell off valuable water privileges all around his acre. That day hasn't come yet, Benny; but sometimes, when I think of poor dear father, and all his plans and schemes for me, and of what has happened, I really think that something like Providence put it into his heart to fancy that queer little corner out there in the river, and to build our house. I am going to tell you what I mean right away.

After the little house was built and furnished, I stayed at home and kept it, and father took to the woods with the loggers. He led a hard enough life from that time out till he died: summer and winter he was at work with his men—sometimes at the loggers' camp, then hauling the logs to the river and rafting them down to the bay, where he sold them to the contractors. There were weeks when he wouldn't be at home a day but Sunday; but when he was rafting I often heard his shout on the river, and could see him waving his hat from the raft as it went slowly down the stream with the current. I hope I was a good daughter in those days: I tried my best to do all that I could for him. I kept the house neat and tidy, and mended his clothes; and regularly once a day I cooked a great mess, which was taken up hot to the loggers' camp in a great tin pail that was got from the city.

I was lonesome-like often enough, for there were whole days that I did not see a human being to exchange a word with, but Ben Sample, who 'most always came for the dinner. Heigho! It's long enough ago that I'm telling you of; and handsome Ben Sample was then hardly twenty-one. I don't know, my boy, but the lads are as handsome, and sprightly, and as good, now as they were threescore years ago; if I say not, it may be because I see them through an old woman's eyes, and that I can't see the charm that I could once. However that is, I know I never saw so fine a lad, every way, as that one was. He was not over tall, nor yet short; he was of middling height, with broad shoulders and big hands, and was as strong as any two of the men—so father said. He had curly chestnut hair, and red and white cheeks, like a girl, though sunburnt; and his eyes were great blue ones, and his teeth shone so when he laughed (and that was often) that anybody would have liked him. And then he was so honest and so clever, and so kind and obliging, that before I had seen him many times I came to like him right well; and one day I happened to say to father that I thought Ben Sample was an excellent lad, and that I wished I could have more of his company. I never saw father look stern all of a sudden, as he did then; and I never heard him speak so stern, either.

"Better leave him in his place, Bessy," he said, very quick and sharp-like. "He's naught but a poor lumberman after all, and he's not likely to be aught else. Don't be tender with him, daughter: I bid you not. If you've felt any too kind to him, you must check it in time. Have little to say to him, daughter; it's your father's wish."

Poor Ben! There had been no talk of love between us before this morning, and I do not know that I had thought of him at all as a lover; but by-and-by, after a few weeks more, when I had tried hard to obey my father's command and treat him coldly, he lingered one day over the great tin pail long enough to press my hand and whisper bashfully to me, "Dear Bessy!" I snatched my hand away and looked hard at him, and told him that he must never say nor do that again. He left me, looking as grieved as I ever saw another mortal look; and when he was gone I went out to the log-seat by the river and cried as though my heart would break. I did not know my feelings till then, but if Ben Sample could have seen me that half hour!

Ben did not come with the great pail after that: another man took his place, and things went on in the old lonely way all the rest of the winter and through the next spring. It was in the first week in March, I think, of that year that father brought young Mr. Cardle to the house. Young Mr. Cardle was the only son of old Jacob Cardle, the millionaire, who lived in Philadelphia, and who was contracting with father for all his logs for years to come. The old man meant that young Jacob should succeed him in business in a few months; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to send him up into the loggers' country for a while, to get him acquainted with the different kinds of lumber, and the processes of cutting it and getting it to market. Father thought it would be a good thing for himself to entertain him at the house while he remained; and so, for the next five weeks, they were regularly at home morning and night, sleeping in the house and spending the day in the woods or on the river. But it wasn't hard to see that young Mr. Cardle grew tired of this very soon; and presently he began to come back to the house in the middle of the day, and fish or shoot in the neighbourhood until night.

You'll want to know what kind of a man he was, boy. He was pale and slender, handsome enough for those that like such beauty as that in men; and rather foppish with his diamond ring and his silky moustache. He was very polite, too, and he would talk and chatter as city folks can; but I never thought there was much heart or good feeling in anything he said or did. Yet he seemed to like me from the first; and poor father whispered to me ten time, if he did once, "Play thy cards shrewdly, Bessy, and thou'lt catch him! He'll make thee a lady, girl, and a rich one!" And stranger things have happened, I know, than my marrying him would have been; surely, affairs were rapidly drifting towards it; and I had almost succeeded in crushing the thought of Ben Sample out of my heart, and in playing the part that my father wished me to play to young Mr. Cardle (for I never could have persuaded myself to love him), when that fateful tenth of April came that brought my eighteenth birthday and the great flood together.

The river had been rising slowly for a week before it, and there had been much rain with us. We heard reports of tremendous rains in the mountains two hundred miles north of us, which lasted for days and days; and the river continued to rise steadily and slowly, though up to that day it was not over the stepping-stones across the neck. On the morning of the tenth the rain came down at first steadily, and Mr. Cardle thought he would not leave the house. Father went over to the camp after breakfast, saying that he would return, as usual, towards night; and so we two spent the day alone together. I tried to talk with him and to interest him, but he was restive and uneasy, and half the time was idly turning over leaves or drumming with his fingers on the window-panes. It was about the middle of the afternoon, when I was wondering what I should do next (and thinking a little of poor Ben Sample, I believe), that Mr. Cardle turned short around to me from the window and said, very abruptly.

"I am going back to the city to-morrow, Bessy. I want to know if I can come back here in three months—that'll be the middle of July—and make you my wife?"

I looked straight at him, and said not a word, but oh, my boy, how I did think of Ben!

"I'm rich enough for both of us, and to spare," he went on; "and you're everything that I want in a wife. You know you're handsome, Bessy, and I suppose you are good. Will you marry me when I come again?"

I never thought of myself or of my own feelings; I put all thoughts of Ben out of my head, remembered my father, and said "Yes"—nothing more. I don't know whether Mr. Cardle would have kissed me or not; he had no chance; for hardly had I spoken that word when there was a knock at the door, and I opened it to admit—Ben Sample himself!

We were all three of us rather ill at ease for a moment. Mr. Cardle knew Ben, I suppose, and must have heard something about his old feelings for me, for he stepped back to the window and frowned, never speaking or nodding to Ben, who stood there with his hat twirling in his hands, awkward and abashed. He only found his tongue when I asked him to sit down, and then he said—

"Nay, I can't stop. I only came to bring your father's message that he won't be home to-night. The rise in the river has broken loose the great raft up at Logan's Ford, that was to have been floated down to-morrow, and he's gone up with all hands to moor it. He can't be here to-night."

That was awkward news for me. I had never thought of staying in that lonely place without father; and it was little consolation to think of Mr. Cardle as a protector. Just as I had a question on my tongue, Ben spoke again.

"You don't know how fast the river is rising," he said. "Out on the stones the water is almost up to the tops of my boots, and seems to be rising higher."

"Do you think there is any danger in staying here to-night?" I asked, in some alarm.

"Maybe not," he answered, doubtfully, "but I never knew the river to be so high before."

"Ben, Ben, what shall I do?" I took no thought at all of Mr. Cardle, and felt no safety except from the presence of Ben. "Didn't father send any other word?"

"None at all."

"And won't you stay?"

"After what has happened, Bessy? I shouldn't think you'd wish it." Then he must have seen how grieved and sorry I looked, and how alarmed I felt, for he added, right away—

"Yes, I will stay, Bessy, if you wish it, though I trust and believe there's no danger."

I thanked him with a look, and before I could say anything more, Mr. Cardle spoke.

"Do you think there is any danger of the river unsettling the house?" he asked.

"It surely will if it rises high enough," Ben replied. "Hark! hear that!"

Generally, when the door was open, we could hear a faint ripple of the current, but it now had a hoarse, loud sound, that was new to me. Ben looked dubious as he heard it.

"I don't like that," he said. "Let me go out and see."

He was not gone three minutes, and he came back with his face full of trouble. "The water is within twenty feet of the door," he said. "I don't suppose I could wade from here to the bank. We must leave here at once, and when you're safe, I'll come back and save some of the things. If the water gains like this, all this floor will be under in an hour."

He went out again: I knew what for. The west foundation-wall of the house was next the river, and father always kept a skiff tied there. I understood, from what Ben said, that he meant to bring the skiff round to the front and take us to the shore. I was putting on my hood and shawl when he came back. His face was as pale as ashes, and he never noticed me at first, but looked all round the room and into father's chamber. "Where's that fellow Cardle?" he asked. I had not noticed that he was gone: he had been standing by the window just before Ben went out the last time. "I thought it," Ben cried, and his face looked half sorry, half mad. "Bessy, do you know what has happened? The skiff is gone, and that man with it."

I looked, terrified, into his face, and then followed him to the door and looked out with him. It was almost night, but what there was of daylight left showed us a mad white-capped torrent of water rushing through the channel between us and the shore—so near to us that we could have stepped off the lower step into it—and roaring and whirling in a way that was fearful to see. The rain had ceased, and I didn't then see how it could be that the river could rise so; but I understood it afterwards, when they told me that it was all owing to a sudden thaw up in the mountains, that had melted the snow in the gorges and poured hundreds of new streams into the river all at once. We looked a moment, and then come back into the room. I was all afraid, I suppose; but not so much so as I thought at first. Somehow I felt a sense of security with Ben Sample there that robbed the situation of all the terrors it would have had without him. I hardly thought of Jacob Cardle, and how mean and heartless he was to abandon us and so deprive us of the means of safety, when Ben wanted to save us all together. "Ben will save me," was all I could think of; and I suppose I repeated the words to myself a hundred times.

Once I must have spoken them aloud, for he said—

"I will, Bessy—God willing. I will pray for strength that I may."

He knelt there on the floor and prayed, and I knelt beside him and took one of his hands in both of mine. When we arose we heard the first low washing of the water against the east side of the house, mingled with the louder rushing and brawling of the torrent beyond. When it grew so dark that I could not see Ben's face, I lit a candle; and we sat there together in silence, I holding his hand. My heart was too full for speech, and Ben said nothing but a word of comfort now and then.

"There's nothing for us to do but to stay here and hope for the best," he told me once. And then he added, "While there's a hope, and when there's none, I'll not leave you, Bessy."

Dear, noble Ben! I wanted to throw myself on his breast and tell him my secret, but something prevented me—I don't know what—and I only pressed the hand that I held.

There was no slackening to the river: it rose higher and higher every moment, and by ten o'clock the water was over the floor where we stood. Ben had carried the trunks, and the things I thought most of, upstairs; and we then took to the second storey. Here we stayed for two hours more, I listening all the time for the sound of oars or voices, for I hoped that father would come and take us off. Midnight came and I grew impatient, and complainingly asked Ben if he could tell me why father did not come and rescue us.

"I'm afraid I can, Bessy," he answered with a grave face. "The great raft went down the river two hours ago: I heard the voices of the men shouting, and I don't doubt your father is carried away with the rest. But don't be afraid: they're all safe, I hope, and they'll get to shore when morning comes."

I couldn't help crying when he told me that, and I nestled up to him as if I had been a child, and he put his strong arm around me. It was not long after this that we felt the house settling and tipping, and not much longer when it careened half-way over, and was whirled away into the river by the torrent that had been undermining the foundations. That was an awful hour, my lad! Ben held one arm around me, and with the other hand grasped the window-sill, while he braced his feet in the corner of the room; and the rising and falling of the poor wreck under us, as the heady current swept us along, gave me at first the feeling that we were going straight to the bottom. The wind moaned out side, the water beat against the planks, and the beams cracked and gaped as though the poor old house was all falling apart. Long before daylight we both saw that it was settling down, deeper and deeper into the water, which rose over the upper floor; and when Ben had succeeded in knocking out the scuttle, he dragged me out on the roof—how, I don't know. I only know that he did it, and that but for him my drowned body would have floated there in that old wrecked house when the morning came.

And I don't know much about how the rest of that dreadful night passed. Ben sat up on the ridge-pole, and held me on by main strength; and in the cold and the darkness I believe I slept; certainly I forgot where I was for a long time, and forgot I was cold too. But then I didn't know, until I woke up at broad daylight, that Ben had taken his coat off and put it around my shoulders. The house had sunk so low that one of the eaves was tipped clear out of water, and the other was three feet under. We were drifting slowly down the centre of the stream: the shore was almost a mile off on either side, and there was not a sail nor a sign of help in sight. I looked at Ben, perfectly hopeless and calm in my despair, and he looked back with hope and courage.

"There's one hope yet, Bessy," he said cheerily; and his finger pointed to an object floating ten rods behind us—an object the sight of which filled my heart with gratitude to God, that He had heard and had thus answered our prayer. It was my father's skiff, with the oars lying in the bottom of it, following along in our track as if to save us from destruction! I understood at once how it was: Jacob Cardle had drawn it up on the shore after deserting us, and the rise of the flood had carried it out, and falling into the strong current of the neck, which set towards the middle of the stream, it had followed us all night. Ben looked wistfully at it, and measured with his eye the distance to it. The roof to which we clung was alternately sinking and swaying, and the water sucked and eddied ominously around it.

"This old thing can't swim many moments longer," he said. "Can you hold on here alone, Bessy, while I swim out to the skiff and bring it to you?" He did not wait for

me to reply, but lifted me to the place where he had sat, and showed me how to grasp the bare rafter, where the boards had been strained off. When he had done this, he stopped just as he was going to let himself off into the water, and, looking at me with a tender, mournful look that I can never forget—no, not if I should live to be twice fourscore, he said—

"You'll be safe in ten minutes, I hope; may God speed me, for your sake! Yet if anything should happen to either of us, that we shouldn't meet again in this world, I must tell you now, Bessy, that nobody has loved you as I have—that nobody loves you now as I do. Believe me, dear, for it is true."

"I know it, Ben—I know it!" I sobbed, and I put up my face to his. He bent over and kissed me, with such a look of mighty surprise and overwhelming joy as I don't believe any man ever had before; and crying out, "Hold hard, Bessy—hold fast, girl!" he jumped into the river and struck out for the skiff.

I did not tell him when he left me that my hands were cold, almost numb, and I held tight to the rafter and watched him, while the pain in my poor hands and arms was distressing me sorely. I saw him reach the skiff and balance himself and labour carefully over its side to get in without overturning it, and when he had accomplished this my strength was almost gone. My hands were giving—slipping; I made one last spasmodic effort to retain my hold, and shouted wildly to Ben. I heard the plash of oars and his loud, cheery voice encouraging me; darkness overtook me as my hands slipped their grasp. Clutching at the shingles, I slid downward, down, but not to my watery grave. The skiff shot past me. Ben Sample's arm snatched me from my peril, and I lay safely in the bottom of the boat, while his stout arms rowed me towards the shore.

"Look there!" he exclaimed, and I looked my last at the poor old house. The roof heaved and settled, the waters washed up over it, and it sank in a wild whirlpool that sucked it down.

That was the last of our danger. We got to the shore and found a house, and before night we had a chance to take a schooner up the river. In a day or two father came up with most of his men, and such a meeting as we had! The raft had been carried off by the flood, as Ben thought, and two of the men had perished by drowning. And when I told him the true story of our night in the house afloat he took Ben by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and begged his pardon for thinking that anybody could be better than such a brave, noble fellow as he had proved himself.

"And especially that cowardly sneak, Cardle," father added, with a savage slap of his hand on his knee. "Plague take me! what a fool I would be sometimes if I had my own way!"

As for Jacob Cardle, I never heard a syllable more of him. I never wanted to. I am not sorry that I met him, for he served to show me the difference between Ben Sample and the little creatures the world of fashion and wealth calls men.

Welladay! It's many a long year since then; it's many a long year that I lived as the happy wife of that same Ben Sample; and it's not many since God took him home before me. How old are you, little Benny? Nine, indeed! Then he died just nine years ago; you were named for him, boy, for you were born the morning that he died. He was your own grandfather, little Ben, and I can give you no better wish than that you may be as brave, as strong, and as good a man as he was.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MY SUNSHINE.

My Lela has such laughing eyes,
She is an angel—without wings;
And like a bird beneath the skies
She sings.

A rose-bud white—and it is meet—
She wears upon her bosom now;
But, oh! a lovelier rose-bud sweet
Art thou.

I clasp the timid little sprite;
She gaily laughs, then—runs away
And will not kiss me, as she might,
In play.

And thus with pretty, pensive wiles,
Half soberly, and half in glee,
Her sweetest songs, she says, and smiles,
Are all for me.

A bird, she sings, a fawn, she plays,
She says she loves me—is it true?
I don't believe one word she says.
Would you?

B. BELMAN.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

THE meeting took place, but few villagers dropped in, and they found Mr. Lincoln sitting by the fire with half a dozen cups and saucers before him, a large coffee-pot on the hob, and a pile of slices of homely cake on the table. He was drinking coffee as they entered; the prospect was appetizing. As each sat down he greeted them by name, and, indeed, acted just as if they were guests in his own house.

"Why, Mister Lincoln, this is something like coffee," said one man, and turning to his wife, "Why can't thee make coffee like this?"

"'Cause 'tis coffee, this is, and what I buys at the shops is something else."

"I don't know that it is different," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I sent a boy for it this evening, who bought it from anywhere he liked. There may be something in the way of making it, which makes a difference. Never *boil* the coffee, make it just as you do tea. Warm the coffee-pot, put in two piled teaspoonfuls for one large cup for each person, and pour upon that quantity half a pint of boiling water. Make as much as you like, only if you want it good, two piled teaspoonfuls of ground coffee to each half pint of boiling water, then, as soon as the water is poured on, pour out a teacupful and throw it back into the coffee-pot, do this twice; then let it stand on a hot hob, but where it cannot boil, and you have excellent coffee. A better way, to my thinking, is making it with cold water and over night; it takes also less coffee; put in the coffee pure, cold or lukewarm water over it, and let it stand all night; in the morning pour it off from the dregs, wash out the coffee-pot, put back the coffee and just bring it *to the boil*, but not let it *boil* an instant. You will have good coffee then."

"D'ye think coffee is wholesome, Mr. Lincoln?" David Sparks asked.

"Why, man, you've all heard of quinine, I know."

"Yes, yes, the very name on it makes me shake. Though 'tis a blessed medicine, to be sure."

"Next to quinine, there is no more valuable product. Coffee is excellent in intermittent and relapsing fevers; it reanimates the nervous system; it invigorates, makes one strong, makes one good tempered, makes one feel that life is not altogether bad, for the bad that's in it, we often create ourselves. If you want to work with a will take a cup of good coffee. If you want to get rid of internal pests, which it is said no one is without, and which little children suffer so much from, coffee is an excellent vermifuge."

"What on earth's that?" one of the women asked.

"Vermifuge is a Latin word. *Vermis* means worms, and *fuge* is the Latin for flying away or going away quickly. The fever-fuge abounds here in all your gardens, both the dark kind and the pretty golden-feather well known in Queen Elizabeth's days, but to us only within these few years. You call it fever-few, but the real name is fever-fugue, and signifies the herb to drive away fevers and agues; so whenever you find the word *fuge* attached to a word, it means to drive away. The same word when applied to a man is fugitive; we say he is a fugitive who is flying away, or has been driven away."

"I wish our Tommy had been here, he's a scholar, and would have recollected it all. Sure now, I didn't know so much about coffee before."

"I've shown you the good side of coffee, one of the great blessings sent to man; but we all know man is perverse, and deliberately turns blessings into curses. Coffee is good for man's health, good for his solace; but if it be made too strong, or drank at every meal—the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night—it turns upon man and becomes an enemy worse than death to him. Silence! please, don't interrupt me, but ask any questions you like afterwards. I say it is worse than death to him. If taken in excess it causes throbbing headache, trembling of limbs, a tendency to fits and apoplexy, and makes one maudlin and faint-hearted. However,

you need not abstain from drinking it often if only you will mix a teaspoonful of chicory with it; or get a dandelion root, wash and scrape it, cut it up in chips and put it into cold water in the kettle, if you make your coffee with boiling water, or if with cold, put it on the coffee and pour cold water upon it. Either of these means is within your reach, perhaps both, one costs a little money, the dandelions only labour. Ah! if you did but know the virtues of that much-derided plant."

"Mister Lincoln, I must just ask you why coffee is best made with cold water and tea should have boiling water?"

"That's right, ask me anything you like, only don't interrupt me when I am talking. Listen. In coffee you want to extract all its properties; it has no woody particles like tea, you know what I mean. The other day I heard you say that the tea you bought in the village 'was birch-brooms cut up.'" (Here there were roars of laughter.)

"Coffee, you know, is the berry of the shrub, has no woody stems, and all of its virtues can be extracted by the cold water, and not quite so much when made with boiling water. Tea is composed of the leaves of the tree, and, unless it be very expensive, one cannot buy it without too many stems mixed with it. If cold water is put upon tea, you get wood flavour instead of tea, so be sure the water boils for this, and it is all the better if it does so for some time before you wet the tea, because then the lime in the water makes rock or furr on the kettles instead of in your bodies."

Just here the doctor came in, nodded to them all, whispered to the brightest woman among the lot, who put on her shawl and left.

"Is the job over?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, they are taking him away quietly enough, but his poor wife and children are sadly off. I've sent Hetty Atkins to them."

All were ready to ask who and what? But Mr. Lincoln did not heed. The doctor took a cup of coffee, and those who wanted more had it, and a good supply of cake. By this time other stragglers had come in, and seats had to be borrowed from neighbours. Only a few chairs and stools had been provided. Mr. Lincoln thought it wiser to let the people find more if needed.

"Before you came in, Doctor, I was speaking of the recent fever, which has disabled or killed so many in this village; it was just like a fiend searching for every likely spot to dwell in, but if I were to be long among you all, I would persuade you to lay no invitations for the Fever-fiend. Get rid of the cause of bad smells; drain off the stagnant water; plant sunflowers, great big staring sunflowers, in all marshy spots; plant sweet-smelling flowers round your houses, and keep as many growing plants as you like in your windows, they give you pure air in return for that contaminated by your breaths. In fact, I would show the fever the cold shoulder, rather than, as you generally do, prepare for it comfortable lodgings—in the pools of water, in the refuse heaps, and in the garden-houses, the contents of which you might turn into wholesome manure by the help of lime, which is cheap, and the coal and wood ashes, which are plentiful enough in your houses. Burn up the refuse matter, but, try how you will, you cannot burn up the potash and other matters of which the refuse is composed, and which will fertilise the earth and make your vegetables and flowers grow."

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, we'll try, but we never knew about this till now."

"Ah! there are many ways, Wilkins, in which we err in ignorance. I should like to say a few words to-night about the stomach. I don't mean a hungry, half-starved stomach, but one good and healthy. The fever is bad, very bad, but there's a worse fever than that we've lately seen, or than any we can give a name to; but you may be tired my friends. Have another cup of coffee and some cake, and come here another time and hear about this wonderful ever. I'm not tired, but you may be."

"I'm sure we ought to be flogged if we're tired," said one woman.

"Speak for yourself, Jane Ross! However, I'm not tired, for one." "Nor I," "nor I," said others.

"Well, that's right; but let's hear what your husbands say. They've been at work all day, and they are the bread-winners."

One man looked at another. All of them were anxious to hear about this wonderful fever, and, presently, one spoke for all—

"We are much obliged to ye, Mr. Lincoln, and we ain't tired."

"That's right. Now I'll ask you one question. Everyone of you men, I believe, have seen a baby?" There was a shout of laughter, which was not very readily subsided; it was something so unexpected to be asked if either of them had seen a baby.

"Well, I take for granted you have seen that precious piece of pink flesh, soft,

innocent, and helpless. Its limbs are like velvet; it is powerless for good or evil; its smile is angelic; we won't say anything about its voice, especially if hungry or thirsty, that's another matter." There was another peal of laughter.

"Now I dare say you would be surprised to hear that the inner part of the stomach of a healthy man is pink, and soft, and velvety, like an infant's healthy flesh. When a black cat yawns its mouth is pink and soft, and this, too, is in texture like a man's stomach in its healthy state. Mind, I'm not speaking of child, cat, or man otherwise than free from disease. Time passes, say years, few or many, and the stomach of that child, now a man, is by this fever ulcerated in large or small brown patches, surrounded by the deep red betokening inflammation. Raging thirst consumes it. Night and day the fever rages. Drink, drink is all it craves for, and drink adds to, not relieves, the craving. This fever increases till the body is a loathsome, corrupted mass, and the soul itself is in torture."

"That be the small-pox," said one woman.

"The small-pox!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "That's seen on the skin; that's nothing to it. The fever I speak of is not always, I may say rarely, visible to an offensive degree. But visible or invisible, the people of this kingdom spend upwards of seventy millions sterling money, not in curing it or in seeking means of cure, but in acquiring, nursing, and keeping it ragingly alive. Not hospitals, but palaces are built for its accommodation. It is nourished by a nation's blood; it is cherished by all despicable acts; it is worshipped, bowed down to, was once gloried in openly, and millions of all classes are smitten with it."

Here the men looked as if they did, and yet did not, grasp the meaning; they had an inkling that something was coming in which they were concerned.

Mr. Lincoln went on: "This is a costly fever which is never absent from us. Think of upwards of seventy millions, all of us, high and low together, expend in keeping the disease at danger height. The yearly savings invested in the Penny and Post Office Savings Banks amount to under twenty-seven millions. Yet to procure this special disease, which is confined to no place, upwards of seventy millions sterling are expended, an amount equal to all the taxes of the kingdom. Were we to read of this as happening three thousand years ago in some ancient state, we should say the people were all fools or the writer asserted untruths. But it is true this day of men and women of the United Kingdom."

"Out with it, Mister Lincoln. What be it?"

"Mind you, this fever is an old-time disease—very, very old; but like another old tale which all of you once told to your wives, it is always new. Did any of you ever hear of Homer or the siege of Troy? or have you heard within these few weeks of the gold and silver vessels found by Dr. Schlieman, in some tombs?"

"Yes, we read about it in the newspaper, but what of that?"

"Only that in those days, perhaps three thousand years ago, when the people lived who wore those ornaments, and who were rich in golden treasure, the fever I allude to was indeed very bad, and Homer, the blind poet, has recorded a woman was the cause of the malady. It is said that a woman is always at the bottom of all mischief." He won a hearty laugh from the men, and the women were about to protest, when Mr. Lincoln said—

"Stop one moment, if the women are all bad, how is it that all the virtues are symboled as women and most of the vices as men? There's something to think about, the men can't condemn the women after that. Ulysses was one of the Greek princes who fought against Troy in the days when the golden ornaments found the other day by Dr. Schlieman were made and worn. After the never-to-be-forgotten Ten Years' War, Ulysses, instead of returning to his wife and son as a good man ought to have done, went wandering about the country, leaving his family and his people uncertain of his fate. Penelope his wife knew not whether she was a widow and her son fatherless. Men do the same sort of things nowadays, but they are generally smitten with a terrible fever before they set out.

"Ulysses is said to have been untouched by it. Hearing that a number of his friends were in dire suffering, he undertook to penetrate the infected place and recover his friends if he could. Some good angel suggested an antidote against the power of 'the spell,' the magic, by which he would be enticed—

"'Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,
Where on the all-bearing earth unmarked it grew;
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower,
Moly the name ——'

"Of this Moly Ulysses drank, and so protected he defied the woman Circe who had caused the maladies of his friends. Ulysses entered her palace, and was heartily welcomed. Then—

"'She mixed the poison fraudulent of soul,
The poison mantled in the golden bowl,
I took and quaffed it, confident in heaven;
She waved the wand and then the word was given,
"Hence to thy fellows (dreadful she began),
Go, be a beast!" I heard—and was a man.'

"Ulysses stood firm against the temptation of drink, and so much did Circe respect him for it, that he solicited and obtained from her the release of his friends. It is a splendid allegory this release of the men transformed to swine by drink.

"'In her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand,
Then, hastening to the styes, set wide the door,
Urged forth and drove the bristly herd before.
Unwieldy, out they rushed with general cry;
Enormous beasts, dishonest to the eye.
Now touched by counter charms, they change again
And stand majestic and recalled to men.'

"As drunkards they became as swine, and regained their manly shape and demeanour only by temperance. They were beguiled into a palace by the soft sweet voices they heard.

"'Access we sought nor was access denied' here in this palace they were entertained and feasted—

"'But venomed was the bread, and mixed the bowl
With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost
And drunk, oblivious of their native coast.
Instant the circling wand, the "woman waves,"
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine,
Head, face, and members bristle into swine,
Still cursed with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.'

"In our own Scriptures we may read one of the very finest descriptions of the misery a drunkard creates for himself. He cannot say that the diseases which follow quickly on a life given to debasing drink are of God's sending.

"'Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings?
Who hath wounds without cure?
Who hath redness of the eyes?
They that tarry long at the wine,
They that seek mixed wine.
* * * * * *
"'At the last it biteth like a serpent,
And stingeth like an adder,
* * * and then cometh the punishment,
Thou shalt be as he that lieth down in
The midst of the sea,
Or as he that lieth
Upon the top of a mast.
They have stricken me, thou shalt say,
And I was not sick;
They have beaten me,
And I felt it not:
When I shall awake
I will seek it yet again.'

"There is the mischief, there the woe, there the degradation—'I will seek it yet again.'

"Now, we can all pretty well judge the nature of this fever which changes men into brutes, which destroys them body and soul; you must all recognise the fever of drink—just as powerful in our day as in ancient times—but we have a better knowledge of life and its meanings than the ancients had. No more powerful description of intoxication has ever been drawn than in the lines I have just repeated. The malady of drink is a terrific fever which destroys energy and self-respect, which renders a man powerless and imbecile—but without the stupidity of an idiot—for the mind remains as active as ever, and the moment of consciousness is too often unbearable and is instantly drowned by liquor, which might be in itself pure, but invariably acts in frequent doses as poison on the system.

"That many men do give up this self-created fever we know; and I have heard of one man who, reeling from one such tempting palace as described by Homer, accidentally caught sight of himself reflected in the glass of the window, and was so shocked at what he there saw, that from that hour he drank no more.

"Laws and regulations are useless to restrain men from making themselves such inhuman creatures; no drunkard can be restrained from inebriety excepting by his own will. It is so extraordinary that any man should by choice deliberately transform his pure body into a ready receptacle for all diseases to lay hold of; and both men and women should know this, that when an epidemic appears—which means a disease prevailing in one place as much as in another—these intemperates are its first victims.

"Talk about suicide after this—trouble of various kinds generally causes this mode of exit from life—but all who drink one glassful of any liquor more than is needful, and I doubt if alcoholic liquors be at all necessary, they are hourly pests, nuisances, and generators of disease. To live in a

community where drunkenness prevails is to live in danger of being suddenly attacked by various maladies. Drunkenness is worse than small-pox or cholera, which often kill, but the former debases as well as kills, and too often is transmitted to children, who suffer from their father's sin even to generations.

"Talk about relapsing fever or any other, the drink fever beats them hollow."

"Then why do doctors recommend fine ladies and gentlemen to take brandy and other stimulants?" asked matter-of-fact Simmons.

"Doctors are not faultless, but many of them are now conscious of and regret this easy acquiescence with their patients' folly. Many medical men would gladly undo the mischief done.

"I will just read the opinion of Dr. Samuel Wilks, of Guy's Hospital, respecting alcohol, and which Dr. Richardson quotes in his Cantor lecture. This paragraph I get from *The English Mechanic*. I think some of you know that useful publication. Alcohol, which is the intoxicating principle, in all liquors, is strange to learn no stimulant at all, and as to its being necessary, just listen to this :—

"'There can be but one answer, said Dr. Wilks, to the question—Is alcohol a necessary food? There are many nations who do not take it, some whose religion forbids its use; and we know there are many in this country who never drink alcoholic liquors. While, however, alcohol is not a necessity, in our present mode of living we take many things that are not necessary; for if we lived by rules and natural laws, and gave up the conventional luxuries of life, we should dismiss more than half the dishes from our table, for even meat is not essential to life.

"'Alcohol is said to be a stimulant; but what are the effects of a small dose? If a man is jaded and tired, it affords a temporary support; a little later, he is depressed, the stimulant effect lasting only for a time. It produces dilation of the vessels and warmth of the surface, but at the expense of internal heat; and as to its effects in helping one to work, Dr. Wilks says, ask a sportsman. The latter gets tired, has his lunch, and feels "comfortable and jolly," but "never shoots another bird." It is the same with billiard players.

"'The fact is that alcohol is not a stimulant at all, but a depressant and a narcotic. If the name were changed, we should get a proper notion of its character, and Dr. Wilks believes that such a change would tend more than anything else to make people cautious in its imbibition. Alcohol is taken for the same reason as chloral, or as opium in other countries; and if regarded as a narcotic the consequences of its uses will be better understood. A man in a drunken brawl has his teeth knocked out, but next morning has no recollection of how the accident occurred. Alcohol is thus an anæsthetic—that is, capable of producing loss of feeling or perception; it is also a sedative, and useful in severe neuralgia when chloral and opium fail. It benumbs the sense of touch, as well as that of sight and of taste. But if it were a stimulant, the sense of taste ought under its influence to become more refined. Everyone knows that the contrary is the case, and it is written, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse." It is contrary to human nature to crave for stimulants, says Dr. Wilks; the idea is absurd; and the more one knows human nature and its history, the more one wonders how such a name as stimulant could be given to any substance which has had so powerful an influence on the human race as alcohol. It might be known that anything so craved after must be of a soothing, benumbing, or dulling nature. If a man has a racking pain in the head a strong glass of brandy and water will often drive it away—a proof of its narcotising effect on the brain. If alcohol were a stimulant it would bring out our faculties; but instead it paralyses the intellect and allows the passions to have free play. These remarks of course apply to the effects of alcohol when used immoderately. "An immense evil has been perpetrated by giving alcohol a wrong name," says Dr. Wilks to his students; "I want you to think of it as a depressant, an anæsthetic and narcotic, rather than as a stimulant, and you will then get an insight into its injurious effects on the human body." Besides the great evils of ordinary drunkenness, there is the disease called dipsomania, a disease now well recognised by medical men, and the victims of which are for a time irresponsible persons. Chronic alcoholism, with its train of dyspeptic and other symptoms, is too well known, and Dr. Wilks states that a considerable part of his income is derived from the drinking propensities of his patients.'

"A man reeling to and fro in the streets under the influence of drink looks as if pos-

sessed by a demon, and depend upon it he is so. 'A drunken man takes the bread from his children and gives it to the dogs.' We have Scripture warranty for that, and would any but men mad with drink do this? The demon DRINK is an unholy passion seeking to snare souls, and when women cast in their lot with, foster, and caress it, they also become demoniacs, and are indeed fallen angels, if angel is understood as meaning a 'messenger from God.'

"Drink! drink! which debases both body and mind till death sets its final seal upon the corrupted flesh. But what of the undying spirit? Death cannot destroy it. It is the one thing over which death and destruction are powerless. Well, then, what of the spirit? 'There's the rub.'"

There was silence to be felt for a moment or two. All had listened intently. Several, however, looked conscious of their delinquency, till one of the women suddenly asked—

"Where be this Molly to be found that your man 'Lysses picked up?"

"A celebrated herbalist of Queen Elizabeth's day—that is about two hundred and fifty years since—gives an engraving and description of the Moly of Homer as being a species of myrtle. At this very time, in Tuscany, a myrtle wine is made, which the people call 'Myrtidanum,' and formerly was administered as a tonic and stimulant. Now, Ulysses—or 'my man,' as you call him—being a temperate man, no doubt drank this myrtle wine. As a preventive of intoxication it may be useless. The only preventive is a man's will depending on God's help. Rely upon it, 'our remedies' (most of them) 'lie within ourselves.' Had Ulysses lived in our times, certainly he would have been the foremost in the band of Good Templars, but he was not a good man all the same."

"I should like to make some myrtle tea," said Bessy Wilkins, "only it would spoil my plant by cutting it."

"Better leave it as it is, a very pretty myrtle bush. But I should say that in Chili, where the berries of one species of myrtle are as large and soft as a black currant, the juice is expressed from them, and being mixed with water offers at once a most refreshing and grateful drink, sweet, spicy, and most agreeable. Probably this species was the kind that Ulysses made a drink of. Moreover, it is a low shrub cultivated in gardens, and the fruit is used in Valparaiso at dessert. All of you wives know what allspice berries are?"

"Sure we do."

"These berries are only the dried berries of one species of myrtle—the Pimento—and how useful it is in cookery. Myrtles are not poisonous, but in this country are better reserved for ornaments than for making tea. All use of strong liquors as beverages, that is as daily drinks, are injurious to health. This is a well-known fact. A pint of good home-brewed ale a day may do no harm, but more than this is decidedly bad, while all spirituous liquors taken as spirits and water in tumblerfuls are death-dealing, yet I have seen one teaspoonful of brandy in half a tumbler of water constitute one of the best tonics and restoratives known. But we all know the perversity of man who so often turns the blessings of God sent for men's delight and solace into weapons of destruction.

"I wish that any sudden cure could be suggested for the evil of drink. First and foremost, the desire to abandon it must be within oneself, and resolution be strong as iron; but with all this, and even better than this, one may fail if there is no comfortable and comforting place to come to after work. What inducement is there for a man fond of good fellowship, and so far educated, as numbers of men are, to have a voice in the legislative power of his country, to side with or differ from the opinions of its public men, or to appreciate the literature of his time, if he comes home to a careless, slatternly wife who has not an idea above the gossip of an idle neighbour? This is terrible for a man of awakened intellect. Then as to his comforts, some wives I have known who have enjoyed a fresh and fragrant cup of tea at five o'clock have poured water on the leaves and set the tea-pot on the hob till time for 'husband's tea.' Pretty sort of welcome this to the bread-winner!

"I know what I should do if I were a wife. I'd make myself look as well as I did in courting days, and I'd have such a comfortably cooked meal and such a bright fireside that my husband should say no other was to be found so cosy elsewhere. If I couldn't cook, I'd get some one to teach me, and I'd get the freshest tea and the strongest coffee for my husband, even if I spared a little self-indulgence of myself. Though I never would be a slave and be ordered about, but take every care that all should be clean without any ordering."

"And what would ye do, Mr. Lincoln, if you had a drunken brute of a husband as I've got? gi's me three shillings a week and spends all the rest in drink, while I've got

to do odd chores to keep myself and children from starving. I'd like to know what you'd do then?"

"Another case of taking 'the children's bread and throwing it to the dogs,'" said Mr. Lincoln, softly.

"That's a poser," he replied, "because I am ignorant of what brought on this state of things. I only know that with your husband it is a real case of disease now, for which there is no remedy; and which blame and quarrelling will only intensify. If he was labouring under a mortal sickness, I am sure you would be pitiful and kind, and forbearing. It is all you can do now. If it were possible for you to see the state of that poor stomach, instead of velvety softness, ulcers of a frightful character constantly craving for the drink to allay, you would be pitiful. Though it is another proof that drink is narcotic—that it creates stupor instead of liveliness. I will not ask the origin of this calamity. Intemperance might have run in the family—be hereditary. Any way, the disease is now so fixed that no certain remedy can be given. If only for twenty-four hours he would abstain from 'drink,' I mean from stupefying liquor—drink well-made barley water, or potash water, or take the white only of an egg beaten with a wineglassful of water about twenty minutes before his dinner and supper, and this twice a day or even three times daily, there would be decided benefit. Ever recollect this, Mrs. Masters, to keep a simple drink always within reach of his hand, so that when thirst is rampant it might be innocently allayed."

"It's all very well, Mister Lincoln, for rich folk, but what can I do with three shillings a week?"

"It's little enough, but a pleasant drink, and plenty of it, can be made for less than the cost of half a pint of ale."

"If you'd tell us that, I for one would be thankful. My old man he's at the public-house now, and there he'll stick till shutting up time."

"Then don't abuse him when he comes home; this is useless, it is aggravating; treat it as disease. Get a quarter of a pound of treacle and pour upon it a quart of cold water.

"'Honest water which ne'er left man in the mire.'

"There's a bit of Shakespeare for you. You may turn up your nose at this drink; but it is good, and with a tablespoonful or two of vinegar in it is most refreshing. Treacle water, I can tell you, is excellent.

"Sixpence is the price of a quart of ale; now for sixpence you may make four quarts of a most restoring drink, fit to be offered to the lips of king, queen, and noble. Add to this twopence for sugar and a penny for a lemon. Get a packet of ground pearl barley; mix in a basin a large tablespoonful with a little cold water till it is a thick mass, then pour upon it a quart of boiling water; put it into a saucepan, let it boil for ten minutes; add the lemon cut in pieces, not the peel or pips, and then sufficient sugar to sweeten; let it boil ten minutes more; set it in a large jug or basin to cool, stir it occasionally to prevent any skin forming on it, and when cold it will be thin enough to drink; put it where your husband is likely to see it, and take some yourself. There's nothing like example; depend upon it he will drink it, and the torments of thirst arising from the disease will be quenched for a time.

"Now this is one of the nicest preparations, the most soothing and satisfying, that can be given to an invalid of any rank. But mind that what you cook it in, and what you pour it into, is scrupulously clean, otherwise the drink will be spoiled."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOLDEN ORNAMENTS OF HELEN OF TROY.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS recently visited Dr. Schliemann at his house in Athens. The following is her most interesting narrative of this visit:—

Dr. Schliemann lives in a substantial house, built, I believe, by himself, in the new quarter of Athens. White, many-windowed, well-furnished with jalousies and verandas, and standing in a spacious garden, it is not unlike some of the well-known villas at Godesberg, on the Rhine. Dr. Schliemann—a man of middle height and middle age, stoutly and strongly built, with a massive German head, capacious brain-case, square jaw, and brilliant dark eyes—received us in a small room lined with book-shelves rich in Homeric literature. He is American by birth, German by extraction,

Greek by naturalisation. Having begun with slender means, and amassed a considerable fortune by commerce, he entered somewhat late in life upon the study of ancient Greek and ancient Greek literature. Hence the peculiar freshness of his enthusiasm for the Heroic Age. It is an enthusiasm which has never been cooled by the routine of school and college. His belief and delight in Homer are unbounded. He knows the "Iliad" by heart, and accepts every line of it for history. "When I first saw the mound of Hissarlik," he said, "it was twenty years ago, and I then said, 'There is Troy, and if I live to grow rich I will excavate that mound.'"

The writer asked if he knew M. Nicolaïdes, of Crete, the author of "La Topographie de l'Iliade."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I know him. He has his theories, I have my facts. The Bournabashi theory was hollow from the first. I never believed in Bournabashi at any time."

We asked in vain to see some small specimen of the great *trouvaille*. He had not, he said, so much as a potsherd of it in Athens. Pending the issue of his lawsuit with Turkey, and fearing a lack of co-operation on the part of the Greek Government, he had dispatched the whole of his treasures to a place of safety in Italy. He was willing, he said, to devote his life to the work of archæological discovery in Greece, and his fortune to the building and endowment of a great museum, if only the Greek Government would be pleased to countenance and encourage his labours. If not, he would settle in Italy, and would do for Italy and its antiquities the work which he would far rather do, if unmolested, for Greece.

"My work now in life," said Dr. Schliemann, "is excavation. I must live where there are antiquities to be discovered, and where I am free to excavate, and to whatever that country that may be I will give my museum."

He then spoke of Madame Schliemann, whose passion for archæological discovery is apparently as great as his own.

"Madame Schliemann has a perfect genius for excavating," he said. "She excavated the tumulus of Achilles on the plain of Troy. That was her own work entirely. She has shared all my fatigues and all my hardships. Nothing daunts her. But for her I should never have succeeded in preserving the treasure of Priam from the rapacity of the Turkish officials on guard at Hissarlik during the excavations. When I struck the treasure and saw the first glitter of the silver under the rubbish, it was within a few feet of the chair on which the Turkish officer was sitting. I covered it again instantly. I told them all that it was my birthday, and that we would do no more work that afternoon. I invited everyone into my hut to drink my health. It was within three or four days of the time appointed for us to leave Hissarlik. Our stores were nearly exhausted. But we brought out all the wine and liqueurs we had left, and Madame Schliemann kept filling their glasses, and managed to keep them all in-doors for several hours, during which time my nephew and I dug out and hid the treasure, and refilled the hole with rubbish. We worked like madmen. We could never have done it but for the help and presence of mind of Madame Schliemann."

I may take this opportunity of saying that a recent report which attributes to Dr. and Madame Schliemann the credit, or discredit, of purposely intoxicating all these guards and workmen is wholly without foundation. Dr. Schliemann distinctly told us that he was "at the end of his stores," and that the little wine they had yet left was barely sufficient, with even Madame Schliemann's admirable tact and management, to keep all this folk amused while her husband and nephew were at work outside.

Having shown us his drawings of the owl-vases, whorls, implements, and other objects found at Troy, as well as some fine photographs of the silver goblets, bowls, and personal ornaments, Dr. Schliemann presented the writer with a photographic portrait of his wife, attired in the golden frontlet and head-chains and other precious ornaments identified by Mr. Gladstone with the *ampux* and *anadesmé* of Homer.

"I give you, as a souvenir of this visit," said Dr. Schliemann, "a portrait of Madame Schliemann in the parure of Helen."

"Ah, if one could only be sure it was Helen's!" I unluckily remarked.

"And why not?" said Dr. Schliemann, somewhat sharply. "Whose else should it be?"

I ventured meekly to suggest that it might be Andromache's; but the great excavator shook his head impatiently.

"No, no," he said; "it was Helen's. There can be no doubt that it was Helen's."

It is this faith—not merely in Helen and her parure, but in Homer and in himself—

that has carried Dr. Schliemann on from Troy to Argos, and from Argos to Mycenæ. Believing with his whole heart and soul in the scenes and personages of the "Iliad," fortified by an indomitable will, and bringing to bear upon these qualities an unusual degree of steady, business-like intelligence, Dr. Schliemann unites in a singular degree the characteristics of the enthusiast and the practical man. He is, in short, a born discoverer—and the discoverer, like the poet, is born, not made.

The portrait of Madame Schliemann is an excellent likeness. She is a tall, fine woman, pale of complexion, with dark eyes and hair and a stately bearing. I think I understood Dr. Schliemann to say that she was Greek. We had not the pleasure of being introduced to this lady; but we saw her pacing to and fro in the garden, dressed in a long white morning robe that swept the path as she walked, like a peplum. None who have read Dr. Schliemann's late account of the painful and laborious way in which Madame Schliemann with her own fair hands assisted him the other day in emptying the graves at Mycenæ, can, I think, look upon this portrait without interest and admiration.

Dr. Schliemann, indeed, gives excellent reasons for his faith in his discoveries. In a letter from Mycenæ, bearing date December 5, he sets forth his grounds for identifying the sepulchres he has excavated with those of Agamemnon and his comrades. On this point he says:

"After having, in my five preceding letters, described the five great sepulchres and the treasures contained in them, I am now going to discuss the question whether it is possible to identify the former with the tombs which Pausanias, following the tradition, attributes to Agamemnon, to Cassandra, to Eurymedon, and to their companions.

"The Trojan war has for a long time past, by many eminent scholars, been regarded as a myth, of which, however, they vainly endeavour to find the origin in the Rig-veda. But in all antiquity the siege and conquest of Ilium by the Greek army under Agamemnon have been considered as undoubted historical facts, and as such they are also accepted by the great authority of Thucydides (I., 8-10). The tradition has even retained the memory of many details of that war which have been omitted by Homer. For my part, I have always firmly believed in the Trojan war; my firm faith in Homer and in the tradition has never been shaken by modern criticism, and to this my faith I am indebted for the discovery of Troy and its treasure. However, the want of ornamentation on the Trojan jewels, the hand-made, uncoloured pottery, with impressed or engraved ornamentation, and finally the want of iron and glass, convince me that the ruins of Troy belong to such a remote antiquity as to precede by ages the ruins of Mycenæ, the date of which I thought I could fix by the result of the thirty-four shafts which I sank in the Acropolis in February, 1874. I therefore believed that Homer had only known by an ancient tradition, commemorated by preceding poets, the siege and destruction of Troy, and that, for favours received, he put in his contemporaries as actors in his great tragedy. But I never doubted that a king of Mycenæ, by name Agamemnon, his charioteer Eurymedon, a Princess Cassandra, and their followers, had been treacherously murdered either at dinner by Ægisthus, as Homer (Odyssey, IV., 530, and XI., 409-411) says, or in the bath by Clytemnestra, as the later tragic poets (Æsch., Agamemnon, 1438, Euripid., Orest., 26) pretend, and I firmly believed in the statement of Pausanias (II., 147) that the murdered persons had been interred in the Acropolis, differing in this respect from W. M. Leake, 'Travels in the Morea,' II., p. 365; W. Mure, 'Journal of a Tour in Greece;' Edward Dodwell, 'Tour in Greece,' II., p. 236; Otfried Müller, 'Dorier;' Ernest Curtius, 'Peloponnes,' II., 411-413; W. Gell, 'Argolis;' Prokesch, 'Denkwürdigkeiten und Erinnerungen,' II., 276—who all had misunderstood the statement of Pausanias, and thought that he meant the murdered persons had been buried in the lower town.

"My firm faith in the traditions made me undertake my late excavations in the Acropolis, and led to the discovery of the five tombs, with their immense treasures. Although I found in these tombs, in a technical point of view, a very high civilisation, yet, as in Ilium, I found there only hand-made pottery, and no trace of glass or of iron. Further, writing was known in Troy, for I found there a number of short Greek inscriptions, in very ancient Cypriote characters (see my 'Troy and its Remains,' pp. 363-372), whereas we have the certainty now that the alphabet was unknown in Mycenæ. Had it been known, the Mycenæan goldsmiths, who were always endeavouring to invent some new ornamentation, would joyfully have availed themselves of the novelty to interweave the strange characters

in their decoration. Besides, in that remote antiquity to which the Homeric rhapsodies and the tradition of the Mycenæan tombs refer, there was as yet no commercial intercourse. Nobody travelled except on warlike or piratical expeditions. Thus there may have been a very high civilisation at Mycenæ, while at the very same time the arts were only in their first dawn in Troy, and writing with Cypriote characters may have been in use in Troy more than 1000 years before any alphabet was known in Greece. I have not the slightest objection to admit that the traditions which assigns the tombs in the Acropolis to Agamemnon and his companions, who on their return from Ilium were treacherously murdered by Clytemnestra or her paramour Ægisthus, may be perfectly correct and faithful. I am bound to admit this so much the more as we have the certainty that, to say the least, all the bodies of each tomb had been burned simultaneously. The calcined pebbles below each of them, the marks of the fire to the right and left on the internal walls of the tomb, the undisturbed state of the ashes, and the charred wood on and around the bodies, give us the most unmistakable proofs in this respect. Owing to the enormous depth of these sepulchres, and the close proximity of the bodies to each other, it is quite impossible that three or even five funeral piles could have been dressed at different intervals of time in the same tomb. The identity of the mode of burial, the perfect similarity of all the tombs, their very close proximity, the impossibility of admitting that three or five royal personages of immeasurable wealth, who had died a natural death at long intervals of time, should have been huddled together in the same tomb, and, finally, the great resemblance of all the ornaments, which show exactly the same style of art and the same epoch—all these facts are so many proofs that all the twelve men and three women had been murdered simultaneously and burned at the same time. The veracity of the tradition seems further to be confirmed by the deep veneration which the Mycenæans, and, in fact, the inhabitants of the whole Argolid, have always shown for these five mausoleums. The funeral pyres were not yet extinguished when they were covered with a layer of clay and then with a layer of pebbles, on which the earth was thrown at once. To this circumstance are we chiefly indebted for the conservation of so large a quantity of wood and the comparatively good preservation of the bodies, for in no instance were the bones consumed by fire, and on several bodies, which were covered with golden masks and thick breastplates, even much of the flesh had remained. The site of each tomb was marked by tombstones, and when these had been covered by the dust of ages, and had disappeared, fresh tombstones were erected on the new level, but precisely on the spot where the ancient memorials lay buried. Only on the large fourth sepulchre, with the five bodies, instead of new tombstones, a sacrificial altar of almost circular form was built.

"As explained in my letter of the 11th of November, the first tomb had, according to all appearance, primitively been decorated with a large monument, from which came the three tombstones with the bas-reliefs, and the latter must have been extracted and erected on the new level.

"I at first thought that every one of the large slabs of the circular double parallel row was a tombstone and marked a grave; but this is not the case. There are no real tombs, either between the two parallel rows or on either side of them, except on the north side, where we see above-ground, and on a level with the double circle, twelve quadrangular recesses of irregular size, composed of large slabs and resembling sepulchres. It is by no means certain, however, that they have ever served as such. They were filled with household remains and bones of animals. At all events, the great double circle or parallel slabs can only have been erected in honour of those who were buried in the five sepulchres, but evidently at a much later period, though undoubtedly long before the capture of Mycenæ by the Argives. I conclude this from the irregular and careless architecture of the Cyclopean wall which supports the double parallel row in the lower part of the Acropolis, and from the number of slabs of more ancient monuments it contains.

"As a further proof, I may mention that between the stones of this wall, as well as between the two double circular rows of slabs and in the tomb-shaped recesses, I find only fragments of the usual Mycenæan pottery, and no trace of that ancient handmade pottery which is found in the tombs. I think it therefore highly probable that the erection of the circular double row of slabs coincides with the renewal of the tombstones on four tombs and the erection of the sacrificial altar on the fifth tomb, and that this renewal was occasioned by the immense

enthusiasm which the Rhapsodists, who went from house to house chanting the Homeric hymns, roused among the people for the heroes of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' Very likely the whole space within the circular double row was converted into a garden, where the glorious acts of the king of kings, Agamemnon, and his companions were chanted on those sepulchres. At all events, while the whole Acropolis is covered with remnants of Cyclopean house walls, I found no trace whatever of any prehistoric building within the sacred precincts of the great circle. But, nevertheless, the accumulation of rubbish continued, and in the course of time the new tombstones, as well as the double circular row of slabs, were buried and disappeared, while the sight of the tombs remained always fresh in the memory of the inhabitants. When in 468 B.C. Mycenæ was captured by the Argives, and the people were forced to emigrate, the city remained for more than sixty years deserted. Another city was built on its ruins, about 409 B.C., when all the tombstones, the sacrificial altar, and the circular double row of slabs had for ages been buried in the rubbish. Nevertheless, the precise site of each tomb was perfectly remembered by the inhabitants of the Argolid. After an existence of about two hundred years, the new city was, from some cause or other, again abandoned. Its sight remained deserted; but still the tradition remained so fresh that nearly four hundred years after the destruction of the new town the exact place of each tomb was shown to Pausanias. Nay, the interest the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus felt in the sepulchres was still so great, sixteen or eighteen centuries after the tragic event, that, as Pausanias states, the Lacedæmonians of Amyclæ disputed with Mycenæ the honour of possessing Cassandra's tomb, which they thought they possessed in their own city. At all events, Pausanias (III., 19, 6) says that the Amyclæans had in their village the sanctuary and the statue of Alexandra, whom they identified with Cassandra.

"The five tombs of Mycenæ, or at least three of them, contained such enormous treasures that they can not but belong to members of the royal family. But the period of the kings of Mycenæ belongs to a very remote antiquity. Royalty ceased there at the Dorian invasion, the chronology of which has always been fixed at 1104 B.C. Thucydides says it was eighty years after the war of Troy, which was hitherto supposed to have ended in 1184 B.C. But, in agreement with all archæologists, I hold to the conclusion that, on the evidence of the monuments of Troy, the capture and destruction of that city, and consequently also the Dorian invasion, must have occurred at a much earlier date."

Here Miss Edwards' narrative ends.

A German gentleman of New York, an old personal friend of Dr. Schliemann, says that the professor is the son of humble parents in Mecklenburg, Germany. At sixteen he sailed from Hamburg to Venezuela, but got wrecked on the Dutch coast. He subsequently was a porter in a store, and was glad of a place at $100 a year. Here he arranged to teach Spanish in exchange for lessons in Italian. So poor was he that he was a year without a regular dinner. Next Schliemann learned Russian from an old soldier; afterwards a Russian gentleman took a fancy to him, and had him for some time as a courier. After travelling over Europe, he took young Schliemann to Moscow. After four years there, he returned to Amsterdam with $93,000 and started for California (1851), where he became a banker. In four years he came to New York worth $400,000, and when he got smitten with the excavation business. In a moment of enthusiasm he exclaimed to some Athenian friends, "I will marry the first lady I see who can recite the 'Odyssey.'" The statement was repeated by his hearers as an offer. It was an interesting piece of gossip. "A millionare American" (for he is a naturalised citizen of the United States, and always calls himself everywhere an American) "wants a wife. Apply without references, if you know Homer." A fair Greek girl presented herself unintroduced, told him what she had heard, fulfilled to his satisfaction the solitary condition, was offered and accepted his heart and his hand. She is now known throughout Christendom as the sharer of his toils at Mycenæ, as his brave and capable ally in the work for which he lives. "We have to do the work ourselves, Mrs. Schliemann and I," he has just written to the London *Times*. "The task is exceedingly difficult and painful, particularly in the present rainy weather, for we cannot dig otherwise than on our knees, cutting with our knives the earth and stones carefully away, so as not to injure or let escape any of the gold ornaments." This lady is said to be the only woman in Greece who knows the "Odyssey" by heart.

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

LOUISE.—*Allons, allons, pas de cérémonie.*
Louise. — Come, come, {not / no} of ceremony.

JEANNETTE.—*Au fait, vous offrez, je dois accepter; une politesse en vaut une autre!*
Jeannette. — In fact, you offer, I ought to accept; one politeness is worth an other!

LOUISE *et* ALICE.—*A table! à table!*
Louise and Alice. —To table! to table!

FIN DU PREMIER ACTE.
End of First Act.

ACTE DEUXIÈME.
ACT SECOND.

Un salon, piano à gauche; fauteuils, &c.; porte au fond.
A drawing-room, piano to the left; armchairs, &c.; door at the end.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.
SCENE FIRST.

LOUISE, JEANNETTE, ALICE.

ALICE.—*Allons donc! Jeannette.*
Alice. — Come then! Jeannette.

LOUISE.—*Entre donc, quand on t'appelle; voilà* (1) *une singulière timidité,* (2) *par* (3) *exemple!*
Louise. — Enter then, when they thee call; that is a singular timidity, for example!

JEANNETTE, *sur le seuil, entre elles deux.—Comment, mam'zelle Alice, mam'zelle*
Jeannette, on the threshold, between them two. — Why, Miss Alice, Miss

ENGLISH.—Jeannette on the threshold between both of them.

Louise, vous ne vous gaussez (4) *point de moi?*
Louise, you not you banter not of me?

ENGLISH.—Are you not making fun of me?

C'est pour de bon qu'il faut que je vous suive, dans c'te belle chambre, où tout est reluisant comme un miroir?
It is for of good that it must that I you follow, in this beautiful room, where all is shining like a mirror?

ENGLISH.—Is it right that I should follow you into this beautiful room, where everything is shining like a mirror?

LOUISE.—*Puisque tu es invitée.*
Louise. — Since thou art invited.

JEANNETTE.—*Ah! je suis invitée.*
Jeannette. — Ah! I am invited.

ALICE.—*Avec instance.*
Alice. —With entreaty.

JEANNETTE.—*Avec instance? ous* qu'elle est?... oh! oh! ça glisse par ici j'ai peur de tomber, savez-vous?*
Jeannette. —With entreaty? ous what she is?... oh! oh! that slip by here I have fear to fall, know you?

ENGLISH.—Oh! oh! it is slippery here... Do you know, I am afraid of falling!

LOUISE, ALICE.—*Avance hardiment.*
Louise, Alice. — Step boldly.

(1.) There is, there are, those are, behold!
(2.) Bashfulness.
(3.) By, on, through, out of, for, with, about, in, over, at.
(4.) To jeer.

* *Patois*, or provincial dialect.

ON LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

BY L. J. V. GERARD.*

THERE must be some easy and natural way of learning languages; for, when we were children, we all learned our mother-tongue in a short time, and without the least trouble whatever; and children ten or twelve years old, taken to a foreign land, learn the new language in a shorter time still, and with as little trouble; in fact, they acquire it with amazing rapidity.

Some have thought that children naturally learn languages quicker than grown-up persons, because, being young, their minds, yet empty of notions, have more room for storing up words and expressions. But how can a child, with imperfect organs and without experience about the surrounding world, busy with learning thousands of various things, learn languages, or anything else, quicker than a man? The fact of his learning them so rapidly, merely shows how easily they can be acquired when studied in a natural way; and the other fact, that older children, left to themselves, learn a new language quicker than they did their mother-tongue, shows that they owe these results to their method. If we follow this method

*This extract is taken from an excellent article in the *Journal of Education* for July, 1876, published at 9, St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street. The complete article comprises the plan of the method of using the language in speaking and writing, and in understanding it by reading and hearing.

we shall obtain better results than they, because of our greater experience, and a mind more developed.

This is further proved by the great number of persons who have learned languages when already in advanced age. Cardinal Mezzofanti, who, it is said, knew thirty languages idiomatically, learned them when no longer young; and Ogilby, who translated Virgil and Homer into English, knew no Latin at forty, nor any Greek at fifty-four. When we begin the study of the first language, we are bewildered by the almost infinite variety of words and phrases to be learned; but when they have become familiar to us, their number appears considerably reduced, and we no longer doubt the possibility of learning a second or even a third language.

Another mistake is commonly made in believing that foreign languages cannot be learned without a master. Certainly, pronunciation cannot be acquired without the aid of someone who pronounces correctly, but reading and writing any language, living or dead, can be learned without any other help than a reading-book. The learning imparted by the best teachers often produces very indifferent results, as the cause of success resides more in the pupil than in the master. Pupils who have shone in the first rank at school, are generally, when left to themselves in the world, the contrary of what they promised to be. From the artificial training given in many schools, a good pupil runs great risk of remaining all his life a good pupil, and never becoming a man; whilst often the dull boy, who was working in his own way, and whose attempts appeared then rough and shapeless, because not understood, grows to be an original and ingenious man, towering above his fellow-men with the power of his genius. Self-education only makes the practical man: all great men are self-made, and all great scholars are self-made, and all great scholars are self-taught. Genius is only patience! *

Not that I mean that it is better to learn alone than with a teacher, for the latter will greatly shorten the time, in helping over difficulties without any evil consequence, if he is satisfied with helping only; not directing, and still less hindering with useless drudgery, or moulding his pupil's mind according to some prevailing fashion. But there is the fact that the knowledge only will remain which we ourselves acquire by our own efforts, either alone or aided by the teacher. To rely entirely, as many do, on a master however able, is a mistake which wastes time and money. He can point to us the way to learn; he cannot learn for us.

When we study a language, we cannot have more than two objects in view: firstly, to understand it when spoken or written; secondly, to be able to use it; that is, to speak and write it. We wish that the words should recall in our mind the ideas they represent; that, in their turn, ideas should recall the words necessary to express them; and we wish to possess the power and habit of expressing them readily. This is a very different thing from learning the grammar, which is only a collection of the laws of the language, and of the theories invented to explain the use of words and phrases by good speakers and writers.

If grammar teaches how to speak and write correctly, as Noël and Chapsal have it, when one knows how to speak and write, it does not follow that it imparts the latter knowledge to one ignorant of it, and still less that it is necessary for its acquisition. Not only do children speak idiomatically and grammatically through imitation only, but we see every day people who speak and even write their mother-tongue, at least as well as their mothers did, without having the faintest notion of grammar. Besides, if you wish for rules, you must have them *all*, with their exceptions, and the exceptions to the exceptions; for, in all languages, the irregular words, which form these exceptions, are those which are most often used, and consequently should be best known. The confusion thus produced will soon prevent you from going onwards, or even from moving at all, for fear of making mistakes against such a bewildering number of rules, exceptions, cases, and remarks.

In the hope of gaining an insight into the language by knowing its machinery and conquering it as it were, by force, many are induced to learn the grammar at the outset of their study. But they soon perceive that they have undertaken an endless task: rule after rule, chapter after chapter, writing out all the exercises, they trudge on, master and pupil, page by page to the end of the book; when, quite surprised to be no nearer the language than when they first opened it, they begin again, but with the same result. The unrelieved monotony of this routine produces such apathy and weariness that Dr. Johnson, when a master at Market-

* Talent, is patience exercised to develope genius. —E. W. F.

Bosworth School, in Leicestershire, wrote that he did not know whether it was more disagreeable for him to teach, or the boys to learn, the grammar rules.

In giving us at the outset all the declensions of the noun, grammar seems to open to us a wide field, and give us the command over a large class of words; but in reality it gives us almost nothing, for we can express or understand but little with a noun, or even with a thousand, before we have been through the whole course. And when we have been, we are about as helpless as before, for we yet know little, if anything, of the idiomatical arrangement of words and phrases, which differs so widely in one language from another. Thus the words of the very simple sentence, "Bring me cold water to wash my face and hands," being closely translated, would be placed in the following order in French, "Bring me some water cold for me to wash the face and the hands;" in German, "Bring me cold water for me face and hands to wash;" in modern Greek, "Bring me cold water for that I wash the face of me and the hands of me;" in Turkish, "Cold water for me bring, face mine and hands mine wash to;" in Arabic, "Bring me water cold to wash face mine and hands mine; in Persian, "Bring water cold to wash face and hands;" in Hindustani, "Cold water bring face and hands wash to;" in Japanese, "For me face and hands to wash cold water bring;" in Chinese, "Bring me cold water to wash face to wash hands." It would not be easy to give an idea of what it would be in the case of a more complicated sentence.

Now, although the difficulty of mastering these idioms is so great, it is yet little when compared with that of learning the various ways in which the same thought can be rendered in one language. To say nothing of circumlocutions, the same idea may be expressed, not only in a grammatical sentence—that is, one constructed according to the laws of grammar—but also in an elliptical or expletive sentence—that is, a grammatical one, with some words left out, or some added, for the sake of elegance or emphasis—and in an idiomatic sentence, or one containing some peculiar idiom not explainable by the ordinary laws of grammar. There are besides, in all languages, a very great number of conventional phrases to which, by a kind of agreement, a meaning is attached which is quite different from that expressed; as when an Englishman says, "He cuts a great figure," and a Spaniard, "He makes much paper," to mean the same thing. There are several thousands of such conventional phrases in most languages, besides the proverbial sayings which, by their peculiar wording, contribute also to complicate the language.

Grammar teaches very little about these difficulties, the very ones for which we should want explanations, whilst it explains elaborately what is clear enough of itself. It teaches neither pronunciation, nor etymological spelling, nor the various meanings of words. It gives rules, more or less doubtful; but does not give the reason of these rules. When John Horne Tooke, whose book on etymology created a great sensation in 1786, and who is known to have taught Greek to his daughter without a grammar, was at Eton, he was one day asked by his master why a particular case was used after a certain verb. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the pedagogue; "you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Young Horne, however, unable to account for this grammatical reason, persevered in his first answer, and the master flogged him. After his punishment, Horne, being told the rule of grammar, instantly replied, "I knew that very well; but you did not ask me for the rule, you asked me for the reason of it."

Since grammars were first written, they have been used in schools for teaching the young, down to the present time, on account, perhaps, of the love for rules that distinguishes some masters; but languages existed, were transmitted and learned, long before grammars were invented, and there were no grammars of their own language when Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Pope, Molière, Corneille, and many others, were becoming great writers; and all reformers have condemned the use of it for beginners. "I should like to know," exclaims Locke, "what language it is possible to speak rightly by the rules of grammar."

The extent to which the grammar of foreign languages is taught to learners must be attributed to several causes, the first of which is the melancholy fact that the teaching of the mother-tongue in schools is unfortunately often confined to that of its grammar, as is proved by examination papers; though it must be said that no mother yet ever thought of teaching grammar to her child before he could speak, as is generally done with foreign languages. Another cause is the mistake of many per-

sons who pretend to teach a language of which they know only the grammar, believing that it is the whole language; as if the description of the various parts of a ship were equivalent to possessing the ship and sailing in it.

The importance given, in most schools, to grammar and all the paraphernalia of routine, the long time devoted to them, and which they require for merely going through them, make the student lose sight of the end he is really working for; so that, from being means to an end, they become the end itself. This system is also hurtful in favouring the preponderance of analytical habits over synthetical, drying up imagination and rendering the pupil fit only to teach the same routine back in his turn; and thus it is that the teaching of grammar is kept up. It is, in my opinion, the greatest hindrance to a popular study of languages, and the probable cause of the inferiority in which literary teaching is now to scientific. "As regards language teaching," says Sir John Bowring, "grammar, as it is called, used as an elementary instrument, is the great barrier to progress; such teaching begins where it should end: grammar ought to be the last instead of the first means of instruction."

No doubt a language must be learned grammatically; I would even go as far as to say that, without grammar, no accuracy can be hoped in the use of a language. But the study of it must come in its proper time. Meanwhile, grammar pervades the works of good authors, and is almost entirely contained in each page; if we imitate them we shall be sure to speak and write grammatically. It is not necessary that each learner should rebuild the language for himself; it is much more simple for him to use it as it has been perfected by his predecessors. The only thing that could be allowed would be a list of the pronouns and determinative words, with a synoptical table of the most usual forms of the language, and, maybe, a list of the chief invariable words—adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions. As these words have generally but one meaning, a knowledge of them may help some students, inasmuch as they greatly modify the sense of the sentences; though their small number, the uniformity of their spelling, and their very frequent use make it almost unnecessary to study them beforehand. The student soon learns them by practice.

If we reflect that a language is a complicated instrument with which we receive and communicate ideas, and that we cannot be sure of using it to advantage before we have long watched it in use, the natural method will be clear to everyone. We must accustom ourselves to the expression of ideas in the language we wish to learn, by comparing it with their expression in our own, until we are able, through imitation and analogy, to express them in our turn; in other words, we must understand the language, and think in it, before we use it. This is the basis of the comparative method; the method which has been so successfully introduced in France by Claude Marcel, whose excellent work has suggested these reflections, and which was followed by Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, who became, under his care, one of the first scholars of her time.

As a language is only complete when in its two forms, written and spoken, understanding it means reading and hearing it, and using it means speaking and writing it. Thus the course, to be complete, must comprise four distinct processes—reading, hearing, speaking, and writing; that is, accustoming the eyes and the ear, then the tongue and the hand, to the language; by which processes, if we practise them thoroughly, we must acquire the language as perfectly as it is possible to acquire it.

This logical, synthetical method is founded on nature, since it begins with the easiest process and ends with the most difficult. For, in reading and listening, we are passive; it is sufficient for us to know again the words and phrases as they come, and the sense of the sentence helps us to understand the meaning of words we meet for the first time. In speaking and writing, on the contrary, we must know beforehand and reproduce not only the words, with their sound and spelling, their declensions and various meanings, but also the idioms, whether grammatical or not, best suited to express our thoughts. A comparatively short time will enable us to hear and to read, but good speaking and writing are only the fruit of long and obstinate study.

We may not want to write the language, or we may care only for reading—in which case it is unnecessary to learn what we do not want; this is so much time and labour saved. It is useless now, for instance, to speak dead languages, and consequently to hear them; so that, with regard to these, there is only reading and writing; and even for ninety-nine persons out of every hundred who learn them the first only is useful.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

UNITED.

"WHENCE cometh the sunshine that crowns thee, O maiden?
Whence cometh the sapphire that brims thy deep eyes?
No tresses more golden float earthward from Aidenn;
No glance of such azure looks out from the skies.
Whence hast thou thy beauty?"
"I found it in thee;
The heart that adoreth lends fairness to me."

"Was mine the rich magic, O queen of earth's daughters?
Then grant me a guerdon: place hand in my hand;
Leave friend, kin, and lover; pass o'er the strange waters;
Be mine, mine for ever, within the strange land.
Wilt enter my pinnace?"
"I would not, but must:
O madness of loving! I doubt, yet I trust."

"Land ho in the sunset! All hail, Happy Islands!
We sail through their shadows; we scent their perfume.
O beaches of amber! O emerald highlands!
O valleys immortal of fruitage and bloom!
Dost hear their birds warble?"
"I hear them, I hear;
My heart sang that music when first thou wert near."

PARTED.

They rode from her kinsmen and clansmen;
They paused by the broad foaming river;
Below them the cataract bellowed;
Behind clattered scabbard and quiver.

The rose of her cheek became marble,
But neither with terror nor fainting;
It hardened with wondrous devotion;
It blanched with love's passionate painting.

"Embark!" she commanded. "Launch quickly!
We lived, we can die, for each other.
Better death, swift death, with my darling
Than cycles of life with another!"

They launched. The fierce torrent exulted;
The cataract ravened and thundered;
It slew, but first it tormented;
Before it devoured them it sundered.

And just in the midst of the horror,
Where the tigerish waves leaped over,
Rose lonely, the shriek of a maiden,
With dying breath calling her lover.

J. W. DE FOREST.

LARKAN.

(From the Swedish.)

A LARK sat in an elm-tree high,
And sang so calm and still;
A maid looked up with longing eye,
Enchanted with his trill:

And when she heard God's praises trilled
In sunshine's morning gold,
The sweet and peaceful echoes filled
Her breast with joy untold.

"Come down, O charming bird!" she said,
"Thou lovest me well, I know."
He heard her prayer, and flew so glad
Down to the lowest bough;
And he whose song for God before
Floated on light's stream clear,
Now in the shade all day doth pour
That song in maiden's ear.

But, see! there comes with clumsy tread
A showy parrot fine,
The maiden quick to meet him fled
And left the lark to pine;
She smoothed and kissed the plumage soft,
And the showy bird caressed;
The little lark whom she forgot
Sat dumb with throbbing breast.

Then warbling to the sun he goes,
Far down his echoes ring,
"Let parrots soothe earth-maiden's woes,
For heaven the lark shall sing."
Yet still will gladly maids receive
Some gay deceiver's word,
And more than half the world believe,
Fine feathers make the bird.

L. M. MILLARD.

TRUANT MADGE.

THE shadows lie sleeping on field and hill;
The cows came home an hour ago;
The bees are hived, and the nests are still;—
Were can the child be lingering so?

Oh, where can the little laggard stay?
So swift of foot as she ever has been,
It is not so far by the meadow way
To the lane where the blackberry vines begin.

Her mother stands in the door-way there,
Shading her eyes from the setting sun,
And up and down with an anxious air,
Looks for a trace of the truant one.

Has she wandered on where the swamp-flowers blow
In the darkening wood, and lost her way?
Has she slipped in the treacherous bog below,
That hides under mosses green and gray?

Nay, timorous mother, spare your fears!
Your little maiden is safe the while,
No marsh-bird screams in her startled ears;
No forest mazes her feet beguile.

She is only standing amid the rye,
There at the end of the clover plain,
And pulling a daisy-star to try
Whether her love loves back again.

And Will bends over the bars beside—
Two heads are better than one forsooth,
Leaning and looking eager-eyed,
To see if the daisy tells the truth! S.

NEEDLEWORK.

DESIGN FOR A NETTED FICHU, to be worked either in Filoselle, Wool, or Cotton.—Two meshes one-half inch wide, the other a quarter inch; commence on a foundation of seven loops, and increase one in the centre stitch of the seven, and this centre-stitch always increase till the work measures to a few inches below the ears. When it does this, increase one stitch in each row on each side. This will give it the turn-back appearance represented in the engraving.

The fringe is made of filoselle, no matter what the material of the fichu. Two or three strands of filoselle are placed together, as in the engraving; then take silk or cotton of the same tint on a shuttle, tie on the end to the filoselle, and at the space of an inch make a double tatting stitch, and then again at another space till sufficient is made to form a fringe into loops, which are caught up with needle and silk or cotton, and fastened into nearly each loop of netting. Not till the fringe is sewed should the filoselle be cut.

If this fichu be made of cotton, use Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Cotton No. 18 for the fichu, and cream filoselle for the border. This cream-coloured filoselle is very exquisite for borders, or for fringing fichus, or for darning net for neckties, or net for lace to trim them with. It is novel, pretty, and useful, inasmuch as the filoselle washes well, and retains its glossiness when washed and ironed, provided no starch be used.

ROSE-LEAF PATTERN.—This very desirable pattern, which has been kindly sent to us by a subscriber (*Grandmamma*), and which we receive very gratefully, is extremely pretty for a border, knitted either in cotton or wool, or for a sofa cushion or tidy. An engraving of the pattern as a border will be given in next number. Materials, Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton No. 14. Needles No. 14. Cast on fifteen stitches for each pattern, and besides these, four edge stitches.

1st row. K 4 edge stitches *, make 1, K or knit 1; slip 1, K 1, pull slip-stitch over; pearl 1, K 2 together; K 1, pearl 1, K 1; slip 1, K 1, pull slip-stitch over; pearl 1, K 2 together, K 1; make 1, K 1. This last forms the division between the pattern. Repeat from *, and end with knit 4 instead of K 1.

2nd. Pearl 7 *, K 1, pearl 2, K 1, pearl 2, K 1, pearl 7. Repeat from *.

3rd. K 4 *, make 1, K 1, make 1, slip 1, K 1, pull the slip-stitch over; pearl 1, K 2 together, pearl 1, slip 1, K 1, pull slip-stitch over; pearl 1, K 2 together, make 1, K 3, make 1, K 1. Repeat from *, and end with K 4.

4th. Pearl 8 *, K 1, pearl 1, K 1, pearl 1, K 1, pearl 9. Repeat from *.

5th. K 4 *, make 1, K 3, make 1, slip 1, K 2 together, pull slip-stitch over; pearl 1, slip 1, K 2 together, pull slip-stitch over; make 1, K 3, make 1, K 1. Repeat from *, end with K 4.

A KNITTER.—Many thanks for calling our attention to the error, and for courtesy in kindly correcting. *Brioche stitch* is wool formed; slip 1, knit 2 together. All rows alike.

Instructions for a knitted petticoat required.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Printer's error. Thanks for notice.

ENQUIRER.—Snow-flake fringe is made like that represented in engraving and described in first article. The cotton material is that known as Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s "stay-cotton," from being used for cords in stays.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

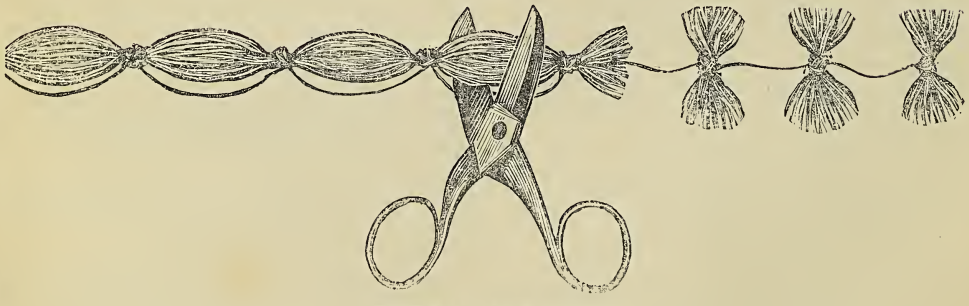
For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last wenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

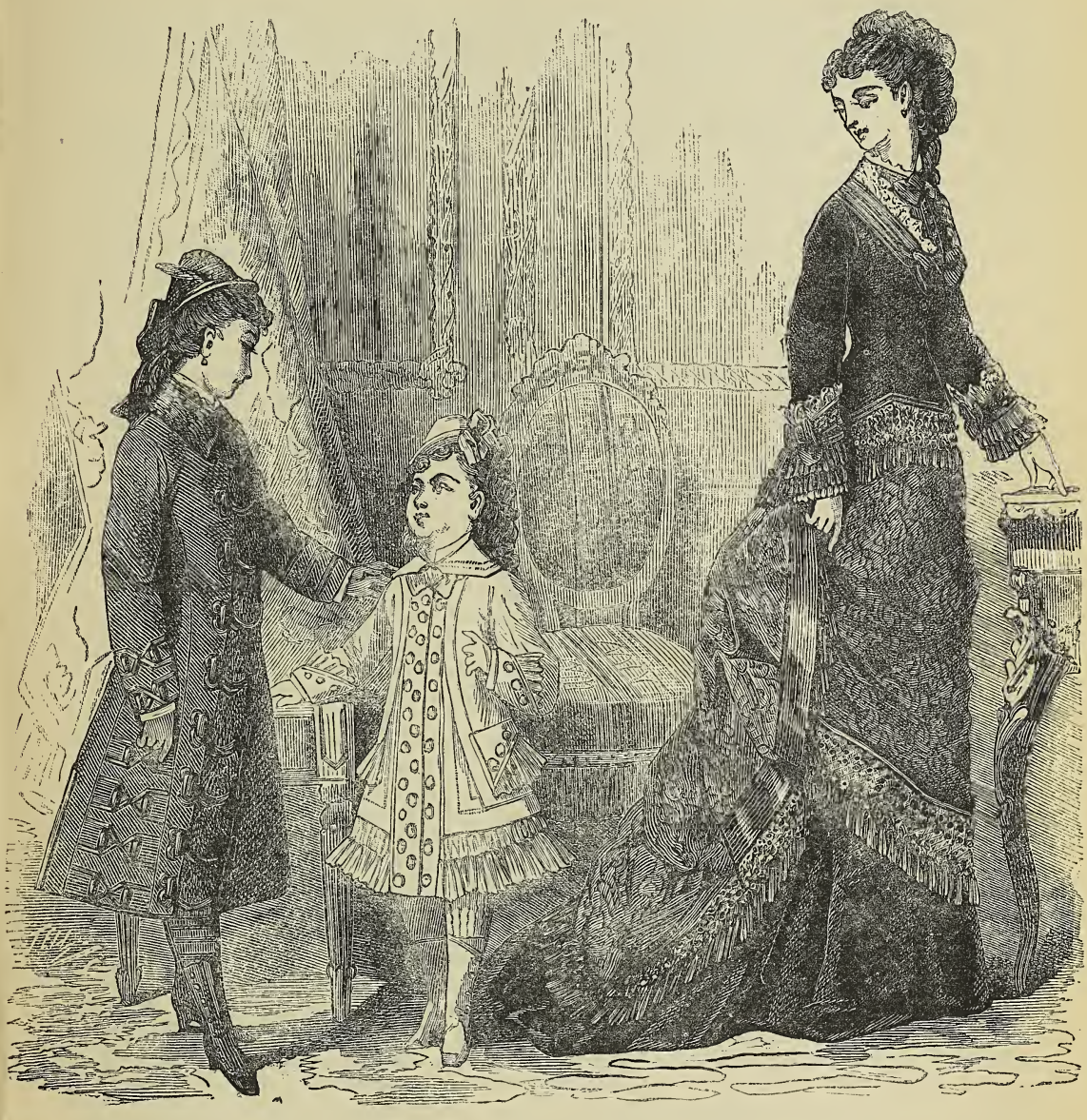
Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



NETTED FICHU FOR EVENING WEAR.



DETAIL OF FRINGE.



SPRING JACKET FOR LITTLE GIRL.

CHILD'S ROBE.

HOME DRESS.

1. SPRING COAT, Princess form, of dark blue cloth, very fine; or black cashmere. Trimming of plush. For a girl of eight or ten.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

2. ROBE OF WHITE CASHMERE, or Merino, trimmed with white silk. For an infant of five or six years.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

3. HOME DRESS, of dark blue silk and blue damassé, trimmed with gold and black braid and fringe, with deep heading. Petticoat of black velvet.

Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 3s. 1d.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

NEVER was there so much jewellery worn as at the present moment, and never were dresses longer and fuller than they are now at the back. It takes thirty-five metres or more, if they be yards, of silk to make a dress according to present fashion. The Lyons silkweavers should thrive, instead of starve, for if gauze and tulle tunics are worn for evening and cashmere tunics by day, the under-dress, with its serpent or peacock train, is always of silk. On the other hand, as very few ladies can afford silks at fifteen francs a metre, when so much material is required for a dress, it results that cheaper silks are employed; and as Lyons makes but very little cheap silk, other markets have to be resorted to; and thus the Lyons distress. In order to alleviate this, fashion-inventors are solicited to introduce more simple fashions into dressmaking, that ladies may be able to spend more on the materials of the dresses than on the making. Accordingly, a few well-intentioned ladies lately resolved to abolish every kind of tunic and polonaise, and to return to the plain, untrimmed Princess Robe. An attempt has already been made to this effect in high society. But before the fashion becomes general we must wait. It takes more than a coterie of ladies to change a fashion in these days. Worth, Pingat, and Aurelly must first be consulted. It is they who rule society, not society who rules them. Next winter, perhaps, we may see thick silks and plain skirts. If they are ever to become general, they will have to be rehearsed first at Trouville. If they please there their future will be assured. In the meantime we are still making tunics and polonaises to most of our dresses. When they are not made separate, they are simulated.

As you know, Madame de MacMahon was not at the Lyons charity ball, although her presence had been announced, together with her dress, which was ordered at Lyons expressly for the occasion. It was said to have been of white silk, brocaded with flowers. But neither the lady nor the dress were visible. The generality of the ladies—certainly, all the best dressed—were in white. Colours looked quite common. The Duchess R——, Madame de M——, Princess M——, Madame de la R—— Madame de B——, all, all in the purest of white silks and satins. Madame de V——, one of the greatest *élégantes* in Paris, was not only in white, but she had not a single jewel, nor even a flower, as ornament. She was the only example of "beauty unadorned" in all that vast assemblage.

Another noticeable dress was of white satin, with a high collaret of gold filigree. This collaret was a novelty, and attracted many an opera-glass to it.

Most ladies wore a black velvet dog-collar round the neck. Some were clasped with diamonds, others were studded with brilliants. One lady wore a collar of roses round her neck, which continued in two long streaming sprays down the back of the skirt. Very pretty for young girls.

As bonnets and hats are composed now entirely of flowers or feathers, so is it with evening head-dresses, which, in shape, are but very little different to the new hats and bonnets.

Natural flowers also are beginning to be much worn by French ladies. It was very long before they could be induced to copy English ladies in this respect, but now they are making amends for their reticence; and even the latest invented fan is of natural flowers. This is made somewhat in the shape of a fire hand-screen. Both sides are covered with natural flowers. It is, therefore, a screen, a bouquet, and a fan, all in one. I hear that the invention is of English origin. I should not be surprised if that were true. Other fans are of the usual style and size. Giant fans and miniature fans are both out of fashion. When not of flowers, fans should always be of the colour, and as much as possible of the same material, as the dress. White and black lace fans are much worn. There are not many feather fans this year.

One of the rising favourites in dressmaking at the present moment is Madame Irma Simon, Faubourg Saint Honoré. She has the reputation of never having yet made a misfit. Her bodices fit like wax upon the figure. She seems to have the secret of the cutters of the Middle Ages. You never see a disgraceful figure proceed from her workrooms; and besides her wonderful sculpturesque fit, she has an artistic taste for ornamentation, which is not exceeded by anyone. Here is a dinner-dress which I have just seen in her *salon*. It is of yellow-brown velvet, with long train at the back. The whole of the front is trimmed with rows of

fringe, alternately of brown chenille and yellow silk, forming tassels. Here is simplicity, elegance, taste, and richness combined. I do not think I shall be doing Madame Simon any wrong, in stating that she is successfully helped to fame and name by her coadjutant, an Italian lady, who has all the traditional love of art and beauty which her country can give. Thus it is that her dresses are so artistically draped though fitting as closely as fashion commands.

We are to wear many ribbons and much lace on our costumes this summer; they are gradually to take the place of embroidery, braids, and fringes. Even now dinner dresses are made of silk or satin, with the *fourreau* covered with deep lace flounces, alternately white and black. Each flounce formed a bow or puff at the side, under the train, which remains untrimmed. The lace flounces may be headed with a ruching, or a biais, or a piping to match the dress, or with a row of embroidered braid, or with a garland of leaves or foliage. For light-coloured silk or satin dresses, and when the flounces are all of white lace, a foliage heading is preferred, and this foliage may be carried loosely over the back of the train, where it falls as a sash might do. The head-dress will then also be of foliage.

The new colours are, besides the ugly mandarine, peach, pea-green, and every shade of yellow, from the palest straw to the deepest fire.

Two new spring bonnets are called "Dora" and "Aïda." The Dora is a reddish straw bonnet, covered with two wreaths of spring flowers. The Aïda is a bronze-coloured straw, trimmed with tulips and feathers. In shape they are somewhat quakerish-looking. The crown, however, is much larger than the brim, and is quite flat, though round. Coloured straw bonnets seem to have the preference for the moment. They are made of almost every colour, and match with the costumes which they are to accompany. I have even seen a peach-coloured straw hat trimmed with cowslips and primroses.

But the floral bonnet will, as summer approaches, be first favourite. Already bonnets entirely of white lilacs and red lilacs are seen, with branches of the same falling over the back. Then there are bonnets of lilies of the valley, and of wall-flowers and hyacinths, of roses, of grapes, also pea-blossoms, forget-me-nots, May-blossoms, and others; nor must we forget the violet, daisy, and pink, which are also used to form a bonnet. No trimming whatever is put on these bonnets, and veils are impossible with them. Consequently, only the young can wear them, though no doubt old ladies will try, which they can well do, if they place the flowers on a black lace foundation with lace strings. But, then, the bonnets will no longer be floral bonnets, they will be lace mantillas, with flower hoods. These, elderly ladies may wear, but the young alone can wear a real flower bonnet.

Dress sleeves are still made very short, not much lower than the elbow.

Shoes and coloured stockings are more than ever in favour. And every kind of underclothing elaborately trimmed with lace and muslin puffings, and frills. But more of this another time.

As you may well imagine, the ball at the Grand Opéra has been the greatest event of the past month. It is true that the company was as mixed as on an ordinary night, for everyone could enter who paid at the door. Consequently, some of the dresses were not of the freshest description. Still, there were enough to admire and enough to copy, if so be your wish. For a week and more before the ball, dressmakers, milliners, and hairdressers had been at work inventing new things for their customers; and on the day of the ball itself I hear that many hairdressers had to begin dressing the ladies' hair at nine o'clock in the morning. This may not be so bad as during the period when powdered hair was worn in a pyramid on the head, and when ladies had to have their hair dressed twenty-four hours in advance. Still, to remain *coiffée* for fourteen hours is torture enough. During all those hours these unfortunate victims of fashion must remain immovable, for fear of a curl falling out of place, or a flower or a ribbon being disturbed or crushed; as not only must the hair be dressed, it must also be decked with the wreaths, or other ornaments, which are required for the night! And the effect of these gala heads emerging from the ruffles of flannel dressing-gowns is very funny. It is quite a caricature of the new whim of disguising the head alone in fancy balls.

M. DE B.



EVENING DRESS.

Petticoat of blue silk, with four flounces. Tunic of *broche*, white ground, and blue flowers; bodice of *broche*. The tunic is trimmed with lace, made of white Brussels net, and darned in pattern with white and blue filoselle. Fan-shaped pocket, trimmed with lace, and finished by loops of ribbon, blue and white. Habit-jacket bodice, in front cut square; blue ribbon encircling an upstanding ruff of tulle, edged with narrow blonde.

Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 5s. 6d.; of bodice and sleeves, 2s.



BACK OF EVENING DRESS ON PRECEDING PAGE.

The tunic, composed of two very long scarfs of net, is arranged on the petticoat and fixed there. One scarf crosses the front in folds, and is fastened here and there to suit the figure; bows and ends conceal some of the fastenings.

A black silk petticoat, and a black net tunic, striped with orange, and with ribbons of shades of orange and orange-brown, looks well; but the draping can only be well done on the figure.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED PLATE.

HOME DRESS of the new cinnamon colour faille. Cuirass bodice. The skirt and tunic both of faille, and trimmed with brown Sicilienne (poplin). The plastron is fixed on one side, and buttoned on its opposite. Brown faille hat, with cinnamon-coloured feather, pink rose, and foliage.

COSTUME FOR WALKING of navy blue serge of the finest quality. Tunic and fourreau-jacket trimmed with galon, upon which the design is raised in the manner of raised crewel work. Messrs. Halling, Pearce, and Stone, of Waterloo House, Cockspur Street, London, have some beautiful serge dresses of this description. Capote of blue velvet, the brim lined with black velvet and trimmed with a garland of spring flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE FASHIONS.

Spring fashions have been inaugurated by two specialties—one being the introduction of two new colours, "Mandarin," the colour of the small Mandarin orange, the Chinese imperial colour, and the *Vèsuve*, a bright flame tint—neither being becoming excepting to brunettes, and then only under some conditions. The ivory tint is superseded by the true écru colour—that is, the rich colour of the silk as it leaves the cocoon of the silkworm. The other novelty is the new arrangement of the hair, which is among the highest fashionables now dressed so low that it cannot be seen above the front hair. Soon, therefore, there must be an alteration in the style of bonnets. For the evening the hair at the back is covered by a simple wreath. It is a return to the style *à la Grecque* of fifteen years back. The Countess Pourtalès and Princess Metternich first appeared in this renewed fashion. The hair was in a knot at the back; the head was bound with three or four gold bands, one being placed down on the forehead where the hair terminates. It is to these ladies that the high collars are attributed. Now there is a reason for all this, which is a most thankful boon to elderly ladies. The hair turns gray on the temples first; indeed, will often remain obstinately so, no matter what renovator may be used. The gold band hides this. In 1834 bands of black velvet were used for the same purpose. The upright collar conceals the wrongs which time may have inflicted on the once swan-like throat. Hence a large number of grateful people of a certain age will be very ready to follow such convenient fashions; but what for the young? Are they to look like their grandmothers?

THE PRINCESSE POLONAISE AND ROBE are extremely fashionable. By this description is understood bodice and skirt cut in one; no division. The polonaise is, however, long, but not so long as the skirt. The Princess robe is a dress very much trained. The back breadths of both are seldom cut—that is, there is no seam down the centre at the back, though the back of the bodice may be cut to shape. The polonaise is buttoned down the front, either in a straight manner or across diagonally. The buttons or patent hooks are hidden, and loops of ribbon replace the buttons, the loops being thick, and so long that this trimming resembles a deep fringe. The front may be of one plain fabric, and the back of the same colour and material, but figured; or poplin and broche — that is, figured glossy silk—may be draped across the poplin polonaise.

TRIMMINGS for polonaises are principally braid or galon—that is, if two colours be used—the braids being each a quarter of an inch wide, they are put on, the colours alternating, to the depth of three or four inches, the outside row on each side being twisted to form a raised edge.

POLONAISES of sprigged muslin will be worn this summer, trimmed with lace or embroidery, and over coloured petticoats of Swiss cambric, with flounces so finely pleated as to look like crimping.

The PRINCESSE ROBE has the fulness at the back drawn in pleats under two broad bands of velvet, edged with lace or passementerie. The front may be trimmed with lace or passementerie or fringe, but all must be set on as flat as possible. For evening dress these robes are cut square in the front and high in the back, the sleeves reaching only to the elbow, where they are wide, and have lace descending from them, wide at the elbow and narrow in front, fastened by a small butterfly bow or jewel. Long black silk mittens are worn by those who wish to conceal their arms.

The Cuirass Bodice and bodice with coat basques remain favourites; and for both good shaped corsets are needed. Messrs. Avis and Co., of Islington, London, have introduced some really beautiful stays, terminating in a deep indiarubber band, the busk being very broad at the lower end, where it is essentially needful, so that an indifferent figure is by these corsets made infinitely more shapely.

Trimmings.—Fringes are to continue in favour, some of these of marvellous beauty being very expensive. The netted kind, costly though they are, will still be used; they greatly enrich a dress. The mixture of gold-coloured threads in the heading and in the fringe gives a decided richness to this trimming.

Braids and galons of all kinds are yet worn, and likely to be so. The braids on print or écru dresses should be brown and white in alternating rows, others in colours to match the material of the dress, but also each colour alternating.

Paletots.—All are demi-fitting; that is, nearly tight in the back and somewhat loose in front. The style is given in the February number of the "Ladies Treasury," p. 114. Instead of fur or pluche, ostrich feather trimming or chicoree-ruche, or lace. Down the front long loops of narrow ribbon. Where it is possible, all trimmings should be flat.

Fichus will be again worn during the summer, made principally of cashmere and silk, with handsome netted fringe; undoubtedly they are becoming. At Waterloo House, Messrs. Halling, Pearce, and Co. have some very pretty fichus made of various materials and of excellent shape. Fichus should match the colour of the dress, but not be of the same material.

Neckties of wide lace or wide net bordered with old lace will be much worn as the spring advances. They are tied under the chin, and conceal the inroads of time. It may, however, be remarked they will not suit every neck. Ladies who have what is termed a double chin cannot wear them, this said double chin disturbing with every movement the set form of the two wide bows, and therefore they soon look untidy; but with two broad ends only, and round the neck a ribbon an inch and half wide, tied in long loops and ends, will look better than lace bows.

In Bonnets and Hats there is nothing new. A slight variation of shape or trimming here and there may be seen, and one brim a little deeper, rounder, or higher than another, so that any fashion suitable to figure, face, and age may be worn. They will certainly become small by degrees and beautifully less, if the hair is to be arranged at the back of the head instead of upon it. Fashion does not suddenly change. Strings, or scarfs which serve as strings, are seen on most bonnets worn by ladies of middle age.

The popular colours are orange in all its shades of yellow, from that of gamboge to a deep yellow red, or coral colour; tilleul (lime blossoms) and all its shades to reseda (mignonette); cinnamon brown and its shades to the darkest, richest brown.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

These do not vary from month to month. As an out-door wrap, there is the Boyard or Hungarian paletot of black matelassé cloth, trimmed all round and up the front with bands of black plush, also with braidings of passementerie across the front. This is more particularly a little girl's paletot, and should be accompanied by a toquet of the same material, and trimmed with the same.

For the house, a dress of dark blue, green, or maroon cloth, vigogne, or cashmere is the most comfortable style of dress for little girls. It is made quite loose, with deep, square collar, cuffs, and pockets trimmed with braid, and two rows of buttons down the front.

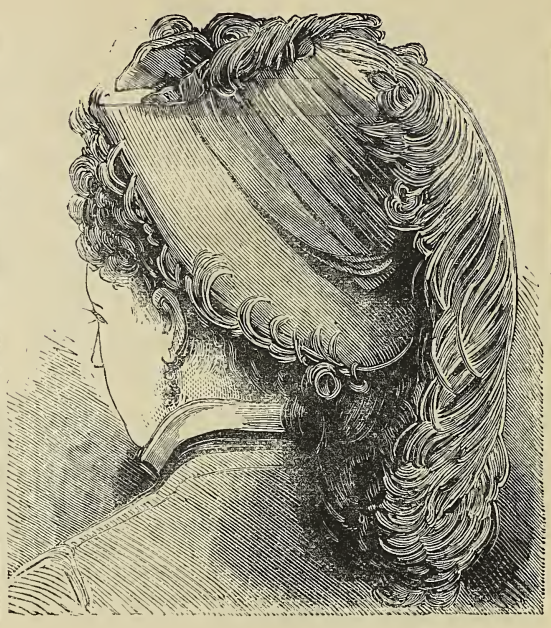
Older girls wear the long polonaise or the plain Princesse dress, with no loopings up whatever, but only a very large scarf bow and lapels placed low down behind. This bow may be simply of the material of the dress, piped with silk or edged with braid, or it may be of velvet or faille.

Plaids and checks, which have not been much worn by ladies this winter, are still very fashionable for children. Black velvet sashes and trimmings look best with bright-coloured plaids; when, on the contrary, the material is of some dark or dull tint, the ornaments should be of a gay colour, and may be cut the cross-way out of plaid, checked, or striped fabrics.

French merino of all light shades is the best material for children's dresses—where economy is needful—as it will re-dye again and again, and so the elder children's robes will do duty for the youngest. Serge is useful; but where strict economy must be practised, there is no material equal to black lustre-alpacca; neither dust nor mud will stick to it, nor rain hurt it, and though inexpensive it may be tastefully made.

THE GABRIELLE HAT

Is of ivory-white plush. It has a wide brim; is raised on one side by a bunch of red roses—*roses du roi.* On the other side is a narrow band of white ostrich feathers, *frizzed*, or curled closely. The crown has two bands of ivory satin round it, terminated by a rosette of satin, with two short ends. A superb ivory ostrich feather is fixed between this, and falls on the back.





We might remark here that no very great alteration will be found generally this season in the style of either hats or bonnets. Until a decided change occurs in the dressing of the hair, very little difference in material or style will be found. Among the eccentricities, which soon become popular, is the Calabrian brigand's hat, made of straw, and with a pointed crown.

LA GABRIELLE

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF A HAT FOR THE CARRIAGE, THE THEATRE, OR FOR A WEDDING.



PROMENADE COSTUME.

Dress of iron-grey silk. Tunic and bodice of a shade darker. Sleeves of light shade. The train is differently trimmed from the front, which has a deep, straight-cut flounce, gathered in two places; and with a fine pleating of silk, which is run on to the the edge of the skirt, and turned up over it, thus lying perfectly flat upon the concealed edge. At the back, though the edge is finished in the same way, the flounce is cross-cut; and instead of the heading formed by the silk, a breadth of silk finished by a row of fringe falls upon it, and forms part of the tunic, which is draped in upward folds in front. Jacket of black velvet, trimmed with gold, orange, and black galon; gold and orange ribbons, and gold and orange coloured silk buttons. The revers of pocket and cuff of orange silk. The fringe is black and gold, mingled with threads of orange colour. Black bonnet of fine chip, gold and orange feathers, and ribbon.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 2s.; of bodice and sleeves, 1s. 7d.; of jacket, 1s. 8d.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up :—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	2	8
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Tabliers with different sides	2	6
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	8
Fichus	1	1
Cross overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New long Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Virginia Collarette	0	9
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7
Six shapes for small collars	0	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, and the *size of waist*.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band have button-holes, and be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

MRS. M. E. L. (Shrewsbury).—French merino, about 2s. the yard, makes excellent morning robes, which resemble dressing gowns; trim it with a galon. The most useful colour is a chestnut brown with bands of a darker shade; the prettiest is lilac with bands of white alpaca. You can have almost any colour in French merino and at the price named of Messrs. Harvey, Westminster Bridge Road, London, or of Messrs. Glave, Oxford Street, London.

L. C. (Rectory).—Messrs. Halling, Pearce, and Stone, of Cockspur Street, London, have a very beautiful show of mantles from twenty-five guineas down to a much lower price, and in various materials; some with rich oriental grounds, through which a gold thread glimmers under every aspect, and trimmed with ostrich feathers. Others of drab Cashmere beautifully braided. You will there find some exquisite dinner and evening dresses.

M. D. (Taunton).—You can have the pattern of a petticoat to fit a corset band for 1s. 7d.

To many enquirers who wish to know the meaning of Princesse dress.—Bodice and skirt are cut in one piece.

A FORREAU (armour) is a not quite loose jacket. That is, it is shaped under the arms and slightly so in the back; it does not hang quite loose from the figure. May be made in cloth or silk. In the coloured plate of this number the serge jacket is a "forreau."

"SICILIENNE" is Irish poplin; "Vicugna" is a very soft woollen material, generally quite plain; "Marabout," also woollen, is soft to the touch, but appears rough and mossy on the surface; "Cashmere des Indes" is a soft but thin woollen fabric, English cashmere being somewhat thick and of close texture. "Estamene" serge is slightly thick and not soft; it is, however, firm in texture. There are a number of other names for materials of a similar character, which are fancy designations given by the manufacturers.

BARRY'S letter of the 19th ult. came too late for reply last month. Cut basques out of the sash, and have the bodice neatly stitched on to them. The joining with a machine will scarcely be perceptible. Cut a pattern in old calico before cutting the sash.

Mrs. McF.—Your narrow polonaise can be transformed into one with a train. Rip the back seam; cut the length of the train you wish to have in paper or old calico, then pleat it up in fan form, and see how much stuff you need, either of the same tint, or lighter or darker. The seam should be opened to within four nails of the waist. Loops of ribbon may be placed down the centre, or one of the back breadths looped in a careless way across the added piece. A trained robe looks well this way, as it forms a peacock-tail shape.

Miss Jeannette.—If a silk cannot be afforded for a bridal dress, and it is imperative that you must wear white, a white alpaca is excellent, but is expensive—there is a lustre of silk upon it; or a white French merino, which, if you do not wear it afterwards, can be dyed and made useful. We have seen a dress of this kind not made for a wedding which was trimmed with clear muslin, embroidered; but silk is preferable. If the wedding took place in May, then white muslin, clear or mull, is the very thing for you. Do not spare the loops of gros-grain ribbon down the front.

Enquirer.—We have heard of this new material for dresses—"jute"; but pine-apple fibre, most exquisitely fine, has long been woven into dresses and scarves. Some lovely specimens of this fabric may be seen in the Technological Gallery at the Crystal Palace. At a "jute" factory in Barrow, Lancashire, a ball is to be given in September or October of this year, when the guests are expected to appear in costumes made at this factory from "jute." The dresses are all to be of the style of Louis XIV. period. The ball was to have been earlier given, but it was found impossible to get the dresses made at so short a notice. One thing we can say, if the tissue be at all like the thread, the woven fabric is everlasting wear.

Paper Patterns.—The demand for these is so great that it is impossible to send them out in even reasonable time. Good cutters are not to be had, though plenty of indifferent ones may be found.

Mrs. L. (Tiverton).—Messrs. Avis and Co., of 213, Upper Street, Islington, are making "the drawers without fulness," in calico and flannel. They will give you every information respecting price, and also of their well-made night-dresses.

A Constant Subscriber.—Both short and demi-long paletots are and will be worn. Almost anything may be worn under the authority of fashion. A lady celebrated for her good taste in the matter of dress remarks:—"The one test of true distinction is the minute taste and personal tact which teaches one to choose the materials, the colours, the shapes which best suit one's age, figure, and circumstances. Thus a magnificent costume, which would be quite in place in a sumptuous drawing-room or at a dinner-party, will be strangely out of place in a simple dwelling, and could scarcely go out in company with an umbrella, or even under the protection of a waterproof—two things most useful, and highly to be approved of in the wardrobe of a lady of modest position. Thus, again, a lady of taste will never wear too light a dress in the day, or too dark a one of an evening: she will not put on light-coloured gloves for general wear in the morning, even when they are getting shabby, nor will she exhibit dark ones by gaslight, even were they quite fresh and new. She would rather never wear a silk dress in her life than be obliged to finish it of a morning, with its worn edges and faded trimmings. Give her rather a print or a merino, and in these she will contrive to look elegant, because she will wear them in their own time and season, made up neatly and tastefully."

DRESSES AT THE DRAWING ROOMS.

At the last Drawing Room, held on the 14th of March, her Majesty wore a dress with a train of black satin, embroidered in silk, and a long white tulle veil surmounted by a diadem of diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a necklace of large uncut Oriental rubies set in diamonds, the Koh-i-noor as a brooch, and diamond earrings; the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, Louise of Prussia, St. Katherine of Russia, St. Isabelle of Portugal, &c., and the Saxe Coburg and Gotha Family Order. Her Majesty's dress was embroidered at the Royal School of Art Needlework.

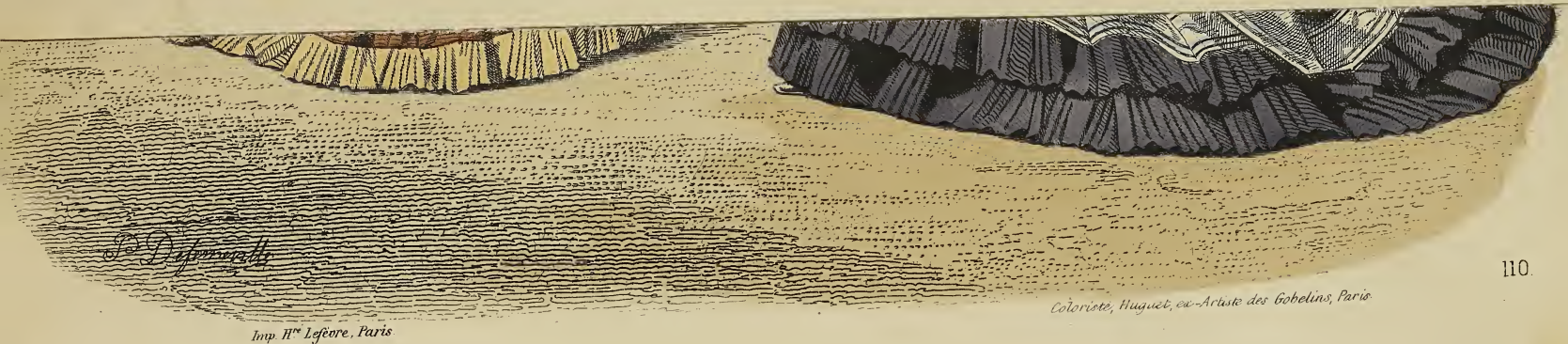
Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice wore a dress of white silk trimmed with floss embroidery, and a white striped velvet train; head-dress, feathers and veil; ornaments, turquoises and diamonds. Her Royal Highness also wore the Star of St. Katherine of Russia, the Order of St. Isabelle of Portugal, the Victoria and Albert Order, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.



CUIRASS BODICE WITH SIMULATED WAISTCOAT.
FOR A GIRL OF SIXTEEN.

The tablier of this dress is of plain grey lainage; the petticoat of the same striped pattern as the bodice. The waistcoat is simulated by two rows of worsted braid. A simulated waistcoat of silk or velvet of the same colour as the dress looks well.

Plain paper pattern of bodice, 1s. 7d.



110.

Imp. Hte Lefèvre, Paris

Coloriste, Huguet, ex-Artiste des Gobelins, Paris.

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



Imp Mre Lefevre Paris

Rue de Vaugirard à Artistic des Gobelins, Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



RECEPTION DRESS.

Skirt of brown silk, with three flounces. Round the hem is a narrow quilling of white muslin to protect the edge. Tunic of *broché* silk, the convolutions of which can only be arranged and fixed on the skirt | Cuirass-bodice of *broché*. Sleeves, plain silk.

Plain pattern of bodice and sleeves, 1s. 7d.; of the skirt and tunic, 8s. 6d.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

USEFUL GYMNASTICS.—Some time ago a well-known teacher of gymnastics in London invented an elaborate machine for bringing into exercise all the muscles of the body. It was a complicated arrangement of pulleys and stirrups, handles, yoke-pieces, &c., and was rather formidable-looking and very expensive. Nevertheless, as it was introduced during one of the periods when a rage for physical improvement had taken hold of people's minds, it was recommended by a considerable number of medical men, and purchased by many families. Growing girls and women were to be specially benefited by this machine; and people were inclined to permit its use, although they would neither have gone themselves nor allowed their daughters to go to a gymnasium. In a little while, however, it was found that the exercises prescribed by the ingenious inventor were exact copies of the movements executed in the performance of common manual duties, such as the various household exercises of sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, and common gardening operations, such as watering flowers, and perhaps a little gentle digging. When this discovery was made, the machine was discontinued in sensible households, and the girls of the family took to doing real work, and found it much more amusing, as well as of service in the house.

VARNISHING WALL-PAPER.—Melt common size, and then add one-fourth cold water, then strain through muslin. Apply it briskly with a worn distemper brush; when dry give another coat. Half the size should be kept warm near the fire in readiness for use when the other is chilled. If the paper is delicate use Young's patent size, twopence per pound.

DYEING WITH ANILINE COLOURS.—Prepare the French merino by well cleaning it with soap and water, abstracting the grease spots, if necessary, with benzoline. Then mix the dye with boiling water, and submerge the cloth, taking care that all of it be under the liquor at the same time. When the cloth is properly dyed, plunge it in cold water, and afterwards rinse well in cold water with a little acetate of soda mixed with it; dry, and then finish.—FRED. A. JESSETT, in *English Mechanic.*

FLOORS (TO POLISH).—The French do it as follows:—Dissolve half a pound of potash, in three pints of water, in a saucepan on the fire; when the water boils throw in one pound of beeswax, cut up in small pieces; stir well until the wax is quite melted. When the polish is cold, if it be too thick, add more water, then with a brush paint the boards evenly with it, and when it has dried rub them with a flannel tied to the end of a broom. — SCIUSCELLA, in *Queen.*

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

BUCKHURST.— *French Gingerbread* (*Gateaux d'Epice*).— Mix together one pound of treacle, six ounces butter melted, one ounce each of powdered ginger and cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of powdered coriander seeds, an ounce each of candied orange and lemon peel, cut into thin shavings, half a pod of vanilla cut into small pieces and steeped in a wine-glassfull of brandy for two days; closely cork the bottle; put in this brandy, and press the pod well; put all on the fire; stir the mixture well, and simmer for five minutes; then pour it out, and, when cool, beat in by degrees as much flour as can be kneaded into a smooth paste; roll it out, and cut it with the top of a wine glass, and bake in buttered tins for nearly an hour. It is the vanilla, which has a perfume exactly like Balsam of Peru, that is the characteristic of French Gingerbread.

ENQUIRER. — *Treacle Posset.*— In a pint of boiling milk, put in a large tablespoonful of treacle: this turns the milk to whey and curd. A nicer way is to put in the treacle just before the milk boils: it turns then not to whey but to a pleasant thick mass of fine curd.

CHICORY COLOURING.—Don't boil it; only pour boiling water on it; then it will not be bitter.

TOPSY. — *Ervalenta Arabica* is finely-ground lentils. Get a pint of split lentils at a corn-chandlers; wash them several

times in warm water, then in cold; tie them loosely in a thin calico bag, plunge it into plenty of boiling water, and boil rapidly for three hours. Take them up, pulp them through a colander, and make into soup by adding a little beef-tea, milk, or water and butter, adding two teaspoonfuls of flour first mixed with cold water. This is the red soup of the Arabs.

SUSIE.—*Mattie's Pudding.*—Cover a flat dish with puff paste. Slice thinly half an ounce each of candied citron, orange, and lemon peel, and lay them all over the paste, *not on the edges.* Melt six ounces of fresh butter, the same of powdered loaf sugar, and stir into it the well-beaten yolks only of four eggs; stir the whole till it comes to the boil, then pour it on the candied peel and bake for three-quarters of an hour. To be eaten cold.

CROQUANTE OF HAM OR TONGUE (communicated by Miss Brewster).—Take six peeled potatoes, boiled meally, and rub them through a colander, add two tablespoonfuls of dissolved butter, and six tablespoonfuls of grated ham, tongue, or seasoned sausage-meat, or picked shrimps; first mix with a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, add a little grated nutmeg, white pepper, and salt; mix this with the yolks and whites of two beaten eggs, and form it into a stiff paste, divide into pieces, the size of large corks, and roll them; dip each piece in a beaten egg; roll each in fine sifted bread-crumbs, and fry in plenty of boiling lard or mild bacon dripping, or pot-fat (this is the butter-like fat which, when cold, lies on the surface of the water after boiling beef or mutton).

POTATO YEAST FOR MAKING BREAD.—With ordinary care guaranteed, it will make light and sweet bread:—Take one handful of hops, three or four medium-sized potatoes (washed and peeled), boil them in one quart of water until the potatoes will mash. Mash them very fine, strain the hops from the liquor, and return the potatoes and liquor to the pan, adding as much flour as will make a stiff paste when it cools; let it boil three or four minutes. When cool add one cupful of good yeast and corn meal (Indian corn) until it crumbles. Oatmeal will do quite as well if it is not musty. Dry this thoroughly in the sun, the stove, or before the fire. Place in well-stoppered bottles or jars when quite cool and dry, and it will keep for years. When required for use proceed as before—that is, boil hops and potatoes, adding one cupful of this dried yeast when cool, but no corn meal. Let this stand overnight in a warm place; in the morning take eight or ten pounds of good flour and sufficient warm water (about 90 deg. Fahr.) to make a dough that will not stick to the hands; let it rise in a warm place, mould it, and after it has well risen bake in a moderate oven one hour and a half. Care must be taken to prevent it souring from over rising. If these directions are followed, better bread cannot well be made.

PASTIMES, CHESS.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month for insertion in their proper place.

MAGIC SQUARE.

Construct a magic square of the following series:—5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, &c., and as far as 125.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. In how many ways can a crown be paid? Employ one or more of the three smallest silver coins current, and but a total of 17 coins.

2. What is the gain per cent. by buying coals at 30s. per ton and selling them at 35s.?

3. My garden is 10 times as long as it is broad, and contains exactly an acre. What is the length of its hedge all round?

4. The two number whose product, quotient, sum, and difference added together = 72, are as 25 to 1; find them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. In six pretty rows I planted twelve trees,
Just four in a row were swayed by the breeze.
Now show how I did it, for once play at thinking,
You'll find it much better than flirting or
"rinking."

2. Out of four times an article in common use, together with five hundred of anything else, make a small square, so that one lady may appear twice and another four times.

1. My *primal* rhymes with *hero* well;
But hear what history has to tell
Of him who bore a name so vile,
Whose deeds are hard to reconcile

With Heaven's gift, the soul divine,
In which the light of love should shine.
Like sinful passions in the breast,
The fertile source of man's unrest,
My *second* will in time destroy
The fairest blossoms; and the joy
Of buoyant hope and anxious care
Becomes at last a dark despair.
Reverse each one, and then unite
To form my *whole*—a town you'll write
Of much importance to a nation,
Of grasping—*on dit*—reputation.

2. *My beginning* is the *end*
Of man, and woman, too;
My middle is the *middle*
Of all the world 'tis true;
My *end* is the *beginning*
Of every great-invention,
Which, wanting *me*, would simply be
Benevolent intention.

3. Without *me* some would be so—

Well, perhaps you had better find it out for yourself!

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN MARCH NUMBER.

If l represent the number of ladies, g the number of gentlemen, and n the number selected from each to form the successive couples, the whole number of arrangements, each being different from the other, is stated thus:—

$$\frac{\lfloor l}{\lfloor n \,\lfloor l-n} \times \frac{\lfloor g}{\lfloor n \,\lfloor g-n}$$

Where $l = 21$, $g = 25$, and $n = 18$. The number of selections of ladies, each containing 18, would be—

$$\frac{21 \times 20 \times 19 \times 18}{18 \times 17} \quad \frac{3 \times 2 \times 1}{3 \times 2 \times 1 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1}$$

$$= \frac{21 \times 20 \times 19}{3 \times 2 \times 1} = 7 \times 190 = 1330.$$

Similarly the number of selections of gentlemen is—

$$\frac{25 \times 24 \times 23 \times 22 \times 21 \times 20 \times 19}{18 \times 17} \quad \frac{1}{1 \times 7 \times 6} \quad \frac{1}{1}$$

$$= \frac{25 \times 24 \times 23 \times 22 \times 21 \times 20 \times 19}{7 \times 6 \times 5 \times 4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1}$$

$$= 25 \times 23 \times 22 \times 38 = 480700.$$

Now *each* selection of 18 ladies can be arranged to dance with *each* separate arrangement of gentlemen, hence the total number of such dances must be—

$$1330 \times 480700 = 639331000.$$

If Mrs. De Vere gave her balls *every* ordinary night and twenty dances were completed each night, it would thus require 102,457 years to carry out the important directions she gave her guests.

The following is a better explanation of the principle on which the magic square is constructed:—

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

This is for odd numbers. Multiply half the sum of the lowest and highest terms of the series by the side of the square for the sum of each column, any way. Observe that you begin at the top of the centre column, and proceed crosswise to the right, taking care when the end of a column is reached to descend to the bottom of the next; and in case a figure already written obstructs your progress, drop to the compartment next below, and go on as before. By following the order of the figures according to these simple directions, you may construct a magic square of any given uniformly increasing arithmetical series.

Another example is given above, and it is hoped that as many readers as can find time will try to answer it by these hints for their guidance.

CHESS.

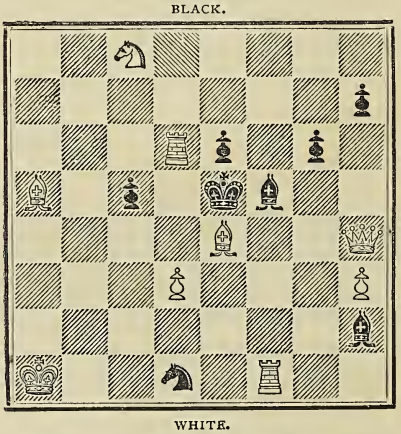
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XV.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 4.	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Correct solutions received from J. W., Huddersfield (a gem of the first water); C. D., Camberwell

(a problem of great merit); J. P. Taylor (a most interesting position); S. Rosewall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Rosewall.—You will find the best chess column in *Land and Water*. We cannot answer your other query.

Rev. E. Kirwan.—Problem received, with thanks.

The March number of the *Westminster Papers* contains a portrait of Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, the celebrated American lady chess-player. In introducing Mrs. Gilbert, the *Westminster* says:—"Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, of Hartford, United States, the lady whose portrait we have taken the liberty of placing in our gallery this month, has achieved a wide distinction in the world of chess. Against some of the strongest players of the United States and Canada, Mrs. Gilbert has displayed powers of imagination, resource, and tactical knowledge of the game that have placed her among the most eminent amateurs of our time, and that has been fitly recognised in the title conferred upon her by her countrymen, 'The Queen of Chess.'"

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR and Prince George are expected to join, after Easter, the *Britannia* training-ship at Dartmouth, the Prince and Princess of Wales having decided to enter the young Princes as cadets for the Royal Navy. The charge of their Royal Highnesses will be entrusted to Commander Lord Ramsay, R.N., son of Admiral the Earl of Dalhousie, and who has been Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh for some time past. Lord Ramsay served with Prince Alfred in the *Galatea*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has offered £300 as a gift to the widow of Mr. Walter Thornbury, with expressions of regret that he is unable to confer a pension out of the Civil List.

EDHEM PASHA, the present Grand Vizier, is a poet. He is the author of "Selim III.," "Johanna Gray," and other dramas. Before his departure from Berlin he finished a volume of poems, and handed the manuscript to the Oldenburg Court publishing firm of Schulze, who are about to bring it out in a handsome edition.

IT is said that the Senate of the University of London has decided, by a majority of fourteen to eight, to admit ladies to medical degrees.

AT the Friends' Meeting House, Westminster, a wedding recently took place between Mr. C. M'Laren, barrister, of Lincoln's Inn, son of Mr. M'Laren, M.P., and nephew of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., and Miss Laura Pochin, daughter of Mr. H. D. Pochin. This is, we are informed, the first marriage that has been solemnised according to the usages of the Society of Friends between persons not professing the religious views of Quakers, by virtue of an Act passed in 1873 by the late Lord Romilly. The marriage ceremony of the Friends is interesting, as having formerly (with the exception of that of the Jews) been for two hundred years the only legalised religious form of marriage outside the pale of the Establishment. It is now the only form of marriage among Dissenters which is valid without the presence of a registrar, and is constituted without the aid of a minister, by the public declaration of the parties themselves.

ACCORDING to Dr. Wallace, who gives his authority, many publicans are mainly supported by females, and these not the low outcasts, but apparently decent tradesmen's wives. And Bailie Lewis affirms that during the last five years female drinking has increased in Edinburgh 36 per cent., and, as a consequence of this, juvenile delinquents under sixteen years of age have increased 38 per cent.; under fourteen years 46 per cent.; and under ten years 100 per cent.

A MARRIAGE is arranged to take place between Major Butler, C.B., author of "The Great Lone Land," and Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the celebrated painter. A marriage is also arranged between her sister, Miss Alice Thompson, the author of a volume of poems entitled "Preludes," and Mr. Wilfrid Mennell. The 1st of June is the date appointed for these marriages.

LAST year the Parisians ate nearly 9000 horses, 643 asses, and 35 mules. In 1867 only 2152 horses were sold for food.

DR. ABERNETHY, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, sometimes went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favours upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in our carriages; without your assistance we should all go on foot, and be starved."

KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN leads an active and laborious life. He often starts with a couple of aides-de-camp and a few Horse Guards to gallop down to the drill ground of his soldiers before six in the morning. He is an early riser, and even in the palace studies and reads for three hours every morning before he receives his Ministers. He seldom abstains from the very irksome receptions, even in tropical weather, with the thermometer 93 deg. in the shade. He is particularly fond of reading English and French works of literature and history, but newspapers are not always allowed to reach him. His principal and favourite amusements are his rides and hunts.

GOVERNESSES IN RUSSIA.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a young English lady in Russia:—"You will have seen by the post-mark, or rather marks, that my letter has made a good long journey. You will find me almost in the south of the vast Russian Empire. My friends thought, after all the difficulties I had lately in England, it would be well to try another country, and upon the whole I may say that my enterprise has been successful, so that I do not regret having come to this icy country. I had some good introductions. We live quietly in the country. It is, of course, very lonely in winter, for most families live then in town, or if not, the roads and the weather are such that it is almost impossible to go out. Upon the whole, my engagement is one of the good ones, but it is a fact that Russia is no longer the 'gold mine' for governesses that it was

twenty years ago. Since the emancipation of the serfs, the nobility have more or less lost their money, consequently the salaries are not so high now. There are also now many good schools and pensions (boarding schools), and it is cheaper for the parents to send their children to these. Lastly, Russia is overrun with governesses. It is a pity there are no homes for governesses in this country, as those who come here without engagements have often great difficulties."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp —this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

GULDENCHEN (Darlington). — Gas Stoves.—We cannot tell you of any particular maker. Go to a good ironmonger's and see their capabilities for yourself. We only know that a gas stove is one of the greatest comforts in a house. We have one that cost 1s. 6d., another 3s. 6d., and a full-sized cookery stove £7 7s. This last has its failings, but all of them are useful, and we do not find the gas at 4s. 1d. per 1000 feet so expensive as coal at London prices.

EMMA —When we can obtain the patterns they will be inserted.

HOPEFUL.—We cannot tell you. Will some kind correspondent enlighten us—"Is it a correct thing for a gentleman to place his hand over his heart when he bows to a lady?"

ESSIE.—Miss Rhoda Broughton.—In Virgil *g* is sounded soft *j*.

E. V. M. K.—No space for insertion of tales, and poems are not paid for. Many thanks for the offer.

MERE DE FAMILLE. — Soojee is rough-ground Indian corn, but with the flour taken away. Soojee is glutinous a d strengthening, but with this all alcoholic liquors must be banished; they only cause weakness, and in time act as poisons.

HOUSEKEEPER —The so-called essence of bitter almonds has no trace of almonds in it. It is benzine treated with nitric acid, and termed essence of mirbane, which is sold as essence of almonds. For flavouring pastry and confectionery it is not so poisonous as the latter.

MIRAMEL.—For the profitable culture of mushrooms, see "Gardener's Magazine" for July, which was published August 1, 1876 —We like Wilcox and Gibbs' sewing machines better than any other for the reason that it is easy to use and imperfect work can be readily taken out.

INQUIRER.—Swami jewellery is obtainable at Messrs. Halling and Co.'s, Waterloo House. You will see some exquisite lockets of pure gold, also bracelets and brooches.

HOUSEKEEPER. — The paper is irretrievably damaged. You cannot, we think, restore it.

SUBSCRIBER.—Attention has been called to the fact, which we are unable now to remedy; it has gone too far to be broken off.

MRS. M. B. —"Lady Help," by Mrs. Warren, is now published at 1s. (1s. 2d. free) by Messrs. Houlston, Paternoster Square, London.

ENQUIRIES.

Gold designs on wall paper blackened by damp. Can this injury be remedied?—*Housekeeper.*

Description wanted of the new game, Cupid's Fair. —*Curioso.*

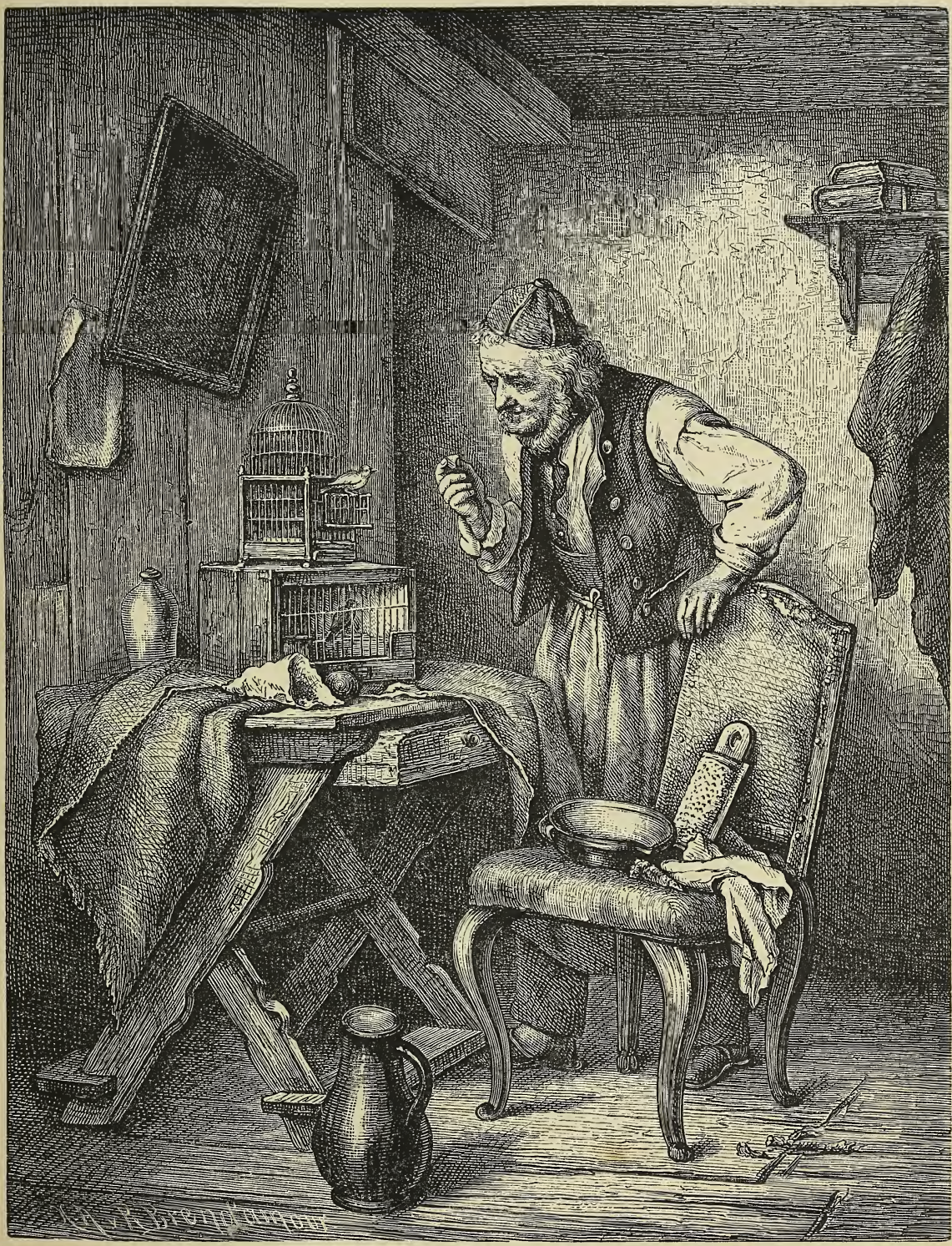
Wanted to know when the Middle Ages commenced and ended?—*Tyro.* [The first period of the Middle Ages commenced with the fall of Rome, A D. 476, and lasted for 338 years, to the death of Charlemagne. In this period the Papal power originated, in 814. The second commenced in 814 and lasted to the end of the Crusades in 1291; and the third period to the fall of Constantinople in 1453, altogether nearly a thousand years, and justly termed the Dark Ages, for the light of intelligence and progress was quenched by wars, invasions, and by numberless consequent atrocities.—*C.*]

Lisette.—"Bosh" is a Turkish word and means "empty."

"I am but superficially educated, and should like to know what books I must obtain to have a fuller knowledge of ancient history and matters pertaining thereto. Not having time to read a great deal, please don't recommend me anything very abstruse."—*Middlemarch.* ["Outlines of General History," by Dr Collier, published by T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row; "Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk Lore," by C. Hardwick (Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court); "The Two Babylons" (Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square, London); "Crossley's Intellectual Class Book" is both excellent and cheap (Simpkin and Marshall). If you know and can remember only all that this little manual teaches, your information will be extensive and varied. —*E. W.*]

Why is the Mullein said to be so good for coughs? —*Susy.* [Coughs often arise from acidity of the stomach, and as the plant contains a good deal of potash, it counteracts this acidity; a little bi-carbonate of potash would act quite as efficaciously.]

Would you tell me when the Latin language ceased to be spoken, and was it ever spoken in England?—*Wee Willie.* [The Latin as a spoken language died out about a hundred years after the ending of the Roman Empire. It was certainly spoken in England during the time that the Romans were its masters, nearly five hundred years.]



ALONE.

ALONE.

"IT is better to have loved and lost than than not to have loved at all." This proverb must be the utterance of youth, never that of age. To have outlived all that made life a blessing to live, is one of the evils of too many days. Wife and children all gone, one must find solace in something: the heart rarely submits to inanity; it must have a living thing to cling to. Bird or beast, cat or dog, in utter loneliness each are welcomed.

The difference in the habits of a lonely man and woman is generally perceptible in the neatness and order resulting from feminine fingers, while a man is the reverse of this. The engraving tells the tale of the wifeless one in the unswept floor, and the chair whereon are household implements instead of on the table. The man has "loved and lost," and now only the birds' chirp and their "cupboard love" are all that is left. Will he say it is better to have loved and lost when there is nothing but regretful remembrance left?

Yet however aged human beings become, the spirit never grows old, hence the clinging to life. The worn-out, feeble body is ready to be cast off as an old garment, but the soul—the ever-living soul—rebels, because of its youth. Life is life, however ruined the habitation is, and if the soul be cast down it is so for the decayed condition of the body.

Mrs. Thrale's tale of "The Three Warnings" very aptly illustrates this love of life which takes firm hold when even the senses fail. Death appears to neighbour Dobson on his wedding-day. Naturally the young bridegroom demurs to this visit till a later time:—

So death the poor delinquents spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell. No more
Shall death disturb your mirthful hour.
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both assented,
And parted perfectly contented.

* * * * *

Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought Dobson's eightieth year.
And now one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies.
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore!"
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind;
Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings."
"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest.
But don't be captious, friend, at last;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable.
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."
"Hold!" says the farmer. "Not so fast;
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies.
"However, you still keep your eyes,
And, sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death.
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none!" cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"If you are lame and deaf and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER IX. (*continued*).

As Regina lifted her face from her hands, she was surprised at the sudden gloom, that since she last looked out, had settled like a pall over the sky, darkening the church, rendering even the monuments indistinct. Hero began to whine and bark, and starting from her seat, Regina hurried towards the steps leading down from the organ-loft. Ere she reached them a fearful sound like the roaring of a vast flood broke the prophetic silence, then a blinding lurid flash seemed to wrap everything in flame; there was simultaneously an awful detonating crash, as if the pillars of the universe had given way. In the height of its fury it bowed the ancient elms as if they were mere reeds, and shook the stone church to its foundations, as a giant shakes a child's toy.

Frightened by the trembling of the building, Regina began to descend the stairs, guided by the incessant flashes of lightning, but when about half-way down a terrific peal of thunder so startled her, that she missed a step, grasped at the balustrade but failed to find it, and rolled helplessly to the floor. Stunned and mute with terror, she attempted to rise, but her left foot, crushed under her in the fall, refused to serve her, and with a desperate instinct of faith she crawled through the inside door and down the aisle, seeking refuge at the altar of God. Dragging the useless member, she reached the chancel at last, and as the lightning showed her the railing, she laid herself down, and clasped the mahogany balusters in both hands.

In the ghastly electric light she saw the wild eyes of the lion in the pulpit window glaring at her, but over all the holy smile of Christ, as looking down in benediction, He soared away heavenward; and above the howling of the hurricane rose her cry to Him who stilleth tempests, and saith to wind and sea, "Peace! be still."

"O Jesus! save me, that I may see my mother once more!"

She imagined there was a lull, certainly the shrieking of the gale seemed to subside, but only for half a moment, and in the doubly fierce renewal of elemental strife, amid deafening peals of thunder, and the unearthly glare that preceded each reverberation, there came other sounds more appalling, and as the church rocked and quivered, some portion of the ancient edifice fell, adding its crash to the diapason of the storm. Believing that the roof was falling upon her, Regina shut her eyes, and in after years she recalled vividly two sensations that seemed her last on earth; one, the warm touch of Hero's tongue on her clenched fingers, the other, a supernatural wail that came down from the gallery, and that even then she knew was born in the organ. Was it the weird fingering of the sacrilegious cyclone that concentrated its rage upon the venerable sanctuary? After a little while the fury of the wind spent itself, but the rain began to fall heavily, and the electricity drama continued with unabated vigour and fierceness.

Although unusually brave for so young a person, Regina had been completely terrified, and she lay dumb and motionless, still clinging to the altar railing. At last when the wind left the war to the thunder and the rain, Hero, who had been quiet until now, began to bark violently, left her side, and ran to and fro, now and then uttering a peculiar sound, which with him always indicated delight. His subtle instinct was stronger than her hope, and as she raised herself into a sitting posture, she saw that he had sprung upon the top of one of the side aisle pews, and thence into the window, which had been left open by the sexton.

Here he lingered as if irresolute, and in an agony of dread at the thought of being deserted, she cried out:

"Here, Hero! Come back! Hero, don't leave me to die alone!"

He whined in answer, and barked furiously as if to reassure her; then the whole church was illumined with a lurid glory that seemed to scorch the eyeballs with its intolerable radiance, and in it she saw the white figure of the dog plunge into the blackness beyond.

She knew the worst was over, unless the lightning killed her, for the wind had ceased and the walls were still standing; but the atmosphere was thick with dust and redolent of lime, and she conjectured that the plastering in the gallery had fallen, though the tremendous crash portended something more serious. She tried to stand up by steadying herself against the balustrade, but the foot refused to sustain her weight, and she sank back into

her former crouching posture, feeling very desolate, but tearless and quiet as one of the apostolic figures that looked pityingly upon her whenever the lightning smote through them.

She turned her head, so that at every flash she could gaze upon the placid face of the beautiful Christ floating above the pulpit; and in the intense intervening darkness tried to possess her soul in patience, thinking of the mercy of God, and the love of her mother. She knew not how long Hero had left her, for pain and terror are not accurate chronometers, but after what appeared a weary season of waiting she started when his loud bark sounded under the window through which he had effected his exit. She tried to call him, but her throat was dry and parched, and her foot throbbed and ached so painfully that she dreaded making any movement. Then a voice always pleasant to her ears, but sweeter now than an archangel's, shouted above the steady roar of the rain:

"Regina! Regina!"

She rose to her knees, and, with a desperate exertion of lungs and throat, answered:

"I am here! Mr. Lindsay, I am here!"

Remembering that words ending in "o" were more readily distinguished at a distance, she added: "Hero! oh Hero!"

His frantic barking told her that she had been heard, and then through the window came once more the music of the loved voice.

"Be patient. I am coming."

She could not understand why he did not come through the door instead of standing beneath the window, and it seemed stranger still, that after a little while all grew silent again. But her confidence never wavered, and in the darkness she knelt there patiently, knowing that he would not forsake her. It seemed a very long time before Hero's bark greeted her once more, and turning towards the window a lingering zigzag flash of lightning showed her Douglas Lindsay's face, as he climbed in, followed by the dog.

"Regina! where are you?"

"Oh, here I am!"

He stood on one of the seats swinging a lantern in his hand, and as she spoke he sprang towards her. Still clutching the altar railing with one hand, she knelt, with her white suffering face upturned piteously to him, and stooping he threw his arms around her and clasped her to his heart.

"My darling, God has been merciful to you and me!"

She stole one arm up about his neck and clung to him, while for the first time he kissed her cheek and brow.

"Does my darling know what an awful risk she ran? The steeple has fallen, and the whole front of the church is blocked up, a mass of ruins. I could not get in, and feared you were crushed, until I heard Hero bark from the inside, and followed the sound which brought me to the window, whence he jumped out to meet me. At last when you answered my call, I was obliged to go back for a ladder. Here, darling, at God's altar let us thank Him for your preservation."

He bowed his face upon her head, and she heard the whispered thanksgiving that ascended to the throne of grace, but no words were audible. Rising he attempted to lift her, but she winced and moaned, involuntarily sinking back.

"What is the matter? After all, were you hurt?"

"When I came down from the gallery it turned so dark I was frightened, and I stumbled and fell down the steps. I must have broken something, for when I stand up my ankle gives way and I can't walk at all."

"Then how did you get here? The steps are at the front of the church."

"I thought the altar was the safest place, and I crawled here on my hands and knees."

He pressed her head against his shoulder, and his deep manly voice trembled. "Thank God for the thought! It was your salvation, for the stairs and the spot where you must have fallen are a heap of stone, brick, and mortar. If you had remained there, you would certainly have been killed."

"Yes, it was just after I got here and caught hold of the railing that the crash came. Oh! is it not awful!"

"It was a miraculous escape, for which you ought to thank and serve your God—all the days of the life He has mercifully spared to you. Stand up a minute, even if it pains you, and let me find out what ails your foot. I know something of surgery, for once it was my intention to study medicine instead of divinity."

He unbuttoned and removed her shoe, and as he firmly pressed the foot and ankle, she flinched and sighed.

"I think there are no bones broken, but

probably you have wrenched and sprained the ankle, for it is much swollen already. Now, little girl, I must go back for some assistance. You will have to be taken out through the window, and I am afraid to attempt carrying you down the ladder unaided and in the darkness. I might break your neck instead of your ankle."

"Oh, please, don't leave me here!"

She stretched out her arms pleadingly, and tears sprang to his eyes as he noted the pallor of her beautiful face, and the nervous fluttering of her white lips.

"I shall leave Hero and the lantern with you, and you may be sure I shall be gone the shortest possible time. The danger is over now, even the lightning is comparatively distant, and you who have been so brave all the while, certainly will not prove a coward at the last moment?"

He took her up as easily as if she had been an infant, and laid her tenderly down on one of the pew cushions—then placed the lantern on the pulpit desk, and came back. "Slip your hand under Hero's collar, to prevent him from following me if he should try to do so, and keep up your courage. Put yourself in God's hands and wait here patiently for me. Don't you know that I would not leave you here an instant, if it could be avoided? God bless you, my white dove." He stooped and kissed her forehead, then hurried away, and after a moment Regina knew that she and her dog were once more alone in the ancient church—with none nearer than the dead, who slept so soundly, while the soft summer rain fell ceaselessly above them.

Chapter X.

The town clock was striking nine when the renewal of welcome sounds beneath the window announced to Regina that her weary dark vigil was ended. Soon after Mr. Lindsay's departure the lantern above the altar grew dim, then went out, leaving the church in total darkness, relieved only by an occasional glimmer from the lightning, far away to the north-east. Erect and alert Hero sat beside his mistress, now and then rubbing his head against her shoulder, or placing his paw on her arm, as if to encourage her by mute assurances of faithful guardianship; and even when the voices outside cheered him into one quick bark of recognition, he made no effort to leave the prostrate form.

"All in the dark? Where is your lantern?" asked Mr. Lindsay, as he climbed through the window.

"It went out very soon after you left. Can you find me, or shall I try to come to you?"

"Keep still, Regina. Come up the ladder, Esau, and hold your torch so that I can see. It is black as Egypt inside."

In a few moments the ruddy glare streamed in, and showed the anxious face of the sexton and the figure of Mr. Lindsay, groping from pew to pew. Before that cheerful red light, how swiftly the trooping spectres and grim phantoms that had peopled the gloom fled away for ever! What a blessed, comforting atmosphere of love and protection seemed to encompass her when, after handing one of the pew cushions to the sexton, Mr. Lindsay came to the spot where she lay!

"How are you?"

"My foot is very stiff and sore, but if you will let me hold your arm, I can hop along."

"Can you, my crippled snow-bird? Suppose I have a different use for my strong arms?"

He lifted her very gently, but apparently without effort, and carried her to the window.

"Go down, Esau, set the torch in the ground, and hold the ladder, press it hard against the wall. I am coming down backwards, and if I should miss a round, you must be ready to help me. Come, Hero, jump out first and clear the way. Steady now, Esau."

Placing his charge on the broad sill, Mr. Lindsay stepped out, established himself securely on the ladder, and drawing the girl to the ledge, took her firmly in his arms, balancing himself with some difficulty as he did so.

"Now say your prayers. Clasp your hands tight around my neck and shut your eyes."

His chin rested upon her forehead, as she clung closely about his neck, and they commenced the perilous descent. Once he wavered, almost tottered, but recovered himself, and from the fierce beating of his heart, and the laboured sound of his deep breathing, she knew that it cost him great physical exertion; but at last his close strain relaxed, he reached the ground safely and stood resting a moment, while a sigh of relief escaped him.

"Esau, put the end of the torch sideways in Hero's mouth, mind so that it will not

burn him; and lay the cushion on the plank. No! that is wrong. Turn the torch the other way, so that as he walks the wind will blow the flame in the opposite direction, away from his face. Take it, Hero! That's a noble fellow! Now home, Hero."

When the cushion had been adjusted on the broad plank brought for the purpose, Mr. Lindsay laid Regina upon it, threw a blanket over, and bidding the sexton take one end of the plank, he lifted the other and they began the march.

"Not that way, Hero, although it is the nearest. Truly the 'longest way round is the shortest way' home, this time; for we could not twist about among the graves, and must go down the avenue, though it is somewhat obstructed by fallen boughs. Come here, Hero, and walk ahead of us. Now, Regina, you can shut your eyes and imagine you are riding in a palankeen, as the Hindustanee ladies do, when they go out for fresh air. The motion is exactly the same, as you will find some day, when yon come to Rohilcund or Oude, to see Padre Sahib Lindsay. You shall then have a new dooley all curtained close with rose-coloured silk, but I can't promise that the riding will prove any more easy than this cushioned plank."

What a stab seemed each word, bringing back all the bitter suffering his departure would cause, and reviving the grief, from which the storm had temporarily diverted her thoughts.

"You are not going to-night? You will not try to start after this dreadful storm?" she said, in an unsteady voice.

"Yes, I am obliged to go, in order to keep an appointment; otherwise I would wait a day, to learn the extent of the damage, for I am afraid the hurricane has made sad havoc. Esau tells me the roof and a portion of the market house were carried away. It was the most violent gale I have ever known."

They had reached the street, and were approaching the gate of the parsonage, when Hero turned back, dropped the torch at Mr. Lindsay's feet, and shook his head vigorously, rubbing his nose with his paw.

"Poor fellow! can't you stand it any longer? It must have scorched him as it burnt low. Brave fellow!"

"Oh, Douglas! is that you?" cried an eager voice at some distance.

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Lindsay ran to meet them. "Did you find her?"

"Yes, I am bringing her home."

"Bringing her — oh, my God! Is she dead?"

"No, she is safe."

"My son, don't try to deceive me. What is the matter? You are carrying something on a litter."

"Why do you not speak, Regina, and assure her of your safety?"

Mrs. Lindsay had groped her way to the side of her son, and put her hand on the figure stretched upon the cushion.

"I only sprained my foot badly, and Mr. Lindsay was so good as to bring me home this way."

"Have they got her?" shouted Hannah, who, accompanied by Mr. Hargrove, had found it impossible to keep pace with Mrs. Lindsay.

"Oh, it is a corpse you are fetching home!" she added, with a genuine wail, as in the gloom she dimly saw the outline of several persons.

"Nobody is dead, but we need a light. Run back and get a candle."

Thankful that life had been spared, no more questions were asked until they reached the house and deposited their burden on the lounge in the dining-room.

Then Mr. Lindsay briefly explained what had occurred, and superintended the anointing and binding up of the bruised ankle, now much swollen.

As Hannah knelt, holding the foot in her broad palm, to enable Mrs. Lindsay to wrap it in a linen cloth saturated with arnica, the former bent her gray head and tenderly kissed the wounded member. She had been absent for a few minutes during the recital of the accident, and now asked:

"Where were you that you could not get home before the storm? Heaven knows that cloud grumbled and gave warning long enough."

"Hannah, she was in the church, and when she tried to get out, it was too late."

"In the church! Why I was in the yard, trying to get a breath of air, not twenty minutes before the cloud rolled up like a mountain of ink, and I saw nobody."

Regina understood her nervous start, and the eager questioning of her eyes.

"I was in the organ gallery, and falling down the steps, I hurt myself."

"Honey, did you see me?"

Her fingers closed so spasmodically over the girl's foot that she winced from the pressure.

"I saw you walking about the churchyard, and would have come home with you,

if I had thought the storm was so near. Please, Hannah, bring me some water." She pitied the old woman's evident confusion and anxiety, and rejoiced when Mr. Hargrove changed the topic.

"I am very sorry, Douglas, that I cannot accompany you. When I promised this afternoon to do so, of course I did not anticipate this storm. There may have been lives lost, as well as steeples blown down, and it is my duty not to leave my people at such a juncture. If it were not for the sailing of the steamer, I would insist on your waiting a day or so, in order that I might go with you and have a personal interview with Dr. Pitcairns. I ought to have thought of, and attended to that matter before this."

"Pray do not feel annoyed, uncle, it can be easily arranged by letter. Moreover, as my mother goes with me, it would not be right to leave Regina here alone in her present helpless condition."

"Do not think of me a moment, Mr. Hargrove. Go with him and stay with him as long as you can; I would if I could. Hannah will take care of me."

"My dear, I think of my duty, and that keeps me at home. Douglas, I will write a short note to Pitcairns, and you must explain matters to him. Elise, it is ten o'clock, and you have not much time."

He went into the library, and Mrs Lindsay hurried upstairs to put on her bonnet, calling Hannah to follow and receive some parting injunctions. Kneeling by the lounge, Mr. Lindsay, took one of the girl's hands.

"Regina, I desired and intended to have a long talk with you this afternoon, but could not find you; and now I have no time, except to say good-bye, You will never know how hard it is for me to leave my dear little friend; I did not realise it myself, until to night."

"Then why will you go away? Can't you stay and serve God as well by being a minister in this country? Can't you change your mind?"

She raised herself on her elbow, and tears gushed over her cheeks, as, twining her fingers around his, she looked all the intense loving appeal that words could never have expressed.

"Don't tempt me to look back after putting my hand to the plough. I must do my duty, though at bitter cost. Will you promise never to forget your friend Douglas?"

"How could I ever forget you? Oh, if I could only go with you!"

His fine eyes sparkled, and drawing her hand across his cheek, he said eagerly: "Do you really wish it? Think of me, write to me, and love me, and some day, if it please God to let me come home, you may have an opportunity of going back with me to my work in India. Would you be willing to leave all, and help me among the heathen?"

"All but my mother. You come next to my mother. Oh, it is hard that I must be separated from the two I love best!" For a moment she sobbed aloud.

"You are only a young girl now, but some day you will be a woman, and I hope and believe a very noble woman. Until then we shall be separated, but I shall see you again, if God spares my life. Peculiar and unfortunate circumstances surround you; there are trials ahead of you, my darling, and I wish I could shield you from them, but it seems impossible, and I can only leave you in God's hands, praying continually for you. You say you love me next to your mother? All I ask is, that you will allow no one else, no new friend to take my place. When I see you again, years hence, I shall hope to hear you repeat those words, 'next to my mother.' Far away in the midst of Hindustan, my thoughts and hopes will travel back and centre in my white dove. Oh child! my heart is bound to you for ever."

He drew her head to his shoulder, and held her close, and as in the church when kneeling before the altar, she heard whispers which only God interpreted.

Mrs. Lindsay came back equipped for her journey, and Mr. Hargrove entered at the same moment, but neither spoke. At length, fully aware of their presence, the young missionary raised his head, and placing his hand under Regina's chin looked long at the spirituelle beautiful face, as if he wished to photograph every feature on his memory. Without removing his eyes, he said:

"Uncle, take care of her always. She is very dear to me. Keep her just as she is, in soul, 'unspotted from the world.'" Then his lips quivered, and in a tremulous voice he added:

"God bless you, my darling! My pure child."

He kissed her, rose instantly and left the room.

Mrs. Lindsay came, and while the tears rolled over her cheeks, she said tenderly:

"My dear child, it seems unkind to desert you in your crippled condition, but I feel assured Peyton and Hannah will nurse you faithfully; and every moment that I can be with Douglas seems doubly precious now."

"Do you think I would keep you, even if I could, from him? Oh! don't you wish we were going with him to India?"

"Indeed I do, from the depths of my soul. What shall we do without our Bishop?"

Bending over the girl, the mother wept unrestrainedly, but Mr. Hargrove called from the threshold:

"Come, Elise!"

As Mrs. Lindsay turned to leave the room, she beckoned to Hannah. "Carry her upstairs and undress her; and if she suffers much pain, don't fail to send for the doctor."

A white image of hopeless misery, Regina lay listening till the sound of departing steps became inaudible, and when Hannah left the room, the girl groaned aloud in the excess of her grief:

"I did not even say good-bye, I did not once thank him for all he did for me in the storm! And now I know, I feel I shall never see him again! Oh Douglas!"

The glass door leading into the flower-garden stood open, and Mr. Lindsay, who had been watching her from the cover of the clustering honeysuckle, stepped back into the room.

With a cry of delight she held out her arms.

"Dear Mr. Lindsay, I shall thank you, and pray for you, and love you as long as I live!"

He put a small packet in her hand, and whispered:

"Here is something I wish you to keep until you are eighteen. Do not open it before that time, unless I give you permission, or unless you know that I am dead."

He drew her tenderly to his heart, and his lips pressed her cheek. Then he said brokenly: "O God! be merciful in all things to my darling!"

A moment after she heard his rapid footsteps on the gravelled walk, followed by the clang of the gate; then a great loneliness as of death fell upon her.

There are indeed sorrows "that bruise the heart like hammers," and age it suddenly, prematurely. In subsequent years Regina looked back to the incidents of this eventful Sabbath, and marked it with a black stone in the calendar of memory, as the day on which she "put away childish things," and began to see life and the world through new, strange, disenchanting lenses, that dispelled all the gilding glamour of childhood, and unexpectedly let in a gray dull light that chilled and awed her. With tearless but indescribably mournful eyes she looked vacantly at the door through which her friend had vanished, as it then seemed, for ever, and finding that her own remarks were entirely unheard, unheeded, Hannah touched her shoulder.

"Poor thing! Are you ready to let me carry you upstairs?"

"Thank you, but I am not going upstairs to-night. I want to stay here, because I am too heavy to be carried up and down, and I can get about better from here. Bring a pillow and some bedclothes. I can sleep on this lounge."

"I shall be scolded if you don't go to bed."

"Let me alone, Hannah. I intend to stay where I am. Bring the things I need. Nobody shall scold you if you will only do as I ask."

"Then I shall have to make a bed on the floor, for Mrs. Lindsay gave positive orders that I should sleep in your room until she came back. Don't you mean to undress yourself?"

"No. Please unfasten my clothes and then leave them as they are. You must not sleep on the floor. Roll in the hall sofa, and it will make a nice bed."

There was no alternative, and when Mr. Hargrove returned at midnight he deemed it useless to reprimand or expostulate, as Regina declared herself very comfortable, and pleaded for permission to remain until morning.

Looking very sad and careworn, the pastor stood for some minutes leaning on his stick. As he bade her good night and turned from the lounge, she put her hand on it.

"Please, sir, lend me this until morning. Hannah sleeps soundly, and if I am forced to wake her, I can easily do so by tapping on the floor with your cane."

"Certainly, dear; keep it as long as you choose. But I am afraid none of us will sleep much to-night. It is a heavy trial to give up Douglas. He is my younger, better self."

He walked slowly away, and she thought he looked more aged and infirm than she had ever seen him; his usually erect head drooping, as if bowed by deep sorrow.

For an hour after his departure his footsteps resounded in the room overhead, as he paced to and fro, but when the distant, indistinct echo of the town clock tolled two, all grew quiet upstairs.

In the dining-room the shaded lamp burned dimly, and Regina could see the outline of Hannah's form on the sofa, and knew from the continual turning first on one side then on the other, that the old woman was awake, though no sound escaped her.

Engrossed by a profound yet silent grief that rendered sleep impossible, Regina lay with her hands folded over the small packet, wondering what it contained; regretting that the conditions of the gift prohibited her opening it for so many long years, and striving to divest herself of a haunting foreboding that she had looked for the last time on the bright benignant countenance of the donor, who was indissolubly linked with the happiest memories of her lonely life.

Imagination magnified the perils of the tedious voyage, and as if to intensify and blacken the horrors of the future, all the fiendish tragedies of Delhi, Meerut, and Cawnpore were vividly revived among the missionaries to whom Mr. Lindsay was hastening. Deeply interested in the condition of a people whose welfare was so dear to his heart, she had eagerly read all the mission reports, and thus imbibed a keen aversion to the Sepoys, who had become synonymous with treachery and ingenious atrocity.

To Regina this sad vigil seemed interminable, and soon after the clock struck four, she hailed with inexpressible delight the peculiarly shrill crowing of her favourite white Leghorn cock, which she knew heralded the advent of day. The China geese responded from their corner of the fowl-yard, and amid the *réveille* of the poultry, Hannah rose, crept stealthily to the table and extinguished the lamp, Intently listening to every movement, Regina felt assured she was dressing rapidly, and in a few moments the tremulous motion of the floor, and the carefully guarded sound of the bolt turned slowly, told her that the old woman had started to fulfil her promise.

Having fully determined on her own course, the girl lost no time in reflection, but hastily fastening her clothes, took her shoes in one hand, the cane in the other, and limping to the glass door softly unlocked it, loosened the outside Venetian blinds, and sat down on the steps leading to the garden. Taking off the bandage, she slipped her shoe on the sprained foot, and wrapping a light white shawl around her, made her way slowly down the walk that wound towards the church.

Unaccustomed to the cane, she used it with great difficulty, and the instant her wounded foot touched the ground, sharp twinges renewed the remonstrance that had been silent until she attempted to walk.

A waning moon hung above the tree tops on the western boundary of the enclosure, and its wan spectral lustre lit up the churchyard, showing Regina the tall form of Hannah, who carried a spade or short shovel on her shoulder, and had just passed through the gate, leaving it open. Following as rapidly as she dared, in the direction of the iron railing, the child was only a few yards in the rear, when the old woman stopped suddenly, then ran forward, and a cry like that of some baffled wild beast broke upon the crystal calm of the morning air.

"The curse of God is upon it! The poplar is gone!"

Gliding along, Regina reached the outer edge of the railing, and creeping behind the broken granite shaft which shielded her from observation, she peered cautiously around the corner, and saw that the noble towering tree had been struck by lightning and fired. Whether shivered by electricity, or subsequently blown down by the fury of the gale, none ever knew; but it appeared to have been twisted off about two feet above the ground, and in its fall smote and shattered the marble angel which a few hours before had hovered with expanded wings over a child's grave. A wreath of blue smoke curled and floated from the heart of the stump, showing that the roots were burning, and the ivy and periwinkle so luxuriant on the previous day, were now a mass of ashes and cinders.

On her knees sank Hannah, raking the embers into a heap, and at last she bent her gray head almost to the ground. Lifting something on the end of the spade, she uttered a low wail of despair:

"Melted—burnt up! I thought it was tin—it must have been lead! Either the curse of God, or the work of the devil!"

She fell back like one smitten with a stunning blow, and sobs shook her powerful frame.

Very near the ground the tree had contained a hollow, hidden by the rank creepers, and in this cavity she had deposited a small can, cylindrical in form, and similar in appear-

ance to those generally used for hermetically sealed mushrooms. Upon it several spadefuls of earth had been thrown, to secure it from detection, should prying eyes discover the existence of the hollow.

All that remained was a shapeless lump of molten metal.

Along the east a broad band of yellow was rapidly mounting into the sky, and in the blended light of moon and day, the churchyard presented a melancholy scene of devastation. The spire and belfry had fallen upon and in front of the church, and the long building stood like a dismasted vessel among the billowy graves, that swelled as a restless sea around its gray weather-beaten sides. Here and there ancient headstones had been blown down on the mounds they guarded; and one venerable willow in the centre of a cluster of graves, had been torn from the earth, and its network of roots lifted until they rested against a stone cross. Awed by the solemn influence of the time and place, and painfully reminded of her own peril on the previous night, Regina stepped down from the base of the monument, and approached the figure crouched over the blasted smoking roots. There was no rustle of grass or leaf as she limped across the dewy turf, but warned by that mysterious magnetic instinct which so often announces some noiseless, invisible human presence, Hannah lifted and turned her head. With a scream of superstitious terror, she sprang to her feet.

Very ghostly the girl certainly appeared, in her snowy muslin dress and white shawl, as she leaned forward on the cane, and looked steadily at the old woman. Her long black hair loosened and disordered by tossing about all night, hung over her shoulders and gave a weird, almost supernatural aspect to the blanched and sorrowful young face, which in that strange chill light seemed well nigh as rigid and pallid as a corpse.

"Hannah Hinton!"

"God have mercy! Who are you?"

Hannah seized the spade and brandished it, with hands that shook from terror.

"You wicked woman, do you want to kill me? Put down that spade."

Regina advanced, but the old woman retreated, still waving the spade.

"Hannah, are you afraid of me?"

"Good Lord! Is it you, Regina?"

"Your sin makes you a coward. Did you really think me a ghost?"

"It is true—I am afraid of everything now, even of my own shadow, and once I was so brave. But what are you doing here? I thought you were crippled? What are you tracking me for?"

She threw down the spade, ran forward, and seized the girl's shoulder, while a scowl of mingled fear and rage darkened her countenance. "You are watching, trailing me like a blood-hound! Is it any of your business where I go? Suppose I do choose to come here and say my prayers among the dead while other folks are sound asleep in their beds, who has the right to hinder me?"

"Don't tell stories, Hannah. If you really said your prayers, you would never have come here to sell your soul to Satan."

Tightening her clutch the old woman shook her, as if she had been a slender weed, and an ashen hue settled upon her wrinkled features, as she cried in an unnaturally shrill quavering tone: "Aha! you were eavesdropping yesterday in the church—how I wish to God it had all blown down on you! And you watched me—you mean to disgrace me—to ruin me—to arrest me! You do! But you shall not! I will strangle you first!"

"Take your hands off my shoulders, Hannah. Do you think you can scare me with such wild desperate threats? In the first place, I am not afraid to die, and in the second you know very well you dare not kill me. Let go my shoulder, you hurt me."

Very white but fearless, the young face was lifted to hers, and before those wrathful glittering eyes that flashed like blue steel, Hannah quailed.

"Will you promise not to betray me?"

"I will promise nothing while you threaten me. Sit down, you are shaking all over as if you had an ague. When I came here I had no intention of betraying you; I only wanted to prevent you from committing a sin. Are you going to have a spasm? Do sit down."

Hannah's teeth were chattering violently, and her trembling limbs seemed indeed unable to support her. When she sank down on the stone base of the shaft, Regina stood before her, leaning more heavily upon the cane.

"I heard all that you said yesterday, yet I was not 'eavesdropping.' You came and stood under the window where I sat, and if you had looked up would have seen me. When I learned you were engaged in a wicket plot, I determined to try to stop you

before it was too late. I followed you here, hoping that you would give that paper to me, instead of to that bold bad man; for though you did very wrong, I can't believe that you have a wicked cruel heart."

She paused, but the only response was a deep groan, and Hannah shrouded her face in her arms.

"Hannah, did my mother ever injure you—ever harm you in any way?"

"Yes—she caused me to steal, and I shall hate her as long as I live. I was as honest as an angel, until she came that freezing night, so many years ago, and showed me by her efforts, her anxiety to get the paper, how valuable it was. Besides, it was on her account that my nephew went to destruction; and I was sure all the blame and suspicion would fall on her, it seemed so clear that she stole the paper. I knew Mr. Hargrove gave her a copy of it, and I only wanted to sell the paper itself to the old General, because I was poor, and had not money enough to stop work. I have not had a happy day since; my conscience has tormented me. I have carried a mountain of lead upon my soul, day and night, and at last when Peleg came, and I was about to get my gold, the Lord interfered and took it out of my hands. Oh! it is an awful thing to shut your eyes and stop your ears, and run down a steep place to meet the devil who is waiting at the bottom for you, and to feel yourself suddenly jerked back by something which you know Almighty God has sent to stop you! He sent that lightning to burn up the paper, and I feel that His curse will follow me to my grave."

"Not if you earnestly repent, and pray for His forgiveness."

Hannah raised her gray head, and gazed incredulously at the pale delicate face, into the violet eyes that watched her with almost tender compassion.

"Oh, child! when our hands are tied, and we are so helpless we can't do any more mischief, who believes in our repentance?"

"I do, Hannah; and how much more merciful is God?"

"You don't mean that you would ever trust me, ever believe in me again?"

Her hand caught the white muslin dress, and her haggard wrinkled face was full of eager, breathless supplication.

"Yes, Hannah, I would. I do not believe you will ever steal again. Suppose the lightning had struck you as well as the tree where you hid the stolen paper—what do you think would have become of your poor wicked soul? You intended to sell that paper to a person who hates my mother, and who would have used it to injure her; but she is in God's hands, and you ought to be glad that this sin at least was prevented. In a few days you are going away, far out to the west, you say, where we shall probably never see or hear from you again, unless you choose to write to us. Until you are gone, I shall keep all this secret. Mrs. Lindsay never shall know anything about it, but if Mr. Hargrove believes my mother took that paper, it is my duty to her to tell him the truth; and this I must do after you leave us. I promise he shall suspect nothing while you remain here. Can you ask me to do more than this for you?"

Hannah was crying passionately, and attempted no answer save by drawing the girl closer to her, as if she wanted to take the slender figure in her brawny arms.

"I am sorry for you, Hannah, sorry for my dear mother, sorry for myself. The storm came and put an end to all the mischief you meant to do—so let us be thankful. You say my mother has a copy; and it would have injured her, if the original paper had been sold. Then you have harmed only yourself. Don't cry, and don't say anything more. Let it all rest; I shall never speak to you again on the subject. Hannah, will you please help me back to the house? My foot pains me dreadfully, and I begin to feel sick and faint."

In the mellow orange light that had climbed the sky, and was flooding the world with a mild glory, wherein the wan moon waned ghostly, the old woman led the white figure towards the parsonage. When they reached the little gate, Regina grasped the supporting arm, and a deadly pallor overspread her features.

"Where are you, Hannah? I cannot see——"

The blue eyes closed, she tottered, and as Hannah caught and bore her up, a swift heavy step on the gravel caused her to glance over her shoulder.

"What is the matter, Aunt Hannah? You look ill and frightened. Is that—Minnie's child?"

"Hush! our game is all up. For God's sake go away until seven o'clock, then I will explain. Don't make a noise, Peleg. I must get her in the house without waking any one. If Mr. Hargrove should see us,

we are ruined." As Hannah strode swiftly towards the glass door, bearing the slight form in her stout arms, the stranger pressed forward, eagerly scrutinising the girl's face; but at this juncture, Hero, barking violently, sprang down the walk, and the intruder hastily retreated to the churchyard, securing the gate after he had passed through.

Chapter XI.

The steamer sailed promptly on the Thursday subsequent to Mrs. Lindsay's departure from the parsonage, but she had been absent ten days, detained by the illness of a friend.

Impatiently her return was anticipated by every member of the household, and when a telegram announced that she might be expected on the following morning, general rejoicing succeeded the gloom which had hung chill and lowering over the diminished family circle. Under Hannah's faithful, cautious treatment, Regina had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the sprain to walk once more without much pain, though she still limped perceptibly; but a nameless, formless foreboding of some impending evil, some baleful influence, some grievous calamity hovering near, rendered her particularly anxious for Mrs. Lindsay's comforting presence.

The condition of the church, which was undergoing a complete renovation, as well as repairing of the steeple, prevented the usual services, and this compulsory rest and leisure seemed singularly opportune for Mr. Hargrove, who had been quite indisposed and feeble for some days. The physician ascribed his condition to the lassitude induced by the excessive heat, and Regina attributed his pale weary aspect and evident prostration to grief for the loss of his nephew and adopted son; but Hannah looked deeper, shook her grizzled head, and "wished Miss Elise would come home."

The pastor's eyes, which had long resented the exaggerated taxation imposed upon them by years of study, had recently rebelled outright, and he spoke of the necessity of consulting an eminent oculist, who, Mrs. Lindsay wrote, had gone to Canada, but would return in September, when he hoped to examine and undertake the treatment of her brother's eyes.

During Thursday morning the minister lay upon his library sofa, while Regina read aloud for several hours, but in the afternoon, receiving a summons to attend a sick man belonging to his church, he persisted in walking to a distant part of the town to discharge what he considered a clerical obligation. In vain Regina protested, assuring him that the heat and fatigue would completely prostrate him. He only smiled, patted her head, and said cheerfully as he put on his hat:

"Is the little girl wiser than her guardian? And has she not yet learned that a pastor's duty knows neither heat nor cold, neither fatigue nor bodily weaknesses?"

"I am so glad Mrs Lindsay will come to-morrow. She can keep you at home, and make you take care of yourself."

Holding his sleeve, she followed him to the front door, and detained him a moment to fasten in the button-hole of his coat a tuberose and sprig of heliotrope, his favourite flowers.

"Thank you, my dear. You have learned all of Elise's pretty petting tricks, and some day you will be, I hope, just such a noble, tender-hearted woman. While I am gone, look after the young guineas; I have not seen them since yesterday. I shall not stay very long."

He walked away, and she went out among the various pets in the poultry-yard.

It was late in August, but the afternoon was unusually close and warm, and argosies of frail creamy clouds with saffron shadows seemed becalmed in the still upper air, which was of that peculiar blue that betokens showers. About sunset, Regina rolled the large easy-chair out on the verandah, at the west of the library, and placing a table in front of it, busied herself in arranging the pastor's evening meal. It consisted of white home-made lightbread, a pineapple of golden butter, deftly shaped and printed by her own slender hands, a glass bowl filled with honey from the home hives, honey that resembled melted amber in cells of snow, a tiny pyramid of baked apples, and a goblet of iced milk.

Upon a spotless square of damask daintily fringed, she placed the supper, and in the centre a crystal vase filled with beautiful roses, among which royal crimson and white carnations held up their stately heads, and exhaled marvellous fragrance. Upon the snowy napkin beside the solitary plate, she left a jasmine lying on the heart of a rose-geranium leaf.

"Has he come?" asked Hannah, throwing wide the venetian blinds.

"Not yet; but he must be here very soon."

"Well, I am going to milk. Dapple has been lowing these ten minutes, to let me know I am behind time. I waited to see if a cup of tea would be wanted, but it is getting late. If he should ask for it, the kettle is boiling, and you can make it in a minute. I have lighted the lamp and turned it down low."

She went towards the cattle-shed, swinging her milk-pail. "Come, Hero, let us go and meet the master."

But Regina had not left the verandah before Mr. Hargrove came slowly towards the easy-chair, walking wearily she thought, as if spent with fatigue.

"How tired you are! Give me your hat and cane."

"Yes, dear—very tired. I had something like vertigo, accompanied by severe palpitation, as I came home, and was obliged to sit on the roadside till it passed."

"Let me send for Dr. Melville?"

"You silly soft-souled young pigeon! These attacks are not dangerous, merely annoying while they last."

"Perhaps a cup of tea will strengthen you?"

"Thank you, dear, but I believe I prefer some cool water."

She brought a tumbler of iced water, and a stool, which she placed beneath his feet.

"How delicious! worth all the tea in China! all the wine in Spain!"

He handed back the empty glass, and sank down in his comfortable chair.

"How did you find Mr. Needham?"

"Much worse than when I saw him last. He had another hemorrhage, and is evidently sinking. I should not be surprised if I were recalled before to-morrow, for his poor wife is almost frantic and wished me to remain all night; but I knew you were lonely here."

The exertion of speaking wearied him, and he laid his head back and closed his eyes.

"Won't you eat your supper? It will help you; and your milk is already iced."

"I will try after a while, when I have rested a little. My child, you are very good to anticipate my wants. I noticed all you have done for me, and the flowers are lovely, so deliciously sweet too."

He opened his eyes, took the jasmine, smelled it, smiled, and stroked her hand which rested on the arm of his chair.

Scarlet plumes and dashes of cirrus cloud that glowed like sacrificial fires upon the altar of the west, paled, flickered, died out in ashen-gray; and a moon more gold than silver hung in shimmering splendour among the cloud ships, lending a dazzling fringe to their edges, and making quaint arabesque patterns of gilt embroidery on the floor, where the soft light fell through interlacing vines of woodbine and honeysuckle. With the night came silence, broken only by the subdued plaint of the pigeons in the neighbouring yard, and the cooing of a pair of pet ring-doves that slept in the honeysuckle, and were kept awake by the moonshine which invaded their nest, and tempted them to gossip. After awhile a whip-poor-will, which haunted the churchyard elms drew gradually nearer, finally settling upon a cedar in the flower garden, whence it poured forth its lonely *miserere* wail.

Mr. Hargrove sat so still that Regina hoped he had fallen asleep, but very soon he said: "My dear, you need not fan me."

"I hoped you were sleeping, and that a nap would refresh you."

He took her hand, pressed it gently, and said, with the grave tenderness peculiar to him: "What a thoughtful good little nurse you are? Almost as watchful and patient as Elise. Have you had your supper?"

"All that I want, some bread and milk. Hero and I ate our supper before you came. Shall I bring your slippers?"

"Thank you, I believe not. Before long I will go to sleep. Regina, open the organ and play something soft and holy, with the Tremulant. Sing me that dear old 'Protect us through the coming night,' which Douglas loves so well."

"I wish I could, but you know, sir, it is a quartett, and, besides, I should never get through my part; it reminds me so painfully of the last time we all sang it."

"Well, then, my little girl, something else: 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove.' To-night I am almost like a weary child, and only need a lullaby to hush me to sleep. Go, dear, and sing me to rest."

Reluctantly she obeyed, brightened the library lamp, and sat down before the cabinet organ which had been brought over to the parsonage for safe keeping, while the church was being repaired. As she pulled out the stops, Hannah touched her.

"Has he finished his supper? Can I move the dishes and table?"

"Not yet. He is too tired just now to eat."

"Then I will wait here. To tell you the truth, I have a queer feeling that scares me, makes my flesh creep. While I was straining the milk just now, a screech-owl flew on the

top of the dairy, and its awful death-warning almost froze the blood in my veins. How I do wish Mrs. Lindsay was here! I hope it is not a sign of a railroad accident to her, or that the vessel is lost that carried her boy!"

"Hush, you superstitious old Hannah! I often hear that screech-owl, and it is only hunting for mice. Mrs. Lindsay will come to-morrow."

Her fingers wandered over the keys, and in a sweet, pure, and remarkably clear voice she sang: "Oh, that I had wings." With great earnestness and pathos she rendered the final "to be at rest," lingering long on the "Amen."

Then she began one of Mozart's symphonies, and from it glided away into favourite selections from Rossini's "Moïse."

Once afloat upon the mighty tide of sacred music she drifted on and on, now into a requiem, now a "Gloria," and at last the grand triumphant strains of the pastor's favourite "Jubilate" rolled through the silent house, out upon the calm lustrous summer night.

Of the flight of time she had taken no cognisance, and as she closed the organ and rose she heard the clock striking nine, and saw that Hannah was nodding in a corner of the sofa.

Surprised at the lateness of the hour, she stepped out on to the verandah, and approached the arm-chair.

The moon had sunk so low that its light had been diminished, but the reflection from the library lamp prevented total darkness. Mr. Hargrove had not moved from the posture in which she left him, and she said, very softly:

"Are you asleep?"

He made no answer, and unwilling to arouse him, she sat down on the step to wait until he finished his nap.

As the moon went down, a light breeze sprang from some blue depths of the far west, and began to skim the frail foamy clouds that drifted imperceptibly across the star-lit sky; and to the crystal fingers of the dew, the numerous flowers in the garden below yielded a generous tribute of perfume, that blended into a wave of varied aromas, and rolled to and fro in the cool night air. Calm, sweet, and holy, the night seemed a very benison, dispensing peace.

Regina's thoughts wandered towards the future, that *terra incognita* which Mr. Lindsay's vague words: "There are trials ahead of you," had peopled with dread yet intangible phantoms, whose spectral shadows solemnly presageful hovered over even the present. Why was her own history a sealed volume, her father a mystery, her mother a wanderer in foreign lands?

From this most unprofitable train of reflection she was gradually recalled by the restless, singular behaviour of her dog. He had been lying near the table, with his head on his paws, but rose, whined, came close to his mistress and caught her sleeve between his teeth, his usual mode of attracting her attention.

"What is it, Hero? Are you hungry?"

He barked, ran to the easy-chair, rubbed his nose against the pastor's hand, came back whining to Regina, and finally returning to the chair, sat down, bent his head to the pastor's feet, and uttered a prolonged and dismal howl.

An undefinable horror made the girl spring towards the chair.

The sleeper had not moved, and stooping over, she put her hand on his forehead. The cold damp touch terrified her, and with a cry of "Hannah! Oh Hannah!" she darted into the library and seized the lamp. By its light held close to the quiet figure, she saw that the eyes were closed as in slumber, and the lips half parted, as though in dreaming he had smiled; but the features were rigid, the hands stiff and cold, and she could feel no flutter in the wrists or temples.

"Oh, my God! he is dead!" screamed Hannah, wringing her hands, and uttering a succession of shrieks; while, like a statue of despair, the girl stood, staring almost vacantly at the white placid face of the dead. At last, shuddering from head to foot, she exclaimed: "Run for Dr. Melville! Run, Hannah! you can go faster now, than I could."

"What is the use? He is dead! Stone dead!"

"Perhaps not, he may revive. Oh Hannah! why don't you go?"

"Leave you alone in the house with a corpse?"

"Run—run! Tell the doctor to hurry. He may do something."

As the old servant disappeared, Regina fell on her knees and seizing the right hand, carried it to her lips; then began to chafe it violently between her own trembling palms.

"O Lord, spare him a little while! Spare him till his sister comes?"

She rushed into the library, procured

some brandy which was kept in the medicine chest, and with the aid of a spoon tried to force some down his throat, but the muscles refused to relax, and pouring the brandy on her handkerchief, she rubbed his face and the hand she had already chafed. In the left he tightly held the jasmine, as when he spoke to her last, and she shrank from touching those fingers.

Finding no change in the fixed white face, she took off his shoes and rubbed his feet with mustard, but no effect encouraged her, and finally she sat, praying silently, holding the feet tenderly against her heart.

How long lasted that lonely vigil with the dead she never knew. Hope deserted her, and by degrees she realised the awful truth, that the arrival of the physician so impatiently expected would bring no succour. How bitterly she upbraided herself for leaving him a moment, even though in obedience to his wishes. Perhaps he had called, and the organ had drowned his voice.

Had he died while she sang, and was his spirit already with God, when she repeated the words,—"Far away in the regions of the blest?" When she came on tiptoe and asked, "Are you asleep?" was he indeed verily "asleep in Jesus?" While she waited, fearful of disturbing his slumber, was his released and rejoicing soul nearing the pearly battlements of the City of Rest, led by God's most pitying and tender Angel, loving yet silent Death?

When will humanity reject and disown the hideous, ruthless monster its own disordered fancy fashioned, and accept instead the beautiful oriental Azrael, the most ancient "Help of God," who is sent in infinite mercy to guide the weary soul into the blessed realm of Peace?

> "To lead us with a gentle hand
> Into the Land of the great departed—
> Into the Silent Land."

When the solemn silence that hung like a pall over the parsonage was broken by the hurried tread of many feet, and the confused sound of strange voices, Regina seemed to be aroused from some horrible lethargy, and gazed despairingly at the doctor. "It is too late. You can't do anything for him now," she said, clinging to his feet, as an attempt was made to lift them from her lap.

"He must have been dead several hours," answered Dr. Melville.

"None but God and the angels know when he died. I thought he had gone to sleep; and so indeed he had."

Hannah had spread the alarm while searching for the doctor, and very soon Mr. Hargrove's personal friends and some of the members of his congregation thronged the library, into which the body of the minister had been removed.

An hour afterwards, Dr. Melville having searched for the girl all over the house, found her crouched on the steps leading down to the flower garden. She sat with her arm around Hero's neck, and her head bowed against him. Seating himself beside her, the physician said:

"Poor child, this is an awful ordeal for you, and in Dr. Hargrove's death you have lost a friend whom the whole world cannot replace. He was the noblest man, the purest Christian I ever knew, and if the Church has a hundred pastors in future, none will ever equal him. He married me, he baptised my children, and when I buried my wife, his voice brought me the most comfort, the——"

His tone faltered, and a brief silence ensued.

"Regina, I wish you would tell me as nearly as you can, how he seemed to-day and how it all happened. I can get nothing satisfactory out of old Hannah."

She described the occurrences of the morning, his debility and entire lack of appetite, and the long walk in the afternoon, followed by the attack of vertigo and palpitation, to which he alluded after his return. When she concluded her recital of the last terrible scene in the melancholy drama, Dr. Melville sighed, and said:

"It has ended just as I feared and predicted. His heart has been affected for some time, and not a month ago I urged him to give up his pulpit work for a while at least, and try rest and change of air. But he answered that he considered his work imperative, and when he died, it would be with the harness on. He would not permit me to allude to the subject in the presence of his family, because he told me he did not wish to alarm his sister, who is so devoted to him, or render the parting with his nephew more painful, by adding apprehensions concerning his health. I fear his grief at the loss of Douglas has hastened the end."

"When Mrs. Lindsay comes to-morrow, it will kill her," groaned Regina, whose soul seemed to grow sick as she thought of the devoted, fond sister, and the anguish

that awaited her already bruised and aching heart.

"No, sorrow does not kill people, else the race would become extinct."

"It has killed Mr. Hargrove."

"Not sorrow, but the disease which sorrow may have aggravated."

"Mrs. Lindsay would not go to India with her son because she said she could not leave her brother, whose sight was failing, and who needed her most. Now she has lost both. Oh! I wish I could run away to-morrow, somewhere, anywhere—out of sight of her misery!"

"Someone must meet her at the train and prepare her for the sad news. My dear child, you would be the best person for that melancholy task."

"I? Never! I would cut off my tongue before it should stab her heart with such awful news! Are people ever prepared for trouble like this?"

"Well, somebody must do it; but like you I am not brave enough to meet her with the tidings. When it is necessary, I can amputate limbs and do a great many apparently cruel things, but when it comes to breaking such bad news as this I am a nervous coward. Mr. Campbell is a kind, tender-hearted friend of the family, and I will request him to take a carriage and meet her to-morrow. Poor thing! what a welcome home!"

Soon after he left her she heard the whistle of the night express, which arrived simultaneously with the departure of the train to the South, and she knew that it was eleven o'clock.

Hannah was in the kitchen talking with Esau the sexton, and when several gentlemen, who offered to remain until morning came out on the verandah, leaving the blinds of the library windows wide open, Regina rose and stole away to escape their observation.

Although walking swiftly, she caught sight of the table in the middle of the room, and of a mass of white drapery, on which the lamp-light fell with ghostly lustre. Twelve hours before she had sat there, reading to the faithful, kind friend whose affectionate gaze rested all the while upon her; now stiff and icy he was sleeping his last sleep in the same spot—and his soul? Safely resting after the feverish toil and strife of time, amid the palms of Eternal Peace.

Anxious to avoid those who sat within, keeping sad watch, the unhappy girl went around to the front entrance, and sank down on the lowest step, burying her face in her hands.

The library was merely a continuation of the hall that ran east and west, through the centre of the house, and though comparatively remote from the front door, was immediately opposite, and from the sight of that room Regina shrank instinctively.

Too much shocked and stunned to weep, she became so absorbed by thoughts of to-morrow's mournful mission, that she failed to notice the roll of wheels along the street or the quick rattle of the gate-latch. The sound of rapid footsteps and the rustle of drapery on the pebbled walk finally arrested her attention, and rising she would have moved aside, but a hand seized her arm.

"What is the matter? How is my brother?"

"Oh, Mrs. Lindsay!"

"Something must have happened. I had such a presentiment of trouble at home that I could not wait till to-morrow. I came on by the night express. Why is the house all lighted up? Is Peyton ill?"

Trembling from head to foot, she waited an instant, but Regina only crouched and groaned, and Mrs. Lindsay sprang up the steps. As she reached the door the light in the library revealed the shrouded table, the rigid figure resting thereon, and a piercing wail broke the silence of death.

"Merciful God!—not my Peyton?"

Thrusting her fingers into her ears, Regina fled down the walk, out of the yard, anywhere to escape the sound and sight of that broken-hearted woman, whose cry was indeed *de profundis*.

> "Console if you will, I can bear it;
> 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
> But not all the preaching since Adam
> Has made Death other than Death."

Chapter XII.

A DREARY sunless December day had drawn to a close, prematurely darkened by a slow drizzling rain, that brought the gloom of early night where sunset splendour should have lingered, and deepened the sombre desolation that mantled the parsonage. In anticipation of the arrival of the new minister, who was expected the ensuing week, the furniture had been removed and sold, the books carefully packed and temporarily stored at the house of a friend, and even the trunks containing the wearing apparel of the occupants had been despatched to the railway, and

checked for transmission by the night express.

The melancholy preparations for departure were completed, friends had paid their final visits, and only Esau the sexton waited with his lantern to lock up the deserted house, and take charge of the keys.

The last mournful tribute had been offered at the grave in the churchyard, where the beloved pastor slept serenely; and the cold leaden rain fell upon a mass of beautiful flowers, which quite covered the mound that marked his dreamless couch.

Since that farewell visit to her brother's tomb, Mrs. Lindsay seemed to have lost her wonted fortitude and composure, and was pacing the empty library, weeping bitterly, giving vent to the long-pent anguish, which daily duties and business details had compelled her to restrain.

Impotent to comfort, Regina stood by the mantelpiece, gazing vacantly at the wood fire on the hearth, which supplied only a dim, fitful, and uncertain light in the bare chill room, once the most cosy and attractive in the whole cheerful house. How utterly desolate everything appeared now, with only the dreary monotone of the wintry rain on the roof and the occasional sob that fell from the black-robed figure walking to and fro. It had been such a happy, peaceful, blessed home, where piety, charity, love, taste, refinement, and education all loaned their charms to the store of witchery, which made it doubly sad to realise that henceforth other feet would tread its floors, other voices echo in its garden and verandahs. To the girl who had really never known any other home (save the quiet convent courts), this parsonage was the dearest spot she had yet learned to love; and with profound sorrow she now prepared to bid adieu for ever to the haven where her happiest years had passed like a rosy dream.

The dreary deserted aspect of the house recalled to her mind:

"How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed"—

of Charles Lamb's quaint, tender "Old familiar faces," as full of melancholy pathos as human eyes brimming with unshed tears; and from it her thoughts gradually drifted to another poem, which she had first heard from Mr. Lindsay during the week of his departure, and later from the sacred lips that were now placidly smiling beneath the floral cross and crown in the neighbouring churchyard.

To-night the words recurred with the mournful iteration of some dolorous refrain; and yielding to the spell, she leaned her forehead against the chimney-piece, and repeated them sadly and slowly:

"'We sat and talked until the night
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight—
Our voices only broke the gloom.
We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;
And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.
The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.'"

Attracted by the rhythm, which softly beat upon the air like some muffled prelude striking only minor chords, Mrs. Lindsay came to the hearth, and with her arm resting on the girl's shoulder, stood listening.

"How dearly my Douglas loved those lines!"

"And on the night before he died, Mr. Hargrove repeated them, asking me afterwards to select some sweet solemn sacred tune with an organ accompaniment, and sing them for him. But what music is there that would suit a poem which henceforth will seem as holy as a Psalm to me?"

"Perhaps after a while you and I may be able to quiet the pain, and set it to some sweet old chant. Just now, our hearts are too sore."

"After a while? What hope has after a while? It cannot bring back the lost; and does memory ever die? After a while has not given me my mother; after a while has not taught me to forget her, or made me more patient in my waiting. After a while I know death will come to us all, and then there will be no more heartache; but I can't see that there is any comfort in after a while, except beyond the grave. Mrs. Lindsay, I do not wish to be wicked or rebellious, but it seems very hard that I must leave this dear quiet home, and be separated from you and Mr. Lindsay whom I dearly love, and go and live with that cold, hard, harsh, stern man, of whom I am so much afraid. He may mean well, but he has such unkind ways of showing it. You

have no idea how dreadful the future looks to me." She spoke drearily, and in the fitful flashes of the firelight the young face looked unnaturally stern.

"My dear child, you must not despond; at your age one must try to see only the bright side. If I expected to remain in this country, I would not give you up without a struggle; would beg your mother's permission to keep you until she claimed you. But I shall only wait to learn that Douglas has arranged for my arrival. As you know, my sister and brother-in-law are in Egypt, and if I were with them in Cairo, I could hear more regularly and frequently from my dear boy. I wish I could keep you, for you have grown deep into my heart, but my own future is too uncertain to allow me to involve any one else in my plans."

"I understand the circumstances, but if my mother only knew everything, I believe she would not doom me to the care of that man of stone. Oh! if you could only take me across the ocean, and let me go to Venice, to her!"

Mrs. Lindsay tightened her arm around the erect slender figure, and gently stroked back the hair from her temples.

"My dear, you paint your future guardian too grimly. Mr. Palmer is very reserved, rather haughty, and probably stern, but notwithstanding has a noble character I am told, and certainly appears much interested in and kindly disposed towards you. Dear Peyton liked him exceedingly, and his two letters to me were full of generosity and kind sympathy. As I believe I told you, his stepmother resides with him, and her daughter, Miss Neville, though a young lady, will be more of a companion for you than the older members of the household. Mr. Palmer is one of the most eminent and popular lawyers in New York, is very ambitious I have heard, and at his house you will meet the best society of that great city; by which I mean the most cultivated, high-toned, and aristocratic people. I am sorry that he has no religious views, habits, or associations, as I inferred from the remarks of the lady whom I met in Boston, and who seemed well acquainted with the Palmer household. She told me 'none of that family had any religion, though of course they kept a pew in the fashionable church.' But, my dear little girl, I hope your principles and rules of life are sufficiently established to preserve you from all free-thinking tendencies. Constant attendance at church does not constitute religion, any more than the *bona fide* pulpit means the spiritual gospel; but I have noticed that where genuine piety exists, it is generally united with a recognition of church duties and obligations. The case of books I packed and sent with your trunks, contains some very admirable though old-fashioned works, written by such women as Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Opie, and others, to mould the character of girls, and instruct them in all that is requisite to make them noble, refined, intelligent, useful Christian women. In this age of rapid deviation from the standard rules that governed feminine deportment and education when I was a girl, many of the precepts and admonitions penned by the authors I have mentioned, are derided and repudiated as 'puritanical,' 'old-fashioned,' 'strait-laced,' 'stupid and prudish,' but if these indeed be faults, certainly in the light of modern innovations they appear 'to lean to virtue's side.' In fashionable society, such as you are destined to meet at Mr. Palmer's, you will find many things that no doubt will impress you as strange, possibly wrong; but in all these matters consult the books I have selected for you, read your Bible, pray regularly, and under all circumstances hold fast to your principles. Question and listen to your conscience, and no matter how keen the ridicule or severe the condemnation to which your views may subject you, stand firm. Moral cowardice is the inclined plane that leads to the first step in sin. Be sure you are right, and then suffer no persuasion or invective to influence you in questions involving conscientious scruples. You are young and peculiarly isolated, therefore I have given you a letter to my valued old friend Mrs. Mason, who will always advise you judiciously, if you will only consult her. I hope you will devote as much time as possible to music, for to one gifted with your rare talent, it will serve as a sieve, straining out every ignoble, discordant suggestion, and will help to keep your thoughts pure and holy."

"I suppose there are wicked ways and wicked people everywhere, and it is not the fashion or the sinfulness that I am afraid of in New York, but the loneliness I anticipate. I dread being shut up between brick walls; no flowers, no grass, no cows, no birds, no chickens, none of the things I care for most."

"But, my dear child, you forget that you have entered your fifteenth year, and as you grow older you will gradually lose your

inordinate fondness for pets. Your childish tastes will change as you approach womanhood."

"I hope not. Why should they? When I am an old woman with white hair, spectacles, wrinkled cheeks, and a ruffled muslin cap like poor Hannah's, I expect to love pigeons and rabbits, and all pretty white things, just as dearly as I do now. Speaking of Hannah, how I shall miss her! Since she went away I shun the kitchen as much as possible, everything is so changed, so sad. Oh! the dear, dear old-dead-and-gone days will never, never come back to me."

For some time neither spoke. Mrs. Lindsay wept, the girl only groaned in spirit; and at length she said suddenly, like one nerved for some painful task—

"When we separate at the station, you to take one train and I another, we may never meet again in this world, and I must say something to you which I could mention to no one else. There is a cloud hanging over me. I have always lived in its cold shadow, even here where there is or was so much to make me happy, and this mystery renders me unwilling to go into the world of curious, harsh people who will wonder and question. I know that Orme is not my real name, but am forbidden to ask for information until I am grown. I have full faith in my mother; I must believe that all she has done is right, no matter how strange things seem; but on one point I must be satisfied. Is my mother's name Minnie?"

"I cannot tell you, for it was the only secret dear Peyton ever kept from me. In speaking of her he always called her Mrs. Orme."

"Do you know anything about the loss of a valuable paper once in Mr. Hargrove's possession?"

"A great many years ago, before you came to live with us, someone entered this room, opened the secret drawer of Peyton's writing-desk, and carried off a tin box containing some important papers."

"And suspicion rested on my mother?"

"My darling girl, who could have been so cruel as to distress you with such matters? No one——"

Regina interrupted her with an imperative motion of her hand.

"Please answer my question. Truth is better than kindness, is more to me than sympathy. Did not you and Mr. Hargrove believe that my mother took—stole that box?"

"Peyton never admitted to me that he suspected her, though some circumstances seemed to connect the disappearance of the papers with her visit here the night they were carried off. He accused no one."

Regina was deeply moved, and her whole face quivered as she answered:

"Oh, how good, how truly charitable he was! I wonder if in all the wide earth there are any more like him? If I could only have told him the facts, and satisfied him that my mother was innocent. But I waited until Hannah could get away in peace, and before she was ready to start God called him home. In heaven, of course, he knows it all now. I promised Hannah to tell no one but him, and to defer the explanation until she was safe, entirely beyond the reach of his displeasure; but since you suspected my mother it is right that I should justify her in your estimation."

Very succinctly she narrated what had occurred on the evening of the storm, and the incidents of the ensuing morning, when she followed Hannah into the churchyard. As she concluded an expression of relief and pleasure succeeded that of astonishment which had rested on Mrs. Lindsay's worn and faded face.

"I am heartily glad that at last the truth has been discovered, and that it fully exonerates your mother from all connection with the theft; for I confess the circumstances prejudiced me against her. Let us be encouraged, my dear little girl, to believe that in due time all the other mysteries will be quite as satisfactorily cleared up."

"I can't afford to doubt it; if I did, I should not be able to——"

She paused, while an increasing pallor overspread her features.

"That is right, dear, believe in her. We should drink and live upon faith in our mothers as we did their milk that nourished us. When children lose faith in their mothers, God pity both! Did you learn from Hannah the character of the paper?"

"How could I question a servant concerning my mother's secrets? I only learned that Mr. Hargrove had given to my mother a copy of that which was burned by the lightning."

"In writing to her, did you mention the facts?"

"I have not as yet. I doubted whether I ought to allude to the subject, lest she should think I was intruding upon her confidence."

"Dismiss that fear, and in your next letter acquaint her fully with all you learned

from poor Hannah; it may materially involve her interest or welfare. Now, Regina, I am about to say something which you must not misinterpret, for my purpose is to comfort you, to strengthen your confidence in your mother. I do not know her real name, I never heard your father's mentioned, but this I do know, dear Peyton told me that in this room he performed the marriage ceremony that made them husband and wife. Why such profound secrecy was necessary, your poor mother will some day explain to you. Until then be patient."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lindsay. It does comfort me to know that Mr. Hargrove was the minister who married them. Of course it is no secret to you that my mother is an actress? I discovered it accidentally, for you know the papers were never left in my way, and in all her letters she alluded to her 'work being successful,' but never mentioned what it was; and I always imagined she was a musician giving concerts. But one day last June, at the Sabbath-school Festival, Mrs. Potter gave me a Boston paper, containing an article marked with ink, which she said she wished me to read, because it would edify a Sunday-school pupil. It was a letter from Italy, describing one of the theatres there, where Mme. Odille Orme was playing 'Medea.' I cut out the letter, gave it to Mr. Hargrove, and asked him if it meant my mother. He told me it did, and advised me to enclose it to her when I wrote. But I could not, I burned it. People look down on actresses, as if they were wicked or degraded, and for awhile it distressed me very much indeed, but I know there must be good as well as bad people in all professions. Since then I have been more anxious to become a perfect musician, so that before long I can relieve my mother from the necessity of being on the stage."

"It was wickedly malicious in Mrs. Prudence to wound you; and we were all so anxious to shield you from every misgiving on your mother's account. Some actresses have brought opprobrium upon the profession, which certainly is rather dangerous and subjects women to suspicion and detraction; but let me assure you, Regina, that there have been very noble, lovely, good ladies who made their bread exactly as your mother makes hers. There is no more brilliant, enviable, or stainless record among gifted women, than that of Mrs. Siddons; or to come down to the present day, the world honours, respected, and admired none more than Mme. Ristori, or Miss Cushman. Personal characteristics must decide a woman's reputation, irrespective of the fact that she lives upon the stage; and it is unjust that the faults of some should reflect discreditably upon all in any profession. Individually I must confess I am opposed to theatres and actresses, for I am the widow of a minister, and have an inherited and a carefully educated prejudice against both; but while I acknowledge this fact, I dare not assert that some who pass their lives before the footlights may not be quite as conscientious and upright as I certainly try to be. I should grieve to see you on the stage, yet should circumstances induce you to select it as a profession, in the sight of God who alone can judge human hearts, your and your mother's chances of final acceptance and rest with Christ might be as good, perhaps better than mine. Let us 'judge not, lest we be judged.'"

"The world has not your charity, but let it do its worst. Come what may, my mother is still my own mother, and God will hold the scales and see that justice is done. Perhaps some day we may follow you to India, and spend the remainder of our lives in some cool quiet valley, under the shadow of the Himalayan hills. Who knows what the end may be? But no matter how far we wander, or where we rest, we shall never find a home so sweet, so peaceful, so full of holy and happy associations, as this dear parsonage has been to me."

The fire burned low, and in its dull flicker the shadows thickened; while the rising wind sobbed and wailed, mournful as a coranach, around the desolate old house, whence so many generations had glided into the sheltering bosom of the adjoining necropolis.

Across the solemn gloomy stillness ran the sharp shivering sound of the door-bell, and when the jarring had ceased, Esau entered with his lantern in his hand.

"The carriage is at the gate. The time was changed last week, and the driver says it is nearly train time. Give me the satchels and basket."

Slowly the two figures followed the lantern-bearer down the dim bare hall, and the sound of their departing footsteps echoed strangely, dismally through the empty, forsaken house. At the front door both paused and looked back into the darkness that seemed like a vast tomb, swallowing everything, engulfing all the happy hallowed past.

But Regina imagined that in the dusky library, by the wan flicker of the dying fire, she could trace the spectral outline of a white draped table, and of a tall prostrate form bearing a jasmine in its icy hand. Shuddering violently, she wrapped her shawl around her and sprang down the steps, into the drizzling rain; while Mrs. Lindsay slowly followed, weeping silently.

"Were it mine I should close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead."

(*To be continued.*)

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

IN 1816 Mr. Andrew Crosse, having carried an insulator above the tops of the trees which surrounded his house, and which wire was in length a mile and a quarter, but afterwards shortened to one thousand eight hundred feet, brought the wire into communication with an electrical apparatus in his laboratory. He did so for his own gratification; first, in being able to note the changes in the state of the atmosphere, and also to use, for a special purpose, the electric fluid so collected. At a meeting of country gentlemen in 1816, Mr. Crosse stated "that, by means of electrical agency, we shall be able to communicate our thoughts simultaneously with the uttermost ends of the earth;" or, in the words of Shakespeare, "Put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes."

Mr. Crosse, however, turned his attention to the process of making artificial crystals. Of these he made forty-one mineral crystals, or minerals uncrystallised in the form in which they are produced by nature, including one neither found in nature nor even previously formed by art—namely, the sub-sulphate of copper. After this, he believed that even diamonds might be produced in this way.

One day, while forming crystals from a highly-caustic solution entirely out of contact with atmospheric air, and exposed to voltaic action for twenty-six days, he was astounded by the appearance of a perfect insect of the Acari tribe; and in the course of a few weeks a hundred more appeared, but of a new species of that genus. The experiment was repeated in other chemical fluids with similar results.

Professor Faraday made the like experiments, which always produced life. Mr. Crosse was now accused by the public of impiety, by asserting that he had created life; and to this condemnation he replied:

"I have never, by thought, word, or deed, given any one a right to suppose that I considered these insects as a creation, or even as a formation from inorganic matters. To *create* is to form something out of nothing; to annihilate is to reduce something to a nothing. Both of these, of course, can only be the attributes of the Almighty. Most sacredly I assert that I have never dreamed of any theory sufficient to account for the appearance of the insects. I confess I was not a little surprised, and am so still, quite as much as when the Acari first made their appearance. I was looking for silicious formations, and animal matter appeared instead."

It is a singular fact that these Acari, if removed from their birthplace, lived and increased, but all died on the first recurrence of frost, and were entirely destroyed if they fell back into the fluid from whence they arose.

From that time to the present the fact or non-fact of spontaneous generation has been discussed, forgetting that these insects were produced from something. They were not a new creation. They came from the substances used in the mineral experiment, must have existed there in germs of life ready to start into activity, and the form of the species modified by the associations under which it came into life.

Professor Tyndall has now for all time set this vexed question at rest, and proved that there is no such thing, and never was such a thing, as spontaneous generation. The Professor has invented an apparatus which so answers his expectations that it is impossible for air to have access. This apparatus was exhibited and explained by him in a lecture at the Royal Institution. He said:—

"I have here the first chamber that was used in these experiments. You see at the bottom a series of test-tubes entering the chamber; they are air-tight, and they open into it. There are windows at the sides, and here is a pipette through which the

liquids can be introduced. Behind we have a door which opens upon its hinges. Now, imagine this perfectly closed; imagine it abandoned entirely to itself—left perfectly quiet. In a few days, the floating dust of the air contained in the chamber entirely disappears; it has removed itself by its own subsidence; and then, when you send a beam of light, such as we have here, through these windows, you see no track of the beam within the chamber. When the air is in this condition, you pour through this pipette into these tubes infusions of beef, mutton, or vegetables, and allow them to be acted upon by the air. Last year between fifty and sixty of these chambers were constructed and the invariable result was that these infusions never putrified, never showed any change, were perfectly sweet months after they were placed there, as long as the air had this floating matter removed.

"One had nothing to do but to open the door at the back, and allow the dust-laden air to enter the chamber to cause these infusions to fall into a state of putrefaction, and swarm with microscopic life, in three days after opening the door. There are two bent tubes that communicate with the outer atmosphere, for I wish to have a free communication between the air outside and the air within. When the infusion is poured in, the tube is placed in an oil-bath contained in a copper vessel, in which it is boiled for five minutes. Now, that boiling it for five minutes was found capable of sterilising every germ contained in the infusions placed in these chambers. This year our experiments began by a continuation of those that we made last year. In order to enable you to judge of the severity of the results obtained last year, I have here five cases belonging to the experiments then made. You will see that the infusions are vastly concentrated because of their slow evaporation. The quantity of liquid is reduced to one-fifth of its primitive volume, but this one-fifth is as clear as rock-crystal; whereas the tubes exposed to the ordinary air outside fell long ago into utter putrefaction. They became turbid and covered with scum, and when you examine these infusions to ascertain the cause of that turbidity, you find it to be produced by swarms of small active organisms.

"On October 29 two members of the Royal Institution collected a quantity of fungi in Heathfield Park, Sussex. These were brought to London on the 30th. They were placed for three hours in warm water, and, whatever juices they possessed, were thus extracted from them. They were placed in chambers and digested separately. Now, I confess that, thinking I had secured a perfect freedom from any invasion of those contaminating organisms that produce putrefaction, I expected that we should find these infusions of fungus would maintain themselves perfectly clear. To my surprise, in three days the whole of them broke down; they became turbid, and covered by a peculiar fatty, deeply indented, corrugated scum. Well, that was a result not expected, but I pursued the matter further.

"With a fresh supply of fungi, I operated with still more scrupulous care. The infusions were placed, as before, in three chambers. In one of these, the infusion remained perfectly pellucid; there was no trace of any organism to be seen. In each of the other chambers one of the three tubes gave way. Each chamber contained three tubes; so, that out of nine tubes containing an infusion of fungus, seven proved to be intact, entirely uninvaded. Therefore, whatever argument or presumption was raised by the first chamber in regard to the idea that life was spontaneously generated in it, was entirely destroyed by the deportment of the other chambers. Seven out of the nine remaining intact, was sufficient to show that it was some defect in the experiment that caused the first chamber to give way so utterly.

"I continued the experiments, and, inasmuch as fungi disappeared on the approach of winter, other substances were chosen. I took cucumber and beetroot, having special theoretical reasons for doing so, and prepared infusions of them, which were placed in the chambers as before, boiled them for five minutes, and abandoned them to what I supposed to be the moteless air within. Again, to my surprise, an infusion of beetroot in one chamber, and an infusion of cucumber in another broke down. All the tubes became turbid and covered with this peculiar fatty scum. Other chambers were then tried. I had begun to suspect that we were operating in a contaminated atmosphere; that my infusions were in the midst of a pestilence which it was hardly possible to avoid. The consequence was, that I withdrew the preparation of the infusions from the laboratory downstairs, and I went to one of the highest rooms in the Royal Institution, had the infusions prepared there, and introduced into

the cases, which were afterwards boiled in the laboratory below.

"There were a great number of these cases. The substances chosen were cucumber, beetroot, turnip, and parsnip. Great care was taken to have the infusions properly prepared, and to have them rendered as clear as possible. To give an idea of the care taken, I may mention that the infusions of turnip and beetroot were passed through twenty-four layers of filtering paper, and were thereby rendered clear; that the infusion of cucumber was passed through one hundred and twenty layers of filtering paper, and thereby rendered clear; and that the infusion of parsnip was passed through three hundred layers of filtering paper, and it was still opalescent. The suspended particles were so small that the filtering paper had no power whatever to arrest them, and the finest microscope ever made would have proved powerless to exhibit the individual particles that produced this opalescence. Notwithstanding all this care, the chambers containing these infusions in three days became filled with bacterial life. They were turbid, covered with scum, and showed all evidences of putrefaction. This was on November 20th.

"On November 25th we went upstairs and prepared another chamber, or a series of chambers. When the tubes containing the infusions were placed in the oil-bath, the liquids within the tubes opening into the case of course boiled, steam was discharged into the case, the air of the case being thereby rendered warm. It was found that on the cessation of the ebullition, although the pipette was immediately plugged with cotton-wool, and the bent tubes also plugged with cotton-wool, still, in consequence of the contraction of the air within, there was a considerable indraught. Last year we found invariably that the interposition of the cotton-wool entirely sifted this entering air so as to arrest any germs or seeds that it might contain. I thought, however, in this case, that the germs might be carried in by the suction when the air of the chamber contracted. Similar experiments were made again and again, some being heated to a temperature of 230 deg. Fahr., but even that heat failed to prevent the appearance of life.

"When I looked into all my antecedent experience and into the experience of other men for whom I have the greatest esteem as investigators, it was more easy for me to believe the error of my manipulation, to believe that I had adopted defective modes of experiment, than to believe that all antecedent experience was untrue. It was my own work that was thus brought to the bar of judgment, and my conclusion was, that I was far more likely to be in error than that the great amount of evidence already brought to bear upon the subject should be invalid and futile. Hence, instead of jumping to the conclusion that these were cases of spontaneous generation, I simply redoubled my efforts to exclude every possible cause of external contamination. This was done by means of doing away with the pipette altogether, and using what we call a separation-funnel, by means of which the liquid was introduced into the chamber without an associated air-bubble.

"Here is an infusion of cucumber, the most refractory of all infusions that I have dealt with. Two days were sufficient to break down this infusion when contamination attacked it; but by this more severe experiment it is enabled to maintain itself as clear as crystal, although it has been there for six or seven weeks. Yet it is perfectly clear the infusion is diminished by evaporation, but it is as clear as distilled water, and there it remains as the result of this severe experiment.

"Let us now ask how it is that these curious results were possible—how it is that the results of this year differ so much from those obtained previously. The investigation of this point is worthy of gravest attention. I have now to bring attention back to the earlier experiments performed in the laboratory. They were suggested by the ingenious investigations of Dr. William Roberts, of Manchester, and by the subsequent investigations of a man to whom we are indebted more than to any other for the knowledge we possess of the different species of those small organisms that we call bacteria: I refer to Professor Cohn, of Breslau. Let me say that I entertain the very highest opinion of the intelligence and ability with which Dr. Roberts has carried out these experiments; they are in the highest degree creditable to him."

(*To be concluded.*)

A JEST IN EARNEST.

A LITTLE wild rose, as blushing, as trembling, as dewy, as shy, was Emily Rivers; and just as sweet as one, thought her cousin Lawrence.

Indeed, Lawrence idealised her a trifle; for when he came back from his long stay in the East, where he had seen few but the swarthy women of the meridian, Emily dawned upon him as fair and pure and delicate as any spirit of the sky. Her very shyness lent her an air of reserve that made one feel as though she were something the least in the world remote. She carried her pretty head like a young fawn, alert, listening, ready to fly; and there was a fascination, a piquancy, in this reserve that tempted the young man to break its barrier, and make the maidenly thoughts and fancies his own. Still he was not sure that he had any right to the indulgence of such a temptation. Not sure? He was very sure that he had no right at all. It had been understood ever since there had been any understanding about him whatever, and he had acquiesced in the understanding, that he was one of the particular members of the family who were not to indulge themselves in that way. There had been too much indulgence in that race—it had brought them to poverty—and Lawrence had been set apart for a rich wife from the day when the elders began to assort the portions: so decidedly set apart that it was generally determined Valeria Gueltan should fall to his lot, probably because she was, in a distant manner, within the family circle, and because at her majority she became a sufficient heiress to satisfy even the family desire for money. As for love—"Love goes where it's sent," said Aunt Paget. "It's all nonsense to think of letting such a trifle interfere with serious matters. Mr. Paget and I never pretended any especial love for each other, but we got along very well, and when he died he left me comfortable, which I shouldn't have been if I had married poor Mark Eldon, as I wanted to do. Though, to be sure, Mark —— But there!" continued Aunt Paget, "when two people find other things to their mind, it's perfectly easy to accommodate their emotions to their circumstances. Nothing's wanting but the will. Lawrence can interest Valeria easily—has done so already by his letters and his pictures. Yes, she's half in love with him now; and he'd be a very singular person if he didn't feel tenderly towards the one by whose means all his comforts come!"

"I don't know about that," said Uncle Martin. "It isn't the way with men—to love those to whom they are under obligation."

"And so you'll advise——" began Aunt Paget, sharply.

"Oh, no, by no means; not at all. I was about to say that, still, there's no doubt, with his extravagant habits and luxurious tastes, Lawrence must marry money."

"I'm glad you're so sensible. It's no use to mince matters, and plain talk is the only thing to be understood," said Aunt Paget.

And Lawrence understood plain talk.

Nevertheless, that was in the future; the future was far off, and the present moment was all the while passing; and Emily was very lovely, and Lawrence was not the man to be baulked of a pleasure for fear of consequences: perhaps he had not enough vanity to think of any consequences as affecting her. So when he saw Emily sitting with her book down in the meadow, he was very apt to go striding down the hill-side to join her, and be greeted by the smile in the wide-open eyes, half-measuring, half-confiding, that he had not yet learned to interpret; to wile her away with him on his fishing ramble down the brook-side; to listen unseen when she sang in her sweet lark-like notes her simple ballads; to look over her shoulder when she read, and see what it was that so absorbed her; to talk to her, as she sewed, of all his roaming life since early boyhood, and the marvels of the East, till her needle hung suspended, and her breath came and went, with flushes in her cheeks, over the interest of the story and the hero. One day, as they were lingering on the lawn, some young ragamuffins came up with baskets of fresh violets on their arms; he bought them all, and as they sat there he took his fine Manilla line and wove the fragrant purple things into a thick crown, and threw it lightly on her bright soft hair.

She laughed a little, re-adjusted it on one side, and looked up; a broad ray of sunshine fell just athwart her face, lighted all the apple-blossom fairness and colour, made an aureole of the loose, bright locks of hair,

deepened the purple of the violets, showed him the large eyes bluer than the heavens, and illumined the smile—the kindling, radiant smile—which while it seemed to hold the very secret of joy, yet nevertheless had always a trait of pathos in it that touched the heart. And looking at her in that long, bright moment, it was all over with Lawrence. The light of that smile, the whiteness of the soul that looked through it, the purity of the heart behind it, eclipsed all else there was: farewell wealth, sumptuous luxury, Valeria Gueltan! Life would not be worth a rush to Lawrence unless he shared it with Emily.

What a month it was that followed that day of the violets—the month of roses and June! How unconscious was Emily in her happiness! how eager was Lawrence in his pursuit! How happily blind were the uncles and aunts of the household! Was she walking, he must walk beside her; was she reading, he must hold the book; was she dreaming, he must dream with her. It was all the same as on the month before, but with such a mighty difference. Then he had gazed upon the temple and admired it from the outside; now he was within the sanctuary and exploring its most beautiful recesses, all his way lighted by as pure and holy a flame, it seemed to him, as ever burned in the torch of love.

For not a syllable had he yet spoken to Emily in confession of his regard; her innocent smile was untouched by any solicitude, by any knowledge of what it was that constituted her bliss; they were together; he met her every glance, her every thought; she breathed an atmosphere that was rapture even while it was peace. It all came to her as naturally as life itself; it was as simple and absolute content as that of a summer bird swinging in the nest, undreaming of any autumn; and unless some angel of annunciation call this new joy by name, she would hardly know what she had till she should have lost it. It came to her so naturally, indeed, that she thought as little as if she had entirely forgotten it of the life before Lawrence returned from the East; it was as if they had always been singing together the same songs, driving together along the leafy lanes, facing each other in the boat slowly dropping down stream, wandering side by side along the moon-lighted avenue of this old Castle Rackrent in the shadow of the trees, reading together the great book, new to both of them, and fresh and delightful to them as to the first man and woman who ever turned its enchanted pages. As for him, he felt that she made the earth beautiful by living on it; as for her, Lawrence's shadow shut out the sun itself.

But such an affair could go on no great while before Aunt Paget's lynx eyes began to follow its manifestations. She, with Uncle Martin and the rest of them, had been so persuaded of Lawrence's complete comprehension of the necessities of his case that they had thought it needless to take trouble with any espionage, and would, in fact, have as soon mistrusted one of themselves. But all at once a suspicion started up, black-winged, in the sunshiny field before Aunt Paget's vision. "It's very well," said she, "for Lawrence and Emily to pass the time pleasantly. But though Emily is still such a child, so much of this strolling and philandering isn't to my mind. It's just as necessary for Emily to make a good marriage as it is for Lawrence——"

"As she hasn't a piece of silver to cross her palm with," said Uncle Martin, "unless you leave it to her."

"And I'm not in the way of leaving," said Aunt Paget, sweetly. "No," she added; "if there's one established axiom, it is that young folks thinks old folks fools, but old folks know young folks are! And if you leave fools together, they will certainly hatch mischief."

"We must take measures accordingly," said the other old conspirator.

"I will lose no time. I will telegraph Valeria this very morning," said Aunt Paget.

And while these wary guardians were laying their wires the young victims were in the balcony, in the sunshine, leaning over the little parapet and feeding the swans in the miniature lake below, admiring the splendid plumage of the peacock perched on the stone vase beneath the old blasted white pine, laughing gaily, and reckless of everything but the happy present; especially reckless that it was Valeria Gueltan's swans and peacock with which they amused themselves—her gift, at least, to Aunt Paget.

"Come and sing to me, Emily," said Lawrence that evening after dinner, throwing himself lazily on the lounge, where the last bright ray fell on his head before the soft twilight gloom stole up; and Emily, sitting at her harp, sang to him the songs he loved the best, and others that he had not heard before. As the twilight deepened round her, and Lawrence, lifted on one arm, gazed

upon her, her fair hair loosened, as it chanced, and falling round her face, her white hands gleaming across the strings, she seemed too ethereally lovely for earth, and the voice, too, had such a delicate sweetness in it as that with which a spirit might sing—all the more when by-and-by it took on an exquisite pathos, and she sang, with drooping head, and as if with a boding of melancholy—

> "When passion's trance is overpast,
> If tenderness and truth could last
> Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
> Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
> I should not weep, I should not weep!"

"Why do you sing such heart-breaking things as that?" demanded Lawrence, suddenly starting to his feet. "Do you want to drive a man beside himself with possibilities?" he cried, rudely, and in a strange, hoarse voice. For all at once, remembering some words of his Aunt Paget's that day, those possibilities and the strait in which he was had struck him and overpowered him. "Do you want to madden a man with your sweet voice and your fair face and the chances of despair?" And he stalked through the long glass door and out upon the balcony. He was leaning over the parapet, breathing hard, when she followed him and lingered, leaning beside him.

"I don't know what you mean, Lawrence," she said.

He turned and looked at her. The moon had not yet risen above the wood, but its light already filled the upper heavens, while the distant fields and the garden beneath them, the flower-beds and the old half-choked fountain, were in shadow, and a reflection of that light lay upon her face, and lent her again that almost unearthly loveliness.

"You don't know what I mean?" he cried—"you don't know that I love you! Yes, that I love you, that I see your love for me, that you are mine—mine before Heaven—and that all the fates stand between us; that never in this life can I claim my own; that we are forbidden to each other——"

"Oh, Lawrence!" she said, shrinking back and pulling down the branch of honeysuckle with its shadow about her.

"By the Lord, I will!" he cried. And in another moment he had taken the step between them, and had clasped her in his arms, clasped her to his heart, and sealed her lips, her sweet, warm, loving lips, with his tender kisses. "What do I care for all their forbidding!" he exclaimed. "I have a strong right hand that can earn our bread. Luxuries—let them go. We shall have the luxury of love."

And just then a gay voice was heard within, and an imperious step; and Lawrence released Emily only in time to turn and meet Valeria Gueltan, as obedient to Aunt Paget's telegram, she appeared upon the scene, and lifted the curtain behind them.

"What, mooning on the balcony with little Emily?" she cried; and she came out into the first broad dash of moonlight that fell across the crest of the wood and lighted up her dark cheek with its carnation flush, the blaze of her black eyes, and all her sumptuous curve and colour. "I should have known you in a million!" she exclaimed.

"And I suppose you are my correspondent of ten years," he answered.

"Introduce us in due form, Emily," she said. "It is ten years since we spent long weeks together."

For the instant, but only for the instant, she seemed half-hideous to the gaze of Lawrence; but later that night, when the vision recurred to him, he felt, in the midst of his palpitation, as if, after all, Emily were but a phantom beside such a reality—yet how beautiful a phantom, he said, as he tossed feverishly; how tender a being, how pure a soul! And what was the end of this to be? His love was like a wave, he feared, in his self-knowledge, beating itself against a rock only to be dissipated—the rock of his fate, his training, his long expectations, his self-indulgent love of luxury and splendour that would make it almost impossible for him to forego a fortune for the sake of a passion. "And how base a nature is that!" he cried. And in the ardour of his self-condemnation he sprang up and hurriedly dressed himself, and sallied forth to cool his disturbance in the night and the dew.

He was coming up the avenue an hour later, after a good tramp across the fields, when he glanced up at the windows of the house, all silvered over with the full flood of the moonlight, and saw Emily sitting at one of the open windows with some slight wrap about her, half hidden behind the muslin cloud of the curtain, but the white light beaming full upon her face and fallen hair till she looked like a glorified spirit. He stopped a moment beneath the shelter of the beech-trees, and gazed at her as though she were the image of a saint in a shrine, and he a worshipper. Then he

plucked a stem of the great fragrant lilies, heavy with dew, and tossed them up at her, and passed on. The sight had clinched his purpose. Not for all the gold of all the Gueltans, he said, would he barter this love of Emily's!

"So, Lawrence," said Valeria, at the breakfast-table, with the freedom of old friendship pleasantly renewed, "you didn't have mooning enough on the balcony, but must needs go marauding over the grounds last night like a Wildschütz. If you had only remembered that my window was next to Emily's, I should have had a lily to wear in my hair, too."

And Emily coloured clearer and clearer, deeper and deeper, under her words, and the lily in the bright hair trembled till, stooping for the handkerchief she dropped, it fell from her hair to the floor; and Lawrence picked it up, she saw, and kept it, and, twirling it lightly between his fingers, took it away with him at last.

"It's a good thing you've come, Valeria," said Aunt Paget, winking violently, when, by-and-by, Lawrence happened to be with them all again. "It was very dull for Lawrence and his cousin Emily, all alone with us old folks. Now we will have the young people that always come when you do, and a couple of fiddlers, and make things cheerful a little while—as much so as anything can be in this house of antediluvians, each with a foot in the grave. We have been very thoughtless to let it be so dull for the children."

"I don't believe they've found it dull," said Valeria, looking with a pleasant laugh at Lawrence.

"Well, at any rate, you may write to the Luttrells and the Pennymans to-day—we sent for the Doyles—and we shall have quite a gay house."

"It was a happy house before," said Emily to Lawrence, under her breath. He was standing beside her as she filled the big vase with flowers, and behind the shield of the vines and leaves he caught her hand, and held it in a close, long pressure.

"It will be a happy house again," he said, as he dropped the hand and broke off a bit of sweet-brier for his boutonnière, that Valeria came and fastened on for him.

It was as gay a house as Aunt Paget foretold, though; for the Pennymans and the Doyles and the Luttrells all came; and there were picnics and garden parties and driving and dancing—the young beaux of town and country-side following after the pretty damsels as well: a fortnight of real revelry, in which even old Uncle Martin, Aunt Paget, and the rest of them seemed to grow young again. From it Emily would have shrunk like an unnoticed shadow, half out of sight, if she could. But Valeria, overflowing with vitality, with warmth and gaiety, drew everyone into her sphere, and was herself like nothing so much as one of those very days of August sunshine in which their revelry went on; and as for Lawrence, before the third week of that hospitality on which Aunt Paget was risking so much of her precious hoard began, he found himself enjoying it like all the others, and eagerly planning new pleasures.

"I am going to send for horses to-day," said Valeria, "and we will everyone drive over to see mamma. There she is 'all sole alone,' and it will be the sweetest sort of surprise to her. It is only twenty miles. What say you? And I will show you the Gueltan Place, Lawrence. You haven't seen it since you were a boy, and it has grown as you have. Oh, it is too beautiful for anything! And I love it so!"

"What a girl you are, Valeria!" said wise old Aunt Paget. "Go, by all means, and bring your mother with you. I declare! the way you are always thinking of other people's pleasure amounts to a positive genius."

So they all drove over with much merriment to the great Place. And Valeria had certainly calculated with shrewdness when she counted upon the charms of the Gueltan Place to reinforce her own. Such a property as it was, too!—wood and field and river in landscapes of enchantment on every side; acres of billowy grain yellowing to the harvest; velvet sward undulating with hill and valley; with pastures dotted by superb cattle; with forest trees so grand that the possession of them was like an ancestral patent of nobility; with orchards laden in fruit; with dairies and poultry-yards and farm-house; and then the lawns, the greenhouses, the shrubberies, and, most alluring of all, the gardens—gardens almost as beautiful, it seemed to Lawrence's curious and half-bewildered gaze, as the hanging gardens of Babylon could have been. And the mansion itself, moreover—a stately stone building covering much ground, with grouped windows and chimneys, a thick creeper softening every angle and lending nature's grace to that of art, with an inner magnificence, too, of vast rooms, carved wainscots, pictures, ringing plate—ah, yes! a man might

lead a life that was worth while at the Gueltan Place; with the Gueltan fortune to keep it up! And Valeria—— Lawrence looked at her anew; some other nature sprang up in him. Truly she had a positive beauty of her own. He preferred the more delicate, the pale and pensive style; but she would anywhere be pronounced a royal-looking thing, with her fine stature, her rich colours, her haughty bearing in the midst of all her jubilation. He glanced again at Emily: it was like moonlight beside sunset. If only Emily had this fortune! What evil fate was it that made both himself and Emily penniless? Here, in this place, with Emily—— And without her? No, he had resolved upon that—he would never be without her!

So they feasted richly; and the servants in waiting, the silver and crystal, the state and ceremony, were something that kept striking vibrating strings in Lawrence's sensations, and attuning his wishes yet more and more to themselves, and were something, besides, that took on all the further splendour in contrast to the usual simplicity of life in the decayed old house at home. And after dinner they explored the immense dwelling and a portion of its treasures—the curious things this Gueltan and that, had brought home from the Chinese or the Indian or the African trade—paintings from Italy, armour from Spain, prints from France, *bric-à-brac* from the world over. Then they lingered in the lovely music-room, with its great instruments, and Emily was begged to sing at the ivory harp; but she knew that her simple little strains were not the music for such a spot as this, and Valeria herself sat down at the grand piano and dashed off an intricate sonata. And then, at last, the old livery hacks which brought them were allowed to take their time for home with a groom, and the fast Gueltan horses were brought out of the stables to speed them along—Mrs. Gueltan with them now—as if they travelled on the wings of the wind.

"We are living while we can," said Valeria to Aunt Paget, as she and Lawrence alighted first at the door, and the various parties came driving up the avenue, with song and laughter and all the tintinnabulation of gay voices, to receive the welcome which the indefatigable Aunt Paget had sat up till this hour to give. "By-and-by, you see, we shall be past enjoyment; so, if we make every day a festival now, we shall, at any rate, have that to look back upon. Isn't that wisdom?" she cried, joyously, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks burning like autumn leaves. "I always did pity those people who spend all the time they can enjoy in getting ready to enjoy!" It was an arrogant speech, the speech of insolent wealth; it sounded only like a heedless, happy speech from the gay young woman with her overflowing spirits; but it was a speech that went to its mark like an arrow, for Lawrence heard it, and laid its meaning to heart. Yes, he also pitied those who spent their youth preparing for their age. It was the lot before him—if he married Emily. If! Had he already begun to say "if"?

The next night was the night of the charades; they had turned their gaiety to the uses of charity, and a large company were coming out from town to pay tribute. "I expect to make enough out of these charades," said Aunt Paget, "to play my Lady Bountiful to all the poor children in the neighbourhood next winter. It will be a great relief to conscience. Emily will have her hands full, after you are all gone, making up flannels for the destitute babies half a mile about us."

"Cheerful prospect for Emily," laughed Valeria. "How lucky that I brought my maid from the Place, and shan't have to tax Emily's fingers to help me with my toilet in the bride's part to-night! They are the nimblest little fingers with a thimble on; and I have had to take so few stitches in the course of my life that I am unhandy as you might suppose a queen would be with a needle and thread. I will give you a diamond-pointed gold needle, Emily, as soon as they invent it!"

"Though she could only use it as a bare bodkin," said young Luttrell.

Well, they certainly were superb charades, with superb music of Valeria's provision between the acts. Aunt Paget never thought such things any liberties on Valeria's part, and would not have objected if the superb supper at the end had been of Valeria's provision, too, when she opened her own purse for it—her poor old miserly purse. And how magnificently Valeria swept through all the parts allotted her—now the East Indian princess in her snowy gauzes and blazing gems; now the Spanish lady with comb and mantilla; now in the curdling part of the Bride of Death, with her white robe brocaded in silver, and her veil of costly lace shrouding her like a cloud! Emily looked on as if a pageant

were passing before her, and she herself were invisible; and so, indeed, it might be said she was, for her fair, pale identity seemed to retire, to fade and vanish, before this splendid reality of flesh and tint.

"Do see Valeria tremble!" whispered Mary Pennyman to young Luttrell.

"I should think she would tremble," he replied; "it takes nerve to represent the Bride of Death."

"None of the rest of us would do it—it was so ill-omened. Oh, it isn't fear with which Valeria trembles—she doesn't know the word. Are the rooms cold? Any one would suppose it was positively real. Just look at her—how fervent! what an actress! I should think it would set Lawrence to thinking!"

"About making it real? I've never seen the lover that could approach Miss Gueltan sufficiently to propose making such a scene real!"

"Mrs. Paget says there was always an understanding in the family that they should marry some day."

"But they're cousins."

"Oh, only thousandth cousins."

"He's welcome—with all her shekels," said young Luttrell, taking Mary's bouquet and giving her a quick sidelong look. "For my part, it is a very different kind of beauty that touches me!"

Yet it was true; there was the least possible tremor about Valeria in that last picture she made, under the shimmer of that bridal veil. She had turned white as clay when, from behind the scenes, Aunt Paget whispered to Lawrence to speak up, and if she had not caught his hand for support, she might have fallen. He turned in a surprised inspection to see if it could be an imaginative horror at the ghastly presentment, or any emotion at this mimic marriage with himself—for he was the Knight of Death—that so affected Valeria. At his look all her colour came leaping back like a beautiful flame; and then there was, perhaps, a trifle more ardour than need be in the tone which failed to be sepulchral, and with which he pronounced the responses that, after all, he had not expected to make orally. It was a fine scene—the radiant bride in her rich antique attire, the haughty mailed and visored groom, the robed and reverend priest, the armed servitors, the gloom, the torches. It was applauded to the echo; but Valeria refused the encore.

There was waltzing that night, when the charades were over. Flutes, horns, violins, breathed a magical strain, and Lawrence was dancing with Valeria. Faster grew the measure; swifter fled the dancers by; swifter beat the currents of his blood. What was the wild, strange spell sweeping over him as he moved there in those mazy circles, and forgot Emily, and remembered only this voluptuous, pulsating creature in his arms?

At last the dance was done, the music had taken another key, and they were standing alone together on the little balcony where she had boldly drawn the curtain on the night of her arrival—how long ago that seemed! All sounds came to them subdued through the heavy folds; they heard the murmurs within, the minor music of the band, the plashing of the half-choked fountain, the swaying of the garden boughs in the fitful wind of the starry night.

"There is something—perhaps terrible—that I must tell you," Valeria was saying, while he heard her as if in a dream.

"Terrible?" he said.

"You may think so," she answered. "Do you know—how can I say it? Lawrence, the priest who married us in the charade—he is a justice of the peace, I learn. He is in a sad quandary, for it subjects him to fine in some way. But—but, Lawrence, we are—really married!"

Really married! He paused a moment before replying. Then fate had taken it out of his hands; fate had assumed the responsibility; fate had done the work.

"Is there any step you will take to undo it?" she was asking, silverly.

"Do you wish to undo it?" he murmured.

She was silent—silent and trembling.

"If you are my wife," he whispered, "you shall never go out of these arms again!"

As he stood there and held her in that impetuous clasp, the curtains parted behind them, an innocent little face, where the smile had grown doubtful and infrequent of late, looked out upon them, blanched as its eager look faded, grew whiter and whiter, while the seal of a great agony seemed to stamp itself there slowly, and then retreated silently as it had come. But it would have taken more than any little innocent face, or agonised one either, to waken Lawrence from the madness of that passionate moment.

That night, when the other guests had departed, the horses were brought round, and Lawrence went home with his wife.

As Aunt Paget in the lighted doorway ran laboriously but triumphantly from the side of Uncle Martin and of Mrs. Gueltan, who remained for a time with them, to pick up the slipper she had generously thrown after the phaeton, a little figure came slowly up the avenue, all its thin light garments, its hanging hair, dripping with dew. It was Emily, white as any wraith of herself, wild-eyed as one utterly bewildered, and talking incoherently when they bespoke her.

They took her in, and led her to her room, put her into bed, and gave her a mild opiate, guilty old Aunt Paget's hand shaking as she smoothed the pillow. Some called it fever and some insanity. Whatever it was it was a death-warrant; she exchanged that bed only for one in the bosom of the great mother who hides us at last from all the woes that have beset us.

But what of that? They knew nothing of it over at the Gueltan Place. Aunt Paget allowed no untoward news to disturb that honeymoon. It had been a delicious month, in which they hardly knew if they walked the earth. That unrestricted marriage, without a paper, without a settlement, had placed the chief part of the great Gueltan fortune in Lawrence's possession; he was master of all the wealth he coveted; the fruition of the earth was at his command it almost seemed; all gratification of the senses, all pomp of pride. It was a wild dream in which he was enchanted like one of Circe's swine—a wild dream of passion, of pleasure, of possession, and out of which he did not awake till six weeks after he had entered the Gueltan Place, and word was brought to him of Emily's death.

Guests had begun to come and go during the last half of that time. Lawrence's old friends had found him out, and it suited him to display his splendid state to them, his splendid wife. Newer friends clustered round him; it suited him to entertain them like a prince. He had no time to think of the past, or of any childish folly in it. Breakfasts, dinners, balls, hunting parties, gaiety followed gaiety at the Place, and the banquetting was kept up as if they felt the shadow chasing behind them, and must make the most of a brief season, for to-day the sun shone, but to-morrow it would be the gloom of the tomb.

It was on returning at twilight from one of these gay hunting parties that, as he strode into the hall with his half-dozen guests about him, Valeria came forward as usual to greet her husband, perhaps her colour a trifle deeper than usual, certainly her dress a degree more dazzling—a dress of some silver-threaded gauze over a lustre of satin, with a fantastic stomacher of rubies, and a great ruby burning above her forehead; while, because the early September evening had a breath of chill in it, she had wrapped about her a crimson satin mantle, whose swan's-down lining only displayed the creaminess and *rondeur* of her perfect shoulder. He looked at her as at some rich painting; he was proud to have his comrades see what magnificence in flesh and blood it was that he possessed as well; and then he gallantly followed her down the hall, past the room devoted to the whips and spurs and guns and hunting trophies, and into her own sitting-room.

"I have some unhappy intelligence," she said then, gently. "The messenger just came, half an hour since, to tell us that our little cousin Emily will be buried to-morrow."

Lawrence stared straight before him. Her words stupefied and chilled him to the soul, as one just waking out of delicious warmth to an icy wind and rain.

"Emily! Buried!" he gasped.

"Yes; she died yesterday," said Valeria, still gently. "Some trouble of the brain. I always thought there was trouble there. She was a poor sweet little thing. She never could have succeeded here."

"Died!" he said, in a ghastly voice.

Valeria made a movement as if to cling about him. He put out his hand in its riding-glove and pushed her back, with the open palm against her breast—no blow, yet as bitter as one. And then for one long breathing space he surveyed her. "This animal!" with sharpened ears she heard him mutter to himself, unconscious that he spoke; "this creature! this mere flesh!" and in another breath he was gone, and was galloping with might and main to the place where Emily lay. But it was one of the Gueltan horses on which he galloped.

It was nearly midnight when Lawrence reached his aunt's house. He stabled his horse himself, climbed in by a window, and mounted alone and in the dark to the room where, he knew, was laid away the thing he came to see. A late moon, just rising, threw a weird light across the room as he went in. The white curtains wavered to and fro in the breeze blowing through the open window; the white sheet wavered too above the rigid outline underneath. He pulled the face-cloth down to see—no Emily that he had

ever known: only the withered mask, from under which, with unknown pangs, a suffering soul had escaped. And then the look that grew like transformation on the sweet face that night when she surprised him with Valeria on the balcony, that marriage night, came back and hung before him—that face taking on its seal of agony came back and hung before him, an actual, visible thing upon the air, to plague his sight throughout the days and nights of weary years!

There is no one who ever knew a syllable about that dreadful night, with the wretched man pacing the room, and pausing at every turn to gaze on the wreck he had made—no one who knows aught of the fiery furnace in which he walked, of the anguish in which so much of his noble nature exhaled like perishable substance in a crucible. He allowed none to enter that room, commanded his people away from him, placed her form himself in the coffin; and when they piled the earth upon it, "They are burying me with you, Emily," he cried, and galloped back to Gueltan.

It was another man from the one whom she had trapped into that sordid marriage with her who met Valeria at the door of the great place—a reckless, desperate, and wicked man. He saluted her mockingly; he treated her disdainfully; sometimes for days together failed to acknowledge her existence. If she remonstrated, he would say, "You bought your bargain tare and tret: take it as it comes." The old stately quiet of the Gueltan Place was disturbed night after night by the noise of riotous orgies, to which Valeria and her mother listened remotely in affright; card parties kept up their fires from dark to dawn, from dawn to dark again, with fortunes changing hands; Lawrence seemed to be trying to evade recognition, and thought of this thing with its seal of agony that hung so unfailingly before his eyes. Now and then he forsook that haunted home and his wife there for weeks without a word, vouchsafing no explanation on his return—his absence to her a misery, his return a thing to dread. The splendid colour left her cheek, the bright light left her eye; he could no longer call her mere flesh—she was developing a soul, a soul born with great throes out of sorrow. If seldom he remembered that the fault was his, his more than hers, and bore himself towards her with some unaccustomed tenderness that made her heart bound and her tears start—to such pass had she come—then in the midst of it that face came floating before his eyes, and it was all nought again. "The man is mad!" she said.

So day followed day, year followed year. They were years, indeed, long years—ten long years—in which Valeria was tortured, as he was, like victims at a slow fire. In that time she buried her mother, felt herself as alone in the world as one lost in a wilderness, and saw Gueltan Place go under the hammer.

Are there any of us quite outside the possibility of forgiveness? Are agonised devotion and patience and long unspoken pain no reparation, no cleansing, for sin? If Valeria sinned, she suffered, and faith and determination never once forsook her. Only when Gueltan Place had gone did her long faith and patience do their work—did that haunting face cease to hover before Lawrence's eyes.

"Is it worth the toss-up?" he said; for white and statuesque and sad as Niobe, in her black clothes, the sight of her had lately softened him. "Would you lay it down now?" he exclaimed, defiantly, "or would you begin life again at thirty-five and without a penny?"

"Begin!" said Valeria.

He glanced up in amazement at the bright ring in her voice—in amazement, too, at the flush that his unwonted address had brought to her colourless cheeks.

"Will you begin with me?" he asked, after a strange hesitation. In his ruin he turned to the one thing that had not deserted him.

"With you?" she cried, the smothered fire of years breaking out. "Oh, I will live in a hovel, sleep on ashes, eat crusts, if you forgive me the wrong I did, the work I wrought, and give me only a kind look now and then!"

So they went out over seas into the wide world together—the aunts and uncles still living, but living to themselves, as of old. Effort brought success. Valeria's smile never faltered, her tender word never failed him. After all, hers was the stronger nature; trial had strengthened it for nobler use, and her fate had been more cruel than Emily's. In some dim sense Lawrence recognised it, and would have atoned to her for those dark years. Dark years! but they were growing light. For when at last a little child was born to them it seemed like Heaven's blessing, and the fruit they had plucked not all ashes to their teeth.

H. P. Spofford.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued*).

"THAT'S the choice of two drinks I have given you; now for a third. A glass of half milk and half water will rapidly quench thirst. Acid drinks with many persons create thirst, otherwise for the fourth put a tablespoonful of cream of tartar, which will cost less than a penny, into a jug, fill it with a quart of boiling water, sweeten it, and put into it the peel of a lemon cut up; or even a cup of cold tea with a squeeze of lemon in it is very grateful to a thirsty person. In his excessive thirst a man suffering from 'dipsomania'—this is the name of the disease caused by drink—will take anything short of simple water to allay his sufferings. Water alone and also ice will often cause thirst equally with fruit, at least it will not readily quench it; but the most cooling refreshing and healing drink is the white of an egg beaten to a froth with an equal quantity of cold water, it is so grateful to a diseased stomach that a craving is created for it. You can get eggs cheap enough now, so don't spare them. The only difficulty is in getting anyone fond of drink to take anything but liquor of some sort."

"What name did you call it—Tipsymania?" asked one man.

"Not exactly that, but it will answer for it. I said Dipsomania, which means a mania, a madness, arising from being saturated with intoxicating liquors, one who is literally dipped in them, so that the brain wastes away from its connection with the spinal cord, which is also affected."

A young man who had entered during the last half-hour asked, "Is it not dangerous for those who have constantly imbibed to suddenly leave off drinking liquors?"

"A similar question was asked of Dr. Wilks," replied Mr. Lincoln. "The doctor says, 'No, that a man who has been regularly in the habit of taking drink daily will for a time undoubtedly feel a craving for it, and be ill, if he discontinues it, but this feeling, most depressing and painful at first, will daily wear away, and he will be none the worse for his abstinence from drink.' Further, the doctor says, 'I have been in practice a great many years, and I have never seen, nor have I heard—although making inquiries—of any harm resulting from the sudden withdrawal of alcohol. If the patient will not eat nor take anything but alcohol it is better to let him go without eating than to make matters worse by pandering to a vitiated appetite.' Thus far Dr. Wilks. But you will ask, what then should a man drink? There are the substitutes of tea, coffee, and cocoa. As regards the latter, the husks of the cocoa beans make a very palatable and cheap drink, the cost being about fourpence the pound. The shells or husks are put on in cold water and boiled for an hour. The result is a thin but grateful and supporting beverage free from oil. I believe this is but little known.

"You will perhaps laugh at what I am going to tell you, perhaps turn it to ridicule, but yet it is true, and was done by a nurse in my family. She had to sit up at night, and give almost constant attendance during the day to one suddenly struck with mental derangement—madness, if you like—and who seemed quieter when she was near. Of course everything was done to give her support in food and other comforts, such as tea and coffee to any amount. One night, when extra strength and watchfulness were needed, a strong glass of brandy-and-water was offered to her, and refused, but as she could not leave the patient we remonstrated that she would need it. Now mark her reply. 'Yes,' she said, 'I need a stimulant, but not spirits, which would make me sleepy. If you will let me have a small saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, a knob of sugar, and half a tumbler of warm water, I shall be glad.'

"'Surely you don't mean to drink it,' we asked in amazement.

"'Yes, it is the finest thing to take, and keeps up the spirits when one is depressed. Coffee would make me sleep, though it has not that effect with some people; and tea is not good during the night—I can't digest it.'

"'Where did you get this recipe for wakefulness? Won't it make you thirsty?' asked my wife.

"The young woman coloured scarlet as she answered, 'My father, from long habit of drinking, was unbearable, but he really wished to break himself of it. Someone

told him of this remedy, and afterwards, whenever he felt as if he would like to drink, he took it, and the craving for liquor went away. At first he drank the pepper twice a day; we thought it must injure his stomach, and asked our doctor. He said it would not, unless he was always drinking it, but that we must give him good strong beef soup, with plenty of bread in it, and keep home bright, clean, and comfortable; and he said if we got a good story, and read to him of a night, it would keep him from his companions at the public-house.'

"Now this suggestion made me laugh heartily, not at it, for I thought it most admirable; but the old stories of the 'Arabian Nights' occurred to me, and that the Sultan must have been a tippler, and his admirable wife sacrificed her sleep to break her husband of bad habits, who was undoubtedly a 'leetle' deranged.

"However, to continue, I asked Elizabeth Reading, 'Did her father never feel nervous and shaky when he left off the drink?'

"She said, 'Very seldom; and, when he did, the doctor gave him something—she did not know what it was, but he seldom had it at any time, and had not for years. Her father was a sober man now.'

"Now this 'something' that the doctor gave him was possibly bromide of potassa, of which about twelve grains should be given in water. This quantity may be exceeded to as far as twenty grains; but a doctor or chemist should give it. It is by no means expensive, for four ounces can be purchased for tenpence. It is constantly given in American asylums to ease and cure the cravings of drunkenness.

"None but the tempted can tell the strength of the temptation, and the amount of courage required to subdue it; but, with God's help, this fearful evil spirit may be dislodged, if you only determine that it shall fly. But if it be sought and welcomed, nursed and cherished, then nothing is left but merciful death or living torture.

"You don't know where Hetty Atkins went just now? She went to help to remove Tom Spainey to the insane asylum. Now, there's a man to be pitied. Look at his surroundings. Earning good wages, and a sharp, bright fellow. He married for comfort, and had a right to expect it; but he first married a drunkard—a woman, young as she was, never sober. She's dead, and we'll say no more about her; but the legacy she left her husband in her example has been his ruin, which the second wife could not cure. I was with him for hours last night. He had drink through somebody who treated him; and I tell you that not for all the Indies would I, or could I, pass another such a time. Talk about evil spirits! Not for one moment did the poor fellow cease raving that demons stood here, and another there, that others were coming from the ceiling, and some rising through the floor, and again that others were squeezing him, till I actually shuddered, as if under devil's influence, yet knowing well that these illusions, the outcome of drunkenness, were of his own creation, as bad to feel as if real. Have you never in a dream suffered trouble and agony, and were not those sufferings real to you? Just so were these visions real to Tom Spainey, and all self-created. Now, who of you would willingly undergo similar torture? Every cup of ale or glass of spirits you drain unnecessarily is the sliding scale by which body and soul are ultimately lost in raving madness.

"Now, men, be men! Not such as we read of in the papers—men who, under the driving of drink, think they show their manliness in beating and kicking their wives, and whose very shadow is a terror to their children—such are unhumanised by the demon they worship; they are not men. But let every one of us in a business-like manner, as though we meant work, cast off this degradation of drink. Let each of us set about finding some more elevating amusement than converting ourselves into mere animated beer-barrels or wine-bottles, for drunkards are nothing more, excepting that they themselves have displaced reason with drink, and thus they resemble madmen, who are for the most part mischievous, treacherous, ferocious, and dangerous.

"I trust the day will come, when every village will have its club-room where both men and women may mingle and find society; where men may read and women work, and where cheap and good refreshments will be at hand. If any wrong comes of this mingling, be sure that it would have arisen in another place and at another time. If man or woman is not true to his or her own self, neither will either be true to others. That's a universal experience which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Polonius.

"There is a most powerful puller-down of intoxication in the example of women. Let one woman in every household abstain from

intoxicating drinks, even if only a glass of wine; her influence, though small at first, will so increase (as all good does) that in time it will be considered monstrous for a well-disposed woman to be seen drinking wine. I know of one mistress who will not have ale, wine, or spirits in the house. The servants whom she engages do not have beer, and neither do they see it, nor through her means does it become a temptation. Indeed, a young servant who drinks beer, or requires to have it, is an exception rather than a rule.

"I fear you are tired out; it is late, and I can hear the public has dismissed its inmates, so it is time for us to leave; but if any of you like to come and have a cup of tea or coffee with me next week, I shall be glad to see you, and have a chat upon some other subjects."

"We be much obliged to you, Mister Lincoln; we'll think of it; some of us, I 'spose, 'll come."

"Very well, do as you like; but now good night to you all, and may the ever-present God have us all in His keeping."

Some of the men turned and looked at him with a curious expression, but all went out sober enough.

Chapter III.

It was many weeks before Mr. Lincoln had his coffee-party again. The smallpox suddenly made its appearance, in what way was a mystery—no one had been out of the village. One young girl had come home for a holiday, bringing with her only a carpet-bag; her bonnet-box she had left in the cab. She was well and rosy on her arrival, but when she should have returned to service a fortnight after, she was lying dangerously ill of this terrible malady.

One seems to find great satisfaction in accounting for the source of our cold-catching. In the same way conjecture was rife as to how the smallpox came into the village. Rosa Edwards declared, that the household she had left were in health, and this fact was quickly ascertained, that the family had no illness and still continued well. After some time the girl said, "I came in a cab to the station, and then took the train, but my bonnet-box was left in the cab. I shall get it again, as I know the man and where his house is, but not his address."

Nothing satisfactory was elicited from this; in fact none gave it a thought that in this way the disease might have been introduced. However, one and another were attacked by the disease but recovered, excepting the children of inebriate parents; some of these died. Fortunately the grandmother of Rosa was a woman who had much experience in the treatment of smallpox, which, as she remarked to Mr. Lincoln, "was not thought much of when I was young. Why, you know, children were always expected to have the measles and smallpox and whooping-cough, and if they didn't have 'em all while they were very young, they were sure to have 'em before they died, and then 'twould go very hard on 'em."

"Inoculation for smallpox was the practice when I was a child," said Mr. Lincoln.

"That's true; and we young girls were taught how to treat the smallpox," said Molly Abbott. "Keep the sick folks cool, the room cold, no draughts, mind; tie the hands in sheets loose like, but so they could not touch their faces; and to keep off the air from the faces we powdered 'em well with powder, not flour; that was too coarse; but the same powder that was then, as it is now, called violet powder—just the same as the people used to powder their hair with. The one great trouble was to know whether 'twas smallpox or measles that a child had got; if it was the smallpox, it was to be kept cold; if measles, then it must be kept warm. You see, both of 'em is of a brooding nature; neither disease shows itself at once—that is, a child may be ill some days before the rash comes out. In the smallpox it may be twelve or fourteen days; in the measles less, not more than five, perhaps, and——"

"Just tell me, Mrs. Abbott, do you know why a patient suffering from measles should be kept hot, and one struck with smallpox should have cold treatment?"

"Now that's just what I don't know, Mister Lincoln."

"The measles, then, is a peculiar affection of the lungs, and is attended with all the symptoms of a cold, and it is only when inflammation of the lungs appears that measles are often fatal. Hence all such diseases, including bronchitis, should have *fresh warm air*, and the patient be kept warm, free from cold or draught, be lightly covered with blankets—not sheets. In spring, when the weather is uncertain and chilly, there should be a fire in the room, and the door or window be slightly open,

to admit fresh air, and send that which is exhausted up the chimney; and even in the summer, unless it be intensely hot, a fire is good, as it creates a draught for the impure air to escape.

"The difference between measles and smallpox is this—one is a chest disease, and must have warm air; the smallpox is *poisoned blood*, the result a burning fever, to be kept in check by cool air and cooling medicines; besides, the symptoms are somewhat different. Measles attack the chest, the eyes, and the breath, just as a severe cold does; the eruptions come out in irregular patches, half-moon shaped. There are shiverings, sneezing, and cough, and other indications of lung malady, requiring warm treatment and warm beverages. And here the Acid Infusion of Roses, without an aperient, is most useful; but, if the chest be distressed, a little ipecacuanha-wine, with waters and syrup, but under medical advice.

"The smallpox pains do not attack the chest, but the back of the head and the loins. The skin is hot and dry, and must have cold treatment and cooling medicines."

"Sure now, Mr. Lincoln, we never gave the children that had smallpox anything but Rose-wine. I have had several little ones, and never lost one in smallpox."

"How did you know the way to make it?"

"The mistress where I lived made it for me."

"It is a capital medicine. The other day I gave the receipt to some of your neighbours, and now I write it for you:—'A quarter of an ounce of damask-rose leaves, purchased at a chemist's; two ounces of Epsom salts; two ounces of loaf sugar; a pint of boiling water. Stir all well together. Cover close for some hours, and when cold strain it into a bottle, and add twenty-five drops of dilute sulphuric acid.

"It is not advisable, perhaps, to give a decided aperient for the first two days of the eruption. Therefore put in only half an ounce of salts instead of two ounces. From the commencement of the attack give of this mixture a tablespoonful every four hours day and night, and keep the patient on low diet—gruel or barley water—neither beef tea nor mutton broth, but toast-and-water and lemonade."

"That's just what we used to do when smallpox was such a common complaint, that it wasn't thought so much about."

"And what did you do to prevent infection among the healthy children?"

"Sewed camphor into little black bags and hung one round each neck, and two or three times a day washed their armpits and the palms of their hands with liquid camphor—that is, spirits of camphor, a drachm of camphor to half an ounce of spirits of wine. I always keep this mixture in the house now, because, you see, I'm often about nursing people. I take sometimes a few drops on moist sugar in a teaspoon, and fill the spoon with water. I've great faith in camphor to prevent infection."

"It is best to send children and other persons away out of the house than run risks of getting the disease."

"That's true; but poor folks have nowhere to send them to, and must do the best they can. I've heard that carbolic acid is better than the camphor; is it, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Camphor is to a great degree an excellent preventive, but carbolic acid destroys the germs of the disease, or is said to do so; both are excellent deodorisers. Charcoal placed in basins of water and set in different parts of a room is also most efficacious. In all smallpox cases a doctor should be called and his orders obeyed, because the disease assumes different aspects, according to the health and strength of the patient. Before the eruption appears there are three stages of the disease; if the patient is strong, then the rose infusion with the salts should be given; but if weak, then the aperient must be very slight, if any; and should the pulse fall stimulants administered, but only under medical instruction. In either case keep the patient cool, not cold, and the room thoroughly ventilated, admitting as much fresh air as possible without, however, endangering the patient."

"Tripe water is good to apply to the eruption, as well powdering with violet powder—that is, fat tripe put into cold water and boiled for two hours, is good to touch the pimples with," said Molly Abbott. "I've heard of glycerine and water, but tripe-water is first rate. I used to put half a pound of fat tripe into a pint of cold water and boil it for two hours slowly, not for the steam to reduce it too much; and I smeared it over the face with a soft varnish brush, a good broad one; anything less used to tickle the face."

"Several means have been used to prevent the pitting or marking of the face; anything that best relieves the terrible itching is the right thing. Only this—that which is suit-

able for one skin is the reverse for another. In almost all cases I have seen of erysipelas, the powder has been most effectual for this purpose. Some doctors just touch each pustule with caustic, others use collodion; but anything which excludes the air is desirable, and tripe water may be among the best for this purpose, or glycerine and rose water—two-thirds of glycerine and one of rose water. If people would only be vaccinated the small-pox would be little heard of."

"I can't understand how vaccination should prevent smallpox; it is very mysterious."

"It seems so, but is not. It is just the principle 'that like cures like.' Cow-pox and smallpox are both blood poisons, only one causes far more disturbance in the blood than the other. Introduce the cow-pox by vaccination and the blood will not admit or 'take up' the other. The poison falls harmless in almost all cases where the vaccine matter has taken effect—an event not always certain. You may take the *blood* from a vaccinated child, and inoculate another's child with it, the last child will have no vaccine pimples; but again take the latter and vaccinate it with cow-pox lymph, and the pustules will appear. In this case, the theory of the blood being capable of transmitting immunity does not hold good. In this matter, as in most others, there is no similarity in previous constitutions, and what is curative or preventive in one case, is not so in another. For instance, if in the cow-pox the eruption runs speedily to a height, and has a dark circle round it too early, and the centre contains matter instead of a limpid fluid, it cannot be depended upon as a true vaccination, nor will it be a preventive against smallpox. The unsatisfactory result is probably owing to the constitution of the person or child operated upon. So you see, Mrs. Abbott, there is nothing certain under the sun, but Time and Death."

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, wouldn't you have your children vaccinated?"

"Undoubtedly; notwithstanding the outcry against it. I don't deny but that some sad cases of disease have come to my knowledge, said to be traceable to vaccination, and it may be so, one cannot contradict when one cannot prove a thing; but I know this, that formerly people were dreadfully marked with the smallpox, and you rarely see a disfigurement of the kind now, thanks to Dr. Jenner and his unwearied patience for twenty years in endeavouring to make people healthier and more comely."

"Just tell me this, Mister Lincoln, why don't they take the cow-pox matter from the cows instead of from vaccinated babies, and who may be suffering from other diseases?"

"Why do we find imperfections in all things? Cows, now, have diseases which would be dreadful for man to possess—'foot-and-mouth disease,' think what it is—and yet I've known such a calamity, or one very closely resembling it. Medical men are now endeavouring to get the lymph from apparently healthy calves.

"Now, as regards children, from whom the vaccine lymph is taken, there is no tracing back the diseases which are perhaps dormant in the parents of the children and slowly developing their activity in the blood of the infants. Their arms after vaccination look well and themselves healthy, the lymph is taken from them, and with it the insidious maladies which are said to be thus propagated by vaccination.

"In large cities there is appointed a public vaccinator, and at certain times all who have children are compelled to bring them to be vaccinated. There is no choice; the law enforces this act and fines the parents if they don't submit. This was never the plan that Dr. Jenner, who discovered this antidote to the smallpox, ever contemplated, or would have desired. The doctors of any village or small town knew each family, their habits and peculiarities, their healthiness or the reverse, and from the healthiest among hardy children took the lymph and vaccinated others. It was never taken from a scrofulous infant, nor from one whose parents were notoriously unhealthy or vicious; but now this is all changed. Not so in the village, however; but go into any large town, and the vaccinator being provided with lymph obtained from any child actually propagates diseases of the blood, and children so vaccinated are made sufferers for life. In such cases the remedy is far worse than the disease.

"Vaccination is the true and only preventive of smallpox, but the vaccine matter should be from the purest source, and should not be gathered indiscriminately from any child. The cow is no longer a pure source. It is yet to be discovered if other than the cow lymph can produce in the blood immunity from this much-to-be-dreaded smallpox, which is raging in this and the next village. You are much among the people, try to make them understand that instead of covering up one who is

attacked and stopping out all fresh air, that the disease must have cold treatment, though the patient be kept out of draught. Disinfectants must be used. All clothes taken from, and vessels used by, the patient must be plunged into a pail of cold water with a wineglassful of carbolic acid in it. The clothes be well rinsed and dried at night on the ground in the open air. If they could be well baked it would, perhaps, answer better; but there are no appliances for this, so we must do the best that is possible to do.

"Let each bedroom window be an inch open at night, never closed; sprinkle coffee in a red-hot iron shovel, and carry it through the house. This disinfectant is most readily obtainable when others are not. A solution of permanganate of potash, of which you can make a gallon for twopence, is excellent. Forty grains will cost but this much. Put it in a bottle, add a half pint of *cold* boiled water, and shake it well. Use a wineglassful of this in a pail of hot water—boiling water is best; dip cloths in this and hang them about the rooms; keep a brush to sprinkle it on the floors, and wash the floors with it. Keep some in an old soup plate or other earthenware vessel under the bedsteads in all the rooms, and keep all windows and doors open at the top of the house especially. In smallpox, or indeed cow-pox, which is but a much lesser kind of smallpox, you cannot have too much air. Carbolic acid in the proportion of a wineglassful to a pail of water is the best of all, because it destroys the germs of disease, which are always floating about in a sick room.

"When the skin of a victim to scarlet fever begins to peel off like fine dust, there is no time during the sickness when infection is so likely to take place. Therefore, let me impress it upon you, never to sweep a room, or to dust it in the ordinary way, of flicking it from one place to another, but take it up in damp cloths steeped in carbolic acid and water, or permanganate and water. Gently gather it up and drop it into a pail of water; let all the dust in a room where sickness is be gathered up in cloths steeped in infusion of permanganate of potash. Carbolic acid the patient may not be able to endure; wash the patient's face, hands, and body with permanganate and water. Great relief in all fevers is often found by keeping the palms of the hands in a weak solution of permanganate of potash and warm water. Come to me to-morrow morning and I will give you a large bottle full; it costs next to nothing, and a nurse should never be without it. It heals cuts and burns, and in all diseases where discharge exists it is one of the greatest blessings ever discovered."

"Every woman should know the use and intelligent application of simple remedies. This was a knowledge women excelled in formerly, and I hope it will be so again. Meantime, just now, all that can help must do so, for sickness crops up at every turn, and no wonder, since so many of the villagers have specially invited the visitation, and go wandering about from house to house to see how a patient gets on. Thus, themselves, carrying the infection into their own families."

"Now, Mr. Lincoln, don't laugh at my grandmother's whims about this. She would have the rooms washed with sulphur-water—that is milk of sulphur—a quarter of a pound put into a pail of water. She declared it kept off infection. And she gave to each of us, twice a day for three days following, a teaspoonful of milk of sulphur mixed into a paste with honey. Then we waited three days, and took a teaspoonful once a day for three days; then waited another three days, and took half a teaspoonful once a day for three days; then we stopped altogether. My grandmother used to say that rheumatics and boils were cured by this, because the brimstone soon went through the blood and came out through the skin. And she always gave it for smallpox. She was a monthly nurse for many years and ought to have known something about sickness. Then she used to make an ointment of milk of sulphur, and well-washed lard, mixed with elder-flower water, and spread it over our faces to keep away the air. And none of us were pitted. You see the air makes the sore places itch, and this is dreadful. As children we were all inoculated for the smallpox, and went through it as one of the diseases which all children must have; we did not then know that this inoculation was to prevent our having it in a more dreadful form, nor that proper vaccination would prevent our having it at all."

Mr. Lincoln mused for a little while, then said—"I have also known sulphur-ointment applied in the early stage of the disease, and with marvellous effect. I never before heard of sulphur being given as a medicine for the smallpox; but it undoubtedly is—where mixed with a little cream of tartar—an excellent remedy for boils. Now this I want to impress upon you, to call in

medical advice the moment the disease shows itself; but if, as in this parish, doctors cannot sometimes come for hours, you will know what to do. Give the Rose Infusion, or the sulphur if you like; keep doors and windows open, but the patient entirely out of the draught, and with no heavy counterpanes on the body, one blanket to lie on and one on the top are better than all the cotton sheets, but you will have a difficulty in this with a patient unaccustomed to blankets next the skin; but whether blankets or sheets, no counterpanes at all, a blanket instead. Give the sufferer milk and water, toast and water if thirsty; and for food thin gruel or barley water of the same consistency."

(*To be concluded.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD

JEANNETTE.—*Hardiment, ça vous plaît_à*
Jeannette. — Boldly, that you please to
dire!... J'ai déjà quitté mes sabiots; si
say!... I have already left off my sabots; if
j'ôtais iton mes_escarpins?*
I take off also my pumps?

ENGLISH.—I have taken off my wooden shoes. Shall I also take off my shoes with a thin sole?

Oh! oh! on se croirait sur la mare
Oh! oh! they itself would believe on the pond
de chez nous quand il gèle.
of at us when it freezes.

ENGLISH.—I could believe that I was on the pond at home when it freezes.

LOUISE.—*Aie soin de rester sur le*
Louise. —Have thou care to remain on the
tapis, tu ne cours_aucun danger... Allons
carpet, thou not run any danger... Go
donc, peureuse!
then, fearful one!

JEANNETTE (*qui a marché sur le tapis*
Jeannette who has walked on the carpet
seulement).—*Là... me voilà rendue... Ah!*
only). —There... me behold restored... Ah!
c'est que, voyez-vous, je m'ai déjà
it is that, see you, I myself have already
cassé les reins sur la glace, et je me
broken the back upon the ice, and I myself
méfie... (*avec aisance*). *Ah! je me*
mistrust... (with ease). Ah! I myself
reconnais mieux là-dessus; on march
know again better there-upon; one walks
comme dans_un pré.
as in a meadow.

ALICE.—*Jeannette.*

JEANNETTE.—*Mamzelle.*

LOUISE.—*Pour la peine de nous_avoir*
Louise. — For the trouble to us have
appris_à faire des gâteaux, sans
learned to make some cakes, without
compter mille prevenanee dont j'ai
to count a thousand obligations of which I have
gardé le souvenir, nous_avons résolu, Alice
kept the remembrance, we have resolved, Alice
et moi, de t'apprendre la musique.
and I, to thee teach the music.

JEANNETTE.—*A moi, mamzelle! ça*
Jeannette. — To me, miss! that
s'apprend donc?
itself learns then?

ENGLISH.—To me, miss! can that be learned?

ALICE.—*Qu'elle est drôle! mais sans*
Alice. —That she is funny! but without
ENGLISH.—How funny she is!
doute. Comment le saurait-on?
doubt. How it should know they?

ENGLISH.—How should they know it?

JEANNETTE.—*Je croyais que les belles*
Jeannette. — I thought that the beautiful
demoiselles riches comme vous savaient_en
young ladies rich like you knew in
venant au monde bien des choses; à défaut
coming to the world many of things; in default
de quoi, dans ma petite jugeotte, elles ne
of which, in my little they not
seraient ni plus ni moins que des
will be neither more neither less than some
payesannes. (*Alice et Louise se*
peasants. (Alice and Louise themselves
mettent à rire.)
put to laugh.)

ENGLISH.—Alice and Louise begin to laugh.

LOUISE.—*Tout s'enseigne, tout s'apprend,*
Louise. — All itself teach, all itself learn,
ma chère Jeannette, plus ou moins vite,
my dear Jeannette, more or less quick,
selon les dispositions, le bon vouloir de
according the dispositions, the good will of
l'élève, et le talent, la patience du
the pupil, and the talent, the patience of the
professeur.
professor.

ENGLISH.—All is taught, all is learned, my dear Jeannette, more or less quickly, according to the disposition.

* *Patois.*

OUR POETS' PAGE.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

THEY were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Rare gifts unto our lord the king."

They went together. In the dew
A charmèd bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorns one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Pearls of great price the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one—his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands;
The other—torn and empty hands.

At bird and rose and pearl and fruit
The king was cold, the king was mute;
At last he sadly spoke: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

S. M. B. P.

KILLINEY—AN IRISH MELODY.

IF you would behold a region so lovely,
That fancy's imaginings fade in its glow;
You should climb the steep summit of beauteous Killiney
And gaze on her hills and the waters below.

Your green wooded-heights, and your dark-towering mountains,
Looking graciously down on the calm sunlit sea,
And the sweet village nestling so still in your bosom,
Make it hard, dear Killiney, to say, farewell to thee.

HARRIETTE SMITH.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WEARY and worn with many years,
An old man sat beside the gate;
A little maid with many tears
Bewailed a plaything's fate.

The old man turned with kindly eye
To where the mournful maid did stand,
Gazing with many a heavy sigh
Upon the plaything in her hand.

He called her kindly to his side,
And strove to mend the broken toy.
She laughing now, her sorrows hide
Behind a happy, hopeful joy.

And there they sat, the young and old.
The early spring, with winter white.
The morning fresh, the eve so cold;
She at the dawn, he near the night.

M. R.

"AGNES."

IN amber light the day awoke,
The wind sang to the sea,
And through the maiden's slumber broke,
She said, "He comes to me."

The winds were soft with breath of spring;
The birds sang sweet and shrill;
The great sun in a golden ring
Looked out above the hill.

She went about her daily ways,
Singing her simple tune,
God's sunshine lighting up her face—
"He cometh at the noon."

The sun went rounding from the east
Behind the slim church-spire,
The light upon the sea increased,
The windows shone like fire.

She stood upon the threshold stone
And looked along the way;
While one spake low, in mocking tone,
"He will not come to-day."

The wind took up the sad refrain
And sang it wearily;
But she made answer back again,
"I know he comes to me."

The clouds grew dark about the west,
Loud wailed the restless wind;
The sun crept from the mountain's crest
Into the night behind.

The keen sea-breath grew sharp and chill
About her lonely home;
But she made answer, very still,
"I know that he will come."

Night closed around the little town,
The shore, the river, glen,
And sleep her gentle hand laid down
Upon all weary men.

The maiden's eyes are beaming bright,
The maiden's cheeks like flame,
The maiden's faith was fixed aright,
For with the night he came.

CYRL FORD.

NEEDLEWORK.

DESIGN FOR END OF NECKTIE.—Materials: muslin or net for the tie. For the work clear muslin which has been washed and ironed, or thin silk, as sarcenet or Persian. The manner of working the strips of muslin or silk is readily seen by the engraving. It makes a very effective necktie. If made in muslin use Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton No. 30; or if in silk, use sewing silk of the same tint as the silken material. A very pretty effect is making the work of cream-coloured Persian upon an écru coarse net-ground.

A PRETTY pattern for a Ruff, or for a cap to tie over the ears, or for antimaccassars.

For single wool, or three-thread fleecy, long bone needles with a knob at one end, No. 10. For Andalusian wool needles No. 16.

ROSE-LEAF PATTERN.—Correction to Rose-leaf Pattern in April No., Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton No. 14. Cast on fifteen stitches for each pattern, one for each division, and four for each edge. Rows omitted.

6th row. Pearl 1, knit 1, pearl 13, knit 1, pearl 10.

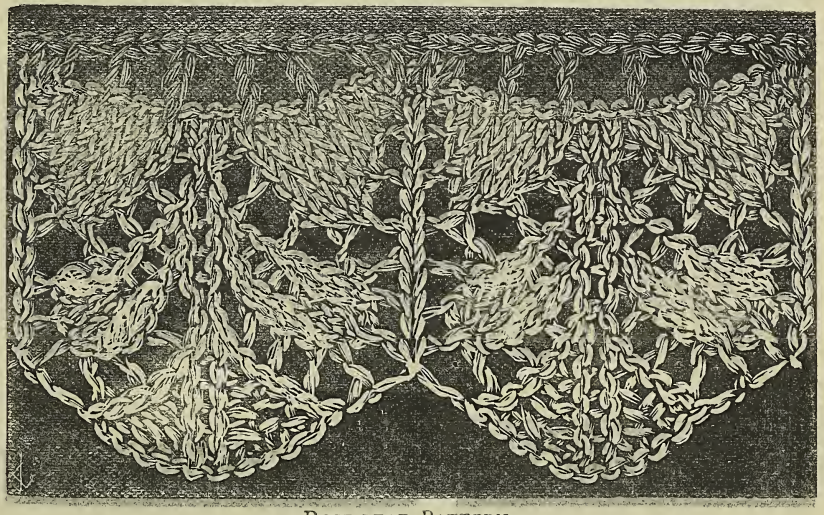
7th. 4 edge, * make 1, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slip over, make 1; knit 5, make 1, knit 1, repeat *, end 4 edge.

8th. Pearl all, then from the 1st.

ERROR IN BRIOCHE STITCH.—For *formed* read *forward.*

M. M.—We will endeavour to rectify any errors occurring in the needlework directions given in the LADIES' TREASURY, but cannot possibly correct other patterns.

HONEYCOMB KNITTING.—See March No.



ROSE-LEAF PATTERN.

Cast on six stitches for each pattern—*i.e.*, five stitches for the thick stripe and one for the open stripe, beginning and ending with the five thick.

Knit three plain rows.

*4*th row.* Knit.
5*th* ,, Pearl.
6*th* ,, Knit.
7*th* ,, Pearl.
8*th* ,, Knit.

These rows form 1 rib. Repeat from * until sufficient is knitted. Cast off loosely * 5 stitches, drop 1; repeat from * to the end. Pull the dropped stitch down so as to make an open stripe. GRANDMAMMA.

Cut in twenty stitches with white and knit four plain rows.

1st Fancy row.—Brown. Slip 2 white, knit 4 brown, repeat.

2nd. Brown. Pearl the coloured stitches, put the wool in front and slip the white stitches. Repeat. Always in these four rows slip the same stitches.

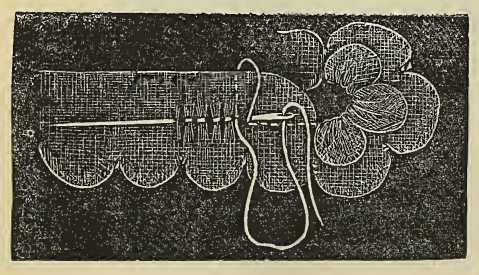
3rd. The same as 1st.

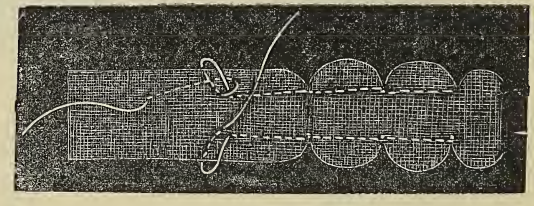
4th. The same as 2nd.

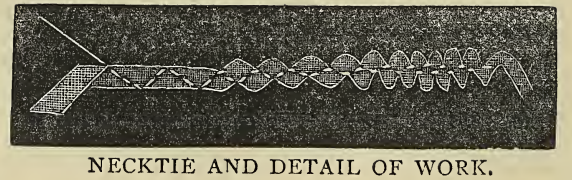
White.—Knit four rows, but in the first row pearl the slip stitches.

In the next pattern the slipped stitches must come to the centre of the brown—that is commence with knit two brown.









NECKTIE AND DETAIL OF WORK.



DINNER COSTUMES.

Robe of Black Silk.—At the back are flounces of grenadine, which, however, bears other names this season. The front is full near the upturned pleatings. Across the tablier is a cross-cut band, edged with fringe and trimmed with bows of grey ribbon; the fringe mixed with grey. The flounces at the back are separated by three vertical pleats, over this again the drapery is arranged in puffs. Habit corsage, which at the back descends in a long peak. Plain paper pattern of tuuic, 3s. 7d. ; of bodice, 1s. 7d

Robe of Myrtle Green Silk, brocaded with points of bright blue silk. The long train is covered with flounces of plain silk. On one side the robe is quite plain, on the other it is trimmed with two bands of galon blue, striped with green, blue and green bows, and steel buckles. A cambric robe of this style looks well. Plain paper pattern of robe, 3s. 7d. ; of bodice 1s. 7d.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

THE question of the day is now the jacket. "What are we to wear over our shoulders this spring, and even this summer, when the days are chilly?" This is being asked from all quarters now, and it is time, in truth, that we knew. Having had the good fortune to visit one of our largest "confection" manufacturers, I hope to be able to give you a satisfactory answer to this important question.

I may say that there are three distinct types of jackets for this spring. Each one of these may be varied according to the individual taste of the wearer, just as a violinist pleases himself to vary an operatic theme. But the theme remains the same.

Firstly, there is, and will be for a long time still, the paletot, which is made three-quarters of a yard long, or half the length of the figure. It is generally half-tight and straight. The half-length paletot, especially, must not attempt to fit into the figure. It may be fastened down the front or at the side. It is sometimes crossed over the front like a shawl. Its fastening is either by invisible hooks and eyes, or by huge mother-of-pearl buttons. There is no medium to these buttons—giants or none. Pockets at the side, and a small one on the left breast for the handkerchief, watch, or even a tiny bouquet of flowers. The skirt of this jacket, or paletot, is sometimes slashed half way up the back. But this opening must be fastened together the same way that the front is fastened, either invisibly, or with gigantic buttons. Coat sleeves. This paletot is made either to match the dress, or of light cloth of a very pale stone-gray, or cream colour. Very little trimming, and flat if any.

Long paletots are generally fitted into the figure like a loose Princesse robe. If not shaped in front it is shaped to the back. Here the sleeves are wider than in the shorter shape, and they are more trimmed, especially when made of silk or velvet. Ruchings of silk or of lace, or rich passementerie and braid, with lace to edge, are the most suitable trimmings for these. I have seen some which were opened at the back, and the opening filled in with a cascade of ribbons and lace. They look remarkably like polonaises, which they are evidently replacing. They are worn principally with long train dresses made perfectly plain; and, as it is too often the fashion to let the skirt sweep the ground, the underflounce of white cambric and lace has become imperative to preserve the dress from the dust.

I now come to the mantelet-scarf, short at the back, with long straight ends in front, fastened together by large bows of ribbon. A large bow with many ends is also fastened to the back of the waist. Some of these mantelets have under sleeves to match. Whilst others form sleeves by the cut of the back. Others, again, have not even the suspicion of a sleeve. Some mantelets, also, have a little hood at the back, generally pointed, with bows falling from the point of the hood. In black silk or black cashmere they look remarkably pretty (but only on slim figures), and when worn with a black silk dress. But then there is a very pretty little cape also of black silk or cashmere, and to be worn with dress to match. It fits into the shoulders, and rarely comes below the waist. It is trimmed round with jetted or beaded braid, and a deep fringe to match the braid. Silk plaitings and ruchings and lace may also be used as trimming. But the whim of the moment is for beaded braid, and the most favourite beads are those which throw out the most colours—red, orange, and yellow beads, and beads representing opals are eagerly sought after. Some capes are entirely covered with these beads. But beads too heavy to be thus employed. A narrow embroidery round the edge, and a fringe to match will suffice. Finally, every lady is now provided with a "dust cloak," *à l'Anglaise*. How they were ridiculed at the first! Now they are considered to be the summit of elegance. "Inconstancy, thy name is Fashion!"

It is said, although I have not yet noticed the fact, that shawls are again coming into fashion. It is true that Indian cashmere shawls and cheap Delhi's (of English manufacture) are filling some windows, but I have not yet seen one on the back of any *élégante Parisienne*.

As I have already stated, yellow in every shade, from the palest straw to the darkest burnished gold, is the colour for this season. It has brought brunettes quite into fashion. Still there is a certain shade of gold which is not unbecoming to fair beauties. However, for fair discontents, I may tell them that there is green, and a new opal blue, which will suit them splendidly.

In bonnets white and black straw are

the reigning favourites. These are trimmed with ribbons of two shades, and a bouquet of flowers on one side, or a wreath encircling the crown. All bonnets have curtains and strings, but they are still of the "baby" shape, and not much larger than a good-sized baby's bonnet.

Other bonnets are composed entirely of flowers. They are called capuchons. Even the strings of these are of flowers. The flowers should not be of many kinds, but of only one kind, and that to match the costume. A flower bonnet cannot be worn with a woollen or cotton dress. It requires a silk toilette. For cotton and woollen costumes straw bonnets only.

Then there are feather bonnets of the same shape and the same style as the flower bonnets. Here the strings are of feathers. They are very pretty and elegant—again only on tall slim figures.

In hats the Timbale remains the most in vogue. Ribbons, flowers, and feathers are worn together or separately on them. There is only one rule here—suit your face.

Pink and blue gauze and tulle bonnets are also worn for visiting, races, weddings, and theatres.

I must again repeat, in spite of contradiction, that very fashionable ladies are wearing their dresses short in front; but, oh, what trains at the back! (I allude to society of course.) Bodices and waist-belts are again coming in to dethrone the cuirasse. The other evening I happened to see one of the first of these new bodices. The dress was of mauve silk, Princesse form, flounced at the back up to the waist, and a plain bodice with waist-belt and clasp, long floating ends at the side.

Breton costumes for young girls are very pretty. But they have undergone so much variation that they can scarcely be called "Breton" now. The tunic alone retains the Breton look, and this is only owing to the strings of silver buttons which cover the body, sleeves, and pockets. A striped blue and white, or any coloured, cambric may be worn over a plain white or blue skirt. A white straw hat, with blue ribbons, or ribbons to match the dress, and a flower at the side.

Stripes still continue to be worn, especially when mixed with plain materials. Cottons, cambrics, Oxfords, mohair, and alpaca, together with other English goods, with extraordinary names, are the materials for this season. Sometimes when I hear of a *new* material I run in haste to head-quarters for explanation, but when I arrive there I am sure to see an old friend marked with a new name. I therefore return to truth, and call a spade a spade, *Voilà tout.*

For evening, open dresses of one material over another dress of another material are worn. Velvet over brocade, satin, or silk. Lace or gauze over satin. Brocade over satin. Silk over silk of a different colour, or barege over silk. Very few dresses are of only one material, or of one colour. If two colours are not worn two shades become imperative.

A very pretty innovation is a ribbon of real flowers, which is worn cross-ways over the bodice like a Scotch scarf. This, proceeding from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, is carried to the centre of the back, where it mixes with the lace and ribbon-trimmings of the train.

This cross-way scarf of flowers is also imitated by gauze scarfs and fringes. But real flowers are worn for balls.

For dinner dresses, scarfs or fichus of white tulle may be worn. I saw one of these over a black velvet dress lately, which was extremely elegant and stylish.

I must once more remind you of the new mittens, which will quite dethrone gloves, for summer wear. They are made of net, or lace, or kid. When in net or lace, they are either white or black, and are embroidered with a colour to match the dress or its trimmings. They vary in length according to the length of the sleeves which they accompany. But as long sleeves are daily becoming shorter and shorter, so the mittens are becoming longer and longer. They vary in price according to their length. Some cost three francs a pair, some seventy-five francs.

Morning caps are still miniature copies of a negress' head-dress. They are of coloured foulard, or crêpe de chine, and are edged with lace or fringe.

The hair is worn as tight to the head as possible. And, I hope I shall not offend the *coiffeurs*, false hair is really falling into discredit. For the evening it is still worn, but in the daytime only the natural hair is worn. The reason for this is, that the head is to appear as small as possible, if some capricious grand lady does not ordain otherwise.

Shoes are beginning to be worn with an anklet-strap for evening. This strap, or anklet, is embroidered with coloured silk, or gold, &c. Very pointed shoes for evening. Moderate points for day.

In Lingerie there is not much novelty, collars are worn small and large, standing up, and falling over the dress like a small cape. Linen collars are untrimmed. They are, however, frequently edged with a coloured braid, especially when worn with Breton costumes. The large Vandyke collars are of cambric, and are edged with lace. Sleeves must match the collars in size, shape, materials, and trimmings.

Kid mittens, *à la Louis XV.*, are laced up the arm, as also are some long gloves.

Dressing-gowns, or *déshabillés* as they are now called, are becoming more and more elegant. They are composed of an under-dress of one colour, made of white, pink, or blue silk, or cashmere and muslin, with an over-dress, opened in front, of another colour, edged round with plaitings and lace, and trimmed with ribbons of the colour of the under-dress. It is very pretty, and if made of muslin and cashmere, or of two cashmeres, not expensive.

M. DE BRION.





THE COUNTESS PORTALES PALETOT.

BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF THE SAME PALETOT.

The novelty consists in the arrangement of the sleeves, which are fastened at the back. The material is plain black cashmere. The sleeves of black silk brocade, trimmed with lace passementerie and fringe, mixed with orange-coloured silk and balls, which fall over a pleating of cashmere, spotted with amber beads. It is singular-looking and a novelty, but not suitable for all figures. Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.



MORNING COSTUME.

The dress is of soft grey lainage, and trimmed with pleats and bands of any good twilled material, either French merino or cashmere. It is of Princesse form in the front; the back is nearly cuirass shape. Several folds of the material form the back breadths, which fall on a petticoat of the same, having three pleated flounces. At the back of the bodice is a basque pleating bound with cashmere. The pocket is ornamental, and is placed too low down to be useful.

Plain paper pattern of costume, without petticoat, 3s. 1d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED PLATE.

Two Promenade Dresses.—Costume of the new thin silk which has dashes and stripes of colour in it. The skirt with pleated flounce. The tunic, pleated across the front, is trimmed with plain blue silk. The jacket, a violon back with a row of buttons at the lower part; in the front a simulated waistcoat, Louis XV. style. The sleeves are blue, and form part of the jacket. The whole is trimmed with a beautiful and expensive fringe. Bonnet of blue silk, lined with white pale pink, and blue feathers.

This costume can be made in Alsace cambric, trimmed with blue cambric, or in unglazed Scotch cambric. Plain paper pattern of tunic, 2s. 7d.; of jacket, 2s.

Second Costume.—Princess polonaise of écru cashmere over a flounced skirt of brown silk. The pleated flounce is cut straight and bordered on each side with a band of écru silk. The front of the polonaise is of brown silk, buttoned from throat to the bands of cashmere, which are divided by two rows of chenelle fringe, with which also the écru coat is trimmed. The polonaise and coat are united at the back; the cashmere is slightly puffed, and falls in two square ends on the train. Golden-straw bonnet, trimmed with brown silk, edged with orange African marigold in the brim. Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.

DESCRIPTION OF SUPPLEMENT.

Dinner Dress of pale blue silk. The skirt has two pleated flounces. Above this a blue netted trimming, worked with blue chenelle. Peplum cuirass, with navy blue velvet bows, and deep bows and ends in the front. Pink roses and brown foliage in the hair.

Plain paper pattern of peplum, 2s. 7d.

Walking Costume of olive-green cashmere. Tunic and bodice of damassé of the same colour. Beneath the heading of the flounce are bows of caroubier ribbon, and a bow of the same on the pocket. The fullness at the back of the dress is caught together under a wide bow and ends. Above this there is a pleating of cashmere. The whole dress is piped with maize colour. The fringe is knotted with it. Straw hat, trimmed with maize ribbon and maize flowers, mingled with caroubier leaves. Maize feather. Caroubier and maize feathers under the brim.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 2s. 7d.

Home Dress of lilac cashmere, trimmed with violet velvet. The skirt is plain at the back; in the front two bands of velvet divided by a double pleating. Tablier with two bands of velvet, arranged to show a lozenge form in the centre. Bodice of cashmere. Sleeves and collar of velvet. A bunch of lilac in the hair.

Pattern of tablier, 1s. 7d.; of bodice, 1s. 7d.

Carriage or Promenade Costume.—The bodice, front and back, is of the Princesse form. The train is long and wide, and gathered under broad bows and ends of silk. The tunic is gathered on each side, buttoned down the front from the throat to the termination of the fringe. Waistcoat and broad cuff of velvet, to match the dark stone-colour silk.

Plain paper pattern, 4s. 7d.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE FASHIONS.

Materials.—Woollen fabrics and cambrics will be adopted in preference to silks. This is no whim, but simply a state of things resulting from the frauds of silk dealers. It has been found most difficult to obtain a really good silk. Black silk wore greasy or cut out, or in a few times looked rusty, old, and worn. Without taking the trouble to find out the reason of this, ladies suddenly left off wearing silks, hence the trouble among the Lyons and other innocent silk weavers who weave the material given to them. One of the papers professing to know a great deal about the matter says, that in a silk dress "There is an element of the produce of the silkworm in it, just as there is an element of clay in a brick, but only enough to hold other things together. It is adulterated and loaded just as if it were milk or wine. A lady who wears a silk dress weighing five pounds, carries with it at least two pounds of iron and other materials. The precise ingredients used in the process of adulterating silk being trade secrets. A well-known purchaser of silk says that he has know twelve ounces of silk to be weighted to the extent of fifty-two ounces! Another reason is, that silks are costly; that good alpacas look better than a dead-looking, crushable silk, which cuts itself out, and they wear a more than reasonable time, look glossy to the last, and hold no dust. Then

cashmere has been worn, or paramatta, which is better, for summer wear.

For these reasons, woollens, barege-grenadines, which are made of a mixture of cotton and jute fibre; matelasse-grenadines made of spun silk and wool, and which have transparent patterns in them, "Medina" cloth in horizontal stripes, and gauze of Mecca, both of the thinnest texture, the latter with dashes of silk in the wool, in pattern like the old Chiné silks. This gauze of Mecca is an old fabric revived, once known as Chiné barege. The new silks which have appeared are thin, something like good foulards, but are not stiff. Those who possess the soft, fine *lainage* dresses will wear them to the very hot days.

The once popular MOUSSELINE DE LAINÉ has appeared under the vulgar name of "bunting"—the material used for flags, and also known to children of a former age as "sampler stuff." It is really an excellent material, is not affected by the damp, and is not, as formerly, with pattern on it, but is made in plain colours. The dress will wash well, or in the hands of a cleaner, almost any colour will look as good as when new.

Then there is the BOURETTE, made of knots and threads of many colours, of spun silks on a twilled ground; the figures on it are irregular or of a damask pattern, the most irregular are considered the preferable.

The trimmings of these materials are with pipings, two striking colours being used, as blue and red, orange and yellow, pink and blue, blue and olive-green.

PERCALES, or fine cambrics, will be generally adopted for morning wear if the material is plain. They are trimmed with striped cambric, or if the latter then with plain, and the round form as in the Princess d'Orleans in March number of the LADIES' TREASURY. The trains will be longer, and fasten up at the back when seen in the streets—that is, they are not fastened in puffs, but the point of the train is fastened high enough to keep the dress from the ground, but the petticoat is seen. They are made in the Princess form in front, the bodice with a short point at the back, underneath which the train back-breadths are gathered. A waistband is worn, and when of satin and buckled in the front or at the back, it is termed the Queen Hortense band; but if with floating strings at the side, it is the Princess sash. M. Worth, of Paris, has been introducing these robes in satin mixed with tulle, and in silk with satin and lace. For ball dresses of the same style, wreaths of flowers surround the train, and are placed diagonally across the front to the side, terminating under the waistband. Round the top of the bodice a berthe of flowers, narrow in the back and deeper in the front, not unlike a "Norman wreath," the buckle worn with such a robe must be either of diamonds or of brilliant steel.

The Princess d'Orleans' style is the most distinguished for morning dress.

The Polonaise for the promenade.

The PRINCESSE ROBE for dinner costume or evening.—This is but an extension of the Princess d'Orleans, the difference is that the train is inserted in the centre of the back; is very wide and long; the pleats are gathered in two places and covered by two wide bows with steel buckle in each centre, or simply with two wide and fringed ends of velvet gathered in a knot, the ends drooping low.

A novelty is introduced that the side pieces and gores next the back are either of a different shade or altogether another tint from that of the dress, or where this is not the case the trimming is placed down these gores in horizontal bands of galoon, or embroidered *pattes* or pleatings, then these horizontal applications are graduated, the top near the waist being narrow, from which they increase till nearly the width of the gore near the hem. In the front loops of ribbons, from neck to hem, on each side of which there is sometimes placed a trimming or cascade of lace in which small bows nestle. This robe is termed the TROUVILLE. No dresses of this style can be looped.

TABLIERS of the Laveuse shape have again reappeared, but are lined with a different colour, and in the arrangement at the back the lining is seen. These are not a part of the dress, but are put on and off at pleasure. They are really worn over a robe as a useful apron, and most efficient are they, because the sides as well as the front are protected. They are merely hooked by the band at the back, and are removable instantly, and as quickly replaced. We should doubt if ever any apron ever appeared in so graceful a form.

PALETOTS are of all shapes, have many names, and are made of various materials—Indian and English cashmere, Sicilienne (poplin), vigonia and fine cloth, light in weight and in texture. Some are braided, others have wide braids laid on; some have pleatings of silk the colour of the cloth; some patterns woven on galoons with light or dark grounds.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—For a girl of ten years. — Princess dress of blue vigonia. The back of the skirt pleated, the front piped with black cashmere, and the collar and cuffs of dark blue velvet. Pointed straw hat with white and blue feathers.

ANOTHER COSTUME is of prune-coloured cashmere. The back is pleated and forms a skirt. The pleats are kept in place by three bands of prune velvet. The front in Princess form has four rows of prune velvet, and a row of velvet buttons down the centre. Collar and cuffs of velvet.

Suitable for a boy from six to ten years old is the Dandy, a close-fitting jacket, double-breasted, with revers and no basques, short trousers with tabs and buttons at the side, high boots, and a felt hat with feather aigrette. The material is generally gray, dark blue, or brown cloth.

For children's useful wear the unbleached linen, whether in holland or Russian diaper, is the best material for making washing dresses, whether pinafores or frocks; the former to be braided, the latter worked in Richelieu work and the work lined with coloured cambric, or trimmed with white or coloured Madeira work.



PINAFORE FOR A GIRL.



INFANT'S ROBE.

PINAFORE for a girl. Material: Unbleached Russian diaper,* braided. The pinafore opens at the back, and is buttoned down to the bow of ribbon on the dress.

* This pretty material is twenty inches wide, and is sold, at 9d. the yard, at 91, Edgeware Road—the establishment for the sale of "leather-make" calicoes, bright diamond linen-cloth, basketine, and other fabrics.

This diaper is figured, is the colour of brown holland, and is all linen. The bright diamond pattern, twenty-six inches wide, all linen, and white, is the prettiest stuff imaginable for morning frocks, and sold at 1s. 9d. the yard. Paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

INFANT'S ROBE of Jacconot muslin, Madeira work, and insertion. This robe opens at the back. Paper pattern, 1s. 7d.



COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

No. 1. Dress for child of eight years old. Material: Soft grey lainage, with pleatings of alpaca of a darker shade. The dress crosses in the front and opens at the back.

Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.; with high bodice and long sleeves, 2s. 1d.

No. 2. Jacket and Robe for a child of five, six, or seven years. The dress is of blue merino, with orange-coloured buttons. The jacket is of Williamson's ivory basketine—one of the best materials for children's jackets. It is trimmed with three rows of blue braid, put on in waved lines, and buttons to match the dress. Japanese straw hat, with yellow butter-cups.

Plain paper patter of jacket, 1s. 7d.; of robe, 2s. 1d.

No. 3. Princesse Polonaise for a girl of twelve. Materials: Fine serge, trimmed with galoon. A row of buttons down the front and round the cuffs. Felt hat, with scarf as trimming.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 1d.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up :—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	2	8
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	8
Fichus	1	1
Cross overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size round the figure, measuring across the back under the arms, and across the top of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on ; then the band have button-holes, and be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

NO INITIALS.—Black silk mantle. If you will roughly cut half the pattern in paper, and send it, we can then advise. It appears to be a large Dolman, the old-fashioned form of sleeve set in without shape.

AIMÉE. — The Grecian coil may be fashionable in the country, but is rarely seen in Paris or London. It is probable that it may come in fashion again, but will not be general, inasmuch as it will necessitate the wearing of false hair. Your hair being thin, tie it—not too tight—a little at the back of the head, divide the hair into four portions, frizz one part, brush it smooth, roll it over the fingers, and pin it at the back. The other three portions frizz and pin in the same way, and then form three bows on the top of the head. It is difficult to arrange hair from any description, also to describe a becoming way without a knowledge of the face.

MARGARET STUART. — Grey homespun and black is not a good mixture for a bad complexion. Trim it with alpaca pleatings of a shade lighter than the material. For £3 you will get a so-called cashmere trimmed with broche silk. There are a number of fabrics suitable for a dress for walking. There is the Brocart, a combination of two cloths, both figured, but on one is an additional arabesque pattern. This is twenty-seven inches wide, and 2s. per yard. Advice cannot well be given on this subject, it depends on individual taste. Royal poplin, which is said to have the effect of real poplin, is dark in colour, and 2s. 3d. a yard ; and there is the ever-popular cashmere trimmed with braid or silk pleatings — the latter holds the dust, the wide worsted braid does not—Princess form.

"AN UNAPPROPRIATED BLESSING."--Small caps such as you describe are more worn than any other shape. A round quilling of lace, with bows in the centre, and long ends falling over the back to the nape of the neck only are very pretty. For evening wear a wreath of berries, black and shining, mingled with caroubier ribbon, or small tips of ostrich feathers — the latter look remarkably well—only two are needed, and they are sold in some shops very cheap. Instead of ribbon at the back, use lace when the feathers are worn. In the morning little round caps of muslin

trimmed with Valenciennes (patent); in the afternoon, tulle and ribbon, berries or foliage; in the evening, feather tips, lace, and a bright damask rose or tea rose at the side.

ALICE.—Send the jacket to be re-dyed, and trim it with biais bands of silk and fringe.

MRS. WM. B. (North Easton). — The perfect measurement for the human figure is said to be:—Twice round the neck should be the size of the waist; twice round the thumb the size of wrist; once and a half round the wrist is once round the ancle; the length of the foot and the measurement round the ancle should be the same. If the ancle is nine inches round, the foot should be nine inches long. The hand when doubled as a fist usually measures the length of the foot, and is an excellent guide for judging of the right length when pnrchasing stockings. Of course these applications of the measure do not suit all figures, but it is singular that the measurement round the figure and over the bust rarely exceeds twelve inches beyond the size of the waist. Thus a waist of twenty-four inches would measure thirty-six round the figure, just above the bust. A waist of twenty-five or twenty-six inches would measure round the figure the same as one of twenty-four. A waist of twenty-eight or thirty inches would measure forty to forty-two inches; the side seam of a dress under the arm to the waist, seven inches.

A DISTRESSED FIGURE. — Apply to Messrs. Avis and Co., 213, Upper Street, Islington. No matter what the size of the waist, their spatula corsets are made for all figures. The india-rubber band is firm and wide, and gives all needful support. The spatula form of the busk is wide at one end and at the top is narrow. If you found the bosom gores too deep you could have them cut. Stays are seldom made for very short waists. These gores could easily be cut lower. The price of a large size stay is 21s., and is at this price remarkably cheap. Smaller sizes are of less price.

INEXPERIENCED.— Decidedly. Be sure that morning robes for young girls will be the style of the Princess d'Orleans. See March number. The train may be as long as you like, or as convenient. At bazaars, or other meetings held for charitable purposes, morning costumes are only worn; Swiss muslins, either spotted or plain, but the spots or some design is preferable. Coloured cambric slip underneath.

LADY F. G.—It is necessary when sending for a dress or polonaise for a child or young girl to state length from neck to waist, waist to edge of dress, size of waist; stating the age is not sufficient, the size of children or young girls of the same age varies so much.

J. L. F.—Messrs. Hilditch's silks are very soft and brilliant. We have seen others at a lower price and very thick, but which are weighted with dye. You cannot do better than inspect them, at 12, Cheapside. The distance is not so great from Lavender Hill. The firm has always had a great reputation for their silks.

T. M. (Ullswater).—Tornures, very flat on the top, but gradually extending, are worn to keep the trained dresses in place; they are made in calico and crinoline wire, but never look like petticoats do. The old-fashioned moreen made in the proper form is the best material, for no whalebones or crinoline wires are used. Trains need some contrivance underneath.

MRS. L. (Andover).—The unbleached calico, forty-two inches wide—Mr. Williamson of Leighton Buzzard has this speciality; to be had, however, at 91, Edgeware Road, London—is the best thing we have seen for summer drawers; fine, and very strong, and is also well adapted for petticoat-bodice, or petticoat; it washes white. Send for patterns to either place.

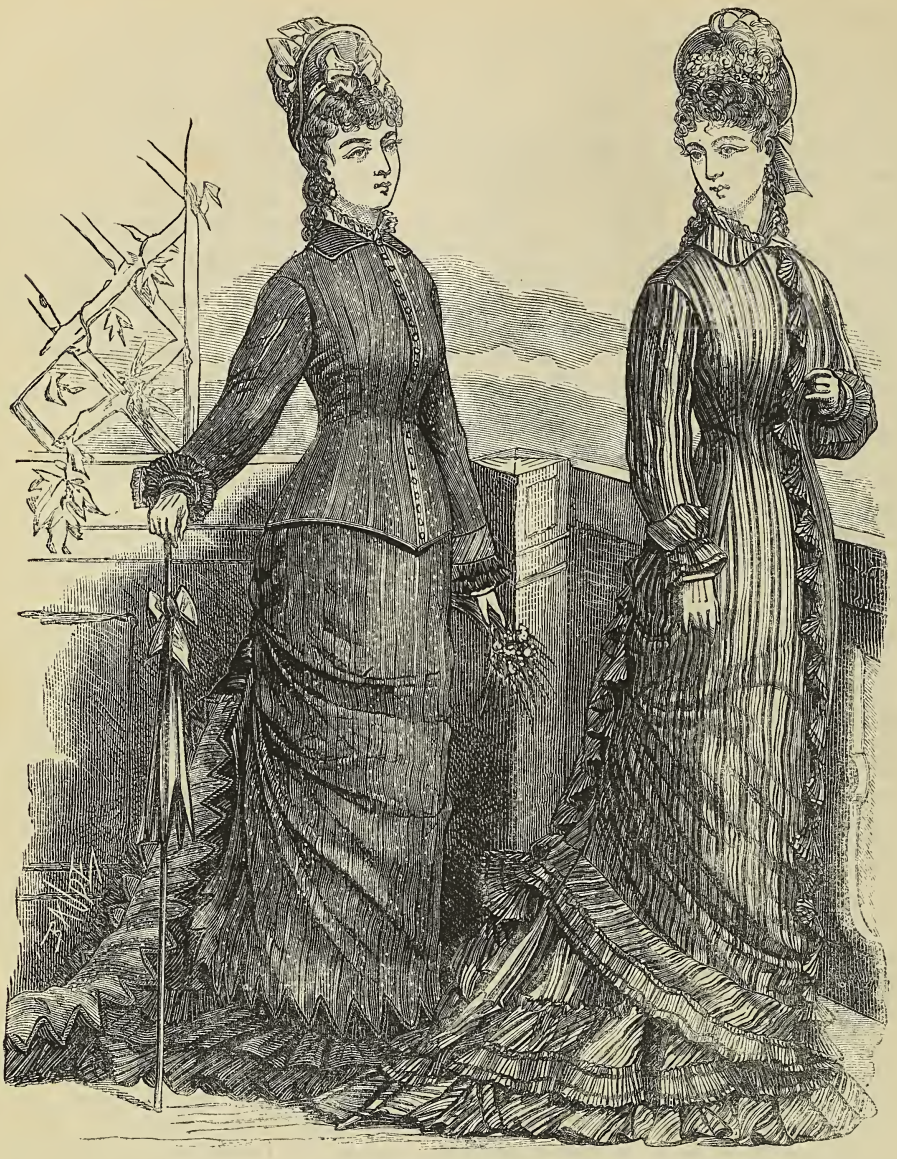
MISS S.—The pretty ball-dress in December number of the LADIES' TREASURY is very suitable for you. Instead of amber net, have black net over black silk, and red and white anemones. Scarfs are not so much worn, but they may be made to gracefully cover a short robe lengthened to the present style. A cuirass bodice.

FIANCEE.—With eight bridesmaids, four should be dressed say in ivory-coloured cashmere polonaises, trimmed with ivory silk, caroubier bows, and four in similar dresses, with blue bows, white felt hats with white feathers, the lining of the brim and bows to match the trimming of the dresses. Silver ornaments are very fashionable.

At the marriage of Miss Paley to the Hon. Robert Marsham there were ten bridesmaids, each attired in pale green cashmere, muslin fichus trimmed with lace, and large mob caps, which are becoming fashionable.

At the marriage of the Hon. Katherine Rowley to Mr. Naper there were ten

Continued on page 302.



HOME COSTUMES.

No. 1. PETTICOAT of black silk (or alpaca), with two pleated flounces. Tunic of striped cambric. Each stripe of écru has small white spots upon it. The tunic is cut in points, is in tablier form in the front, and the back, unlooped, falls to the edge of the trained petticoat. Cuirass bodice, buttoned with a row of very small buttons. Straw bonnet.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 2s. 7d.; of bodice, 1s. 7d.

No. 2. PRINCESSE POLONAISE of grey cambric, striped in three shades of colour —dark grey, red, and blue. A cascade of pleated trimming down the front and on one side, where the front is raised underneath the trimming. At the back the polonaise is raised in flat loops.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 8d.



No. 1.

No. 1. The Marquise Bonnet of black straw, lined with black velvet, is high and round, is trimmed with white ostrich feathers, and at the side a kingfisher. It is pinned under the right ear. This bonnet, without the bird, is suitable for an elderly lady.

No. 2. Straw Hat, with white ostrich feathers encircling the crown; three black feather rosettes at the back. In the front black ostrich feathers under the brim. This is decidedly one of the newest styles among the many that have appeared this season. Though bonnets and hats of all shapes will be worn, all charming is the variety. The only difficulty is to find a style which suits the face. There is a certain rule to be guided by in choosing a bonnet. That which looks well on a milliner's stand seldom does so on the head.



No. 2.

bridesmaids; five dressed in pale blue silk, with soft thin muslin *juives* over, mob caps with primroses. The other five in primrose silk and muslin *juives*, mob caps with forget-me-nots.

At the marriage of Miss Tennant to Lord Ribblesdale the eight bridesmaids wore pale blue silk dresses with white muslin bibs and aprons trimmed with Valenciennes lace, gipsy hats of straw trimmed with Valenciennes lace, blue ribbon and lace rosettes. The travelling dress of the bride was a polonaise of olive-green velvet piped with very pale blue; hat of olive-green silk and pale blue ostrich feathers.

MINNIE.—Morning dress till after five o'clock tea. If you are very thin, the cuirass bodice can be covered with lace in front disposed in pyramid form, the same in the centre of the back. White cashmere polonaise with band of olive-green velvet round it and velvet down the centre of the back. A kilted flounce, low down, which, of course, comes each side of the velvet. A felt hat covered with small tips of maize and green feathers. A girl of fourteen could not have a prettier dress for a wedding breakfast.

MRS. K.—Mantelette of black cashmere; bind it with biais cord of silk and black worsted lace. The light-coloured mantelettes of vigonia have fringes of wool to match.

TRIMMINGS.—Galoons are said to be going out; but these and braids will take a long time to expire. Embroidery both coloured and white will be general. Unfortunately this is expensive, and if of home manufacture is a long business. The Richelieu work (so called because it was this kind of embroidery which was worn instead of lace by Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of France in 1640; is the cut-work of Queen Elizabeth's day) is to appear on all plain dresses, and for children especially. The design is drawn on the canvas; it is worked over with button-hole stitch, and the material cut away. We have seen very close resemblance of this work done by machine—on "Turkish Terry"*—only there was no cutting away. This Turkish Terry fabric resembles the material used as Turkish towels, and is suitable for embroidering upon with crewels or cream-coloured filoselle, the latter used as in ordinary Madeira work. Crewels look best.

DOLMANS AND FICHUS are as popular as paletots, and for summer wear the latter will be as much seen as they were last year, made in black cashmere and in soft-coloured lainage—pink, blue, brown, and drab. Most of them have netted fly fringe, or ball fringe, the latter so easily made. Fichus will be made also of white muslin and lace.

DOLMANS are made in light cloth of all colours, and in black cashmere. The most popular is one of simple shape, with moderately long ends trimmed with galoon and fringe. The latter must be thick and rich, or omitted altogether. Biais bands of silk, brocaded or plain, are used as trimming; the same also for the collars.

SMALL PELERINES of black silk, trimmed with lace or fringe, and with long ends, are already exhibited for summer wear.

THE PRETTIEST CAP for morning wear is a puff of lace made to suit the face, and with ribbon to match the dress. Some of these caps have strings tied near the left ear, and these strings are bordered with narrow Valenciennes. Ecru lace with the beautiful caroubier ribbon as a bow is becoming to most people.

*A material to be had of Mr. C. Williams, at 91, Edgeware Road, Hyde Park, late 231, Oxford Street; also of Leighton Buzzard. At either of these places. The remarkable make of calico termed "Leather-scoured" is to be obtained—remarkable because it is very strong, fine, and without dross.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

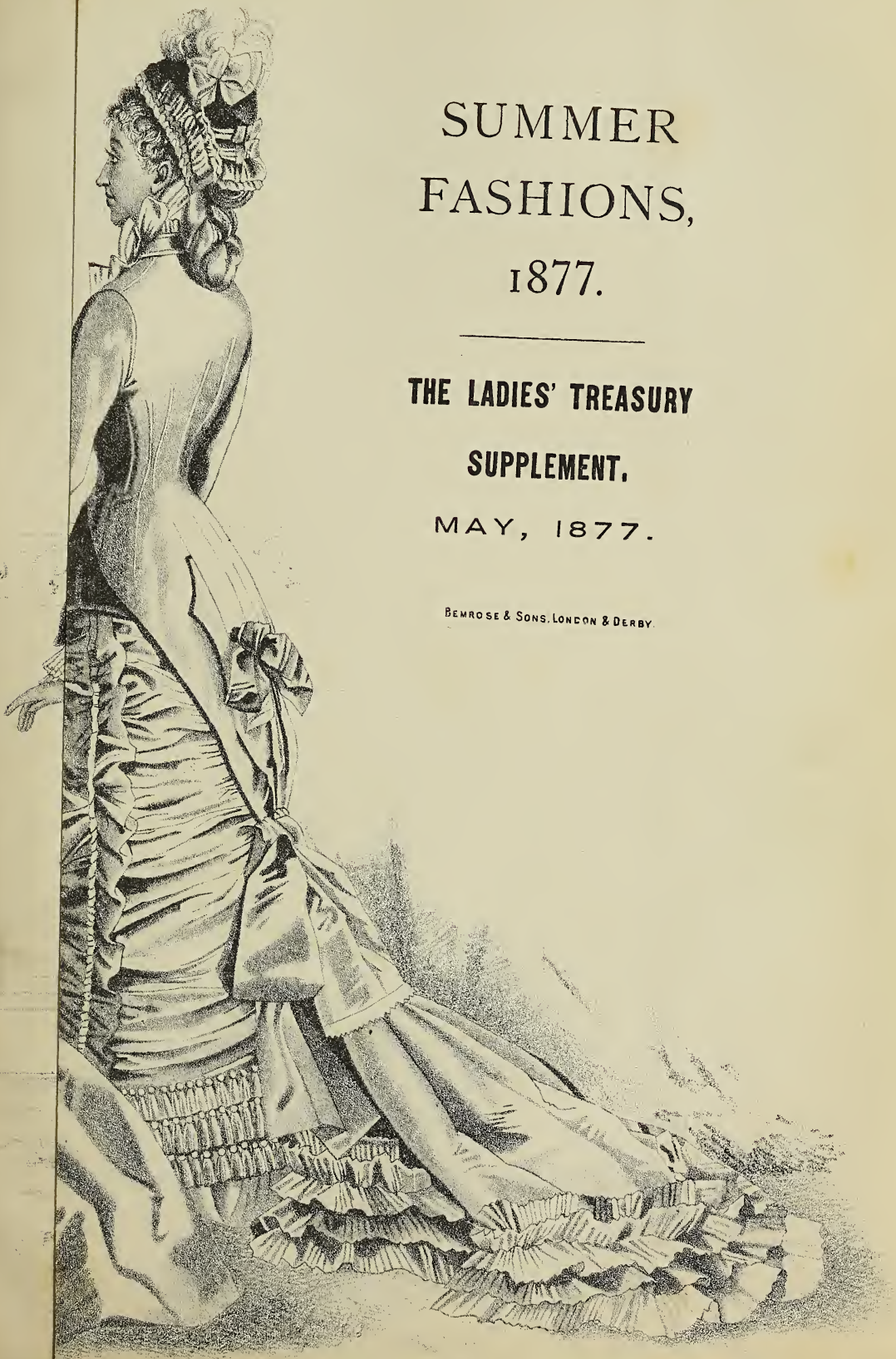
For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



SUMMER FASHIONS, 1877.

THE LADIES' TREASURY SUPPLEMENT.

MAY, 1877.

BEMROSE & SONS, LONDON & DERBY.



SUMMER FASHIONS, 1877.

THE LADIES' TREASURY

SUPPLEMENT.

MAY, 1877.

BEMROSE & SONS LONDON & DERBY

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—I should be glad to have a recipe for making this.—*A Subscriber.*

SEA KALE.—(*M. L.*).—Put a very little soda in the boiling water and two ounces of salt. Make the kale boil quickly and fast for twenty minutes. There is no need to boil it in milk. Celery must have a piece of butter, no soda, and be cooked the same length of time.—*E. W.*

GINGERBREAD CAKE.—Six ounces of butter, eight of moist sugar, four eggs (whites and yolks), one pound of treacle, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, half an ounce of ground ginger, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, quarter of an ounce of ground coriander seed, and the rind of a lemon minced fine. Rub the soda into a pound and a quarter of flour, then the acid, then the ginger, spice, lemon, and the coriander; beat the eggs, and mix it with the treacle; make a hole in the centre of the ingredients; pour in the treacle and eggs, and mix it well; bake in a shallow tin in a hot oven, and when three parts done mark it in squares with the back of a knife; let the heat of the oven slacken and bake slowly.

"EAT-ME-UP."—Take the remains of a rice or other blancmange; let it be ice-cold, and cut it into thin slices. Mix three ounces of flour with a well-beaten egg and less than half a pint of milk, just enough to make the flour of the consistency of *thick* cream. With a spoon dip each slice of the rice in this mixture, and fry it in plenty of boiling lard. Serve hot. Slice of apple, or divisions of orange, or half of a preserved apricot done in this way is most delicious.

FRICASSEE OF FOWL.—(*Miss M.*)—Take the cold boiled fowl; cut it up in joints. Put in a basin a piled dessertspoonful of flour; mix it with a little cold milk, add an ounce of butter, a very little nutmeg and salt, and a salt-spoonful of sugar; stir it together, forcing the ingredients into the flour. Take half a pint of boiling milk and pour upon the mixture. It is now *set*, and will not sink to the bottom of the saucepan. Put it into a saucepan; make it boil, then put in the fowl, and stand it back where it will keep hot but not cook. Before sending it to table take away all the skin. Serve with sauce and rolled fried bacon.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Fresh haddock weighing two pounds will take ten minutes to boil. Tie it loosely in clean old muslin, plunge it into *fast-boiling water* in which is an ounce of salt, also a tablespoonful of vinegar. The water should only just cover the fish. Make the water boil quickly before and after the fish is put in; then reckon the minutes when it will be sufficiently cooked. A pound of salmon put into *fast-boiling water* with salt and vinegar, and boiled slowly, will take but six minutes, but it must *boil*, not rapidly, but certainly not simmer, for that is not boiling.—(2.) Spinach is cleaned, a handful at a time, by stirring it rapidly about in warm water; then as each handful is thus done throw it into cold water; all dirt and grit will be removed. Put it into a large saucepan with salt, no water; stir it round and round; in twenty minutes after it begins to cook drain it and press out the water. Chop it fine; add half a teaspoonful of sugar, a little pepper, and an ounce of butter, and a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Chop it, and stir it all up. Put it in a basin, cover it, and stand the basin in boiling water till the moment of serving in a hot vegetable dish well covered. It is sometimes served on toast, but this is not needed if the spinach be well drained.

"WHAT IS WITHIN?"—Take some well boiled *cold* floury potatoes; mash them with a silver or wooden spoon—not *iron*. Mix them with a lump of butter melted, a well-beaten egg or two, according to the quantity of potato, and a little salt. Take some cold roast beef, veal, pork, or beef free from gristle, and some ham, tongue, or cooked streaked bacon. Mince all this very fine, add white pepper, salt, a little nutmeg and chopped raw parsley (if liked). Roll out the potato mixture, and cut it into rounds with the top of an ale-glass. Mix the meat with a little jelly stock or melted butter sauce; very little indeed, only enough to moisten the meat. In each of the circles put a spoonful of the meat and moisten the edges with a little egg, put a circle of potatoes over it, press the two together, dip each in a batter made of three ounces of flour beaten up with an egg first well whisked and mixed, and sufficient milk added to make it up into a consistency the thickness of cream; fry each in plenty of lard, bacon, or pork, or beef dripping. When brown, dress each on paper and serve in a hot dish. This is an excellent dish for high tea.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

In those parts of steamers which require lubricating greasy materials used for this purpose are very destructive, causing sometimes the loss of steamers. Very pure petroleum has been found in every respect suitable for lubricating without the mischief that oil and grease create.

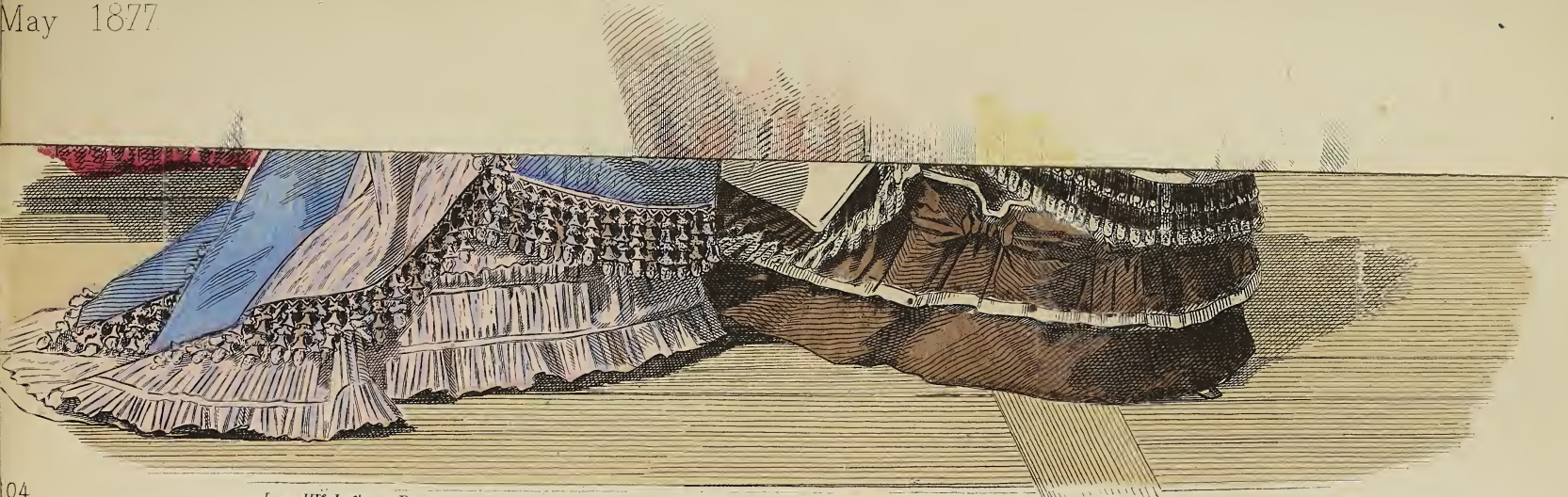
Mr. John Bell communicates to the Society of Arts the statement that the thorough saturation of plaster in melted paraffine will effectually preserve it from deterioration by the action of the weather. The paraffine, it is said, hardens the plaster so much that the finger nail will scarcely scratch it, increases its weight considerably, gives it an appearance of transparency like ivory, and preserves it though subjected to repeated washings. The process of saturation is stated to be similar to that employed in the saturation of plaster casts in stearin.

Rust is the perpetual enemy of iron and steel, and a cause of waste and renewed expenditure. A professor of chemistry has discovered how to treat iron vessels so as to render them impervious to rust. The process is to coat them with the *magnetic or black oxide of iron*, which is not only incapable of rust but harder than the iron itself, and adheres to it with great tenacity. Professor Barff treats the iron to superheated steam, at a temperature from 500 to 1200 degrees Fahrenheit, for seven hours, when a coating is formed which a file can hardly touch. The discovery, so far as tested, has proved highly satisfactory, and should further experiments be successful one of the great deteriorators of all kinds of iron will have been met, and surface protection will be complete. Magnetic oxide of iron is iron black. It is attracted by the magnet, and is itself often magnetic. Artificially it may be prepared by several processes. Whenever iron is burned in the air this oxide results. It is also formed on the underside of the refining-hearths when the iron comes in contact with watery vapour.

Hypophosphites for Respiratory Diseases.—This treatment is not new. It has been before the public nearly twenty years. I have tried it, and found but little benefit from it; but am not prepared to say that the hypophosphites may not be very beneficial in some cases—for, as I have repeatedly observed, the same disease very seldom repeats itself exactly in different individuals. The hypophosphites are administered as hypophosphites of lime, of soda, of iron and quinine, generally along with syrup, which, to a certain extent, prevents rapid oxidation.—S. Bottone, in *English Mechanic*.

A method of burning lime by means of gas from petroleum has been successfully practised by the Cedar Hollow Lime Company, at East Whiteland, Pennsylvania. The gas is made in one of the patent vaporisers, a small apparatus yielding sufficient to run six kilns, making about 2000 bushels per day. The lime is said to be of the best quality, and to command top prices.

"Blue-light Baths" are, it appears, an infallible remedy for pains in the bones arising from rheumatism or railway collisions, and an interesting account is given by General Pleasonton, in a letter to the *Chicago Times*, of the immediate benefit he derived by adopting this mode of treatment. In October last he met with a serious accident in alighting from a train in Philadelphia. His physician said there had been no fracture of the ribs or bones, but that he would suffer a long time from the effects of the shock and fall. Liniments and plaisters afforded no relief; he therefore resolved to try a blue-light bath. In his bath-room he had a window with a southern exposure arranged with alternate panes of blue and plain transparent glass. Uncovering his back, the gallant general sat with his back to the blue and sun-lights which were streaming through the window into the bath-room. As soon as these lights began to fall on his back General Pleasonton felt much relieved, and at the end of half an hour the pains had ceased altogether. Towards evening they returned, but they were much less severe than before he had taken the blue-light bath, and he was able for the first time to get some sleep during the night. The next day he took another bath of blue and sun-lights which effectually relieved him of all pain, and since then, now about three months ago, he has not had the slightest return of uneasiness in his back, three consecutive sun- and blue-light baths having completely removed the effects of his accident. The glass used was of a dark blue, the colour being derived from a preparation of cobalt fused with other ingredients, and was imported from France.



Imp. Hre Lefèvre. Paris

Coloriste. Huguet, ex-Artiste des Gobelins. Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



104 Imp Hte Lefèvre Paris Coloriste Huguet ex Artiste des Gobelins Paris 113

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CHÂTEAU DE VÉSINET: A MEMORY OF FRANCE. A Tale. By the Author of "Cinderella; a New Version of an Old Story." (London: Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.)—This is a charming tale, which might have well developed into a three-volume novel. The history of a babe laid at the door of hospitable people in France is naturally full of incident, and the reader will follow with interest the various scenes of a career which finally landed a young girl among her own high-born people in England. The story is well conceived, and, whether founded on fact or fiction, will add to the writer's literary reputation.

THE POETICAL BIRTH-DAY BOOK; OR, CHARACTERS FROM THE POETS. Edited by the COUNTESS OF PORTSMOUTH. (London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.)—In this book most of the poets have been called into requision to furnish appropriate sentiments applicable to the birthday of any individual. Opposite to each printed page is one blank, for the autographs of friends. When there is a sentiment expressive of good qualities in men and women, only one verse is given. For instance, March 2:—

"Thy care is fix't, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame."—J. MILTON.

March 3:—

. . . "He is one
The truest mannered; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies unto him;
Half all men's hearts are his."—SHAKESPEARE.

. . . "Those eyes,
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ash-buds in the front of March."
—TENNYSON.

Some of the choicest jewels of old and modern poets will be found in this selection, well culled by the Countess and daintily set forth by the printer in paper and binding. Leaving out of the question the intentions which the book exhibits, the exquisite thoughts and experiences of many of the old poets will afford much pleasurable reading, much good store for reflection, and for apt quotation. For instance:—

"Heard'st thou not music when she talk't?
And dids't not find that as she walk't
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?"
—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Who that has ever inhaled the incense of the bean-blossom on a fine June evening can forget the exquisite fragrance laden with summer's balmiest breath. The Countess of Portsmouth has done infinite service in collecting a charming string of the finest thoughts and conceits of the poets of every age, and we heartily thank her for it.

THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY BOOK. (Hatchards and Co., Piccadilly).—Sentences marvellously applicable to humanity in its virtues and failings are here selected from the inimitable Shakespeare. The volume would make an excellent book for fortune-telling, and such innocent divinations that was practised in the days of Charles I., and, indeed, earlier and since that unhappy time. For instance; a person wishing for something not readily attainable, will find consolation in the lines under December 15th:—

"All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect."

Or, when one resolves to act more wisely, the eye lights upon the line—

"Redeeming time when men think least I will."

These well-selected words for birthday greeting may be also appropriately termed "The Birthday Oracle."

SKETCHES IN A FLOWER GARDEN. By ANDREW.—Three pleasantly-written short tales. One, entitled "The Snowdrop," is the copyright of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and a charming little tale is "The Ivy and the Forget-Me-Not"—all adapted for children, who may imbibe not a little wisdom from their perusal.

WORK IN BRIGHTON; OR WOMEN'S MISSION TO WOMEN. By the Author of "Active Service," "Work Among the Lost."—Every woman who has an interest in the welfare of those of her sex who have erred from temptation or starvation should read this small but extremely well-written book. Its pages are filled with "words that burn" into the soul the necessity of helping in this good work. It is published by Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly. No price is affixed, but in all probability it is not more than 1s.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON CREWEL AND SILK EMBROIDERY (6d.). By Miss TURNER. (Published at 38, Lamb's Conduit Street.)—This is not the whole of the instructive hints which the work conveys, but there is a chapter devoted to Ecclesiastical Needlework; another to the Finishing of Crewel-work, and concludes with information respecting natural objects suitable for crewel-work. It is a very useful manual, and cheap enough to be purchased by all interested in the work.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE for April (conducted by EMILY FAITHFULL, Victoria Press, 117, Praed Street), has a good article on "The Russian Rule in the Caucasus;" a paper on Miss Muloch; and one on "The Accomplishment Nuisance," sensible and to the point. "The French Governess" is the serial tale, and there is a great deal of other interesting matter.

THE GARDENERS' MAGAZINE. Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. (Allen, 11, Stationers' Hall Court.)—As usual, this welcome magazine is brimful of articles on many topics besides those of gardening. The part published April 1 contains all gardening information for March. There are some beautiful engravings of Ferns, showing their habit of growth. The Nepal Strawberry-tree, the Sedum Bolusi, and the Hoodia Gordoni are among the new plants of which engravings are given.

THE FLORAL WORLD (March and April parts).—In March number the article on "Plants in Our Dwellings—Are they Useful or Not?" is very satisfactorily answered that they are beneficial. We recommend readers to note the article attentively. Another paper on "Truffles" explains how these rough black balls vegetate and produce the young *truffenelles*. The part for April has a coloured plate of a pretty arrangement for the decoration of the outside of a window.

OLD JONATHAN; THE DISTRICT AND PARISH HELPER (One Penny), is among the most useful of publications for its purpose—well filled and profusely illustrated. Published by Messrs. Collingridge and Co., Aldersgate Street.

WE have received an illustrated book of Spring Fashions from Messrs. Tarn and Co., Newington Causeway, London. The fashions are well drawn and in good taste.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

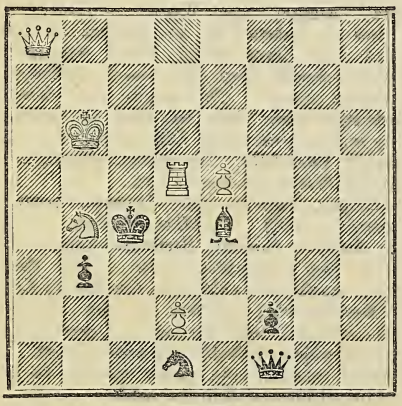
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XVI.

By J. MENZIES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 6.	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Correct solutions received from G. Wellman, S. Rosewall, J. W. (Huddersfield), J. Bell, L. Tournade (Brighton).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rev. E. Kirwan.—The problem in four moves having been published before is inadmissible, and that in three is somewhat too easy for our columns. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

S. Rosewall.—You will find a complete treatise on odds at chess in Staunton's "Chess Players' Companion."

W. S. J. (Leytonstone).—You have not observed the conditions of the problem.

C. E. G. (Barnes) and T. A. L. K.—You are wide of the mark in your attempted solution of Problem XV. Look again at the position carefully, and with the assistance of the published solution you will readily discover your error.

I.

"The troops I marshalled for the fight
I set them wrong, she set them right,
With silver laughter.
We fiercely met with weapons drawn,
Thirsting for blood; she moved a pawn,
And I one after.

II.

"Her fingers were her officers—
Ten rosebuds that had won their spur
In chess-board battle;
Her red lips were her bugle men;
How could I think of tactics when
They chose to prattle."

—From "Songs of Many Seasons." By Jemmett Browne.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. In how many ways can a pound be paid, using *at least* one of each of the shilling, florin, and half-crown pieces, but having always a total of 12 coins?

2. I bought and sold 7 horses at 6 per cent. gain, thereby clearing £21. What was the cost of each?

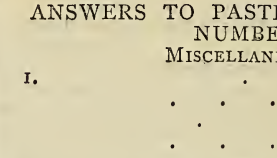
3. Which is the cheaper meat, with 10 per cent. of bone at a shilling the pound, or meat with 20 per cent. bone at 9d. the pound?

4. A cubic inch of lead held by a string is dipped in a tumbler of water without touching the bottom. How much, if at all, is the weight of the vessel and contents increased?

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN APRIL NUMBER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1.



Describe *two* equilateral triangles in a circle, so that *one* of them may cut off equal portions at each angle of the other. Place trees at the six angular points, and six more at the points of instersection of the sides of the triangle.

2.

N A N
A D A
N A N

3. Oren-burg.
4. N R G (energy).
5. So-me.

MAGIC SQUARE.

85	120	5	40	75
115	25	35	70	80
20	30	65	100	110
50	60	95	105	15
55	90	125	10	45

The following have answered all:—Senga, Maggie, Jane Peters, and Topsy. Susie has answered 1 (miscellaneous), and magic square. Caroline Way, magic square only.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. Suppose there are x threepennies, y fourpennies, and z sixpennies, then clearly

$3x + 4y + 6z = 60$ ... ... (1)

and

$x + y + z = 17$ ... ... (2)

Multiply (2) by 3, and subtract the result from (1), then we get

$$y + 3z = 9.$$

Now, since y and z must be *whole* numbers, it is evident that y cannot be less than *one*, nor greater than 6. Suppose $y = 1$, z has a fractional value, which is of course inadmissible; $y = 2$ is also useless, but $y = 3$ gives $z = 2$, and therefore $x = 12$.

MARY J.

If $y = 4$, or 5, $z =$ a fractional result, but $y = 6$, gives $z = 1$, and therefore $x = 10$.

There are thus only *two* ways of doing what was proposed, viz.:—

		s.	d.
12 threepennies	=	3	0
3 fourpennies	=	1	0
2 sixpences	=	1	0
		5	0

or,

		s.	d.
10 threepennies	=	2	6
6 fourpennies	=	2	0
1 sixpence	=	0	6
		5	0

These *two* answers are exclusive of any others where at least one of each of the coins is not used.

2. 30s. becomes 35s.

1s. ,, $\frac{35}{30} = \frac{7}{6}$

100s. ,, $\frac{700}{6} = 116\frac{2}{3}$,

i.e., the gain is $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.

3. "My garden" is made up, it seems, of 10 squares, placed in a line, touching each other. Hence I must take the tenth part of an acre (4840 yards) for the area of each, *i.e.*, 484 yards. Now the square root of this is 22, *i.e.*, the side (shorter of "my garden"), and 220 is therefore the longer side. Twice each side is the perimeter, *i.e.*, 484 yards. MAGGIE.

4. Adopting algebra,

Let $x =$ one number,

$\therefore\ 25x =$ the other.

By the terms given,

$$25x \times x + \frac{25x}{x} + 26x \times 24x = 72,$$

$$\text{or } 25x^2 + 25 + 50x = 72$$

$$\therefore\ 25x^2 + 50x = 47$$

$$x^2 + 2x = \frac{47}{25} = 1.88;$$

completing the square

$$x^2 + 2x + 1 = 2.88;$$

extracting the square root

$$x + 1 = 1.697, \text{ &c.},$$

$$x = .697, \text{ &c.},$$

$$\text{and } 25x = 17.426, \text{ &c.},$$

correct to three places of decimals. SUSIE.

Susie has answered 2, 3, and 4; Senga, 1, 2; Maggie, 3; Johnny Y., 1, 2; Mary J., A. W. Ayton, J. L. Bongard, C. R. Boyle, H. L. Hyam, M. H. Hyam, E. G. Knights, A. Olver, E. E. A. Roche, J. Ferguson, G. Levy, W. Sutliffe, J. W. Warren, 1; E. O. Bacon, E. R. Hensman, W. H. Pitt, 1 and 2; W. E. Newton, 1, 2, and 3; W. Parnell, A. Weatherly, D. Haslett, 2.

SUSIE.—Your bookseller or newsagent must be to blame. Let us hear from you again. Lady mathematicians are *raræ aves*.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY'S birthday will be kept on Saturday, the 2nd of June, instead of Saturday, the 26 of May, as originally announced.

THE Empress Eugenie is at Naples, whence she will proceed to Gibraltar and Madrid. She will return to England towards the end of May. The Prince Imperial has arrived at Chislehurst.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and suite, recently visited the Naval hospital, Malta, and were conducted over the establishment by Deputy Inspector General John Bernard, R.N., and staff. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards honoured Dr. and Mrs. Bernard with their company at luncheon.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh has appointed Lady Harriet Elizabeth Grimston to be Lady in Waiting to her Royal and Imperial Highness, in the room of Lady Mary Butler resigned; and Lady Mary Butler to be extra Lady in Waiting to her Royal and Imperial Highness.

THE Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Crown Prince of Germany, will be future ruler of a State, the territory of which spreads over about 1000 square miles, the population, according to the census of 1875, numbering 194,494 souls. Meiningen, the capital, boasted a population of 9521. According to the State Budget for 1875-7 the revenue was estimated at 5,279,550 fr., the expenditure at 4,727,050 fr. The constitution of Saxe-Meiningen is described as a limited hereditary monarchy.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, the second son of the Crown Prince, and a grandson of Queen Victoria, proposes to present himself for the annual examination qualifying for a naval cadetship, along with other candidates on the 15th inst. The examination will come off at Kiel. Having passed, the Prince will, it is announced, be attached to the sailing frigate *Niobe*, for a course of instruction in practical seamanship under the guidance of Captain Koster. The German Crown Prince and Crown Princess are expected at Kiel on the 20th ult., and the Crown Prince will then formally introduce his son into the navy. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess propose spending two days at Kiel.

MR. RUSKIN announces, under date of April 2nd, that he has, at the request of a few Sheffield workmen, authorised the investment of £1200 in an estate of thirteen acres of land, near Sheffield, whereon the workmen may spend what spare hours they have, and for which they agree to

pay three per cent. Mr. Ruskin says:—"Here, at least, is a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand." Mr. Ruskin also publishes his autobiography, saying his father left him £120,000, besides property at Herne Hill, Denmark Hill, Greenwich, and pictures, and his mother £37,000. He gave £17,000 to his poor relations, sold the pictures, bought Brantwood, assisted a young relation in business at a cost of £15,000, spent £15,000 on harness and stables, and has given £14,000 to St. George's, besides having spent £70,000 variously. He is now worth £54,000, and announces that he will give the Marylebone property to St. George's Company. The Herne Hill property he gives to his cousin, and will finally invest the remaining £12,000, and live or die upon its interest.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in June number.

A SUFFERING SUBSCRIBER.—The remedy for your indigestion is simple, but must be persevered in. Drink cold boiled water with your dinner, and after it sit quietly for twenty minutes, no longer; then walk for an hour. Shun wine, spirits, ale, and beer. A bag of very hot salt put on the pit of the stomach, but with the clothes on, will create heat, and greatly assist a weak digestion.

GRANNIE.—Nothing but Brunswick black is used for fenders, which, after a coating with this, takes the solid black-lead very well, and if you add a few drops of turpentine to the latter, the grate or fender will shine quickly. Of Brunswick black there are many makers. We have found "Street's" the best, but it is difficult to get, and more expensive than other kinds. You can make it by having eight ounces of mineral pitch, by some called Jews' pitch, and mixing it with four ounces of boiled linseed oil. This must be carefully boiled. When cool, add then enough of oil of turpentine to make it of a proper consistency. Or get a pound of black paint mixed at an oil and colour shop, paint the stoves with this, and in a week black-lead them. A better way than any is when fires are over have the grates cleaned with turpentine rags. Get a pound of dark green paint, and mix in a very little dark ochre and black; paint the stoves with this, and when it is sticky rub the prominent parts with bronze powder. The grates and fenders will then resemble bronze. The fenders should be varnished afterwards, but not the grates.

AN INDIAN.—Go to any gas-fitter's and you will see a great variety of gas-stoves. There is an extensive collection of these somewhere in the Old Bailey (perhaps 59), but at 1, Little Bush Lane, London, you will find similar stoves to the one mentioned in the TREASURY. Ask for terra-cotta reflectors and No. 6 and 7 stoves. The stove itself might not be dearer than three shillings and sixpence, but the reflectors are. However, you can get the stove itself of any firm from one shilling and sixpence. It receives the gas through a tube attached to a gas-jet, removable at pleasure. Our appreciation of gas-stoves for the comfort they give cannot be too emphatic, and those stoves having two terra-cotta reflectors are strong and invaluable, but not ornamental.

E. G.—It is not a case of etiquette, but of feeling.

ENQUIRIES.

AITCH-BONE OF BEEF.—Is this the right word to use for this joint, and where is it situate in the animal? —*Jessie L.*—["Aitch-bone" is wrong. The right name tells what joint it is. *Ischium* in Latin, *ischion* in French, is the name of the huckle-bone or hip-joint. The termination of words is, in the hurry of speech, often dropped. Thus the *ischium* becomes "isch-bone," further corrupted into "H-bone" and "aitch-bone." Some of the old cookery-books—that of Mrs. Glasse, not a century since—used the term "isch-bone," and it is the proper name.—*E. W.*]

SKELETON LEAVES.—*B. P. A. E.* will be glad to have information respecting the manner of skeletonising leaves and seed-vessels, and the method of bleaching them.

PURL OR PEARL?—Which is the right way in knitting instructions of spelling the word?—*Grandmamma.*—[It should be "pearl," once used as a term for a "web" in the eye; in modern parlance, a cataract. "Purl" is a corruption of *pourfille*—in shorter speech, "purfle"—a *frilled edge* for lace. Now a stitch is not a frilled edge. John Taylor, the water-poet in Queen Elizabeth's time, writing of the different varieties of ladies' work, used the term "most curious purles." The word purl is properly used now only in regard to purling streams and purl, an intoxicating beverage. Taylor mentions *purles* as among the works, not the stitches—"Tente-work, Raised-work, Frost-work, Net-work. . . . Most curious purles, or rare Italian cut-work"—probably the Richelieu work of the present day. Then follows the names of the stitches—"Ferne-stitch Finny-stitch, New-stitch, Chain-stitch, Brad-stitch," which he terms "most brave"; "Fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch, Queen-stitch, Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch, Mouse-stitch, Whip-stitch, Cross-stitch, and Back-stitch."—*E. W.*]

Instructions for a knitted petticoat, and leaf and trellis-pattern for window-curtains, wanted.—*Emma.*

MY LADY-HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME (by Mrs. WARREN), is published at a shilling, obtainable by order of every bookseller in town and country; by post one shilling and twopence; or of the publishers, Messrs. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square, London.



MIDSUMMER CUSTOM IN WESTPHALIA.

MIDSUMMER EVE IN WESTPHALIA.

MIDSUMMER Eve and Day, on the 24th of June, is a momentous time. Merry maidens seek to know their husbands' future trade or profession by the aid of casting melted lead into cold water, and very odd shapes does this often assume; or, while the clock is striking twelve on Midsummer Eve, they hasten to sow hemp seed, repeating the magic words—

"Hemp seed I set, hemp seed I sow;
He that's my true love come after me and mow."

And many are the legends told of maidens slow in step who have been killed by the swiftness of their lovers' scythes. Or, again, by the Orpine—"by the maids called Midsummer men"—a name the plant has borne from long previous to Shakespeare's time, who thus alludes to it. It is in full perfection in the month of June. Two stalks of the plant being placed in the crevices of a brick or other wall, and about four inches apart, one bearing the name of the lady and the other her lover or supposed lover; the twining of one over the other indicates that a marriage will ensue; if, on the contrary, they turn the opposite way, then the lovers will be separated. Who shall say from whence and at what period these and similar practices arose?

It was at the period of the sun's entering the tropic of Cancer, on the 21st of June of the time, that the ancients celebrated their great festival in honour of Baal, or Bel, "the "Sun,"* worshipped by the Babylonians as the one great God, and his rites were celebrated with fire. Among all pagan nations, however remote from each other, always in the month of June, a festival was celebrated, either by the kindling of large fires on every hill or by lamps or torches. In Turkey the feast of the Ramazan is celebrated by burning lamps. In China the Dagor-boat festival also. In ancient Peru, on the 1st of the month, equivalent to our June, there was, according to Prescott, a fast of mourning for three days, when no fire was allowed to be lighted in their dwellings, but on the fourth day the mourning was turned into joy, and the Inca and his retinue assembled to witness the rising sun, when altar fires were kindled from his beams, and torches were lighted. Among the Yezedis, or Devil-worshippers of modern Chaldea, the rites with fire are probably the same as they were thousands of years ago.

The Hindus believe that fire expiates all sin against the gods, hence the burning of dead bodies, and also the Suttee or widow-burning. The Druids held fire as a purifier. In a Druidic Song to the Sun (Davis' "Druids") are the following words:—"They celebrate the praise of the holy ones in the presence of the purifying fire, which was made to ascend on high."

To this day Baal-fires are to be seen on many hills in Ireland and Scotland, but the religious element is wanting. They are kindled for luck, and to drive away demons; and these fires are now termed those of St. John! No idea of purgation from sin enters the heads of those who themselves pass with their children and cattle through these fires for luck.

"The practice of causing children to pass through fire to Moloch may be cited as an instance in which Christianity has not yet been able to efface all traces of one of the oldest forms of heathen worship."

The custom of lighting festival fires obtains in many parts of Germany, where the scene is also one of merry-making. We find the following in "Folk Lore," by Charles Hardwicke:—"In the transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society there are papers from Mr. Thornber, of Blackpool, and Mr. T. Wilkinson, of Burnley, which furnishes some curious information with reference to this ancient fire-worship: 'Such fires are still lighted in Lancashire on Hallowe'en (31st of October)

* In Chaldea, Syria, and Phœnecia our month of June was termed "Tammuz," or the Sun's month. The same Tammuz that the women wailed for at the gate of the Lord's house (Ezekiel viii., 14).

Tammuz of the Chaldeans, Osiris of the Egyptians, and Nimrod of the Assyrians, "the mighty hunter before the Lord" (the Sun), were one and the same person, who met with a violent death while hunting, being gored in the thigh by a boar. He was mourned for ages as "The Lamented One," and his spirit was said to have been translated to the sun, and from thence to have returned to earth in the body of Horus, his own son. This same Nimrod was mourned for by the Egyptians as Osiris. The Greeks gave him the name of Adonis. The doctrine of "transmigration of souls" was held by the Chaldeans.

The term Baal signified a chief god; other gods were also called Baal, or Lord; but to their names was added a signification: thus, Baal-Aberin was "The Winged One;" Baal-Abirin, "Lord of the Mighty Ones;" Baal-aph, "Lord of Wrath;" Baal-lashon, "Lord of Tongue;" Baal-hatzhim, "Lord of Arrows;" Baal-berith, "Lord of the Covenant;" Baal-athri, "Lord of Spies." The sun was Baal-samen, "The Lord of Heaven—the Sole God of All."—("The Two Babylons," by Alex. Hislop.)

under the names of Beltain or Teanleas.'"

Mr. Thornton says:—"The conjoint worship of the sun and moon, the Samen, and Sama,* husband and wife of nature, has been from ancient times so firmly implanted that ages have not uprooted it. Christianity has not banished it. In my youth on Hallowe'en, under the name of Teanla-fires, I have seen the hills throughout the country illuminated with sacred flames, and I can point out many a cairn of fire-broken stones—the high places of the votaries of Bel—where the rites have been performed on the borders of the Ribble, age after age. Nor at this day are these mysteries silenced; with a burning wisp of straw at the point of a fork on Sama's festival,* on the eve of All Hallows, the farmer, in some districts of the Fylde, encircles his field, to protect the coming crop from noxious weeds—the tare and darnel; the old wife refuses to set the eggs under her cackling hen after sunset. And if a parent addresses not the young, newly-wedded pair in the words of Hanna, "O that the good Bel-Samen may favour them," or, like the Irish peasants, "The blessing of Sama and Bel (Beltis, the moon) go with you." Still we have often heard the benediction, "May the sun shine bright upon you," in accordance with the old adage—

"Blest is the corpse the rain falls on;
Blest the bride on whom the sun shines."

The following from Du Chaillu's "Journey into Ashango Land" may throw some light upon the hurtful influence of sleeping in the moonlight:—"The sun and moon once quarrelled about their antiquity, each one claiming to be the eldest born.

"The moon said to the sun, Who are you to dare to speak to me? You are alone, you have no people. What are you to consider yourself equal to me? Look at me; look at the stars; these are my people. I am not alone in the world like you."

"The sun answered, O Moon, you bring witchcraft; and it is you who have killed all my people or I should have had as many attendants as you."

According to the negroes, people are more liable to die when the moon first makes her appearance and when she is least visible. They say that she calls the people "her insects," and devours them. The moon with them is the emblem of Time and Death.

The Greek fable of the moon falling in love with the shepherd Endymion, while the latter was sleeping in the open air, may be but the first recorded incident of the youth being killed by the moon's rays. The Hallowe'en fires of the 31st October, 1869, were witnessed by the Queen and the Royal Family at Balmoral. As the evening closed in, lighted torches appeared upon the western and eastern side; both parties met in front of the Castle. Dancing was commenced by the torchbearers dancing a "Huachan" to the lilting strains of Mr. Ross, the Queen's piper. Bright lights of various colours shone from the top of the staircase of the Tower. After dancing for some time, the torchbearers marched round the Castle and down the granite steps at the north-west corner of the Castle and up the south-west corner, the torches were thrown on a large pile of combustible material, and then a monster bonfire was formed, the people dancing round it. The Queen witnessed the proceedings with much interest.

In some places these fires are termed "tindles," or teen-low. To "tind"—Saxon, to light a candle—from which we have "tinder," scorched linen upon which sparks of fire were struck from a flint by a piece of iron, which, falling upon the linen, it smouldered, and a brimstone match was applied, and thus lighted.

In ancient times each season was inaugurated by fire—Easter, Midsummer, Hallowe'en (October 21st), and finished with the December Yule. On the 20th of March the sun is seen in Aries (the Ram), the first of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. At this time the sun will then exactly illuminate the earth from Pole to Pole. The North Pole will begin to have constant day, and the South Pole constant night, and the day will be equal to the night throughout the earth. It was about this period that the Chaldeans and Babylonians celebrated with fire the rites of Johtar, as she was named by the Assyrians, and from which name is derived the name of Easter—a term peculiar to the British Islands. In the third and fourth centuries this festival was termed *Pasch*, or the Passover. The vernal equinox was by pagan nations kept as a festival of the sun, and fires were kindled and rites performed in worship of the sun. In opposition to the worship of this luminary, Christ is by Christians termed the "Sun" of Righteousness.

* Sama, an Indian name for the moon, which is there a male. Baal-samen meant "Lord of Heaven or the Anointed One."—(Hislop)

On the 21st of June the sun enters Cancer, the fourth sign of the Zodiac (or circle of annual symbols). On this day it is summer to all the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere, and winter to those of the southern. The inhabitants of the whole Arctic Circle have no night, and those of the southern have no day, for two days previous to the 24th, and on this day the sun seems to make no further progress, but for three days rises and sets at the same moment of time. The pagans at this time celebrated with fire the rites of "Tammuz," and this day was incorporated in the Roman Calendar as a sacred Christian festival, termed the Nativity of St. John.

On the 23rd of September the sun, as it appears in Libra, is again on the equinoctial line, and again there is equal night in all parts of the earth. It is then the autumnal equinox. When the mourning for Osiris, or the sun, began in Egypt, the strength of the sun was declining, therefore no festival was held; geese and thin cakes were offered as sacrifices. The goose was the symbol of the Egyptian god Seb, or the sun—Jupiter had an eagle. The goose was a sacred bird in Chaldea, Babylon, Egypt, India, and Rome, and was sacrificed freely at this period of the year. In England a large number of geese are killed for Michaelmas-day, but for sacrifice only to the god "Appetite."

On the 21st of December the sun is at its greatest declination, and from the 24th to the 27th inclusive it rises at the same moment of time—indeed appears to be perfectly still. Thus the wheel, or yule, the "huel," or wheel of the Welsh, has turned once, and again fires were kindled (or *tindled*), to celebrate his new birth.

The yule-log blazed within doors, and fires were lighted on the hills. In olden times in Devonshire the "yule-log," of ash, was strongly bound with fifty-two withes, and as each snapped with the heat, toast and cider went round. This was composed of rounds of bread toasted slightly, rubbed with nutmeg, and placed in a large punch-bowl. On each layer sugar was sifted, and sometimes brandy dripped over; the cider, with spices, made hot, and mixed with elder-wine, was poured over. After a few minutes it was distributed in plates, and eaten with spoons. New cheese in thin slices was often an accompaniment.

The boar's head was a sacrificial offering to Osiris in Egypt, Tammuz in Assyria, and Adonis in Greece—all one person—who was killed while hunting, by the tusks of a boar.

Osiris was said to be the impersonation of Adam; the lemon in the mouth of the boar's head has reference to the apple eaten by Adam. One of the orange family, celebrated for its fragrance, is termed "Adam's Apple."

E. W.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

Chapter XIII.

The snow was falling fast next morning, when with a long hoarse shriek the train dashed into New York, and drew up to the platform, where a crowd of human beings and equipages of every description had assembled to greet the arrival of the train.

The din of voices, ringing of bells, whistle of engines, and all the varied notes of that Babel diapason, that so utterly bewilders the stranger stranded on the bustling streets of busy Gotham, fell upon Regina's ears with the startling force of novelty. She wondered if there were thunder mixed with swiftly falling snow, that low dull ceaseless roar, that endless monologue of the paved streets, where iron and steel ground down the stone highways, along which the Juggernaut of Traffic rolled ponderously, day in and day out?

Gazing curiously down from her window, at the sea of faces, wherein cabmen, omnibus drivers, porters, vociferated and gesticulated, each striving to tower above his neighbour, like the tame vipers in the Egyptian pitcher, whereof Teufelsdröckh discourses in "Sartor Resartus," Regina made no attempt to leave her seat, until the courteous conductor to whose care Mrs. Lindsay had consigned her, touched her arm to arrest her attention.

"You are Miss Orme, I believe, and here is the gentleman who came to meet you."

Turning quickly, with the expectation of seeing Mr. Palmer, she found herself in the presence of an elegantly-dressed young

man, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who wore ample hay-coloured whiskers, after the similitude of the fins of a fish or the wings of a bat. A long moustache of the same colour drooped over a mouth feminine in mould, and, as he lifted his brown fur cap and bowed, she saw that his light hair was parted in the middle of his head.

He handed her a card, on which was printed, "Elliott Roscoe."

"Regina Orme, I presume. My cousin, Mr. Palmer, desired me to meet you at the train, and see you safely to his house, as he is not in the city. I fear you had a tiresome trip; you look worn-out. Have you the checks for your baggage?"

She handed them to him, and followed him out of the car, through the dense throng, to a coupé.

The driver, whose handsome blue cloak, with its glittering gilt buttons, was abundantly embroidered with snow-flakes, opened the door, and, as Mr. Roscoe assisted the stranger to enter, he said—

"Wait, Farley, until I look after the baggage."

"Yonder is O'Brien, with his express waggon. Give him the checks, and he will have the trunks at home almost as soon as we get there. Michael O'Brien!"

As the ruddy, beaming, pleasant countenance of the expressman approached, and he received the checks, Mr. Roscoe sprang into the carriage, but Regina summoned courage to speak.

"If you please, I want my dog."

"Your dog! Did you leave it in the car? Is it a poodle?"

"Poodle! He is a Newfoundland, and the guard has him."

"Then O'Brien will bring him with the trunks," said Mr. Roscoe, preparing to close the door.

"I would not like to leave him behind."

"You certainly do not expect to carry him in the carriage?" answered the gentleman, staring at her as if she had been a refugee from some insane asylum.

"Why not? There seems plenty of room. I am so much afraid something might happen to him among all these people. But perhaps you would not like him shut up in the carriage." For an instant she seemed sorely embarrassed, then, leaning forward, addressed the coachman: "Would you mind taking my dog up there with you? I shall thank you very much if you will please be so kind."

Before the wistful pleading of the violet eyes, and the sweet tones of the hesitating voice, the surly expression vanished from Farley's countenance, and he replied—

"Ay, miss; if he is not vicious, I will take him."

"Thank you. Mr. Roscoe, will you be so good as to go with me to get my dog?"

"That is not necessary. Besides, it is snowing hard, and your wraps are not very heavy. Give me the receipt, and I will bring him out."

There was some delay; but after a little while Mr. Roscoe came back, leading Hero by a chain attached to his collar. The dog looked sulky, and followed reluctantly; but at sight of his mistress, sprang forward, barking joyfully.

"Poor Hero! poor fellow! Here I am."

When he had been prevailed upon to jump up beside the driver, and the carriage rolled homeward, Mr. Roscoe said—

"That is a superb creature. The only pure white Newfoundland I ever saw. Where did you get him?"

"He was bought in Brooklyn several years ago, and sent to me."

"What is his name?"

"Hero."

"How very odd! Bruno, or Nero, or Ponto, or even Fido, would be so much more suitable."

"Hero suits him, and suits me."

Mr. Roscoe looked curiously into the face beside him, and laughed. "I presume you are a very romantic young lady, and have been dreaming about some rustic Leander in round jacket."

"My dog was not called after the priestess at Sestos. It means hero the common noun, not Hero the proper name. Holding torches to guide people across the Hellespont was not heroism."

If she had addressed him in Greek, he would not have been more surprised; and for a moment he stared.

"I am afraid your hero will not prove a thoroughly welcome addition to my cousin's household. He has no fondness whatever for dogs, or indeed for pets of any kind, and Mrs. Palmer, who has a chronic terror of hydrophobia, will not permit a dog to come near her." He saw something like a smile flicker across the girl's mouth, but she did not look up, and merely asked:

"Where is Mr. Palmer?"

"He was unexpectedly called away two days ago on urgent business. Do you know him?"

"I have not seen him for several years."

She turned away, fixing her attention upon the various objects of interest that flitted by, as they rolled rapidly along one of the principal streets. The young man found it exceedingly pleasant to study the fair, delicate face beside him, and not a detail of her dress, from the shape of her hat to the fit of her kid gloves, escaped his critical inspection. Almost faultily fastidious in his trained tastes, he arrived at the conclusion that she possessed more absolute beauty than any one in his wide circle of acquaintance; but her travelling suit was not cut in the approved reigning style, and the bow of ribbon at her throat did not exactly harmonise with the shade of the feather in her hat—all of which jarred disagreeably.

As the carriage drew up before one of the handsome mansions, Mr. Roscoe handed his companion out, and rang the bell. Hero leaped to the side-walk, and patting his head, Regina said:

"Driver, I am very much obliged to you for taking care of him for me."

"You are quite welcome, miss. He is an uncommon fine dog, and I will attend to him for you if you wish it."

The door opened, and Regina was ushered in, and conducted by Mr. Roscoe into the sitting-room, where a blazing coal-fire lent pleasant warmth and a ruddy glow to the elegantly furnished apartment.

"Terry, tell the ladies we have come."

The servant disappeared, and holding his hands over the fire, Mr. Roscoe said: "I believe you are a stranger to all but my cousin; yet you are probably aware that his stepmother and her daughter reside with him."

Before she could reply, the door suddenly opened wide, as if moved by an impatient hand, and a middle-aged lady, dressed in black silk that rustled proudly at every step, advanced toward Regina. Involuntarily the girl shivered, as if an icy east wind had blown upon her.

"Mrs. Palmer, I have brought this young lady safely, and transfer her to your care. This is Regina Orme."

"Miss Orme has arrived on a cold day, and looks as if she realised it."

She put out her hand, barely touched the fingers of the stranger, and her keen, probing, inquisitorial eyes of palest gray wandered searchingly over the face and figure; while her haughty tone was chill as the damp breath of a vault.

Catching sight of Hero, she started back, and exclaimed with undisguised displeasure: "What! A dog in my sitting-room? Who brought that animal here?"

Regina laid a protecting hand on the head of her favourite, and said timidly, in a voice that faltered from embarrassment: "It is my dog, Please Madam allow me to keep him; he will disturb no one; shall give no trouble."

"Impossible! Dogs are my aversion. I would not even allow my daughter to accept a lovely Italian greyhound which Count Fagdalina sent her on her last birthday. That huge brute there would give me hysterics before dinner time."

"Then you shall not see him. I will keep him always out of sight; he shall never annoy you."

"Do you propose to lock him up always in your own chamber? How absurd!"

She touched the bell, and added: "It always saves trouble, to start exactly as we expect or intend to continue. I cannot endure dogs, never could, and yours must be disposed of at once."

Pitying the distress, so eloquently printed on the face of girl, Mr. Roscoe interposed: "Strike, but hear me! Don't banish the poor fellow so summarily. He can't go mad before May or June, if then, and at least let her keep him a few days. She feels strange and lonely, and it will comfort her to have him for awhile."

"Nonsense Elliott! Terry, tell Farley I shall want the carriage in half an hour, and meantime ask him to come here and help you take out this dog. We have no room for any such pests. Send Hattie to show this young lady to her own room."

Mr. Roscoe shrugged his shoulder, and closely inspected his seal ring.

There was an awkward silence, Mrs. Palmer stirred the coals with the poker, and at last asked abruptly:

"Miss Orme, I presume you have breakfasted?"

"I do not wish any, thank you."

Something in her quiet tone attracted attention, and as the lady and gentleman turned to look at her, both noticed a brilliant flush on her cheek, a peculiar sparkle dancing in her eyes. She put both her hands upon Hero's silver collar.

"Hattie will show you up to your room, Miss Orme, and if you need anything, call upon her for it. Farley, take that dog away, and do not let me see him here again."

The blunt but kind-hearted coachman

looked irresolute, glancing first at his mistress, and then pityingly at the girl. As he advanced to obey, Regina said in a quiet but clear and decisive tone: "Don't you touch him. He is mine, and no one shall take him from me. I am sorry, Mrs. Palmer, that I have annoyed you so much, and I have no right to force unpleasant things upon you, even if I had the power. Come Hero! we will find a place somewhere; this city is large enough to hold us both. Good-by, Mr. Roscoe. Good-day, Mrs. Palmer."

She walked toward the door, leading Hero, who rubbed his head caressingly against her.

"Where are you going?" cried Mr. Roscoe, following, and catching her arm.

"Anywhere away from this house," she answered very quietly.

"But Mr. Palmer is your guardian! He will be dreadfully displeased."

"He has no right to be displeased with me. Beside, I would not for forty guardians give up my Hero. Please stand aside, and let me pass."

"Tell me first what you intend to do."

"First to get out, where the air is free. Then to find the house of a lady to whom I have a letter of introduction from Mrs. Lindsay."

Mrs. Palmer was sorely perplexed, and though she trembled with excess of anger and chagrin, a politic regard for her own future welfare, which was contingent upon the maintenance of peaceful relations with her step-son, impelled her to concede what otherwise she would never have yielded. Stepping forward she said with undisguised scorn:

"If this is a sample of his ward's temper, I fear Edgar has assumed guardianship of Tartary. As Miss Orme is a total stranger, it is sheer madness to talk of leaving here. This is Mr. Palmer's house, not mine, else I should not hesitate a moment; but under the circumstances I shall insist upon this girl remaining here at least until his return, which must be very soon. Then the dog question will be speedily decided by the master of the establishment."

"Let us try and compromise. Suppose you trust your pet to me for a few days, until matters can be settled? I like dogs, and promise to take good care of yours, and feed him on game and chicken soup."

He attempted to put his hand on the collar, but Hero, who seemed to comprehend that he was a *casus belli*, growled and showed his teeth.

"Thank you, but we have only each other now. Mrs. Palmer, I do not wish to disturb or annoy you in any way, and as I love my dog very much, and you have no room for him, I would much rather go away now, and leave you in peace. Please, Mr. Roscoe, let me pass.

"I can fix things to suit all around, if Madam will permit," said the coachman.

"Well, Farley, what is your proposition?"

His mistress was biting her lip, from mortification and ill-concealed rage. "I will make a kennel in the corner of the carriage-house, where he can be chained up, and yet have room to stretch himself; and the young Miss can feed him, and see him as often as she likes, till matters are better settled."

"Very well. Attend to it at once. I hope Miss Orme is satisfied?"

"No, I do not wish to give so much trouble to you all."

"Oh Miss! it is no trouble worth speaking of; and if you will only trust me, I will see that no harm happens to him."

For a moment Regina looked up at the honest, open, though somewhat harsh Hibernian face, then advanced and laid the chain in his hand.

"Thank you very much. I will trust you. Be kind to him, and let me come and see him after a while. I don't wish him ever to come into the house again."

"The man has brought the trunks," said Terry.

"Have them taken up stairs. Would you like to go to your room, Miss Orme?"

"If you please, Madam."

"Then I must bid you good-by," said Mr. Roscoe, holding out his hand.

"Do you not live here?"

"Oh no! I am only a student in my cousin's law-office, but come here very often. I hope the dog-war is amicably settled; but if hostilities are reopened, and you ever make up your mind to give Hero away, please remember that I am first candidate for his ownership."

"I would almost as soon think of giving away my head. Good-by."

As she turned to follow the servant out of the room, she ran against a young lady, who hastily entered, singing a bar from "Traviata."

"Bless me. I beg your pardon. This is——"

"Miss Orme—Edgar's ward."

"Miss Orme does not appear supremely happy at the prospect of sojourning with

us beneath this hospitable roof. Mamma, I understand you have had a regular Austerlitz battle over that magnificent dog I met in the hall, and alas! victory perched upon the standard of the invading enemy! Cheer up, Mamma! There is a patent medicine just advertised in the *Herald* that hunts down, worries, shakes, and strangles hydrophobia—as Gustave Dillon's Skye terrior does rats. Good morning, Mr. Elliot Roscoe! Poor Miss Orme looks strikingly like a half famished and wholly hopeless statue of Patience, that I saw on a monument at the last funeral I attended in Greenwood. Hattie, do take her to her room, and give her some hot chocolate, or coffee, or whatever she drinks."

She had taken both the stranger's hands, shook them rather roughly, and in conclusion pushed her toward the door.

Olga Neville was twenty-two, tall, finely formed, rather handsome; with unusually bright reddish-hazel eyes, and a profusion of tawny hair, which nine persons in ten would unhesitatingly have pronounced red, but which she persistently asserted was of exactly the classic shade of ruddy gold that the Borgia gave to Bembo. Her features were large, and somewhat irregular in contour, but her complexion was brilliant, her carriage very graceful, and though one might safely predict that at some distant day she would prove "fair, fat, and forty," her full figure had not yet transgressed the laws of symmetry.

As the door of the sitting-room closed, she put her large white hands on her mother's shoulders, shook her a little, and kissed her on the cheek. "Do, Mamma, let us have fair play, or I shall desert to the enemy. It was not right to open your batteries on that little thing before she got well into position, and established her line. If I am any judge of human nature, I rather guess from the set of her lips, and the stars that danced up and down in her eyes, that she is not quite as easily flanked as a pawn on a chessboard."

"I wish, Olga, that you were a better judge of common-sense, and of the courtesy due to my opinions. I can tell you we are likely to see trouble enough, with this high-tempered girl added to the family circle."

"Why, she has not Lucretia-coloured tresses, like my own lovely spun-gold? I thought her hair looked very black."

"I will warrant it is not half as black as her disposition. She looked absolutely diabolical when she pretended to march out into the world, playing the rôle of injured, persecuted innocence."

"Now, Mamma! She is decidedly the prettiest piece of diabolism I ever saw. Elliott, what do you think of her?"

"That some day she will be a most astonishing beauty. Can you recollect that lovely green and white cameo pin set with diamonds, that Tiffany had last spring? Ned Bartlett bought it for his wife, the day they started to Saratoga. Well, this girl is exactly like that exquisite white cameo head; I noticed the likeness as soon as I saw her. But she needs polish, city training, society marks, and her clothes are at least two seasons old in style. I think, too, your mother is quite right in believing she has a will of her own. She was really in earnest, and would have walked out, if Farley had not come to the rescue. Olga, what are you laughing at?"

"I am anticipating the sport in store for me, when her will and Edgar's come in conflict. Won't the sparks fly! We shall have a domestic shower of meteors to enliven our daily dull routine! You know the stately and august head of this establishment savours of Fitz-James, and in all matters of controversy acts fully out what Scott only dreamed:

> 'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base, as soon as I!'

I daresay it is this habit that helps Edgar to his great success as a lawyer;—when he once takes hold, he never lets go. Now, Mamma, if you do not hoist a white flag, as far as that poor girl is concerned, I shall certainly ask your wary step-son——"

"Olga, you vex me beyond endurance. Put on your furs at once; it is time to go to the Studio. Elliot, will you ride down with us, and look at the portrait?"

"Thanks! I wish I could, but I promised to write out some legal references before my cousin returns, and must keep my word; for you very well know he has scant mercy on delinquents."

"I only hope he will bring his usual iron rule to bear upon this new element in the household, else her impertinent self-assertion will be unendurable. Will you be at Mrs. Delafield's reception to-night?"

"I promised to attend, and will call for you and Olga about nine."

"Quite agreable to all parties. I shall expect you. Good morning."

When Regina left the sitting-room, she followed the housemaid up two flights of

steps, and into a small but beautifully furnished apartment, where a fire was not really necessary, as the house was heated by a furnace; still the absence of the cheerful red light she had left below made this room seem chill and uninviting.

The trunks had been brought up, and after lowering the curtain of the window that looked down on the beautiful Avenue, Hattie said:

"Will you have tea, coffee, or chocolate?"

"Neither, I thank you."

"It is no trouble, Miss, to get what you like."

Regina only shook her head, and proceeded to take off her hat and wrappings.

"Are you an orphan?" queried Hattie, her heart warming toward a stranger who avoided giving trouble.

"No—but my mother is in ——— is too far for me to go to her."

"Then you ar'n't here on charity?"

"Charity! No indeed! Mr. Palmer is my guardian until I go to my mother."

"Well, Miss, try to be contented. Miss Olga has a kinder heart than her mother, and though she has a bitter tongue and rough ways, she will befriend you. Don't fret about your dog—we folks below-stairs will see that he does not suffer. We will help you take care of him."

"Thank you, Hattie. I shall be grateful to all who are kind to him. Please give him some water and a piece of bread when you go down."

It was a great relief to find herself once more alone, and sinking down wearily into a rocking chair, she hid her face in her hands. Her heart was heavy, her head ached; her soul rose in rebellion against the cold selfishness and discourtesy that had characterised her reception by the inmates of her guardian's house. Everything around her betokened wealth, taste, elegance: the carpets and various articles of furniture were of the most costly materials—but at the thought of living here, she shuddered. Fine and fashionable in all its appointments, but chilly, empty, surface gilded, she felt that she would stifle in this mansion. By comparison, how dear and sacred seemed the old life at the Parsonage—how desolate and dreary the present—how inexpressibly lonely and hopeless the future!

From the thought of Mr. Palmer's return she could borrow no pleasant auguries, rather additional gloom and apprehension; and his absence had really been the sole redeeming circumstance that marked her arrival in New York. With an unconquerable dread which arose from early childish prejudice, and which she never attempted to analyse, she shrank from meeting him.

There came a quick, low tap on the door, but she neither heard nor heeded it, and started when a warm hand removed those that covered her face.

"Just as I expected, you are having a good cry all to yourself. No—your eyes are dry and bright as stars. I daresay you have set us all down as a family of brutes. But there is so little justice left in the world, that I imagine each individual would do well to contribute a moiety to the awfully slender public stock. Suppose you pay tithes to the extent of counting me out of this nest of persecutors? Thank Heaven! I am not a Palmer! My soul does not work like the piston of a steam-engine—is not regulated by a gauge-cock and safety-valve to prevent all explosions—to keep the even, steady, decorous, profitable tenor of its sternly politic way. I am a Neville. The blood in my veins is not 'blue' like the Palmers'—but red—and hot enough to keep my heart from freezing, as the Palmers' do—and to melt the ice they manufacture, wherever they breathe. I am no Don Quixote to redress your grievances, or storm wind-mills;—for verily neither mamma nor Edgar Palmer belongs to that class of harmless innocuous bugaboos—as those will find to their cost who run against them. I am simply Olga Neville, almost twenty-three, and quite willing to help you if possible. Shall we enter into an alliance—offensive and defensive?"

She stood by the mantel-piece, slowly buttoning her glove, and looked quite handsome and very elegant in her rich silk and costly furs.

Looking up into her face, Regina wondered how far she might trust that apparently frank, open countenance, and Olga smiled and added:

"You are a cunning fledgling, not to be caught with chaff. Have they sent you anything to eat?"

"I declined having anything. My head aches."

"Then do as I tell you, and you will soon feel relieved. There is a bath-room on this floor. Ring for Hattie, and tell her you want a good hot bath. When you have taken it, lie down and go to sleep. One

word before I go. Do try not to be hard on mamma. Poor mamma! she married among these Palmers, and very soon from force of habit, and association, she too grew politic, cautious—finally she also froze—and has never quite thawed again. She is not unkind—you must not think so, for an instant; she only keeps her blood down to the safe, wise, prudent, temperature of sherbet. Poor mamma! She does not like dogs; once she was dreadfully bitten—almost torn to pieces by one, and very naturally she has developed no remarkable 'affinity' for them since that episode. Hattie will get you anything you need. Take your bath and go to sleep—and dream good-natured things about mamma."

She nodded, smiled pleasantly, and glided away as noiselessly as she came, leaving Regina perplexed, and nowise encouraged with reference to the stern, cold character of her guardian.

She had eaten nothing since the previous day—had been unable to close her eyes after bidding Mrs. Lindsay farewell; and now, quite overcome with the reaction from the painful excitement of yesterday's incidents, she threw herself across the foot of the bed, and clasped her hands over her throbbing temples. No sound disturbed her, save the occasional roll of wheels on the street below, and very soon the long lashes drooped, and she slept—the heavy deep sleep of mental and physical exhaustion.

Chapter XIV.

Led by poppy-wreathed wands, through those fabled ivory gates that open into the enchanted realm of dreams, the weary girl forgot her woes, and found blessed reunion with the absent dear ones whose loss had so beclouded the morning of her life.

When after many hours she awoke, it was night. A faint light trembled in one of the globes of the gas chandelier, and a blanket had been laid over her. Starting up, she saw a figure sitting at the window, apparently watching what passed in the street below.

"I hope you feel refreshed."

Olga rose, turned on the gas that flamed up instantly and showed her elaborately dressed in evening toilette. Her shoulders and arms—round and pearly white—were bare save the shining tracery of jewels in necklace and bracelets; and in the long train of blue silk that flowed over the carpet, she looked even taller than in the morning walking suit. Her ruddy hair, headed high on her head, was surmounted by a jewelled comb, whence fell a cataract of curls of various lengths and sizes, that touched the filmy lace which bordered her shoulders like a line of foam where blue silk broke on dimpled flesh.

As Regina gazed admiringly at her, Olga came closer, and stood under the gas-light.

"A penny for your thoughts! Am I handsome? Somebody says only 'fools and children tell the truth.' You are not exactly the latter; certainly not the former; nevertheless, being a rustic, all unversed in the fashionable accomplishment of 'fibbing,' you may dispense with the varnish pot and brush. Tell me, Regina, don't you feel inclined to fall at my feet and worship me?"

"Not in the least. But I do think you very handsome, and your dress is quite lovely. Are you going to a party or a ball?"

"To a 'reception,' where the people will be crowded like sardines; where my puffs will be mashed as flat as buckwheat cakes, and my train will go home with various gentlemen, clinging in scraps to their boot-heels! Were you ever at the sea-shore? If you have ever chanced to walk into a settlement of fiddlers, and seen them wriggling backward, forward, sideways—you may understand that I am going into a similar promiscuous scramble. Human ingenuity is vastly fertile in the production of fashionable tortures; and when that outraged and indignant poet savagely asserted that 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,' I have an abiding conviction that he had just been victimised at a 'reception,' or 'German,' or 'kettledrum,' or 'masque ball,' or some such fine occasion, where people are amused by treading on each other's toes, and gnawing (metaphorically) their nearest neighbour's vertebræ."

"Do you not enjoy going into society?"

"*Cela dépend!* You are an unsophisticated little package of innocent rusticity, and have yet to learn

> "'Society is now one polished horde,
> Formed of two mighty tribes,
> The Bores, and Bored!'

I speak advisedly, for lo, these four years I have energetically preyed, and been preyed upon. When I was your age, I was impatient to break away from my governess and soar into the flowery

pastures of fashionable gaiety, with the crowd of other butterflies that seemed so happy, so lovely; but now that I have bruised my pretty wings, and tarnished the gilding, and rubbed off the fresh enamelling, I would, if I could, crawl back into a safe brown cocoon, or hide in some quiet and forgotten chrysalis. Did you ever hear of Moloch?"

"Yes, of course; I know it was a brazen image, heated red-hot, in whose arms children were placed by idolatrous heathen parents."

"No such thing that is a foolish, obsolete Rabbinical myth. You must not talk such old-fashioned folly. Hearken to the solemn truth that underlies that fable. Moloch reigns here, in far more pomp and splendour than the Ammonites ever dreamed of. Crowned and sceptred, he is now called 'Wealth and Fashion,' holds daily festivals and nightly orgies where salads, boned turkeys, charlotte-russe, *pistachio soufflés*, creams, ices, champagne-julep, and *champagne frappe* call the multitude to worship; and there, while the stirring notes of Strauss ring above the sighs and groans of the heroic victims, fathers and mothers bring their sons and daughters, bravely decked in broadcloth and satin, white kid and diamonds, and offer them in sacrifice; and Moloch clasps, scorches, blackens all! Wide wonderful blue eyes! how shocked you look!"

Olga laughed lightly, shook out the fringed ends of her broad white silk sash, and glanced in the mirror to see the effect.

"Regina, don't begin city life by a system of starvation. Eat abundantly. Take generous care of your body, for spiritual famine is inevitably ahead of you. Yonder on the table, carefully covered, is your dinner. Of course it is cold—stone-cold as this world's charity; but people who sleep until eight o'clock ought not to expect smoking hot viands. A good meal gives one real philosophy and fortitude. Do you hear that bell? It is a signal to attend the festival of Milcom. O Mammon! behold I come."

She moved towards the door, and said from the threshold:

"I say unto you, eat. Then come down stairs and amuse yourself looking about the house. There are some interesting things in the parlours, and if you are musical you will find a piano that cost one thousand dollars. When I am away, there are no skeletons in this house, so you need not fear sleeping here alone. My room is on the same floor. Good night."

Refreshed by her sound sleep, Regina bathed her face, rearranged her hair, and ate the dinner, which, although cold, was very temptingly prepared. When Hattie came to carry down the silver tray containing the delicate green and gold china dishes, she complimented the stranger upon the improvement in her appearance, adding:

"Miss Olga directed me to show you the house, and anything you might like to look at, so I lighted the parlours and reception-room; and the library always has a fire, and the gas burning. That is next to Mr. Palmer's bed-room, and is his special place. He comes and goes so irregularly that we never can tell when he is in it. Once last year he got home at nine o'clock, unexpectedly, and sat up all night writing there in the cold. Next morning he gave orders for fire and light in that room whether he was at home or not. Miss, if you don't mind looking about by yourself, I should like to run around to Eighth Avenue, for a few minutes, to see my sick aunt. Terry has gone out, and Mary promised to answer the bell if any one called. Farley says be easy about your dog; he had a hearty dinner of soup and meat, and is on a softer bed than some poor souls lie on to-night. Can I go?"

"Certainly. I am not afraid; and when I get sleepy I will come up and go to bed. When will Mrs. Palmer and Miss Neville come home?"

"Not before midnight, if then."

She explained to Regina how to elevate and extinguish the gas, and the two went down to the sitting-room, whence Hattie soon disappeared. Raising the silk curtain that divided this apartment from the parlours, Regina walked slowly up and down upon the velvet carpet, in which her feet seemed to sink as on a bed of moss; and her eyes wandered admiringly over the gilded stands, gleaming bronzes, marble statuettes, papier-maché, ormolu, silk, lace, brocatel, moquette, satin, and silver, which attracted her gaze.

Beautiful pictures adorned the tinted walls, and the ceiling was brilliantly frescoed, while one of the wide bay-windows contained a stand filled with a superb array of wax-flowers. Regina opened the grand piano, but forbore to touch the keys, and at last, when she had feasted her eyes sufficiently upon some lovely landscapes by Gifford and

Bierstadt, she quitted the richly decorated parlours, and slowly went up the stairs that led to the room which Hattie had pointed out as Mr. Palmer's library.

Leaving the door partly open, she entered a long, lofty apartment, the floor of which was of marquetry, polished almost as glass, with fur skins laid here and there before tables, and deep luxurious easy-chairs.

Four spacious lines of book-shelves, with glass doors bearing silver handles, girded the sides of the room, and the walls were painted in imitation of the Pompeian style; while the corners of the ceiling held lovely frescoes of the seasons, and in the centre was a zodiac. Bronze and marble busts shone here and there, and where the panels of the wall were divided by representations of columns, metal brackets and wooden consoles sustained delicate figures and groups of sculpture.

Filled with wonder and delight, the girl glided across the shining mosaic floor, gazing now at the glowing garlands and winged figures on the wall, and now at the elegantly-bound books whose gilded titles gleamed through the plate glass.

She had read of such rooms in "St. Martin's Summer," a volume Mrs. Lindsay never tired of quoting; but this exquisite reality transcended all her previous flights of imagination, and approaching the bright coal fire, she basked in the genial glow—in the atmosphere of taste, culture, and rare luxury. A quaint clock, inlaid with designs in malachite, ticked drowsily upon the low black marble mantle, which represented winged lions bearing up the slab, and near the hearth was an ebony and gold escritoire which stood open, revealing a bronze inkstand and velvet pen-wiper. Before it sat the revolving chair, with a bright-coloured embroidered cushion for the feet to rest upon; and in a recess behind the desk, and partly screened by the sweep of damask curtains, hung a man's pearl-grey dressing-gown, lined with cherry silk; while under it rested a pair of black velvet slippers encrusted with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes in gold bullion.

Wishing to see the effect, Regina took a taper from the Murrhine cup on the mantle, and standing on a chair, lighted the cluster of burners shaped like Pompeian lamps, in the chandelier nearest the grate; then went back to the rug before the fire, and enjoyed the spectacle presented.

What treasures of knowledge were contained in this beautiful, quiet, brilliant room!

Would she be permitted to explore the contents of those book-shelves, where hundreds of volumes invited her eager investigation? Could she ever be as happy here as in the humble yet hallowed library at the dear old parsonage?

An oval table immediately under the gas-globes held a china stand filled with cigars, and seeing several books lying near it, she took up one.

It was Gustave Doré's "Wandering Jew," and throwing herself down on the rug, she propped her head with one hand, while the other slowly turned the leaves, and she examined the wonderful illustrations. She was vaguely conscious that the clock struck ten, but paid little attention to the flight of time, and after awhile she closed the book, drew the cushion before the desk to the rug in front of the fire, laid her head on it, and, soothed by the warmth and perfect repose of the room, fell asleep.

Soon after the door opened wider, and Mr. Palmer entered, and walked halfway down the room ere he perceived the recumbent figure. He paused, then advanced on tiptoe and stood by the hearth, warming his white scholarly hands and looking down on the sleeper.

With the careless grace of a child innocent of the art of attitudinising, she had made herself thoroughly comfortable; and as the light streamed full upon her, all the marvellous beauty of the delicate face and the perfect modelling of the small hands and feet were clearly revealed. The glossy raven hair clung in waving masses around her white full forehead, and the long silky lashes lay like jet fringe on her exquisitely moulded cheeks; while the remarkably fine pencilling of her arched brows, which had attracted her guardian's notice when he first saw her at the convent, was still more apparent in the gradual development of her features.

Studying the face and form, and rigidly testing both by the fastidious canons that often rendered him hypercritical, Mr. Palmer could find no flaw in contour or in colouring, save that the complexion was too dazzlingly white, lacking the rosy tinge which youth and health are wont to impart.

Stretching his arm to the escritoire, he softly opened a side drawer, took out an oval-shaped engraving of his favourite Sappho, and compared the nose, chin, and ear with those of the unconscious girl. Satisfied with the result, he restored the picture to its hiding-place. Four years had materially

changed the countenance he had seen last at the parsonage, but the almost angelic purity of expression which characterised her as a child had been intensified by time and recent grief, and watching her in her motionless repose, he thought that unquestionably she was the fairest image he had ever seen in flesh; though a certain patient sadness about her beautiful lips told him that the waves of sorrow were already beating hoarsely upon the borders of her young life.

Standing upon his own hearth, a man of magnificent stature and almost haughty bearing, Edgar Palmer looked quite forty, though in reality younger; and the stern repression, the cautious reticence which had long been habitual, seemed to have hardened his regular, handsome features. Weary with the business cares, the professional details of a trip that had yielded him additional laurels and distinction, and gratified his towering pride, he had come home to rest; and found it singularly refreshing to study the exquisite picture of innocence lying on his library rug.

He wondered how the parents of such a child could entrust her to the guardianship of strangers; and whether it would be possible for her to carry her peculiar look of holy purity safely into the cloudy Beyond of womanhood?

While he pondered, the clock struck, and Regina awoke. At sight of that tall stately figure, looming like a black statue between her and the glow of the grate, she sprang first into a sitting posture, then to her feet.

He made no effort to assist her, only watched every movement, and when she stood beside him, he held out his hand. "Regina, I am glad to see you in my house; and am sorry I could not have been at home to receive you."

Painfully embarrassed by the thought of the position in which he had found her, she covered her face with her hand; and at the sound of his grave, deep voice, the blood swiftly mounted from her throat to the tip of her small, shell-shaped ears. He waited for her to speak, but she could not sufficiently conquer her agitation, and with a firm hand he drew down the shielding fingers, holding them in his.

"There is nothing very dreadful in your being caught fast asleep, like a white kitten on a velvet rug. If you are never guilty of anything worse, you and your guardian will not quarrel."

Her face had drooped beyond the range of his vision, and when he put one hand under her chin and raised it, he saw that the missing light in the alabaster vase had been supplied, and her smooth cheeks were flushed to brilliant carmine.

How marvellously lovely she was in that rush of colour that dyed her dainty lips, and made the large soft eyes seem radiant as stars, when they bravely struggled up to meet his, so piercing, so coolly critical.

"Will you answer me one question, if I ask it?"

"Certainly, Mr. Palmer; at least I will try."

"Are you afraid of me?"

The sweet mouth quivered, but the clear lustrous eyes did not sink.

"Yes, I have always been afraid of you."

"Do you regard me as a monster of cruelty?"

"No."

"Will your conscience allow you to say: 'My guardian, I am glad to see you?'"

She was silent.

"That is right, little girl. Be perfectly truthful, and some day we may be friends. Sit down."

He handed her a chair, and rolling forward one of the deep cushioned seats, made himself comfortable in its soft luxurious latitude. Throwing his massive head back against the purple velvet lining, he adjusted his steel-rimmed spectacles, joined his hands, and built a pyramid with his fingers, while he scrutinised her coldly, searchingly.

"What do you think of New York?"

"It seems a vast human sea, in which I could easily lose myself, and be neither missed nor found."

"Have you studied mythology at all? Or was your pastor guardian afraid of paganising you? Did you ever hear of Argus?"

"Yes, Sir, I understand you."

"He was merely a dim prophecy of our police system; and when adventurous girls grow rebellious and essay to lose themselves, a hundred Arguses are watching them. You seem to like my library?"

"It is the most beautiful room I have ever seen."

"Wait until you examine the triumph of upholstering skill and genius which Mrs. Palmer calls her parlours."

"I saw all the pretty things down stairs, but nothing will compare with this lovely

place." She glanced around with undisguised admiration.

"Pretty things! *Objets de luxe!* O ye gods of fashionable *bric-à-brac!* verily 'out of the mouths of babes.' Be very careful to suppress your heretical and treasonable preference in the presence of Mrs. Palmer, who avoids this pet library of mine as if it were a magnified Pandora's box. Regina, I have reason to apprehend that you and she declared war at sight."

"I know she does not like me."

"And you fully reciprocrate the prejudice?"

"Mrs. Palmer of course has a right to consult her own wishes in the management of her home and household."

"Just here permit me to correct you. My house, if you please—my household, over which at my request she presides. Upon your arrival you did not find her quite as cordial as you anticipated?"

Her gaze wandered to the fire, and she was silent.

"Be so good as to look at me when I speak to you. Mrs. Palmer appeared quite harsh to you to-day?"

"I have made no complaint against your mother."

"Pardon me—Mrs. Palmer—my father's wife—if you please. Tell me the particulars of your reception here."

The beautiful face turned pleadingly to him.

"You must excuse me, I have nothing to tell you."

"And if I will not excuse you?"

She folded her hands together, and compressed her lips.

"Then I have some things to tell you. I am acquainted with all that occurred to-day."

"I thought you were in Philadelphia? How could you know?"

"Roscoe told me everything, and I have questioned Farley, who has not taken your vow of silence. Mrs. Palmer has some prejudices, which, as far as is compatible with reason, a due sense of courtesy constrains me to respect; and as I have invited her to officiate as mistress of my establishment, it is eminently proper that I should consult her opinions, and encourage no rebellion against her domestic regulations. One of her sternest mandates, inexorable as Mede and Persian statutes, prohibits dogs. Now what do you expect of me?"

He leaned forward, eying her keenly.

"That you will do exactly——"

"As I please?" he interrupted.

"No—exactly right."

"That amounts to the same thing, does it not?"

She shook her head.

"Your impression is that I will not please to do exactly right?"

"I have not said so."

"Your eyes are very brave, honest witnesses, and need no support from your lips. Suppose we enter into negotiations and compromise matters between Mrs. Palmer and you? This troublesome dog is a pestiferous creature, which might possibly be tolerated in country clover fields, but is most wofully out of place in a Fifth Avenue house. Besides, you will soon be a young lady, and your beaux will leave you no leisure to pet him. You are fifteen?"

"Not yet; and if I were fifty it would make no difference. I don't want any beaux, but I must have my Hero."

"Of course, all misses in their teens believe that their favourite is a hero."

"Mr. Palmer, Hero is my dog's name."

He could detect a quiver in her slender nostril, and understood the heightening arch of her lips.

"Oh! is it indeed? Well, no dog that ever barked is worth a household hurricane. You must make up your mind to surrender him, to shed a few tears and say, *Vale*, Hero! Now I am disposed to be generous for once, though understand that is not my habit, and I will buy him. I will pay you, let me see, thirty-five, forty, well, say fifty dollars? That will supply you with Maillard's bonbons for almost a year; will sweeten your bereavement."

She rose instantly, with a peculiar sparkle leaping up in her splendid eyes.

"There is not gold enough in New York to buy him."

"What! I must see this surly brute, that in your estimation is beyond all price. Tell me truly, do you cling to him so fondly because some schoolboy sweetheart, some rosy-cheeked lad in V——, gave him to you as a love-token? Trust me, we lawyers are locked iron safes for all such tender secrets, and I will never betray yours."

The rich glow overflowed her cheeks once more.

"I have no sweetheart. I love my Hero because he is truly noble and sagacious; because he loves me, and because he is mine, all mine."

"Truly satisfactory and sufficient reasons.

I might ask how he came into your possession, but probably you shrink from divulging your little secret, and I am unwilling to force your confidence."

She looked curiously into his face, but the handsome mouth and chin might have been chiselled in stone for any visible alteration in their fixed, stern expression, and his piercing black eyes seemed diving into hers through microscopic glasses.

"At least, Regina, I venture the hope that he came properly and honestly into your heart and hands?"

"I hope so too, because you gave him to me."

"I?"

"Yes, Sir. You know perfectly well that you sent him to me."

"I sent you a dog? When? Is he black, brown, striped, or spotted?"

"Snow-white, and you know as well as I do that you asked Mr. Lindsay to bring him to me, soon after you left me at V——."

"Indeed! Was I guilty of so foolish a thing? Did you thank me for the present?"

"I asked dear Mr. Hargrove to tell you, when he wrote, that I was exceedingly grateful for your kindness."

"Certainly, it appears so. All these years the dog was not worth even a simple note of thanks; now all the banks in Gotham cannot buy him."

The chill irony of his tone painfully embarrassed her.

"You positively refuse to sell him to me?"

"Yes."

"Because you love him?"

"Because I love him more than I can ever make you comprehend."

"You regard me as a dullard in comprehending canine qualities?"

"I did not say so."

"Do you really find yourself possessed of any sentiment of gratitude towards me? If so, will you do me a favour?"

"Certainly, if I can."

"Thank you. I shall always feel exceedingly obliged. Pray do not look so uneasy and grow so white; it is a small matter. I gave you the dog years ago, little dreaming that I was thereby providing future discord for my own hearthstone. With a degree of flattering delicacy which I assure you I appreciate, you decline to sell what was a friendly gift; and now I simply appeal to your generosity, and ask you please to give him back to me."

She recoiled a step, and her fingers clutched each other.

"Oh, Mr. Palmer! Don't ask me. I cannot give up my Hero. I would give you anything—everything else that I own."

"Rash little girl! What else have you to give? Yourself?"

He was smiling now, and the unbending of his lips and glitter of his remarkably fine teeth gave a strange charm to his countenance, generally so grave.

"You would give yourself away sooner than that unlucky dog?"

"I belong to my mother. But he belongs to me, and I never, never will part with him! Mr. Palmer, I hope you will excuse me. It may seem very selfish and obstinate in me, and perhaps it really is so, but I can't help it. I am so lonely now, and Hero is all that I have left to comfort me. Still, I know as well as you or anyone else that it would be very wrong and unkind to force him into a house where dogs are particularly disliked; and therefore we will annoy no one here. We will go away."

"Will you? Where?"

He rose, and they stood side by side.

Her face wore its old childish look of patient pain, reminding him of the time when she stood with the cluster of lilies drooping against her heart. He saw that tears had gathered in her eyes, rendering them larger, more wistful.

"I do not know yet. Anywhere that you think best, until we can write and get my mother's permission for me to go to her. Will you not please use your influence with her?"

"To send you from the shelter of my roof? That would be eminently courteous and hospitable on my part. Besides, your mother does not want you."

Observing how sharply the words wounded her, he added—

"I mean that at present she prefers to keep you here, because it is best for your own interests; and in all that she does I believe your future welfare is her chief aim. You understand me, do you not?"

"I do not understand why or how it can be best for a poor girl to be separated from her mother, and thrown about the world, burdening strangers. Still, whatever my mother does must be right."

"Do you think you burden me?"

"I believe, Sir, that you are willing, for for my mother's sake, to do all you can for me, and I thank you very much; but I must not bring trouble or annoyance into your family. Can't you place me at some school? Mrs. Lindsay has a dear friend,

the widow of a minister living in New York, and perhaps she would take me to board in her house. I have a letter to her. Do help me to go away from here."

He turned quickly, muttering something that sounded very like a half-smothered oath, and took her little trembling hand, folding it gently between his soft warm palms.

"Little girl, be patient, and in time all things will be conquered. As long as I have a home I intend to keep you, or until your mother sends for you. She trusts me fully, and you must try to do so, even though sometimes I may appear harsh, possibly unjust. Of course Hero cannot remain here at present, but I will take him down to my office, and have him carefully attended to; and as often as you like you shall come and see him and take him to ramble with you through the parks. As soon as I can arrange matters, you shall have him with you again."

"Please, Mr. Palmer, send me to a boarding-school, or take me back to the convent."

"Never!"

He spoke sternly, and his face suddenly hardened, while his fingers tightened over hers like a glove of steel.

"I shall never be contented here."

"That remains to be seen."

"Mrs. Palmer does not wish me to reside here."

"It is my house, and in future you will find no cause to doubt your welcome."

She knew that she might as efficaciously appeal to an iron column, and her features settled into an expression that could never have been called resignation—that plainly meant hopeless endurance. She attempted twice to withdraw her hand, but his clasp tightened. Bending his haughty head, he asked—

"Will you be reasonable?"

A heavy sigh broke over her compressed mouth, and she answered in a low, but almost defiant tone—

"It seems I cannot help myself."

"Then yield gracefully to the inevitable, and you will learn that when struggles end peace quickly follows."

She chose neither to argue nor acquiesce, and slowly shook her head.

"Regina."

She merely lifted her eyes.

"I want you to be happy in my house."

"Thank you."

"Don't speak in that sarcastic manner. It does not sound respectful to one's guardian."

She was growing paler, and all her old aversion to him was legible in her countenance.

"Let us be friends. Try to be a patient, cheerful girl."

"Patient! I will try. Cheerful! No! no!—not here! How can I be happy in this house? Am I a brute or a stone? Oh! I wish I could have died with my dear—dear Mr. Hargrove—that calm night when he went to rest for ever, while I sang!"

One by one the tears stole over her long lashes, and rolled swiftly down her cheeks.

"Will you tell me the circumstances of his death?"

"Please do not ask me now. It would bring back all the sad things that began when Mr. Lindsay left me. Everything was so bright until then—until he went away. Since then nothing but trouble—trouble!"

A frown clouded the lawyer's brow; then, with a half-smile, he asked—

"Of the two ministers, whom did you love best—Mr. Hargrove or the young missionary?"

"I do not know, both were so noble, good, and kind; and both are so very dear to me! Mr. Palmer, please let go my hand; you hurt me."

"Pardon me; I forgot I held it."

He opened his hands, and looking down at the almost childish fingers, saw that his seal-ring had pressed heavily upon and reddened the soft palm.

"I did not intend to bruise you so painfully, but in some respects you are such a tender little thing, and I am only a harsh, selfish strong man, and hurt you without knowing it. One word more, before I send you off to sleep. Olga has the most kindly ways, and really the most affectionate heart under this roof of mine, and she will do all she can for your comfort and happiness. Be respectful to Mrs. Palmer, and she shall meet you half-way. This is, as you say, the most attractive room in the house—this is exclusively and especially mine; but at all times, whether I am absent or present, you must consider yourself thoroughly welcome, and recollect, all it contains in the book-line is at your service. To-morrow I will talk with you about your studies, and examine you in some of your text-books. *Apropos!* I take my breakfast alone, before the other members of the family are up, and unless you choose to rise early and join me at the seven o'clock table, you need not

be surprised if you do not see me until dinner, which is usually at half-past six. If you require anything that has not been supplied in your room, do not hesitate to ring and order it. Try to feel at home."

"Thank you."

She moved a few steps, and he added—

"Do not imagine that Hero is suffering all the torments printed in Dante's 'Inferno;' but go to sleep like a good child, and accept my assurance that he is resting quite comfortably. When I came home I took a light, went out and examined his kennel; found him liberally provided with food, water, bed, every accommodation that even your dog—which all New York can't buy—could possibly wish. Good night, little one. Don't dream that I am Blue Beard."

"Good night, Mr. Palmer."

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CHAPTER XV.

"MRS. ORME, I am afraid you will overtax your strength. You seem to forget the doctor's caution."

"No, I am not in the least fatigued, and this soft fresh air and sunshine will benefit me more than all medicine. Mrs. Waul, recollect that I have been shut up for two months in a close room, and this change is really delicious."

"You have no idea how pale you look."

"Do I? No wonder, bleached as I have been in a dark house. I daresay you are tired, and I insist that you sit yonder under the trees, and rest yourself, while I stroll a little farther. No, keep the shawl, throw it round your own shoulders, which seem afflicted with a chronic chill."

Upon a seat in the garden of the Tuileries Mrs. Orme placed her gray-haired duenna attendant, and gathering her black lace drapery about her, turned away into one of the broad walks that divided the flower-bordered lawns.

Thin, almost emaciated, she appeared far taller than when last she swept across the stage, and having thrown back her veil, a startling and painful alteration was visible in the face that had so completely captivated fastidious Paris.

The pale cheeks had lost their symmetrical oval, were hollow, and under the sunken eyes clung dusky circles that made them appear unnaturally large. Even the lips seemed shrunken, changed in their classic contour; and the ungloved hand that clasped the folds of lace across her bosom was wasted and wan.

That brilliant Parisian career, which had opened so auspiciously, closed summarily during the second week of her engagement, in darkness that threatened to prove the unlifting shadow of death, The severe tax upon her emotional nature, the continued intense strain on her nerves, as night after night she played to crowded houses, shunning as if it contained a basilisk the sight of that memorable box where she felt rather than saw that a pair of violet eyes steadily watched her, all this had conquered even her powerful will, her stern, resolute purpose, and one fatal evening the long-tried woman was irretrievably vanquished.

The *rôle* was Queen Katherine, and the first premonitory faintness rendered her voice uneven, as kneeling before King Henry, the unhappy wife uttered her appeal—

" . . . Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife."

As the play proceeded she was warned by increasing giddiness, and a tremulousness that defied her efforts to control it; and she rushed on towards the close, fighting desperately with physical prostration.

Upon the last speech of the dying and disowned wife she had safely entered, and a few more minutes would end her own fierce struggle with numbing faintness, and bring her succour in rest. But swiftly the blazing footlights began to dance like witches of Walpurgis night on Brocken heights; now they flickered, suddenly grew blue, then black; an icy darkness seized her, and while she threw out her hands with a strange groping motion, like a bird beating the air with dying wings, her own voice sounded far off, a mere fading echo—

"Farewell, farewell. Nay, Patience——"

She could only hear a low hum, as of myriads of buzzing bees; she realised that she must speak louder, and thus blind, shivering, reeling, she made her last brave rally:—

" . . . . Strew me o'er
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm
Then lay me forth; although unqueened, yet—
Yet—like—like——"

The trembling shadowy voice ceased; the

lips moved to utter the few remaining words, but no sound came. The wide eyes stared blankly at the vast audience, where people held their breath, watching the ghastly livid pallor that actually settled upon the face of the dying queen, and in another instant the proud lovely head drooped like a broken lily, and she fell forward senseless.

As the curtain was rung hastily down, Mr. Laurance leaned from his box, and hurled upon the stage a large crown of white roses, which struck the shoulder of the prostrate figure, and shattering, scattered their snowy petals over the marble face and golden hair.

The enthusiastic acclaim of hundreds of voices announced the triumph of the magnificent acting; but after repeated calls and prolonged applause, during which she lay unconscious, the audience was briefly informed that Madame Orme was too seriously indisposed to appear again, and receive the tribute she had earned at such fearful cost.

Recovering slowly from that long swoon, she was carefully wrapped up, and led away, supported by the arms of Mr. Waul and his wife. As they lifted her into the carriage at the rear entrance of the theatre, she sank heavily back upon the cushions, failing to observe a manly form leaning against the neighbouring lamp-post, or to recognise the handsome face where the gas shone full, lighting up the anxious blue eyes that followed her.

For several days she was too languid to move from her couch, where she persisted in reclining, supported by pillows, still struggling against the prostration that hourly increased, and at last the disease asserted itself, fever ensued, bringing unconsciousness and delirium.

Not the scorching violent type that rapidly consumes the vital forces, but a low tenacious fever that baffled all opposition, and steadily gained ground, creeping upon the nerve centre, and sapping the foundations of life.

For many weeks there seemed no hope of rescue, and two physicians distinguished by skill and success in their profession finally admitted that their remedies were powerless.

At length most unexpectedly, when science laid down its weapons, to watch the close of the struggle, and nature the Divine Doctor quietly took up the gage of battle, the tide of conflict turned. Slowly the numbed brain began to exert its force, the fluttering heated pulse grew calmer, and one day the dreamer awoke to the bitter consciousness of a renewal of all the galling burden of woes, which the tireless law of compensation had for those long weeks mercifully loosed and lifted.

Although guarded with tender care by the faithful pair who had followed her across the Atlantic, she recovered almost imperceptibly, and out of her busy life two months, fruitful alone in bodily pain, glided away to the silent grey of the past.

Dimly conscious that days and weeks were creeping by unimproved, she retained in subsequent years only a dreamy reminiscence of the period dating from the moment when she essayed to utter the last words of Queen Katherine, words which ran zigzag hither and thither like an electric thread through the leaden cloud of her delirium, to the hour when, with returning strength, keen goading thrusts from the unsheathed dagger of memory told her that the Sleeping Furies had once more been aroused on the threshold of the temple of her life.

Noticing some rare hot-house flowers in a vase upon the table near her bed, Mrs. Waul hastened to explain to the invalid that every other day during her illness bouquets had been brought to their hotel by the servant of some American gentleman, who was anxious to receive constant tidings of Mrs. Orme's condition, adding that the physicians had forbidden her to keep the flowers in the sick room until all danger seemed passed. No card had been attached, no name given, and by the sufferer none was needed. Gazing at the superb heart's-ease whose white velvet petals were enamelled with scarlet, purple, and gold, the mockery stung her keenly, and with a groan she turned away, hiding her face on the pillow. Heart's-ease from the man who had bruised, trampled, broken her heart? She instructed Mrs. Waul to decline receiving the bouquet when next the messenger came, and to request him to assure his master that Madame Orme was fully conscious once more, and wished the floral tribute discontinued.

During the tedious days of convalescence she contracted a cold that attacked her lungs, and foreboded congestion; and though yielding to medical treatment, it left her as *souvenir* a troublesome cough.

Her physicians informed her that her whole nervous system had received a shock so severe that only perfect and prolonged

rest of mind and freedom from all excitement could restore its healthful tone. Interdicting sternly the thought of dramatic labour for at least a year, they urged her to seek a quiet retreat in Italy or Southern France, as her lungs had already become somewhat involved.

More than once she had been taken in a carriage through the Bois de Boulogne, but to-day, for the first time since her recovery, she ventured on foot, in quest of renewed vigour from out door air and exercise.

Wrapped in a mental cloud of painful speculation concerning her future career, a cloud unblessed as yet by silver lining and unfringed with gold, she wandered aimlessly along the walk, taking no notice of passers-by, until she approached the water, where swans were performing their daily regatta evolutions, for the amusement of those who generally came provided with crumbs or grain wherewith to feed them.

The sound of a sob attracted Mrs. Orme's attention, and she paused to witness a scene that quickly aroused her sympathy.

A child's carriage had been pushed close to the margin of the basin, to enable the occupant to feast the swans with morsels of cake, and in leaning over to scatter the food, a little hat composed of lace, silk, and flowers had fallen into the water. Near the carriage stood a boy, apparently about ten years old, who with a small walking-stick was maliciously pushing the dainty millinery bubble as far beyond reach as possible.

In the carriage, and partly covered by a costly and brilliant afghan, reclined a forlorn and truly pitiable creature, who seemed to have sunk down helplessly on the cushions. Although her age was seven years, the girl's face really appeared much older, and in its shrunken, sallow, pinched aspect indicated lifelong suffering.

The short thin dark hair was dry and harsh, lacking the silken gloss that belongs to childhood, and the complexion a sickly yellowish pallor. Her brilliant eyes were black, large, and prominent, and across her upper lip ran a diagonal scar, occasionally seen in those so afflicted as to require the merciful knife of a skilful surgeon to aid in shaping the mouth.

The unfortunate victim of physical deformity, increased by a fall which prevented the possibility of her ever being able to walk, nature had with unusual malignity stamped her with a feebleness of intellect that at times bordered almost on imbecility.

Temporarily deserted by her nurse, the poor little creature was crying bitterly over the fate of her hat. Walking up behind the boy, who was too much engrossed by his mischievous sport to observe her approach, Mrs Orme seized his arms.

"You wicked boy! How can you be so cruel as to torment that afflicted child?"

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS TO CONTINENTAL TOURISTS.

BY AN OLD CONTINENTAL TRAVELLER.

THERE are two modes of Continental travelling—the travelling *en grand seigneur* and the travelling *en touriste pur et simple*. Both have their advantages and disadvantages. The grand seigneur will have his courier with him, and his lady her maid; all trouble will be taken off his hands; and the only labour he will be subjected to, will be the labour of locomotion. Adventures in travelling will not fall to his lot. He will find the directors and waiters at the several hotels to be of the same type as to appearance, dress, and gesture, the hotels themselves being built and fitted up with a splendid monotony. The cuisine will be about the same everywhere, and if he condescends to dine at the *table d'hôte* he will find about the same *menu* prevail throughout; whilst the same stamp of atrocious wines will disturb his sensitive interior. The society at these *tables d'hôte* will be but repetitions of sameness; day after day he will vainly endeavour to understand the language of his American neighbour; he will help himself to very small portions of ambiguous meats, often *réchauffés;* he will find the dinner galloped over at a pace which keeps his digestive organs in a perpetual state of fermentation; and, whilst he sips his remaining glass of the dangerous mixture charged, and dearly charged, as first-rate wine, he will be jostled by the impatient waiters as they rapidly and without sense of decency clear away the table.

If he dines in his rooms he will pay double and fare worse. When he leaves, his courier will, at the expense of twenty

per cent. extra, save him the trouble of paying his bill, and the lady's maid will be found to have given more trouble than all the rest of the party put together. At the railway-station this courier will take his tickets for him, consign his baggage, and be his mouthpiece, so as to spare him from all contact with the outer world. Such a style of travelling is costly; but the millionaire will enjoy the luxury of exemption from trouble, excitement, and the disturbing influence of new ideas, which often worry peaceable intellects. There is an air of monotony about this mode of travelling; a "Happy-valley" listlessness which might hardly meet the requirements of some restless minds. But it has its advantages; one of which is, that were it not for this class of travelling *richards* very many of the gorgeous piles of buildings called Hotel This and Hotel That would be shut up. To such I have no counsel to give. A good balance with their bankers and a smart courier who will avail himself of that balance to the utmost of his power, will make everything straight, and will oil all the locomotive machinery. They will travel with the ease and regularity of a "Continental Parcels Delivery Company's" package.

I would prefer reserving my advice for the tourist whose purse and inclinations incline him to rough it rather than smooth it; who determines to explore the country he visits, and study the ways of the inhabitants; who wishes, in fact, to instruct himself by his travels; and have something to think and talk about on his return. This chewing of the cud of our travelling adventures at our fireside, with the aid of photographs and engravings, is an ideal repetition of our tour with all its pleasures and without its pains; it is the *nach-glühe*, after-glow, of a beautiful sunset.

And now to begin my recommendations. I will address my tourist in the second person; and commence thus:—

My dear Friend,—Do everything in your power to obtain at least a smattering of the language of the country you are about to visit. It will add to your comfort, reduce your expenses, and conduce to your edification no end. Why cannot you employ your winter evenings previous to your tour in getting up the grammar and plain reading of the language of Germany, Italy, or France, wherever your road may lie? Having once attained to that, pronunciation will follow when you plunge into the country and get "put to it." And what a pleasure you will experience by being able to spell out an easy paragraph in a newspaper when you enter a café! I must, indeed, lay a great stress upon the attainment, however partial, of some language besides your own. Your next step will be to choose a companion—to some an indispensable adjunct. Unless Orestes can find his Pylades, David his Jonathan, Achilles his Patrioclus, Damon his Pythias, or Nisus his Euryalus, your best companion will be yourself. Thus you can, at your choice, enjoy the temporary companionship of all you meet. Whereas, if you enter into a travelling league offensive and defensive with the best possible Brown, Jones, or Robinson, it is very probable that before long you will find yourself without a companion at all, not even yourself. You will feel as in a sack tied to a corpse. Anyhow, if you venture on a friend, arrange with him that if things do not go on nicely between you, you shall part at once before matters become serious; and if he be of a captious, disputatious disposition, insist that he stake a certain sum on all his assertions. If you can get him to be paymaster during the tour it will be to your advantage in many ways; and always refuse to do the paymaster and courier for a party, especially if there be ladies.

And now we will discuss about the luggage. This is a most important subject for the tourist. On it depends much of the pleasure or pain of the tour. For comfort and economy's sake I must insist that your luggage shall be such as may be carried in the hand and placed in the railway carriage. I lay no particular stress on its form, but should recommend a black leather bag about twenty-six inches long, fourteen inches high, and ten inches across the bottom, with a division and a good pocket each side. By all means make yourself independent of porters and baggage departments. Your saving during a month's tour will be very great; for, recollect, one-third of your expenses are the driblets, not the pre-calculated. I have known gentlemen who have taken sisters and daughters abroad with them on the express condition that they should have no luggage save what they could carry in their hands, and the result was a financial success. Do not take too many things with you; but what you take let it be new or nearly so, and of the best. Do not wear out your old things abroad; they will collapse at an inopportune moment. Break away from national tradition, and

look like a gentleman when you travel, not a scarecrow. Let your boots and shoes be of the best leather well seasoned, and of the most comfortable make, not quite new. Two white shirts, one woollen, and one of coloured cotton, will be quite sufficient. Recollect that there is scarcely a small town or village on the Continent where you cannot replenish your wardrobe if need be. I have heard of a millionaire who went round the world with only one shirt, and that one he wore. When it was dirty he gave it away and bought another. But this free-and-easy method does not apply to boots and shoes, about which you cannot be too particular. You will take a dress suit with you for special occasions. The tourist need not leave the gentleman at home. A change of night-shirts and underclothes will suffice. Do not risk buying tooth-brushes abroad. Your hat should be of a good flexible material that will bear sitting on, not hideous in shape, nor a cheap article. Your socks or stockings should be good or new. You will take a dark great coat with a hood, light and warm, made in the Austrian military fashion, with a strap behind—not a hideous Ulster; and by means of rings fixed to the bottom of the bag you can strap on the coat, stick, and umbrella to the bag, and thus have all, one and indivisible. Forget not a flexible writing-case, with note paper and envelopes, also small envelopes adapted for your visiting cards, provided your correspondence be brief. Nor must you forget your favourite pills and anti-cholera medicine, such as a mixture of laudanum, essence of peppermint, and tincture of rhubarb in equal parts; some salve, rag, and tincture of arnica; nor needles, thread, pins, or stout string. Let your drinking flask be capacious enough to hold wine, tea, or water; and never drink spirits undiluted except on pressing occasions. For heavy walks, if you must drink, cold tea without sugar and milk is best; but it is better to train yourself to fast from all liquid until your work be done. The less nourishment you take during locomotion the better. In Alpine excursions, if drinking be indispensable, milk and mountain water must not be taken without an infusion of spirit.

Well, I will suppose you landed on the Continent. What am I to say about the class you are to travel in on the railway? That must depend entirely on your own taste. I always used to travel first class. I now travel second class, and an intelligent German waiter once assured me that the time would come when I should be as much disgusted at having thrown away my money on the second class as I was then disgusted at having thrown it away on the first class. You have doubtless heard of the great Cambridge Professor, who being indignantly asked by a lady of the snob order why, in the name of respectability, he could venture to travel third class, answered, "Because, madam, there is no fourth." For my own part I generally travel second class on the Continent, and should have no objection to travel third class; but I should object to take ladies into that compartment. And here I should wish to say a few words on smoking in railway carriages. Never be of a party in which there are ladies who have a decided objection to smoking. You will be involved in endless bickerings and even quarrels. Well may a delicate woman have an invincible reluctance to have her throat filled with the smoke of a cigar, which to call merely filthy were an euphonism. But if there be such ladies they had better stay at home. For, in spite of the fact that on all lines there are certain carriages appropriated to smoking, the non-smoking carriages are continually occupied by smokers, especially in Italy, who look very black indeed when remonstrated with. Of course you have, or think you have, your remedy. Conductors can be appealed to; you have right on your side; station-masters can be appealed to; menaces can be muttered of writing to the *Times*. If you are strong you can throw the aggressor out of the carriage whilst the train is running at full speed. But in spite of such exertions in the cause of right, the lady had better have remained amid her home comforts.

I have already enlarged on the advantages as to trouble and economy attendant on your having no luggage to consign at the baggage department. But, if you insist on enduring this embarrassing incubus, recollect that a little money judiciously distributed to the porters will facilitate matters. Railway guards, too, will condescend, for a consideration of a franc or two, to increase your comfort in many ways. I have found that feeing, although a costly, is not an unprofitable operation during a journey, especially when you have ladies with you. A franc given to one of the porters (not searchers) at the frontier custom houses will save a great deal of trouble; for a magnetic sympathy exists among all the *employés*.

Apropos of ladies I will utter an oracular sentence. Never undertake the charge of squeamish and fastidious women. Arrange that your lady companions be of a cheerful, contented temperament, and be ready to rough it. The better looking they are the better for all parties; and, then, in difficulties with officials you can put the nicest in the front. And for the honour of their country ladies should not think that any old clothes they may have put away long ago will do for tourising abroad. Let them get warm and light good stuffs that will fold without rumpling, not show stains, and that will bear exposure to the sun and rain. A rain cloak, too, of the finest texture and most excellent make is indispensable. Let not a shabby or extravagant toilet make them laughing-stocks to foreigners. Those who travel in parties should write or telegraph for rooms to the director of their intended hotel. This costs little, and in the tourist season is indispensable. But if you have not decided beforehand at what hotel you will descend, do not get into the first hotel omnibus that you may find at the station door, for by so doing you practically bind yourself to that hotel; but take a cab, which costs the same for one and less for two, and drive to any hotel you may have seen noted as good in your guide-book; then, leaving your luggage undisturbed in the carriage, descend, choose your rooms, and make your terms with the landlord. The fact of your being quite independent of his house, and ready at a moment's notice to drive off to happier hunting grounds, will make the inn people very open to conviction. I lay stress on this advice.

And now I approach a very important subject—the hotel question. All know that all over the Continent there are first-class hotels and second-class hotels. There are also third-class hotels, of which we will not speak. The first-class hotel is a regal pile of building, gorgeously and luxuriously furnished, with two or three hundred rooms —some have double—magnificent *salle à manger*, reading-room, ladies' drawing-room —sometimes two—baths, often telegraph-office, and a lift, which, owing to the height of the edifice, is indispensable. In these Elysiums a crowd of sleek, black-coated, white-cravated waiters swarm about like flies, and sometimes do you the honour of noticing and waiting upon you. Every luxury and comfort are lavished on the tourist in these huge caravanserais, some of which have cost between three and four millions of francs. Indeed, I have heard from very good authority that during the last six years the Swiss alone have laid out two millions of pounds sterling in building and furnishing hotels. In these earthly paradises one can eat of the best, lounge on luxurious couches, dip into the journals of the day, read from a well-stocked library, converse or be silent as one wills, and when fatigued with this laborious idleness can roam in a spacious park, well foliaged and provided with comfortable seats. And all this for about fifteen francs a day, *tout compris*, and even less. Now, I ask, can there be an *amari aliquid* amid all these sweets? Can there be serpents in such a paradise as this? The answer will depend on the psychological idiosyncrasies of the questioned. We will suppose these questions put to a cynical old celibate of the masculine sex. It is just possible that his answer might be, that he would prefer less splendour and more quiet; that his room should be a floor or two lower down; that the dinner should have more variety, the portions be larger, and each eatable; that the process of eating should be performed at least at a trot, not at a gallop; that the wines should not be such dear deceits, producing diarrhœa both in body and purse; that the table should not be crowded by greedy children between five and fifteen years of age, so as to resemble an undisciplined nursery, and that the said children should not with greasy fingers pull about the *menu du diner*, and strain their infant intellects in spelling and pointing out to one another the next coming dainties. Above all, this cynical celibate will strenuously object to the chance of withering under the frowns or, worse still, of melting under the smiles of the clouds of female spinsters (if indeed their sex be capable of precise definition)—spinsters of high and low degree, some old, very old, none young, but all ugly, and most of them very common, who crowd or swarm the Continental hotels and pensions, wearing ineffable toilets of cheap materials got up so as to turn sixty years into sixteen. In old times, growls out this cynical man, these portents used to stay at home like Christian women, employing their small incomes and talents in the service of their family circle and the rising generation. Now they rush abroad, and pass their useless lives in wandering from one hotel or pension to another, perambulating, gossiping, and scandal-spreading

machines, darting their keen, critical looks from face to face, and from dish to dish. I beg my readers, especially the fair ones, to understand that I, the author of these "Hints," will not stand sponsor to any such ungallant and cynical remarks as these. I merely suggest that at atrabiliary moments such reflections might arise in ill-regulated minds.

But to our point as tourists. If you are travelling with elderly or delicate ladies, you cannot do better than go to one of these fine places where comfort, elegance, and cleanliness exist in happy combination. By staying a week or two you will be entitled to "pension" prices; and so for a small sum, say ten or twelve francs daily, you will be entitled to a good room, breakfast, meat lunch, and *table d'hôte* dinner. For this sum you should get, or try to get, included lights, service, and heating. Prices differ according to locality and "season." Many hotels do not receive *en pension* during the "season."

But supposing that you are not very particular as to your accommodation, I have much to say in favour of second-class hotels. In every city these are to be found. Do not expect palaces sparkling with gilding and glowing with velvet, which have cost £120,000; nor baths, reading-room, ladies' room, nor the stately *table d'hôte* at six or seven o'clock. Nor will you find in the generality of them faultless cleanliness, nor very good service, but you will find a shorter bill. You will get a room on the second floor at the price of one on the fourth or fifth floor of its big brother, perhaps less; and you will eat in the restaurant below at what hour you please, and of what dishes you please, and you will pay as you go; so that at your departure you will merely have your room to pay for. One of the great advantages of a second-class hotel is its public restaurant below; so do not frequent one without a restaurant. A *table d'hote* at a second-class hotel is a far more abominable nuisance than one in a first-class hotel. I have known hotels where the waiters in the restaurant-room have been unwilling to make the account of each meal, recommending that all should be paid together in the bill when leaving. Consent not to this, but after each meal pay the *carte* prices, adding a gratuity of 10 or 20 centimes to the *garçon*. In your room insist on two towels and plenty of water. An unpretentious, accommodating English lady will find herself quite comfortable at the second-class houses; and she will be saved the trouble of dressing for dinner. However, if she likes dress, she will generally find people around her capable of appreciating it. I, who know many inns of this class, highly approve of them and wish they were more generally patronised. For there you are freed from a late, dressy, dyspeptic dinner; you are not assailed by an enterprising waiter thrusting the wine-carte before your eyes ere you have finished your soup; and thus you are not, as it were, forced to choose some dear imported poison when there is a good cheap *vin du pays* at the very door. In fine, you will get a good plain dinner of boiled and roast, wine included, for a little more than the half of a *table d'hôte* dinner without wine. Of course you will see that the waiter makes no mistakes in the items and addition of his account. *Salti mortali* (break-neck jumps) in the accounts are not unknown to the unwary at Continental restaurants. At both first and second class hotels it is the custom to charge servants' gratuities (except the porter's) in the bill. But I have of late found that at my departure the waiter, chamber-maid, and boot-cleaner lurk hungrily about in my vicinity, evidently expecting something extra. By such daily driblets the expenses of a month's tour are materially increased. The best hint I can give to tourists on this subject is, that he neither chat familiarly with the waiter nor flirt with the chambermaid during his stay: and so, at the last moment, he can conscientiously ignore their presence. The fee to the porter includes, or ought to include, the boot-cleaning. You will pay him according to the services he has rendered you. I have generally found these porters trustworthy and intelligent men, and ever ready to execute commissions faithfully.

Let your funds be in small circular notes or Napoleons, and change them at a money-changer's, not at your hotel or some grand banking establishment. Previously get up the "exchange" of the day. Do not carry all your money in one purse or pocket, but diffuse your means about your person. An inner waistcoat pocket is an advantage. Do not leave your luggage unlocked in your room. Have some secret receptacle in it in which to bestow the greater part of your funds when you go out. Keep your door locked and the key in safety.

When you commence your sight-seeing in a city, see that you have about you the

indispensable passport. Take my advice and hire a cab by the hour if you have much to see. You will find it far better than to walk, especially if the streets be wet or the sun hot. Beware of going into cold galleries in a heated state. At Rome, where the distances are great, and the little carriages fleet and cheap, it is madness to walk. Visit the churches before noon, up to which time they are generally open. Do not give high fees at public places to the *custodi*. Recollect that these driblets weaken the purse just as blood constantly dripping away weakens the body. Half a franc or less for one, and one franc for a party of four or five, is enough.

If you are a church-goer at home, of course you will not cease to be so when travelling on the Continent, even as a point of honour, leaving aside all higher considerations. However discrepant to your ideas the service or sermon may be, bravely sit it all out. Have you never read how the determined Spartan boy never winced whilst the fox he had stolen was tearing his bowels? Which you may believe or not, as you like.

Hold it for certain that the indomitable perseverance of the English people, their obstinate bravery in adversity and under persecution, has been generated in early childhood by being conducted to the parish church, *nolente volente*, and compelled to witness a dry service, and then to sit for the best part of an hour under the rhapsodical inspirations of the Rev. Boanerges Burstisgall, or the orthodox utterances of Parson Prosy. Dare whatever may befall, and decamp not before the collection, otherwise you will lay yourself open to the charge of obtaining religious advantages surreptitiously, and poaching on ecclesiastical preserves.

Keep a carefully written diary of all you see and hear, and help it out with guide-book information. It will be pleasing to refer to it when you get home. Note all the hotels, their accommodation, and prices. But, above everything, my tourist friend, publish it not unless you have a plethora of riches.

Publishers' accounts and ways are wonderful, and past finding out; and the higher they stand in the publishing world, the more—— (please supply this epithet) they are. Thus many authors, unsuccessful of course, have said from time immemorial, and always will say, doubtless.

Upon the remarks I have been making, I would add a suggestion by way of post-script. It is this, that Continental tourists should initiate a society styling itself "The Anti-Hotel Extortion Society;" and that each member should pledge himself to minutely criticise his hotel bills, and protest against all overcharges, particularly against wines and food of inferior quality; and that if such protest be not attended to by the landlord, he shall denounce such overcharges or defects to any journal which may have a wide circulation on the Continent, to the end that no member of the club enter that hotel; and that the said society shall do its utmost to encourage the growth of clean and comfortable second-class hotels, plainly furnished, and possessing a restaurant where a wholesome dinner *à la carte* may be obtained for at most three francs, and half a bottle of sound wine for one franc.

I would propose that the single bedrooms should not cost more than two to three francs the night, the double bedrooms four to five—that one franc the day should cover the whole of the "service;" and that the omnibus at the station should convey passengers to the hotel for one franc, luggage included; also that no charge should be made for carrying the baggage up and down stairs. I would also suggest that costly and gaudy furniture should be excluded from such hotels; but that a reading-room containing writing materials and a few important journals should be held as indispensable. And seeing that very many have a great objection to sharing their bedroom with another, and yet like to be near their companions, I would propose that moderately-sized single bedrooms, with a communication, should supersede double bedrooms for bachelors.

I cannot help thinking that a club formed on these principles would prove of inestimable benefit to the travelling public at large; and also that an active, intelligent landlord and landlady would reap much profit from such an establishment as I have been sketching out, which, although its receipts would be less than those of its grander neighbour, would have infinitely less expenses.

AN ADVENTURE IN WALES.

IT was a tiny village in Wales. But such a lovely place away up among the hills!

Holm Brentford had stopped at the comfortable, old-fashioned inn, with the intention of remaining two or three days, because the neighbourhood was so charming that it seemed a sin to go on without exploring this haunt. Weeks had passed, and Holm still lingered, for he had found his sylvan goddess. Each does, in turn, though we call the age prosaic; but I daresay each generation in turn has said that of its special era ever since the days when Cain's last descendants were handsomer and wickeder than they ought to have been.

Holm's nymph when he caught sight of her was not climbing a tree nor falling from the top of one, but she was in great danger of being thrown out of a nondescript kind of equipage—very comfortable to ride in when you could keep your seat—drawn by a pair of obstinate little monsters of half-broken mountain ponies.

There were two ladies in the carriage, and a swollen boy or a dwarfish man—he might have been one or the other, and a very bad specimen in either case—was driving. The ponies took fright and ran away, and the coachman took fright and shrieked and bawled until he succeeded in rendering the small beasts utterly unmanageable. One of the ladies gave vent to a single cry, covered her face with her hands, and sat motionless. Then the other lady stepped over the back of the low seat, with a courage inspired by the exigencies of the moment, and seized the reins which the boy had dropped by way of making matters worse.

The ponies still plunged madly on, though the lady might have succeeded in conquering them if the road had held no dangers; but beyond a curve which Brentford had just passed there was a sharp descent, with a cliff on one side and a precipice on the other. Holm took in the whole peril, and rushed forward, exclaiming—

"Turn them to the right! To the right!"

The lady obeyed, carried the animals through a gap in the hedge, and landed them in a ploughed field, her companion still sitting passive, with her face hidden, and the idiotic boy howling like a maniac, as if he were disappointed that there should have been no accident notwithstanding his pains.

The different parties were soon restored to composure, for after the danger was over Holm himself lost his head during the space of a few seconds, looked at the ladies, and they looked at him, and the lady who had until now kept her face covered exclaimed—

"Mr. Brentford!" And the gentleman exclaimed, quite as astonished—

"Mrs. Wynne!"

"Yes, Mrs. Wynne," was the reply. "Are we killed?" And she laughed hysterically, though she tried hard to control her shaken nerves.

"We are quite safe, Edith," said her companion.

"And how nice of you to appear like a god out of a machine!" added the other. "I shall cry in a minute. For goodness sake, Alice, don't be so provokingly calm! I want a glass of water. Great heavens, Mr. Brentford, stop where you are unless you are determined we shall be massacred! Send that wretch of a boy. He will kill us yet if you go away."

But the boy could do nothing save dance up and down and excite the ponies, until reduced to silence by a threat from Brentford that if he stirred again the whip should be laid vigorously over his back. There was a little house not far off. Holm ordered him to go thither for water. He flew round and round in eccentric circles instead.

Fortunately an old woman came out of the cottage and brought some water, and presently Mrs. Wynne got the better of her nerves and waxed slightly cross, as even Christians will, when, at the close of an adventure, they find that they have been frightened for nothing. She vowed that she would spend the night in the fields rather than trust again to the uncertain mercies of their Jehu. So Brentford offered to act as charioteer, since Miss Wynne could not manage the reins, as she had slightly sprained her wrist in her recent encounter with the ponies.

Holm's proposal was gratefully accepted. The boy had to walk in consequence, whereat he was highly displeased. He swore dreadfully over his ill treatment, but as his oaths were uttered in his native language neither of the three persons whom he cursed with such energy would have been any the wiser had his mutterings chanced to be overheard. Like all nervous

people, Mrs. Wynne had a faculty of passing suddenly from one state of feeling to another. After her fright, she had turned fractious. Before the ponies had carried them out of sight of the scene of their mishap she rushed into the highest spirits, and talked enough for all three, which was fortunate, as her sister showed little inclination to do her duty in that way, and Holm was still too much disturbed by this unexpected meeting to perform his part very creditably.

"Hereafter, when we encounter an adventure, Mr. Brentford, I shall know that it is the signal for your appearance," said Mrs. Wynne.

"Then please go in search of them very often," replied Holm, taking that opportunity to look back for a glimpse of Alice's face, and thinking of the adventure of the day as *apropos* of the remarks; but he failed in his design, because she had dropped her veil over it.

As there is no mystery connected with his former acquaintance with Miss Wynne, we may as well explain at once what Mrs. Wynne meant. Two years before Holm had met her in Naples, and one day, when wandering in the neighbourhood of Virgil's tomb, he saw the two ladies for the first time. They were trying to escape the importunities of a sturdy beggar, who seemed inclined to develope into a brigand. It happened that the sisters were stopping in the same hotel as Holm. A mutual friend arrived, and by his aid the three made acquaintance in that rapid and heedless fashion which pilgrims in foreign lands are apt to do.

At the end of ten pleasant days Holm was called suddenly away to Florence by the illness of a relative, and detained there for some time, as the relative took that opportunity to die. When he was at liberty again, Holm persuaded conscience that he had not half seen Naples, and hastened back to the beautiful city; but the two sisters had gone, and left no trace, and Holm found Naples so changed and stupid, that he left in disgust.

A twelvemonth passed, and Holm told himself that he must regard those bright Neapolitan days as an episode which could have no connection with his real existence. It was June, and Brentford—he had been spending the spring in Pau—drifted up into the Pyrenees, and halted at picturesque St. Sauveur. There is no place with lovelier mountain rambles about, and none where it is easier to lose oneself, tempted as one is, by the apparent straightforwardness of the paths, to dispense with the troublesome services of a guide. So, only two days after his arrival, Holm, wandering through a deep gorge, came upon two ladies who had lost their way, and discovered them to be his charming acquaintances.

On this occasion he had the pleasure of their society during a couple of weeks. Then, one morning, just as he was preparing for an expedition they were to undertake together, a messenger brought a note from Mrs. Wynne, written on the previous evening. The sisters had received letters which forced them to depart at once. There were civil expressions of regret, pleasant messages from Miss Wynne, but not a word about their journey's destination, or a hope of future meeting.

Holm bore and lived over his disappointment as best he might; roved the summer through, passed the winter in Paris, the spring in London.

And now, on the last of these June days, he found himself among the Welsh hills, driving Mrs. Wynne and her sister towards their temporary abode, said abode being a picturesque old farmhouse, about a mile out of the village, owned by the mother of the young charioteer. But, luckily for the ladies' comfort, they had a couple of attached servants with them, who could be anything, from cooks to chambermaids, when occasion required, though one of the pair was a man.

So this was the way in which Brentford renewed his acquaintance with the sisters, on the very day of his arrival in the Welsh hamlet; and the result of this encounter had been that, instead of contenting himself with the brief sojourn which he had contemplated, nearly a month had gone, and he still lingered, giving no more thought to his departure than if he had come thither with the fixed intention of spending the entire summer.

In a quiet retreat like that, people glide into familiar intercourse as imperceptibly and quickly as they do on ship-board. With excuse, or without, Holm fell into the habit of spending a great deal of time at the house of the two sisters. He helped Alice with her drawing and painting, for which he had talent enough to have become an artist, had destiny rendered a profession necessary. He aided Mrs. Wynne in her study of Swedish, she happening to have a passing fancy for the odd language. He found some tolerable horses, and they made

long excursions among the hills, to see wonderful views or cascades; and when twilight brought them home, Brentford would share the nondescript repast which took the place of a formal dinner, and spend the evening after. He hired a yacht, and they sailed and sailed, for days and days never to be forgotten by Brentford.

Pleasant, pleasant days, and Holm floated passively on. Very soon he knew that he loved Alice Wynne; he had strongly suspected the fact during those doleful months in which he could find no trace of her; and the tumult aroused in his soul by this last unexpected meeting convinced him beyond the possibility of doubt—not that he wished to have any on the subject.

Miss Wynne was at this time apparently about one and twenty, and her sister some three years older. The latter was also beautiful, though her beauty was marred by certain traces of suffering, and her talk by a tone of cynicism which made it evident that life had not always been kind to her, proving, also, that she had not gained as many valuable lessons from trouble as wise people assure us that one ought to do.

It was easy to see that a strong affection existed between the pair, though Holm soon discovered that Miss Wynne was required to exercise a good deal of patience, for the older sister's moods were exceedingly unequal, and she sometimes gave way to little exhibitions of bitterness and spleen, which were speedily followed by repentance as demonstrative, and therefore as unpleasant as the original fault; but Alice bore all with unfailing sweet serenity.

Holm received the impression that Mrs. Wynne had married very young, and had been a widow for several years; had probably married a relative, since she bore the same name as her sister. After her marriage she had resided in the West Indies. He gathered, and he comprehended also, that the union had brought her much misery. But he often found himself wondering, as time went on, if remorse had not something to do with the lady's morbid views of life and mankind, and he decided that if she had tormented her husband as much as she did her sister it was small wonder that the slight fund of patience possessed by men in general had given way; and Holm was inclined to think that, whatever the dead man's faults or vices might have been, it was very possible that she had a good deal for which to blame herself. Still she was a singularly charming woman, in spite of her caprices—or, perhaps, on account of them—and Brentford liked her much. She liked him, too, and was much more ready than Alice to drop into terms of friendship. But as the weeks passed, and he gained ground with the younger, he could see that Mrs. Wynne was not always thoroughly satisfied thereat; from no feminine pique because his attentions were not concentrated upon herself, Holm had the manliness to believe; probably because her sad experience made her dread for Alice any approach to feelings which might bring into that quiet existence dangers and sorrows such as her own past had held.

There was no appearance of mystery about the pair, unless it might be in their singular reticence in regard to their own matters; and yet sometimes Holm woke up enough from his dream to entertain a vague dread that their lives contained such. One day, as he was sitting with them in their garden, a package of letters and papers arrived. While Holm read the newspapers the ladies inspected their letters. A sudden gust of wind blew an opened envelope to Holm's feet. Miss Wynne started quickly forward and seized it, but not so promptly but that he (stooping to pick it up) caught, without any intention of trying so to do, the address. The wrapper was directed to Mrs. Gainsborough.

However, as he told himself afterwards, his sudden suspicion was silly. The letter might have borne the name of some friend, and been sent to them to read. Still, with the obstinacy of thought, Holm could not forget the incident, or Alice Wynne's startled face. Yet, admit a mystery, the fact of their having something to conceal did not imply aught derogatory to them, and Holm would not have called back his heart if he could. But during the first days he had determined to be guilty of no folly; it would be a sorry return for their friendliness so soon to show the feelings which filled his breast. He had no reason to think that Alice was attracted towards him in other than a friendly way, and he must not run the risk of injuring his cause by any premature betrayal of his affection. Strong in his determination, if he made any difference in his attentions, it was in favour of the older sister.

So the pleasant weeks glided swiftly on till an entire month passed away; but during the later days a shadow had fallen upon Holm's content. It seemed to him that he perceived an alteration in Alice. He tried

to think it fancy, but she appeared to regard less cordially his numerous visits, and his frequent proposals for rides, and walks, and sailing parties. Indeed, sometimes he feared that she endeavoured to avoid him, and he was haunted by the dread that she had read his secret, and was only annoyed and repelled by the knowledge thereof.

But, disconnected from any matter in which he could be concerned, there was a change in both sisters, try as they might to hide it, and that change dated back to the day when they received the letter bearing a name to him unknown. Miss Wynne was sad, Mrs. Wynne strangely moody and variable. Twice he came upon them when he felt confident that there had been a painful discussion of some kind, and two mornings after he met Alice on her way back from the post-office, and she was crying bitterly. She told him that she was very anxious. Her sister had been ill the whole night with an attack of nervous spasms, and she began to fear the trouble was deeper seated than they had supposed.

Holm had been so overwhelmed by her distress that he could scarcely restrain the wild words which surged to his lips. She looked up, and saw how pale he had grown. Her own face became suddenly as white as his, and an expression of keen pain, with which a positive fear mingled, filled her eyes. For an instant she seemed ready to utter some further communication, checked herself, bade him adieu rather abruptly, and in a manner which rendered an offer to accompany her out of the question.

He called at the house in the afternoon, but only saw one of the servants, who informed him that Mrs. Wynne was confined to her room and Miss Alice particularly engaged.

It was not until the close of the succeeding day that he saw Miss Wynne. He was walking in the wood which stretched between their house and the village, when he came upon her. He had a terrible fear that her first impulse had been to turn the other way, and that she was only prevented by the consciousness that he had seen her. He hurried up, trying to speak common words of greeting, but so disturbed by that suspicion he hardly knew what he said; and she, on her side, was equally ill at ease. He began to tell her how grieved he was to hear of her sister's illness; talking quickly, afraid that the mad yearning in his heart would utter its confession, in spite of his resolve; growing each instant paler and more troubled, and she looking at him with a countenance as troubled as his own, her manner becoming more and more constrained.

"I have sent several times to inquire," he said. "I did not like to call, lest I should seem intrusive."

"You are very kind," she replied, and her words struck a chill to poor Holm's soul.

It seemed to him that she meant her answer to apply to the last clause of his halting sentence.

"If there should be the least thing I could do, I trust you will give me the pleasure," he continued, still internally shivering under that dismal doubt. "I am sure you know I should only be too glad to be of service."

"Thanks. You are very good," Miss Wynne said, and certainly her voice grew still colder. "But my sister is better. I think that by to-morrow she will be able to leave her room."

"And—and I need not consider my sentence of banishment final?" cried he, eagerly. "I may come and see——" He hesitated, afraid to say, "come and see you." So, after a second's hesitation, he added, "And I hope to find you both downstairs."

"I cannot give a promise," Miss Wynne replied, gravely, and her face was even graver than her tone.

"You have not found advice necessary?" he asked, hastily continuing his inquiries, from a fancy that she was about to add something more chilling than her previous words.

"No. I have remedies always at hand. The attack is not severe. It is only, as I told you yesterday, that I begin to fear the cause deeper seated than I had believed. She requires to live in the utmost quiet. Anything which in the least agitates her, even exercise or amusement, is sure to react unfavourably upon her nerves."

She spoke as if offering a warning, and it puzzled him exceedingly—unless—could she mean to make him understand that her sister had become so misanthropic from her troubles, that she was alarmed when she saw any man interested in Alice? Afraid lest the girl should live to endure the ills which had blighted her own youth?

"I think you know," he began, and stopped short, then began again. "If I could make you understand——"

Once more he paused. His heart was

on his lips, and he feared to let it speak. She had turn her head partially away. Involuntarily she put up her hand with a pleading gesture, as if to beg him to say no more; but, in his agitation, he did not notice the sign.

"I have no right," he said, and his voice was firmer now; "no right even to ask to share your anxiety——"

"It is very kind of you," she interrupted, hastily.

"But I should be so glad if I could be of any use," he continued. "I hope you know that."

"And I thank you."

"I—I know that even to betray my feelings is almost an impertinence after so short a time; but I am not good at feigning. I know that, in spite of all my efforts, I have betrayed my secret. I meant to have kept it till length of acquaintance should have made it seem more pardonable to speak. Even now I only ask pardon for myself; nothing beyond that."

He had not the slightest intention, when he began, of making such an avowal. The words escaped his lips in spite of himself, and he spoke so rapidly that she could not interrupt him.

Now she turned her white face full upon him; her hand was still raised in that imploring gesture. There was neither anger nor command in features or attitude; only a keen pain, and an earnestness of pleading, which roused every generous impulse of his nature, even in the agony of realising that she was about to crush his heart beneath the ruin of its own beautiful hope and dream.

He shrunk together like a man who had received a sudden physical blow, so terrible that he could barely stand upright thereunder; but he did not speak. He tried. He wanted to utter some plea for pardon of the distress he had caused her, but he could not. He was dumb.

"I might affect to misunderstand you," she said, in a dull, smothered voice, no less shaken than he; "but I will not; it would be cruel, wicked. But—but—— Oh, Mr. Brentford, I beseech you not to say another word—not one!"

He drew a deep breath that was like a sob.

"I see," he said; "I see. You mean that I have been quite mad; that not even time could bring me hope."

"Nothing can," she answered. "Nothing!"

He could perceive how it hurt her to pronounce this sentence—how she felt for his pain; that nothing gave her courage save the determination to do right; to spare him, so far as might be possible, from future misery, even at the expense of wounding him cruelly now, by proving how baseless and wild his dream had been.

"I see—nothing!" he muttered, unconscious that he spoke.

"Nothing!" she echoed. "Oh! Mr. Brentford, I cannot explain! I have no right. I am bound by a solemn promise."

"I do not ask it," he said, when she broke down. "Believe me, I should not dream of doing that. I can understand. There is some one who stands in the way. I—I am too late."

She only bowed her head in response, while again that expression of fright whitened her features.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, able to think of her suffering even in the deathlike anguish he endured. "Only forgive me!"

The tears rose in her eyes, but did not fall. She stretched out her hand with an impulsiveness common enough with her sister, but which she rarely showed.

"You are a good, generous man," she said. "God bless you!"

He kept fast hold of her icy hand for an instant, looked lovingly at it, mad once to press his lips thereon; but he controlled himself, let it drop, and turned away. Before he had taken a dozen steps her voice stopped him.

"Mr. Brentford!" she called.

"Yes," he said, turning towards her again.

"I know I need not ask you never to reveal——"

The smile of exquisite agony which was his answer caused her to recollect that he was not likely to show his wound, but she considered herself obliged to go on.

"I meant even to my sister. Oh! most of all to her!"

"You think she does not suspect?" he asked, a little bitterly.

"No, no!" cried Alice, with startling vehemence. "The bare idea would nearly kill her! And to know that I had given a hint of this other secret would drive her mad. Promise—promise!"

"Be at rest," he answered. "She shall never know."

He was puzzled by her speech, but he could not think now, nor could he risk disturbing her by further question.

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" she faltered.

"Indeed, most probably I shall not see her," he continued. "I shall go away."

"Oh, that will be so much the best and wisest thing to do," she cried, in a tone of intense relief.

"Yes, I will go! Do not be troubled. I will not intrude upon you again. This shall be farewell."

"Farewell!" she repeated, very pale and still.

"God bless and make you happy!" he said.

Her lips moved, but emitted no sound. With one last glance, as if to stamp her image more indelibly upon his soul, Holm turned and hurried away through the wood.

When quite certain that he was out of sight and hearing, Alice sank slowly upon her knees. She could control her anguish no longer; it must have its course. After a time tears came, and then she could pray.

"Oh! my God, give me strength—give me strength!" was all the white lips said.

Holm walked back to the inn. If half a life had passed since he had trodden that path, everything could not have looked more changed. He would go away on the morrow; not to-day. He was too worn and tired; stupid, as if from physical weakness. He could not start at once, but on the morrow he would go.

In the afternoon, as he sat idly at the window of his room, he saw a carriage drive up the narrow street and stop at the hotel. There was only one occupant, a man of thirty or so, with a military air, and a face which would have been almost as perfect as that of a Greek statue, but for certain lines traced by trouble or dissipation. Holm noticed and watched, in that half-unconscious way one does notice things when suffering keenly, and is surprised to find that one has done so. The stranger descended, and went in-doors. The coachman drove his horses towards the stables. Then Holm forgot the new-comer; forgot the whole world, save the words Alice Wynne had spoken, and the death-throes of his beautiful hope.

He remained in his room till the twilight began to gather. A sudden impatience seized him. He could not remain an instant longer. He must get into the air, have the relief of rapid motion, or he should go mad. The old Welshwoman who kept the inn put her head, with its marvellous tower of a cap, out of the dining-room, as she heard his step, to say that his dinner was nearly ready, whenever he wished it served. He passed hastily on, muttering something which she did not understand, but concluded he intended to inform her that he was going, as he had so often done, to dine with the ladies at Tuft Farm; and as she meant to make him pay for the meal she had prepared, it was natural she should be glad of an opportunity to eat it herself, since she would be gratifying her appetite at his expense.

Holm wandered down the road, and mechanically turned into the path which led through the wood. He had no reason for going thither; no intention of approaching the house where he had spent so many happy hours. Alas! already he seemed to regard that season across a limitless sweep of time and distance. Every step along the familiar way was an added pain, yet he went on, perhaps more from that perversity of human nature which so often, in moments of unreasoning anguish, makes us seek to increase the poignancy of our misery, than from any other motive. About the middle of the grove he struck off into a route which left the farm far to the right, leading up an ascent that dominated the whole sweep of woodland. When he reached the top, he paused and gazed about. The sound of voices was borne towards him by the evening breeze. No words were audible, but his very heart ceased to beat, for he recognised the tones of one of the speakers. He looked down the opposite side of the steep from that which he had ascended. Below swept a green dell, with a softly-murmuring brook, trickling away into the deeper shadows. He saw Alice Wynne standing there, and beside her was the stranger whose arrival at the hotel he had noticed only a few hours before. Alice had her hand on the gentleman's arm, and was evidently pleading earnestly. Her face was wet with tears. Only an instant did Brentford remain watching the tableau, then he plunged quickly down the hill, and hastened off to the left. On that side the wood became a forest, and stretched for acres up among the hills.

He comprehended now the words she had spoken to him during their last interview. This was the man she loved, and she was keeping his presence a secret from her sister.

The twilight deepened into darkness. Still Holm lay upon the mossy bank where he had thrown himself, tired by the suffer-

ing of the past day, as if he had travelled since dawn over morass and mountain. Suddenly the full moon rose in her splendour, pierced the forest shadows, and flung a broad river of light across the opening where Holm crouched, staring dismally up at the summer sky. He remembered that he was behaving like a madman. Not that it much mattered; nothing mattered now. Still he need not so conduct himself in these first hours of wretchedness, that always after he would have the shame of recollecting that he had been weaker than a child. He would go back to the inn, get to bed like a sane human being, and early in the morning set out upon his journey. Whither? He could not answer the question. The whole world looked a blank desert. There could be no difference to him in places. The gates of Paradise had shut, and left him down in the dark, utterly alone.

He walked rapidly on. He kept telling himself he would go direct to the village, though he knew very well he had taken a roundabout path which must lead him in sight of Tuft Farm. All the same, he was bound for the inn—nowhere else; repeating the resolution aloud many times, as if for the conviction of some listener.

On one side of the farm the woodland stretched almost up to the dwelling, with neither fence nor hedge intervening. Holm found himself near the furthest belt of trees. He could look across the little sweep of greensward straight towards the windows of the house. From one of the upper casements streamed a light. He knew that it burned in Alice's room.

Some dead branch, against which his foot struck, snapped with a sharp report. At the sound a man, who had hidden in the shadow, started forward and confronted Holm, who, at a glance, recognised the stranger he had seen a few hours before with Alice Wynne.

"What are you doing here?" cried the unknown, angrily. "What business have you lurking about that house?"

"Whatever reason I may have, it is certainly no affair of yours," retorted Brentford.

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, suddenly. "I know who you are. You are Mr. Holm Brentford. I have heard enough of you to-day."

The insulting speech would have roused Holm, only, before more words could be spoken, both heard the sound of footsteps on the turf, turned at the same instant, and saw Alice Wynne close beside them.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" she cried. "Mr. Brentford, this is not generous. You promised——"

"I did not mean to break my word," he said.

"Oh, Robert, go away!" she pleaded. "You told me you would go."

"I will not!" he broke in. "I have borne enough. I'll not go!"

"Give me time," groaned Alice. "Only wait till to-morrow——"

"He may come," again interrupted the stranger. "He may see my wife, but I—I——"

His wife! Holm understood everything now. This man was Alice's husband. He said, slowly, for the other had paused, unable to articulate—

"You are in error, sir. I had no intention of seeing this lady again. My way led me by this path. I did not know. How could I? If I had——"

He had no time to finish his sentence. They were all three struck dumb and motionless by a sudden cry, a low wail, that might have been the moan of a despairing ghost. Mrs. Wynne had followed Alice out of the house, had approached near enough to see their faces. She uttered that one shriek, and fell upon the ground like a dead woman.

Both men sprang towards her. The stranger pushed Holm back with a smothered curse; but before he could reach the prostrate form, Alice was beside her sister.

"Go away!" she pleaded. "Robert, she will die if she sees you. Mr. Brentford, take him away! For God's sake—if you are human—go, both of you! Robert, if you stop, you will kill her. Remember that—kill her!"

Holm seized his arm. The other made no resistance. He seemed stunned, and allowed himself to be drawn passively into the wood. They walked for some moments in silence; then the stranger stopped, freed himself from Holm's grasp, crying—

"I wonder I don't kill you! But I know it is not your fault. Alice told me. I think I am mad, or I shall be! To see her like that—killed, maybe, by the mere sight of me! Oh, my God! My wife! My Edith!"

He flung up his arms with a groan, then covered his face with his hands. His wife? Edith? The revelation was so sudden, that for an instant Holm could not speak; then he pulled at the other's arm, saying—

"I understand now. You mean Mrs. Wynne?"

"She is Edith Gainsborough, my wife. Maybe you will tell me to my face that you love her! I have borne everything. I may have to bear that!"

"Be still!" said Holm, softly, so dizzy with emotion that the trees swam in slow procession before his eyes. "You are mistaken. I love Alice. I thought it was for her you were here. I thought you meant *she* was your wife. Don't you understand now?"

Sleepless days and nights, a long, rapid journey; above all, the agony which had been his constant companion, left Gainsborough weak and faint, now that Holm's words had cleared the cloud from his eyes, and shown him how misplaced his rage was. He tottered, and would have fallen had not Holm made him sit down. They sat there in silence for a few moments. Presently Gainsborough begged his companion to approach the house, and try to find out what was going on. Holm went; met the old man-servant hurrying for the village doctor. A despatch was to be sent also to a neighbouring town for another physician. Mrs. Wynne had recovered from her fainting fit, but was delirious.

Holm returned with his tidings. The two waited in the wood till the doctor came; waited there till daylight, the physician coming now and then to give them news. When dawn broke, he appeared, and told them that Mrs. Wynne had fallen asleep. He was going home. Before noon the other doctor would arrive.

So Holm persuaded Gainsborough to go back to the inn, to lie down for a little. During the watches of that night the two men, thus strangely thrown together, had talked as freely as a pair of old friends might have done. Holm had heard the whole history of Gainsborough's married life. Several years before, his regiment had been ordered to the West Indies. While in Jamaica he met Edith Wynne and Alice. They were spending the winter with an aunt. After a few months' acquaintance, Gainsborough and Edith were married, and enjoyed nearly a whole year of happiness. A woman who had known Gainsborough in Scotland, of tolerable family, but damaged reputation, had fallen wildly in love with him, failed to win any return, and followed him out to Jamaica. She found him married, and in her mad rage she determined to have revenge. Gainsborough was absent. She went to Edith; showed proofs that she was herself Robert's wife according to the Scotch law. The poor wife was driven desperate, and when the husband returned he found her gone.

Edith and Alice fled to Europe. Many months elapsed before Gainsborough could even obtain leave of absence. As soon as he was able, he followed upon their track; but for a long while they hid themselves so carefully that he could find no clue to their whereabouts. At last he succeeded in proving the fraud practised by Isabel Tracy. A cousin of his, another Robert Gainsborough, had once, in jest, called the woman his wife, in presence of two of her servants. The young man died soon afterwards, and the woman Tracy hired those witnesses to swear that it was the Robert of my story.

Even after establishing the fact of his innocence, his troubles were not over. He was taken ill; and during those long, weary weeks lost all trace of the sisters, who had again changed their place of residence. He finally discovered their refuge in Wales; and from London he wrote to his wife, under cover to Alice, saying only that he was determined to see her; that if, after hearing his story, she was not convinced, he would leave her untroubled. It was the reception of this letter which caused Edith's illness; the sight of the name on the envelope which made the beginning of Holm's miseries.

Two days passed. Edith was still confined to her bed; but Robert saw Alice several times, and cleared his honour, though his wife was in no state to bear agitating news. At length, during one of her nervous attacks, she believed herself dying, and consented to see him again. He told her the whole story, and she could no longer doubt his truth.

Alice went down stairs, and left the pair together. She had not seen Brentford since the night of Robert's arrival. He had written to her, but she had not found courage to open the epistle, believing that it could only contain the information that he had gone away overwhelmed with despair; for during the brief interviews she and Robert had held, the insane fellow entirely forgot to set right her mistake of thinking that it was Edith whom Brentford loved.

So she went out of the house, and into the wood, and there she saw Holm, who had been waiting and watching, in the hope that when she read his letter she would send him a line or message; for, since learning

the error into which she had fallen, his courage had revived.

"Alice!" he called. "Alice!"

Somehow, when she heard his voice and met his eyes, a perception of the truth struck her. Indeed, by the time they reached an explanation, it was quite superfluous. Brentford's first act had been to dash forward and snatch her in his arms. When she could hear and think, he was holding her close to his heart, and uttering such sweet words that the wilderness seemed suddenly to have blossomed as the rose, and the glory of the sunset was like a reflection from the golden gates of Paradise.

F. L. BENEDICT.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

(*Continued from page* 270.)

THIS is the experiment to whichI refer. Some chopped hay is put into a little can; it is raised to a temperature of 100 deg. to 120 deg.; it is kept for three hours, then poured off and filtered. Last year we found that hay thus treated was sterilised by five minutes' boiling. I mean that, when it is exposed to the air that has this floating matter removed from it, it never shows any sign of microscopic life. Now, if you examine this natural hay-infusion with litmus paper, you will find that it turns the litmus paper red, showing that it is an acid infusion. Dr. Roberts found that acid infusions could be easily sterilised. He took a vessel with an open neck at the top and filled it two-thirds full with the infusion he wanted to operate upon. He then stuffed the neck with cotton-wool and sealed it hermetically with a spirit-lamp above the plug of cotton-wool. He then placed it in a vessel containing cold water, and he gradually raised the water to a state of ebullition and maintained the boiling temperature for any required time. In that way he avoided all commotion, all evaporation, all ebullition in the infusion. After he had placed the tube in this condition in the water and subjected it to a boiling temperature for any required time, he took it out and simply filed across the neck and broke it off. Here you have the infusion practically exposed to the atmosphere. The plug intervenes to prevent the entrance of dust, and still allows an interchange between the air of the bulb and the air outside.

When Dr. Roberts took this acid infusion and neutralised it by the addition of caustic potash, he found it to possess the most extraordinary power of resistance to heat; he found that, in some cases, it required more than two hours to reduce this infusion to sterility; he also found that, in a particular case, it actually required no less than three hours' boiling to produce this effect. This was very different indeed from the results that I had obtained last year. I made many experiments with hay-infusion, and in every case we sterilised it by five minutes' boiling. I was led to take up the subject this year through the emphatic manner in which Professor Cohn corroborated the results of Dr. Roberts. I operated sometimes with tubes like those of Dr. Roberts and sometimes with those which I call Cohn's tubes. These are formed by heating a certain portion of a test-tube and drawing it out so as to leave an open funnel above, a bulb below, and a narrow tube between both. These are Cohn's tubes.

His method was this: he placed the tubes in boiling water, and when they had been subjected to a boiling temperature for a sufficient time he simply lifted them out. He found a certain amount of water condensed upon the neck of the bulb; he waited one or two minutes until that evaporated, and then quietly plugged his tube with cotton-wool, and he thought this was perfect immunity against the entrance of contamination; and Professor Cohn is very emphatic in saying that there is no thought of contamination from without in pursuing this method of experiment. I operated upon a great variety of hay-infusions, and after a time, by pursuing with the most scrupulous exactness the method laid down by Dr. Roberts and Professor Cohn, it was possible for me, by practice, now to corroborate and now to contradict them.

And what was the meaning of these irreconcilable contradictions? The meaning was this: when we came to analyse the various infusions, we found that those that were sterilised by a boiling of from five to ten minutes were invariably infusions of hay mown in the year 1876, whereas the others were infusions of hay mown in 1875 or some previous year. The most refractory hay-

infusion that I have ever found was in the case of some Colchester hay five years old.

Now, what do these experiments point to? The answer may be in part gathered from an observation described in the volume of the "Comptes Rendus" for 1863 by one of the greatest supporters of the so-called doctrine of spontaneous generation. A description is there given of an experiment that was made by the woolstaplers of Elbœuf. They were accustomed to receive fleeces from Brazil, which were very dirty, and had, amongst other things, certain seeds entangled in them. These fleeces were boiled at Elbœuf sometimes for four hours; and the seeds were afterwards sown, and were found capable of germination. The thing was taken up Pouchet. He gathered these seeds, exposed them to the temperature of boiling water for four hours, and then examined them closely; and he found (and I recently made an experiment which showed the same thing to be true with regard to dried and undried peas) that the great majority of the seeds were swollen and disorganised, while the others were scarcely changed; they were so indurated and perhaps altered in the surface as to prevent the liquid from wetting them. At all events, a number of them appeared to be quite unchanged. He separated these two classes of seeds and sowed them side by side in the same kind of earth. The swollen seeds were all destroyed; there was no germination; but in the case of the others there was copious germination. Here, then, you have these seeds proved to be capable, by virtue of their dryness and induration, of resisting the temperature of boiling water for four hours. There is not the slightest doubt that, if time permitted, I could heap up evidence of this fact, that the wonderful sterility of this old hay is due to the induration and desiccation of the germs associated with it. Here you have three tubes containing cucumber infusion of crystalline clearness; they have been simply subjected to a boiling temperature for ten minutes; they have been completely sterilised, and they are as clear as when the infusions were first introduced into the tubes.

On the other hand, here are tubes that have been subjected to a boiling temperature for five hours and a half showing a swarming development of life. What is the reason of this difference? The reason depends entirely upon the method of experiment. When Dr. Roberts filled his bulbs, he simply poured in his infusion, plugged his tube, sealed it, and subjected it to a boiling temperature. Not only did the liquid contain germs—there was a quantity of air above the liquid, and the germs were diffused in the air. Germs thus diffused in the air are very differently circumstanced from germs diffused in a liquid: they can withstand for hours a boiling temperature; whereas that self-same temperature, brought to bear upon germs immersed in liquid, destroys them in a few minutes. And why do these tubes differ? The reason is to be sought entirely in the method of filling the tubes containing the clear infusions.

The method of filling the tubes is by first exhausting the ordinary air, filling with filtered air, and then admitting the infusion to be tested into the bulb of the tube. In that way, we can, by careful manipulation, obtain bulbs devoid of this floating matter. These are the bulbs you now see before you, showing this beautifully pellucid infusion.

Were this otherwise than a physical investigation, I should feel myself out of my element in dealing with it. I leave the determination of the species of bacteria to others far more competent than I am. It is only by severe experiments that this question of spontaneous generation can be freed from the haze and confusion in which it has been hitherto involved. Even the celebrated Professor Cohn—I say it with the greatest regard and respect for him—appears to have no adequate notion of the care necessary to be taken in experiments of this kind. To lift a tube out of the boiling liquid and allow it to remain quietly in the air, the entry of the air taking place from without, inwards, and then, after one or two minutes' exposure, to plug it with cotton-wool and say that no contamination can reach it, is in my opinion a great mistake. He could not, but by the merest accident, get an infusion free from contamination by operating in this way. I have here tubes prepared according to his method. Here are some melon-tubes all putrid, all gone into a state of fermentation. I ask you to compare those with some other melon-tubes that I have operated upon in a different way, and that are as clear as crystal. The others are all gone, simply through a defect in the mode of manipulation.

The defects that I at first described to you were due entirely to the contaminated atmosphere in which we worked. It ought to be noted that, in the earlier experiments in this inquiry, the results were always in

accordance with those brought before you last year. By degrees, however, masses of hay were introduced into the laboratory—old hay and new hay from various places; and they ended by rendering the atmosphere so virulently infective that everything was contaminated by the germs set afloat. It resembled the case of a surgical ward of a hospital, where gangrene and putrefaction have attained such a predominance that the surgeon has in despair to shut up his ward and abandon it to disinfection. Desiring to free myself from this pestilential atmosphere, I wrote to my friend, the President of the Royal Society, Dr. Hooker, and found that he was able to furnish me with a means of getting away from it. In Kew Gardens there is a beautiful new laboratory erected by the munificence of that most intelligent supporter of science, Mr. Thomas Phillips Jodrell. It is one of the neatest things I have ever seen, and it is to me a great gratification that the first experiments made in the laboratory were those to which I now refer. I broke away from the contaminated air of the Royal Institution. It is very well for you that I can tell you that all the germs referred to are perfectly innocuous to human beings, for I have no doubt the air of this room is contaminated with them. A series of chambers were made, not of wood, for I wanted to get rid even of that, but of tin—and I would not allow those chambers to be carried into the Royal Institution at all. They were carried from the tinman's where they were made to the laboratory at Kew. There, with the greatest care, the tubes were treated first with carbolic acid and then washed with water, and then with caustic potash to get rid of all traces of carbolic acid, and finally drenched with distilled water. Carbolic acid, as you know, is a deadly foe to those germs. In this way I hoped that every contamination that might be adhering to the tubes would be destroyed, and that, having got clear of an infected atmosphere, we might get the same results as we invariably obtained last year. The temperature was raised to between 80 and 90 degs., and once a little above 90 degs., so that the warmth was all that could be desired for the development of those organisms. It gives me the deepest gratification to find that what was foreseen has occurred, and that this very day these chambers have come back from Kew perfectly intact. They comprise the most refractory substances that I had experimented upon here. It was almost impossible to save a cucumber, I never did succeed in saving a melon infusion from contamination, and from this so-called spontaneous generation. But here when the air had been allowed to deposit all its motes, and when we were withdrawn from an infected atmosphere, as I have said, the chambers were returned with their infusions as clear as crystal. You will see that one of these is muddy and turbid, and it has a deposit at the bottom. These are all dead bacteria, and the muddiness is due to swarming bacterial life. Here you have two infusions perfectly clear. Why did the other tube give way? When we came to examine it, a little pinhole was found at the bottom of the chamber, and through that pinhole the germs got in. Here is a melon infusion; and, in order to show you what would have occurred if the infusions had not been protected from the floating dust of the atmosphere, we have hung beside this case two tubes that have been exposed to the common air, and have fallen into a state of utter rottenness. In this way, from the Jodrell Laboratory at Kew, we have had these cases returned with their infusions perfectly intact. Even in our infected atmosphere, when we subject our infusions to experimental conditions sufficiently stringent, we are able entirely to shut out contamination, and to show that spontaneous generation never occurs. When we get clear of our atmosphere altogether, this is a matter of perfect ease and facility; and we find in Kew Gardens that Nature runs her normal course.

Dr. C. W. Siemens, President this year of the Iron and Steel Institute, and a great authority on coal, gave in his inaugural lecture an opinion that we are probably on the edge of a period of years during which the increase of population and of manufactures will be balanced, as regards the consumption of coal, by new economical processes, and therefore coal may remain through a long cycle cheap. It is quite certain, he observes, that the consumption of coal does not increase with population and industrial energy, and the reason must be the one he has assigned. The Doctor would, we observe also, cheapen gas by making it in the mine, and thus saving all the labour of raising and transporting the necessary coal.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued*).

"YES, that's right, Mr. Lincoln; but I can tell you something you don't know, that we've got a good purifier close under one's nose, and dirt cheap, but it's got no fine name, otherwise there are funny folks who would be running to buy it. Many and many's the time that rooms and drains have been purified by it. It's only common salt. Put a pound of salt in a pail of hot water and wash a room with it, and then you'll find a fresh and clean wholesome smell. Clothes taken off a patient can be put into salt and water, and the 'germs,' as you call them, are killed. Only you see this ready-to-hand purifier has no fine name."

"Yes; salt is a purifier. You make up a quantity for sale and call it 'Solution of Chloride of Sodium.' Then advertise it well, and you'll soon find customers."

"Ah! That's for you to do, not me; I tell folks of it, but it's of no use, they won't listen; it's so simple."

"This is not the only simple but valuable appliance that is spurned or unheeded. A letter writen to one of the papers by Mr. Isaac Gregory, Merchants' College, Blackpool, asserts that pitting of the small-pox can be entirely prevented, and by the simplest and pleasantest of means; and yet you'll find that, it being so simple, people won't adopt it.

"It is this: in a room where is a small-pox patient, put a yellow or buff blind up to the window, admit no other light; and where no such calico of the colour can be had, I suggest that the window-panes, inside and out, be thickly covered with ochre-wash, made of ochre, size, and water; and over the open space of the window, lowered to admit air, hang a black calico strip, put up so that no light can be admitted."

"Well,.now, I can hardly believe in that myself; surely that's simple enough. I do believe in the salt; but what difference a yellow blind can make from one that is white or green, I can't understand."

"Recollect you're never too old to learn. Did you ever see anyone 'pitted' under their clothes?"

"Surely, I never did."

"Simply because no light can come near the patient."

"Well, but what difference can colour make to the blind Mister Lincoln?"

"Just this. Mark what I say, because you can repeat it in any house you visit, and if I say it to more of our neighbours than yourself, each one will hear according to his imagination and repeat according to his impression, and both are deceptive; but if you repeat anything with a different meaning from what I wish to convey to you, it is only you I have to set right in the matter. Listen attentively. The light we see is made up of three distinct colours—red, blue, and yellow. Red is the hot but quiet ray. The blue is all activity; it causes plants to grow, draws, as it were, seeds out of the ground, and it is said that persons afflicted with rheumatic pains find the blue rays draw the disease out of their muscles; hence they sit in a sunny window composed of blue glass only. The yellow ray, although it gives light, yet in a blind absorbs the blue rays; that is, prevents them from passing through, which white does not, and thus, there being no activity in the light so admitted, the pustules of the disease dry up and leave no pits or marks."

"This is, I suppose, all good advice; but I never let light into the room of a small-pox patient, only what comes in by the door, and this, I take it, is the reason that rich people are pitted and poor ones not so often. As a rule, I have the rooms of all my sick folk made dark. I was early taught to do this, but didn't before know why."

"And there is a second reason for this wise proceeding: the germs of disease are thus rendered tolerably inactive to those who nurse the sick," said Mr. Lincoln.

"I should just like to know what a 'germ' is? I've heard of seeds germinating, but then I thought they came from Germany."

Mr. Lincoln laughed at this adaptation of the word. "No, no. The word 'Germany' originally meant 'foreigners;' it has nothing to do with 'germs,' the most important constituent of all creation. We

are surrounded by them; if we open our mouths we swallow them, if a pot of paste is left about or kept too long the germs lay hold of it. They are here, there, everywhere, and don't they revel in dirt and dirty corners—in cesspools and drains—and invite sickness, fever, and death."

"Good gracious me, how you do frighten one! We can't see 'em, and if I open my mouth, sure I can't feel 'em either."

"Let me close the shutters. You see there is a crack where the sun's rays can come through. Now, then, tell me what you see."

"I see nothing but motes, sure there's no harm in them."

"You truly term them 'motes,' an old Saxon word for a meeting or assembly, and here you have an assemblage of germs ready to select a comfortable nest, each mote or germ to its own kind. A 'germ' is the first principle of life. There are motes imperceptible to the eye and to the microscope, unless one of great power. The fine dust from the peeling skin of a patient recovering from the scarlet fever is germs, and will, if swallowed by another, give the disease, hence the value of camphor, of carbolic acid, of bruised rue—a good but old disinfector—of lime, and other similar things which destroy the germs or render them inactive, just as a yellow blind or dark room renders the pustules powerless to 'pit' a patient.

"Did you ever see the germ of a walnut-tree, or of a bean or pea?"

"Not that I know of—leastways, I never knew it if I did see one."

"Split a nut in half, and close to the point you will find a morsel of firm substance which readily falls out, sometimes it is less than the size of a pin's head, and this, under favourable circumstances for germinating or sprouting, grows into a magnificent tree; it is assisted in this by the solid kernel of the nut which surrounds it, and when the germ has taken from this kernel its needful nourishment, all that remains quickly decays and helps to form manure. Just in this way, if you swallow unconsciously a fever-germ, your body nourishes it into life, and too often the body is sacrificed. This is one reason why I ask that, in a sick room, the dust shall be removed with a wet cloth, and the air be kept as pure as possible by the use of disinfectants and by pure air admitted through the upper part of a window, but not near the patient. Never go into a sick room fasting. Wash your mouth with, and breathe through the nose, a solution of camphor; for the mouth, mix it with water; for the nose, no. A pleasant drink is a very weak solution of *permanganate of potash* and water, when mixed to look a *pale rose-pink*. I believe if fever patients had no other drink it would be beneficial to them."

"Why, I thought this was poisonous!"

"My cat drinks it and nothing else, never milk; it is difficult to get her away from the beverage. It was put in a plate on the floor for the freshness it diffused through my study, and puss soon drank it, indeed comes to me for it every morning.

"If you forget anything I have told you, come again and we'll talk it over."

"And don't you forget the salt, Mr. Lincoln; it's a good purifier, and sweet and wholesome, and don't call it by that long name."

"'Solution of Chloride of Sodium;' yes, that's the name for plain salt and water—a pound of salt to a quart of water. Another simple preventive of excess of fever, whether of small-pox or any other, is cream of tartar, one ounce in a pint of water; when it is settled and cold give it to be drunk in small quantities. I have heard this highly recommended as a ready preventive against small-pox."*

"Have you seen Mrs. Cameron lately, Mr. Lincoln?"

"No, I have been too busy; what about her?"

"She is looking so wan and ill, and is always so tired, so she says."

"Well, that's what I expected would be the case, bringing her from the hill-top to this mild, relaxing, shut-up village. Her sickness is not of God, whatever you or her husband may think. I shall look in to-morrow and see her. Good-bye.

"The expressed opinion that most mala-

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* The writer of a letter to the *Liverpool Mercury* says:—"I am willing to stake my reputation as a public man if the worst case of small-pox cannot be effectually cured in three days simply by cream of tartar. This is the sure and never-failing remedy. One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to be drunk, when cold, at short intervals. It can be taken at any time, and is a preventive as well as a curative. It is known to have cured in a hundred thousand cases, without a failure. I have myself restored hundreds by this means. It never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and always prevents tedious lingering. If the people would only try it and report all the cures to you, you would require to employ many columns if you gave them publicity."

dies are sent by God is one of the silliest if not blasphemous utterances to be met with among pious people. A man or woman of culture, with all their faculties alive and observant, would look about for the causes of their afflictions, and set about remedying them—if remedy there is for ignorance," said Mr. Lincoln to himself as he turned away.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

JEANNETTE.—*Oui,* qu'il est le professeur*
Jeannette. — Yes, that he is the professor
de musique ?
of music?

ENGLISH.—Who is the professor of music?

LOUISE.—*C'est nous.*
Louise. — It is us.

JEANNETTE.—*Ah ! le professeur, c'est vous*
Jeannette. — Ah! the professor, it is you
deusse ?(1)
two?

ALICE.—*Est-elle naïve, cette Jeannette, pour*
Alice. — Is she innocent, this Jeannette, for
son âge !
her age!

JEANNETTE — *Naïve ... Comme invitée ;*
Jeannette. — Innocent... As invited;
encore une chose que j'étais sans le savoir.
again one thing that I was without it to know.

LOUISE. — *Commençons ;*(2) *assieds-toi*
Louise. — Let us begin; sit down thou,
d'abord.
at first.

ENGLISH.—Let us begin; but sit down first.

JEANNETTE.—*Je ne suis pas fatiguée.*
Jeannette. — I not am not tired.

ALICE.—*Ni nous non plus. On s'assied*
Alice. —Nor we { no more / neither }. One herself seats
par contenance et pour être aussi plus
for appearance and for to be also more
à son aise ; fais comme nous.
at her ease; do like us.

JEANNETTE.—*Oh ! alors, pour ne pas*
Jeannette. — Oh! then, for not not
vous offenser...
you offend...

ENGLISH.—Oh! then, not to offend you...

(*Elle rebondit sur un siége élastique.*)
(She rebounded upon a seat elastic.)

Oh ! Dieu ! que j'ai eu peur !... Si vous
Oh! that I have had fear!... If you

ENGLISH.—Oh! how frightened I was!...

m'aviez seulement avertie ... (*on rit*). *Ah !*
me had only warned ... (they laugh). Ah!
mais on s'y accoutume...(*elle se prélasse*).
but one to it accustom... (she herself struts).

Je trouve ça un peu meilleur tout de même
I find that a little better all the same
que les bancs de cheux † *nous.*
than the seats { of with us, / or, at home. }

ALICE.—*Est-elle assez de son jugeotte!*
Alice.— Is she enough of her masking!
Pas autant que tu parais le croire. Ecoute,
Not so much as thou appear it to believe. Listen,
Jeannette, on voit tout de suite que tu n'est pas
Jeannette, one sees at once that thou art not
une paysanne ordinaire.
a peasant common.

JEANNETTE.—*Ah ! quoi que j'ai donc de*
Jeannette. — Ah! what that I have then of
bizarre dans la figure ?
odd in the face?

ENGLISH.—Ah! what have I then so odd in my face?

LOUISE.—*La figure, la tournure, tout*
Louise.— The face, the figure, all
annonce une jeune fille intelligente, spirituelle
announce a young girl intelligent, sprightly
même, à qui manque seulement un peu...
even, to whom wants only a little...
comment dirai-je... ?
what shall say I...?

JEANNETTE.—*Comme vous voudrez, mamzelle.*
Jeannette. — As you would, miss.

ENGLISH.—Whatever you wish, miss.

LOUISE.—*Un peu de...Alice, au lieu de*
Louise. — A little of... Alice, instead of
rire, aide-moi donc.
laughing, help me then.

JEANNETTE.—*Aide donc votre amie,*
Jeannette. — Help then your friend,
mamzelle.
miss.

ALICE.—*Un peu de vernis.*
Alice.— A little of varnish.

LOUISE.—*Justement ; voilà ce qu'il*
Louise.—Just so, Jeannette; that is that which it
te foudrait.
thee is necessary.

ENGLISH.—Just so; that is what you want, Jeannette.

* Vulgar exclamation.

(1.) *Patois.* (Correct the word.)
(2.) ç, the cedilla, is placed under the letter *c*, before *a*, *o*, *u*, to show that the *c* ought to be pronounced like an *s*, as *façade*, *leçon*, *reçu*.

† *Chez.*

OUR POETS' PAGE.

TO THE BRAVE COLLIERS.

We talk of gallant victories,
Of battles fought and won ;
Of daring deeds in frost and snow,
And 'neath the scorching sun ;
We speak with praise and wonder
Of many a noble name,
Whose glorious acts of bravery
Now swell the lists of fame.

Give place among the heroes
To those who feared not death,
Content, to save their comrades' lives,
To yield their own life's breath.
'Mid tears of weeping mothers,
And wives' and sisters' grief,
With iron will and bleeding hands
Worked on to give relief.

O dauntless band of colliers !
O Welchmen, brave and leal !
With stalwart frames, whose lion hearts
Such tender pity feel !
All honour to the bleeding hands
That toiled so long and well ;
And how they toiled, with courage fraught,
Let future history tell.

There comes a mark of merit
To place upon their breast—
A mark of royal favour,
That when in age they rest,
When speaking to their children,
Perchance, *their* children, too,
They tell how England honours most
Such valorous men and true.

M. G. Thoburn.

"OLD-FASHIONED."

She is only an ancient maiden,
With an old-fashioned mincing air,
With reticule, gloves, and sandals,
And stray little locks of hair.
She walks with a step so studied
That folks oft-times stop to laugh,
And say that the ancient lady
Hath only her wits by half.

She is cheerful, and bright, and pleasant,
Tho' none could pronounce her gay ;
And many a poor man's cottage
Looks glad as she comes that way.
Her own wants are few and simple,
And so, from her slender store,
She spareth the friendly bounty
For those who may need it more.

Her charity never vaunteth,
The life of the pure she lives ;
Her left hand is ne'er permitted
To know what her right hand gives.
She sneers not at erring sisters,
Nor shrinks from the paths they take ;
Remembering Him who pitied,
She pities them for His sake.

'Tis only the rich who mock her—
The poor know her worth too well—
The deeds she performs in secret,
They blazon abroad and tell ;
But the doors of the proud and worldly
Against her are closed with care,
For she is but an ancient maiden,
With an old-fashioned mincing air.

And yet there's a touching story
Which none but herself doth know,
Of a love that was loved and buried
In the old-fashioned long ago.
And oft in her quiet chamber,
When night is approaching fast,
She peers through the magic mirror
Which shows her the blotted past.

Just over her little mantel
Is a time-worn picture hung,
A curtain of sable texture
Is ever before it flung.
That curtain is never lifted,
Except by her own poor hand,
When day, so wearily waning,
Is running its final sand.

'Tis the portrait of one who perish'd
On a distant and bloody field,
Surrounded by all the glories
Which the trophies of war can yield—
A smile on the lip of crimson,
A light on the hair so brown ;
His hand on the trusty weapon
Which won him such dear renown.

Oh, drop the curtain upon it !
'Tis sacred to one poor heart ;
She would not for countless kingdoms
From that faded picture part.
He once was her cherished idol,
She once was his promised bride,
When the flush on her cheek was brilliant,
Which years ago paled and died.

Ah, me ! 'tis an old-fashioned story
Of the old-fashioned long ago,
A tale which no other mortal
Save her old-fashioned self doth know.
For who would care to be told it ?
Or who for herself doth care ?
She is only an ancient maiden
With an old-fashioned mincing air.

Nannie O'Donoghue.

FOR CHARLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

Birthdays bring to little boys
Picture books and pretty toys,
Fond wishes once a year ;
With gifts remembered by papa,
And not forgotten by mamma,
Is your birthday, my dear.

Your auntie thinks of you as well,
To Charlie in a song she'd tell
How much for him she cares ;
He is her own dear, precious boy,
She wishes him the sweetest joy,
And gives him love and prayers.

May your second birthday be
Full of pleasures, bright and free,
My winsome dark-eyed child ;
May all the years which lie before
Hold bounteous gift for you in store,
And keep you undefiled.

Thus shall successive birthdays find
My Charlie happy, loving, kind,
And much beloved too ;
This is your auntie's greeting, dear,
Her blessing on the new-born year,
Her heart's desire for you !

Harriette Smith.

NEEDLEWORK.

BORDER IN OLIVE BRAID.—Materials: Braid either white or drab in the form of *linked* olives, by the French termed olive-braid. Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton, white or drab, No. 10. This design is more easily worked from the engraving than from description. Commence with a treble long stitch in the last loop of an *olive* on the left-hand side of engraving, then make 3 or 4 chains and 1 double long in about a third part of the link, make 5 or 7 chains (this depends upon the width of braid and length of link), 1 long at next third part of link, 7 ch Dc in loop of braid, 5 ch Dc in next, 5 ch Dc in next, 3 ch Dc in next, 1 L, taking together in this long stitch the last loop but one of the first olive and the second loop of next olive, 3 ch, Dc in next loop, 3 ch, Dc in next; 3 ch, 1 long; take up the loops of the two olives, 3 ch Dc in next loop, 3 ch Dc under centre of the 5 ch, 3 ch Dc under next loop of olive, 3 ch, Dc under in five chains, 3 ch, 1 L on the third part of link, 5 ch 1 double long in next third part, 3 ch 1 treble long in first loop of next olive, 14 ch Dc in the seventh loop of the 14. Seven ch, Dc on first treble long that was made. Commence the next scallop in the same way. For the outside edge a reference to the engraving is less complicated than a description.

STAR FOR A TIDY.—Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 10. Any fancy pointed braid. This is better worked from the engraving than from description.

The netting is done lengthways. Commence on two stitches, turn net 2 and another in the last stitch; repeat this till there are sufficient stitches. Then continue to net one into the *first* loop of each row and omit the last stitch. This will form a long strip of square netting. When a sufficient length is done it should be immersed in a little thin starch, then be well rolled in a cloth, and when dry enough ironed, then be worked in the manner indicated in the engraving. A different-coloured cotton can be used for the work, which may be of in-grain scarlet cotton upon a drab or white ground.

BORDER OF WAVED and MIGNARDISE BRAID suitable for toilet covers. The work is not crochet, but button-hole and sewing stitch, with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton, No. 16. The waved braid should be neatly joined. Fine tape work answers quite as well as the waved or "vandyke" braid.

WORK NOTICES.

ROSE-LEAF PATTERN.—*4th row.* End with pearl 8 instead of 9.

6th row. Pearl 10*, K 1, pearl 13. Repeat from *, and at the end pearl 10 instead of 13.

E. M. (Edmonton).—Thanks for the instructions, which "Grandmamma" has also sent, together with a pattern beautifully knitted. Will E. M. oblige by sending her address to the Editor?

S. E. J.—The inquiry for Leaf and Trellis Pattern has been kindly responded to by "E. M.," by "Grandmamma," and yourself, but each copy of instructions differs. To EMMA, S. E. J. suggests that a knitted petticoat is easy to make. Knit in stripes, beginning to narrow about half-way up, then narrowing at every 10th row.

MRS. W. J. (South Wales).—We shall be very glad to have instructions for "German and Trellis," and also those for knitting a petticoat. EMMA is advised by MRS. W. J. to tricot instead of knitting her petticoat, and if worked in "Jevon's" best fingering will both wear and look well.

GRANNIE would be glad if any one will let her have a nice open pattern for knitting long curtains; not to be feather-stitch.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Porcupine stitch received. Many thanks.

QUERIST.—*Original* designs in fancy work will be purchased.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227*) to* MESSRS. WALTER EVANS & CO., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

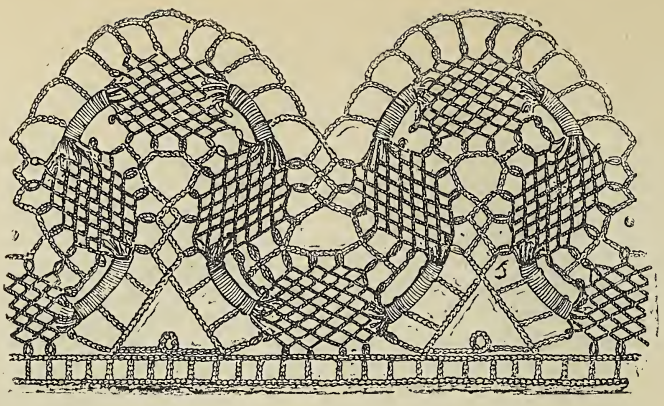
For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

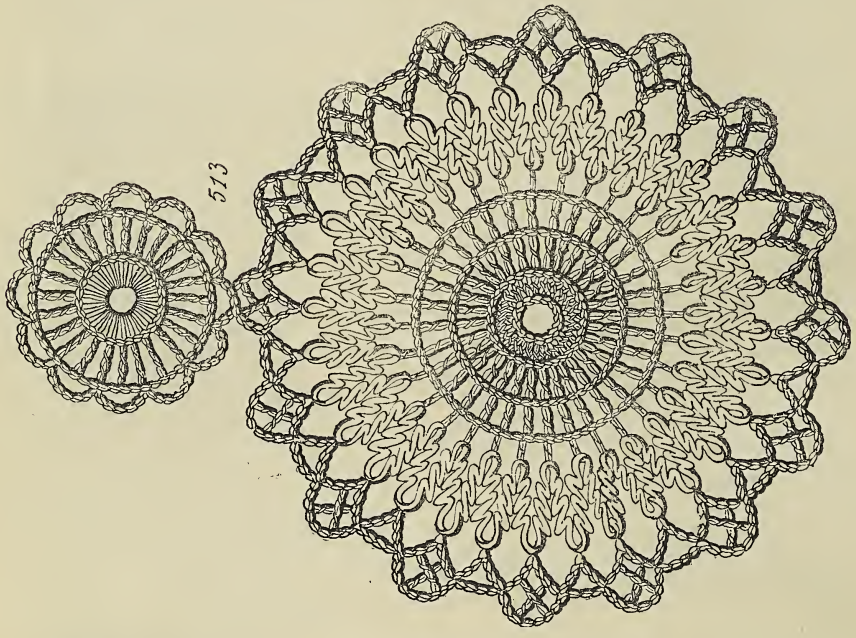
For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

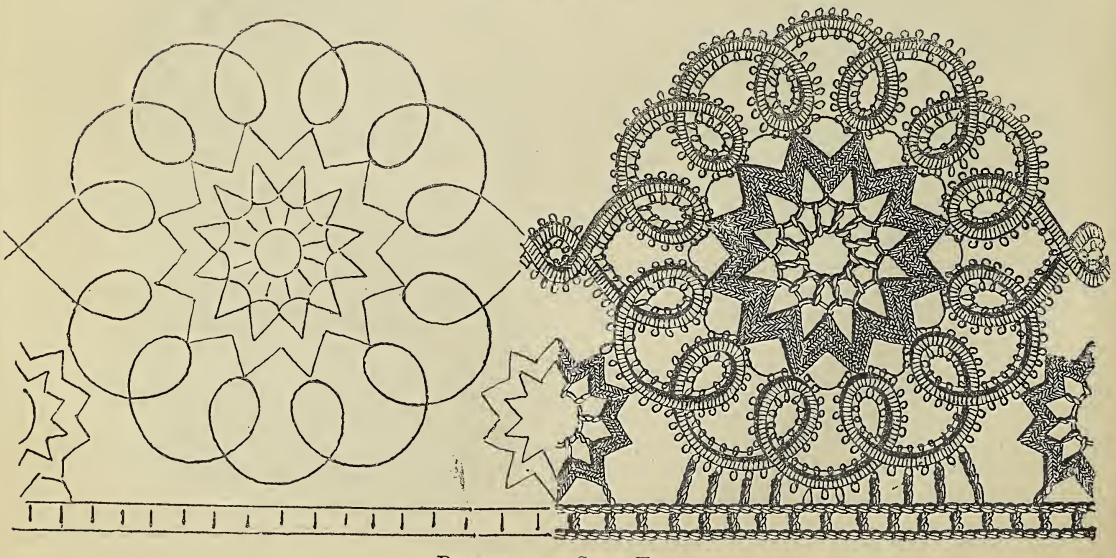
Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



Border for a Toilet Cover.



Star for a Tidy.



Border for Sofa Tidy.



BRIDAL DRESS.

PRINCESSE TRAINED ROBE of white satin. At the upper part of the back, a fold of satin drapes it, and is terminated by a loop and end of satin richly fringed. At the lower part, the fold of satin is placed over the gathers of the robe. In the front, a rich bullion fringe simulates a cuirass bodice A garland of orange-blossoms crosses the front, and terminates at the back.

Plain paper pattern of Princesse Trained Robe, 3s. 1d.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

WHAT Longchamps was, the races are. It is here all the aristocracy of fashion passes before our eyes. It is here that every new fashion makes its *début*, to be afterwards continued at Trouville and Dieppe. Winter did not bring us one new fashion, unless we call the cordon of flowers around the shoulders a new fashion, or the juncture of natural flowers on diamond leaves, which is now making a *fureur* on evening dresses. Wreaths of these are worn in the hair, and bouquets of the same are worn on the bodice. The effect is certainly picturesque, and there is a peculiar charm in the mixture of these natural flowers set on stems sparkling with a thousand gems.

The long, straight jackets, which were made loose to the figure during the winter, in order to allow them to be worn over an under-dress, are now made quite tight to the figure; and as they continue to be made equally long, the figure is even more accurately displayed than it was in the tight polonaise of last year. No under bodice is, or could be, worn under these long tight jackets, which are made of the same colour and material as the dress. The jacket then serves at the same time for outside and for indoor wear. If not, a second bodice is made separately, and may replace the long jacket, if the lady so please. But these new long jackets define the figure so perfectly that few ladies have the courage to exchange them for any other kind of bodice. As they are seldom trimmed, and reach very low on the skirt, they look as if they formed one piece with the skirt. They look more jacket-like when they are trimmed, either with braid or fringe, according to the trimming on the skirt.

Two materials are generally used in the composition of this Spring's costumes. Plain materials are mostly always accompanied by brocade or damask materials, which latter are employed for plaiting, puffings, waistcoats, scarfs, or to form the entire back of a Princess body and skirt.

Princess robes still continue to be much in favour where tight over-jackets are not worn. The front of a Princess robe is richly trimmed with cascades of lace and ribbon, forming a kind of jabot all down the centre of skirt in front, as well as down the bodice. Some robes are only of the Princess form at the back, whilst the front forms a waistcoat. In this case the lace-jabot is only on the waistcoat. On each shoulder, however, are then placed a series of bows, loops, and streamers, *à la* Mousquetaire. This is a charming novelty for slim figures. But as these shoulder trimmings add to the width of the bust, they are not advisable for stout figures.

The skirts of all dresses, whether for indoors or the promenade, are made so long that they have to be carried on the arm, instead of being looped up by the hand.

The petticoat arrangement is, firstly, a cambric plaited flounce, edged with a deep row of lace, finishes the chemise. This forms skirt number one. Secondly, a very narrow skirt is fastened to the edge of the stays. This reaches to the knees, and, in its turn, it is edged with a deep kilt plaiting reaching to the ankles. It should not quite touch the ground. It cannot be too elaborately trimmed with lace and insertion. For walking this is all that is worn. Silk or flannel drawers, reaching to the knees, are almost indispensable, even in summer, under this *régime*, unless we would be prematurely tortured with rheumatism. For evening wear a Balayeuse, or under-train skirt, is added to the other two.

The Directoire train, which is the most in favour, is very narrow and long, and is thereby the one that is the most easily thrown over the arm for walking.

The Directoire coat and the Louis XVI. coat are rivals; both in equal favour. Cuirasses are also still worn, but are not so long as formerly. They have a high collaret at the back, and a ruffle of lace round the throat. Altogether there are just six different ways of dressing now. And every lady may dress according to her own style and type of beauty, and still be in the fashion. The Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., the Directoire, and even the First Empire dresses, are all worn. Turkey and Russia are now inspiring fashion-makers with ideas. And I hear that Servia, Hungary, and Moldavia are all to be taken as models for future fashions. All these will be adapted to modern taste, and will re-appear ere long as original French fashions.

France is not very friendly to Turkey. But fashion has long looked with a longing eye at Turkey's Sultanas' dress. And it is decreed that if Turkey is to be divided, her

fashions shall come to the share of France. In consequence, we are already seeing the "shawl costume"—that is, a robe cut out of a Turkish cashmere and forming a long point on one side only. It is worn over a silk or velvet skirt of the colour of the ground of the shawl. A lady at one of the late races wore a sky-blue shawl, embroidered in gold, silver, and coloured silk, over a train dress of the same colour. Blue is re-acquiring all its old vogue. So much has been said and written against yellow that very few ladies wear it. Pink coral is to replace yellow, in order to flatter brunettes and console them for the loss of their oranges and mandarines. Jet and beads of every description are used for trimmings. We had hoped that there was to have been an end of all this false glitter. We were mistaken. We are to dazzle the sun with all our beaded braids and ribbons.

Cravates and fichus, of soft cream gauze, embroidered in coloured silks, form exquisite *parures* for dinner dresses or the theatre. Head-dresses and morning caps are made of the same material, with a flower at the side or at the back.

Bonnets are very pretty, hats rather ugly, this year. What can be prettier than the little capuchons of flowers that are now being worn? Drooping flowers are always more graceful than stiff stems. Lilies of the valley are much in request, and, falling as they do in a fringe over the forehead and under the chin, they form the most poetic head-dresses that fashion has perhaps ever invented. The fashion of introducing fruits on bonnets has already gone out. A few elderly ladies alone have retained the berries. All bonnets are made very small. Young ladies have bonnets entirely of flowers, with a ribbon or an inch of lace mixed with them. Ladies not quite young have an opening in the crown, which is filled in with lace, and lace strings are substituted for flowers.

Hats take the name of historical persons, or are copied from theatrical pieces in vogue. Thus we have the "Récamier" hat and the "Cinq Mars," the latter being taken from this hero of Louis XIII.'s reign. It is of black straw, with numbers of little feathers covering the crown and brim.

The Récamier is of Leghorn straw, with a raised brim, lined with gathered silk. Three feathers on the crown, fastened together by a silk rosette. High crown. Curtain at the back with bow on it. Strings tied on one side.

As in hats, so historical and theatrical characters give their name and form to fashionable *lingerie*. The Louis XIII. collar and cuffs are now called "Cinq Mars." They are of linen and guipure, and very large.

Home dresses are very elegant. They are made of striped gauze and muslin, richly embroidered in colour and trimmed with lace. A Turkish scarf encircles the waist and the lower part of the figure. The great fancy of the moment is a home dress Chinoise. A Chinese company is importing these from China, and certainly for richness of design and colour they are wonderful. In shape they are long and loose, as a "home dress" should be. They are quite superseding even the most elegant of modern peignoirs, and every lady whose purse can purchase the whim now lounges in her boudoir accoutred *à la Chinoise*. For more simple means, however, there is the "Matinée Russe," composed of a long train skirt and long demi-tight casaque to match. Both are richly trimmed, according to the material of which they are made. If of muslin, they are trimmed with lace, insertion, and ribbon; if of cashmere, with braid or velvet; if of piqué, with embroidery.

I conclude by a third description of *déshabillé*. This is a Louis XV. peignoir. It is of pale blue damask, brocaded with burnished gold, over a pink silk poplin. The under-dress is of pink poplin, and is edged all round with a ruching of lace and bows of ribbon down the front. The upper-dress is of blue damask. Pink sleeves, with blue damask cuffs. Pink pockets, with blue damask bows. Lots of lace round the neck, pockets, and sleeves. A lace puff on the head, with a pink and blue bow in front. White lace mittens, embroidered up the arm. Pink embroidered stockings. Blue brocaded shoes to match the upper dress. White lace handkerchief, with name embroidered in blue and pink thread across one corner of the hem.

It is said here that the hair *à la* Titus is an English fashion. On the other hand, I hear that in England it is called a French fashion. To answer the which of this question I may say that it is an American lady, the wife of a well-known English gentleman in Paris, who introduced the Titus head-dress into Paris society. It is, therefore, an Anglo-American fashion.

M. DE B.



SUMMER COSTUME.

Petticoat of black alpaca, with three kilted flounces. Princesse Polonaise of black silk, with kilted trimming of silk. In the front the kiltings are deeper than elsewhere. Down the centre of front *nœuds* of ribbon. Pelerine of cashmere, embroidered with jet beads; the border cut at the edge, and overcast with black silk. There are no ends in the front. The two fronts meet and button from neck to waist, with a row of small grey buttons. Hat of black lace, with black veil. White ostrich plume.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.; of pelerine, 1s. 7d.



BRETON COSTUME.

BRETON COSTUME of striped and plain cambric, or of striped blue-and-white silk, and plain dark-blue silk; or of grenadine over striped fabric. A Breton bodice of striped material. In the front it is high to the throat, with a plastron of plain material reaching from the bust to below the waist. At the back the plain material is composed of a breadth pleated into pleats, which are continued, and form a portion of the second part of the tunic. Trained skirt, with a broad piped band of plain material placed a little way from the edge. The front of the petticoat has a deep pleating of plain fabric. The tunic is fringed. The bodice opens in front with four small buttons in the centre of the plastron only, and the plastron at the right side with hooks and loops.

Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 3s. 7d.; of petticoat, 2s. 7d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED FASHION-PLATE.

TWO COSTUMES FOR PROMENADE ROBE PRINCESSE of fancy silk material, striped with yellow, green, blue, and maroon. The back is cut in Princesse form. The front *en cuirass*, from which depends a very deep cross-cut flounce, bordered with a band, and above that a trimming of pleats and vandykes. The front is caught tightly back under the side breadth. The back falls straight, and has a row of button-holes on one side and buttons on the other. A pyramid of kilted pleatings of green, bordered with yellow, is set in the centre of the breadths. Bonnet of gauze checked with blue, trimmed with blue ribbon, lined and edged with yellow; the strings of blue gauze, fastened with a buckle to the back of the bonnet. Large bows under the chin.

SECOND COSTUME. POLONAISE of gray mohair striped with prune and trimmed with prune silk. The petticoat is simulated by a trimming of prune kilting under a scallopped edge. The back of the polonaise is caught up with long loops of ribbon. Hat of yellow straw in pleats. Yellow ribbons and gray feather, tipped with prune shade.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS.

MATERIALS are extremely varied. Those most in favour are transparent, or partly so—transparent by reason of their thin texture, or the open design of the material, thus necessitating an under-dress of silk or cambric, which may be of the same colour or one well contrasting, the dress itself being trimmed with the same colour as the under-dress or petticoat. Jacconets and batistes are principally of open design, and also fabrics made of silk or fine wool. And all have as part trimming, nœuds, or knots of ribbon with floating loops. The flounces when adopted are edged or piped.

Soft striped silk *bourrettes* (material of spun silk) in appearance, rough in texture, but very soft, and combining various colours in the stripes and knots, and *chiné* silks are among summer materials, while muslin, over coloured slips trimmed with bows and pleats of ribbon, is adopted by young ladies. Also striped grenadines and gauzes of open checks, stripes horizontal or diagonal. Algerian gauze with an opaque stripe of gray or white, edged with a thick cord of silk. There is also the ever useful though warm wool barege.

THE FORM OF DRESSES.—The polonaise in its varied shapes is still popular, and is likely to remain so. This and the PRINCESSE TRAINED ROBE are the two styles adopted for the promenade, for dinner, and evening dress.

THE POLONAISE may be looped in any fanciful way, and is still so long as almost to exclude the petticoat, excepting at the back, where the latter forms a long train.

THE PRINCESSE TRAINED ROBE on the contrary is rich only in folds at the back and in length of train. The front has down the centre cascades of lace, in which nestle bows, and on gala occasions diamonds. The side breadths at the back are sometimes trimmed with fringe, or with kiltings or lace, set on in *pattes* in unconnected spaces. These *pattes* are graduated, and are narrower as they approach the waist. In the front the robe is in the Breton form—that is, with a plastron reaching from the bust to below the hips. This plastron, made of velvet, can on state occasions be covered with jewels. The French modistes, without actually copying the dress of the Breton peasantry, make exquisite modifications, and term them "Breton." They introduce the Breton form without the details. It is a style rather stiff, and to some extent ungainly—that is, it is so on some persons; on others it is altogether different; but let stout figures don the Breton costume even without the detail, and at once they appear short or "thick-set," for this is the term applicable to a Breton peasant.

JAPANESE, EGYPTIAN, AND TURKISH ROBES—always, however, such a modification of them that their identity is barely recognisable in the transformation—are to appear, but the mischief in adopting such robes is that the material chosen is not at all in unison with that of the country where the fashion originates. Yet Worth and the French dressmakers, by the aid of silk, satin, velvet, and jewels, manage to make the homely Breton costume (always in Brittany made of woollen) a marvellous vision of elegance.

TRIMMING OF DRESSES.—Kilted pleatings. Fringes: the pretty *chicorée ruches* made of cross-cut silk frayed at each side into a rough edge. Pipings, galons, and embroidery are all extensively used, especially the two latter.

At the edge of a PRINCESSE TRAINED ROBE there is generally a plaited ruche, having in it the colours of the material and the piping or ribbons or silk with which it is trimmed. A narrow kilted band has another placed in the centre, and the tacking threads at the edges being withdrawn the trimming looks like four separate pleatings.

There is a remarkable tendency to the disuse of flounces and very much puffing. The polonaises are scarcely puffed at all. The straighter they are the more fashionable, but if looped at all the folds must fall smoothly and the trimmings be very flat. However, for some time to come a gradual but almost imperceptible change from the present will be seen. The richer the material the handsomer the dress, and the less need of trimming. Lace, too, is to be seen on most costumes, and embroideries of jet and bronze beads. These have never disappeared from the French toilettes, though little seen in England, and a rage for jet and other beads has again set in among French ladies.

PALETOTS, MANTELETTES, FICHUS, CROSS-OVERS.—One or other of these wraps are worn. Paletots of silk, mantelettes of the finest cashmere or *crêpe de Chine*, which clings to the figure, and fichus, with long ends, to be tied carelessly in front, these with the corners rounded in the back and fringed. Paletots and mantelettes are frequently trimmed with jet more or less, or with bronze beads and buttons. The paletots have three or four rows of galon placed down the centre of the back. Some have revers of coloured silk on the collar, pocket, and cuffs; others of silk are double-breasted, and the lappets and handkerchief pocket—the latter on the left side of the bust—are of coloured silk. This style is distinguished-looking and in good taste.

Sleeveless jackets are worn as much as ever.

BONNETS AND HATS.—Some are peculiar in shape, the style of 1800 revived. Open an old fashion-book of that period, and a close resemblance to the modern style is there pourtrayed. All are not of this form. Some hats are merely heaps of flowers. The unbecoming tilleul and its corresponding tints are fast disappearing, and red coral with all its varied hues taking its place. The tilleul, or lime-blossom shade, certainly gave to the face a tinge of "green and yellow melancholy." A hundred years ago the lindenbaum, or linden-tree of the Germans, was termed "line-tree," corrupted to lime-tree, and a distillation of the blossoms was termed "beauty-water." For the rose month of June the queen of flowers reigns, from the deepest damask, becoming only when mixed with the beautiful tea-rose, to the palest pink, and no flower is more becoming. Apple-blossom is pretty only on the tree. Forget-me-nots are suitable only to youthful and fair faces. The clustered grasses, so marvellously made, look weedy as an ornament; but roses, with foliage or without, become all faces, inasmuch as a tint can be chosen suitable to dark or light complexions. A pretty roseless wreath or bunch for a straw bonnet is maize-coloured, broad-leaved grasses, wheat-ears, and scarlet poppies, but with no corn-flower intermixed, unless it be of amethyst hue. A blue corn-flower near a red poppy is inharmonious. Lately it has been the fashion to wear crushed roses as trimmings to a ball dress and in bonnets, but with no advantage to the wearer. They give an untidy, careless appearance.

Some very distinguished-looking bonnets have soft gauze crowns. This is rather thick in substance, and is woven in damask designs. The brims are somewhat close, in Marie Stuart form, are trimmed with roses, and have black or white lace strings. The flat round hat, with brim much turned back (see coloured plate), is worn almost at the back of the head, where it is pinned to the hair with two long pins. These hats are principally of straw—black, brown, yellow, gold, and straw-colour. Crêpe, lisse, or tulle pleatings are worn as caps under all bonnets. One novelty for the seaside is a navy-blue straw hat, trimmed with loops of blue and red ribbon laid on the crown, and a white Egyptian scarf (made of thin, fine cotton) tied round the hat, the ends floating at the back.

The broad-brimmed Leghorn hat has reappeared, trimmed in the front with the large Alsatian bow. Very youthful figures only can wear them.

Black lace bonnets, with scarfs of the same lace without edge cross the brim, are brought down, cross, and fasten under the chin, one end being thrown over the left shoulder in the manner of a scarf, where it is secured by a jet brooch of simple form. This style is both becoming and useful, as the brim and the crown also are bright with roses, which on one side are partly veiled by the lace. These bonnets are really charming for ladies of middle age.

(*Continued on page* 358.)



Pompadour Costume.



Basket-Cloth Coat for Little Girl.

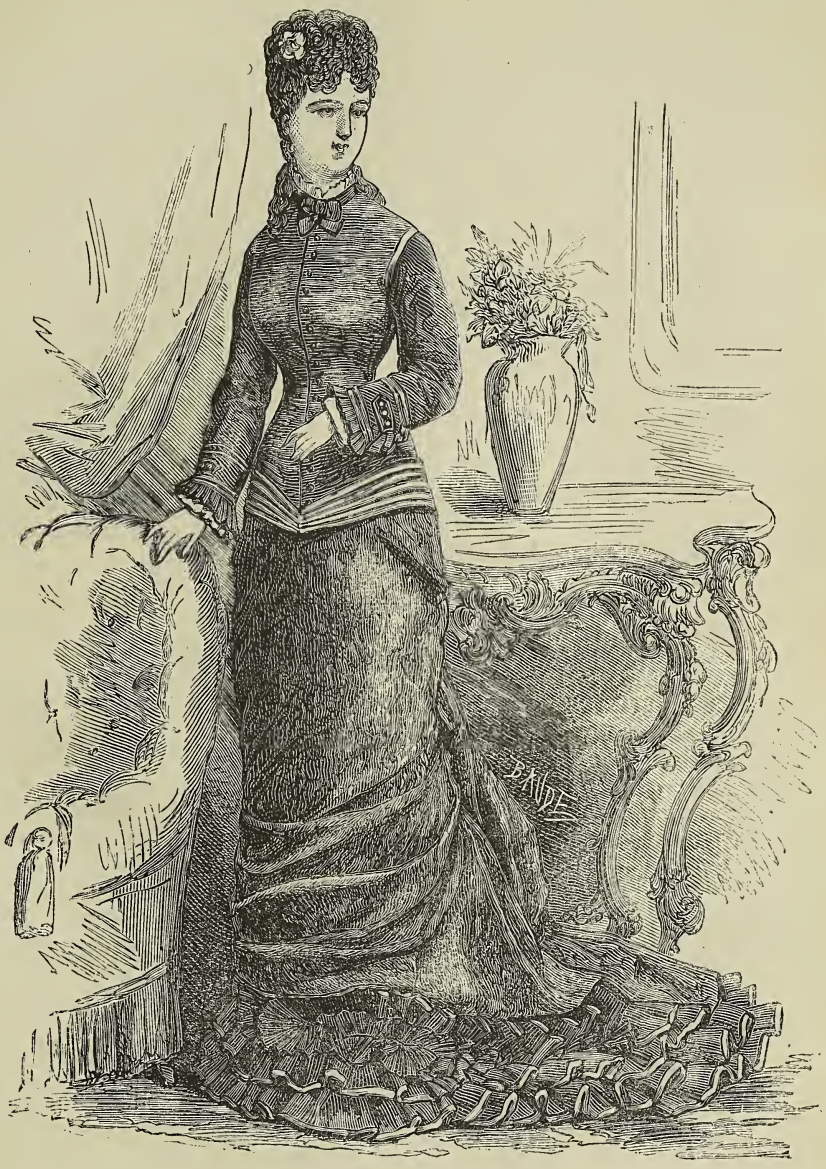
Pompadour Costume of white silk, over a pink silk petticoat; or it may be of white clear muslin, over a glazed cambric petticoat, and ribbons to match the colour.

Plain paper pattern of robe, 2s. 1d.

Basket-Cloth Coat.—The material may be of basket-cloth, that is, cotton fibre woven loosely like basket-work, or to resemble Japanese canvas; or it may be of very fine twilled cambric, or of *linen brilliantine;* all procurable of Mr. Williamson, 91, Edgeware Road, London. The front is cut diagonally, the back plain to the sash, and under and below this are pleats.

For autumn wear there is nothing yet manufactured equal to the soft, thin, all-wool, hand-made cachmere serges of Mr. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset. Especially we have noticed the cachemerinne fabric resembling the "bouriette" in pattern, which is a decided novelty, and one to be appreciated.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.



TOILETTE DE VISITE.

Cuirass bodice of grey poplin, which opens in the front, and is trimmed with four rows of silver braid, which also encircles the armhole. The sleeves of blue *lainage*, the same as the skirt, which is flounced and edged with silver braid. The tunic is of blue China crêpe. The cuffs have silver buttons, and silver buttons fasten the front of the bodice.

Plain paper pattern of bodice, 1s. 7d.; of tunic, 2s. 7d.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS.

(*Continued from page* 355.)

Caps are as various in style as are bonnets. They are everything by turns, small, large, and the mob-cap (which, however, is the Dolly Varden enlarged). The Pompadour cap is almost a circular piece of lace drawn with ribbon about two inches from the edge, which forms the border. In Paris they are made of écru net darned with écru filoselle, thus resembling in richness a gloss silk blonde.

The Fontange cap is a fichu netted in filoselle (form of half-handkerchief), with rich border of network. The point falls over the raised bows or curls of hair in front. At the back are loops of cerise ribbon. The ends are fastened under the chin and secured by a bow of cherry ribbon; on the left side the cap is raised by a single rose placed near the front parting of the hair.

We have already a "Sultana" bonnet, composed of a gauze *fauchon* with a fringe of white pearls falling over the forehead. The *fauchon* itself is embroidered and edged with pearls.

A sumptuary law has been put in force in Constantinople against the introduction of French fashions. The high-heeled boot is to be discarded—pity it is that the law in this matter does not apply to English maidens. The modern yashmak of transparent gauze, so becoming if not positively bewitching, is to disappear and be composed of thick silken or cotton material. The "féredjes"—whatever article of attire that may be—are no longer to be bright and attractive, but sombre tints are to be used. The members of the Constantinopolitan force have received instructions to carefully watch for offenders against the new rules of costume, and are empowered to follow them to their abodes and administer a warning for the first offence. Any lady offending after such notice will be liable to a fine.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

Madame Vevay will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up*:—

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band have button-holes, and be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size round the figure, measuring across the back under the arms, and across the top of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

Walterina.—Madame J. B., Esther, and Macrame's communications came too late for notice in May number.

Walterina.—You can round the square ends and gather it up in *laveuse* form at the

back. It is quite impossible to give explicit directions for altering an article of dress without seeing its capabilities. You should send a proper pattern of the size and shape of tablier. (2.) Measure across the back under the arm, and over the bust, making the measures meet in the centre. Read in first column of Dressmaking Notes the directions for self-measurement.

MADAME J. B.—The corset which we can from experience highly recommend is the Spatula-busk stay, with wide band over the hips, and coming below the bust. A large size, such as you ask for, would be 21s., a less size cheaper; but if you write to Messrs. Avis and Co., High Street, Islington, or to Mrs. Addley Bourne, of Piccadilly, you will get every information. We have worn those of Messrs. Avis' make and none can be more comfortable.

ESTHER.—A trained Princesse Robe can, of course, be made with a trimming, and even with a tablier; but it is a very elaborate affair, requiring much to spare for its wearer to move about, and it cannot well be carried across the arm.

MACRAME.—The work is simple enough, but requires practice to make it even. It is adapted for valances, and instead of fringe round a mantel-piece or round an ottoman. You must first see it done. Your old black satin will make a good petticoat if you cover it with a robe of cheap black grenadine. Very good quality suitable for this purpose can be bought for 9d. or 1s. a yard.

MATER.—Mr. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset, the introducer of Estamine serges, has brought out some exquisite fabrics, all of the softest wool, in colours of black, gray, and fawn. It has coarse threads of dotted wool upon it. If you send to him you will get patterns of his specialities, all soft and most durable, because they are made entirely of wool without any admixture of any kind.

ECONOMICAL AGENT WILL (Topsy).—You will find kilted pleating of fine alpaca, or as it is often termed mohair and lustre, will answer quite as well as silk upon your cachmerette, and will be infinitely cheaper and better for wear, as dust does not settle upon alpaca. For petticoats nothing is better than alpaca. The pleatings should be the selvage way of the material. Edge of trained dress, use a pleating of black net edged with black edging, or a pleating of net, or grenadine only.

JEANNETTE (Liverpool).—You can have the plain pattern of a mantelette which crosses in front and fastens at the back for 1s. 7d. A Nightingale jacket is for an invalid. It should not be called a jacket, as it is without sleeves, the latter being simulated. Some of the mantelettes are made in this style. A mantilla is worn over the head as well as falls on the shoulders, and serves for a head covering as well as wrap.

MRS. ST. M.—It is a matter not so much of taste as becomingness. If you are of fresh complexion and have black eyes you will look well with gray hair; but if your eyes and complexion are of a dull hue, certainly gray hair would give you a decided wan and worn look; but for one instance where gray hair is becoming, there are twenty where it is most unbecoming. Soft satin ribbons should be worn, or black velvet for loops in the cap or head-dress.

MARINA (Dover).—Navy-blue serge trimmed with galon of a lighter blue ground, in which there is a great deal of red. The Estamine serges of Mr. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset, are the best kind, being all wool, and the colours permanent no matter how much they are wefted. You could get patterns from him. He has also the Foulé serges, at 1s. 6½d. the yard, which are beautifully thin and soft. They are in all brown shades, grays, drabs, slates, blues, and indeed almost all colours. Those at 2s. 10½d. a yard are three-quarters wide, and are well worth the higher price. No description will convey an adequate idea of these goods. Twelve stamps received. We sent by post on the 16th a reply to your inquiry.

PAPER PATTERNS.—The extraordinary demand for these occasions the delay. A lady writes to have a pattern by return, giving the size and other particulars respecting it; from twenty to forty other orders arrive at the same time or previously, which it is impossible to execute in any reasonable time. If the patterns were cut by hundreds, and sent out without reference to size or figure, and without being tacked together, then the orders could be rapidly sent off. This much in reference to the delay. If a post-card or halfpenny stamp be enclosed with each order acknowledgment of receipt of order would follow by next post.

MDLLE. MEL.—Make your bonnet of white Marguerites, and have a fringe of

(*Continued on page* 362.)



DINNER ROBE—FRONT AND BACK VIEW.

DINNER ROBE of white silk, trimmed with coral-coloured silk. The back of the robe with train is cut in Princess form; the front a pointed bodice. The petticoat is trimmed with alternate kilted flounces of coral colour and white silk; the long train is gathered up in folds under bows of coral-coloured ribbon. Folds of coral-coloured silk are placed on the bodice. Sleeves reach only to the elbow. Lace ruffles deep at the back, and narrow in front, shade the arms. Convolvus blooms of various colours are placed in the hair.

Plain paper pattern of robe, 3s. 1d.



Imp. Mme Lefèvre Paris.

Coloriste Huguet, ex-Artiste des Gobelins Paris

2155

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



Imp. Mme Lefèvre Paris

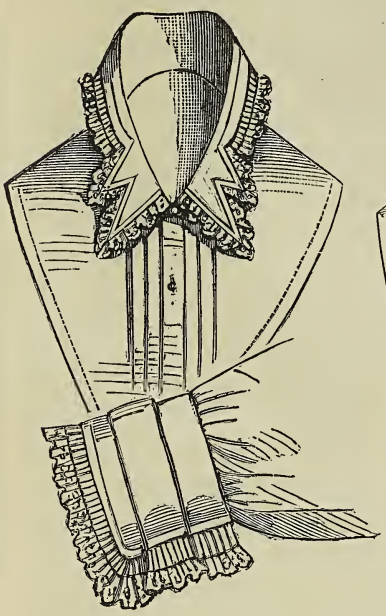
Gravé par Huguet en Vente chez Gibelin Paris

2155

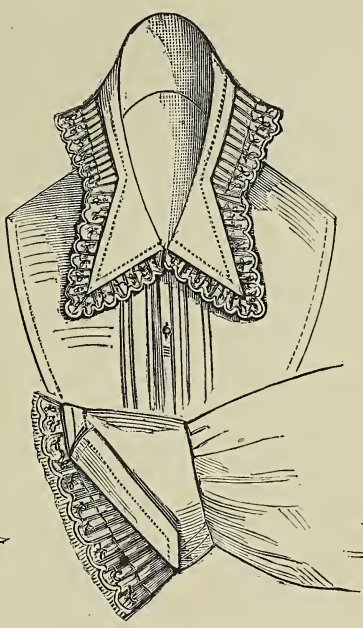
THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

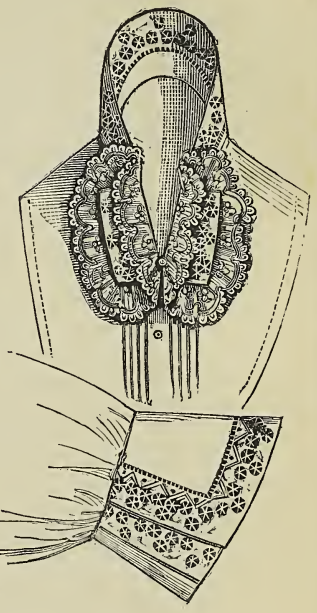
THE LADIES' TREASURY



No. 1.



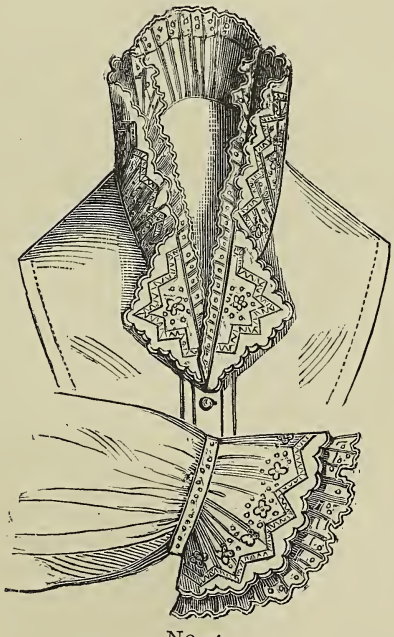
No. 2.



No. 3.

No. 1.—Collar cut in two points, is made of linen, with narrow embroidery. Sleeves to match. The cuff is very wide and narrowed by folding the cuff in a wide band.

No. 2.—Collar of one point, is made of similar material. The work is laid in pleats, and stitched down.



No. 4.

No. 3.—Breton collar, has three fancy buttons placed between the lace on each side of the collar.

No. 4.—Medici collar of embroidered muslin and lace.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

(*Continued from page* 359)

smaller daisies drooping over the hair. Black velvet strings lined with white Marguerites are most becoming from their star-form. You may have your walking-dress made without a train. They are appearing in Paris. The dress if it has a train at all must have it sufficiently long to throw over the arm.

Miss J. (Knutsford).—An Ulster of mohair could be made very prettily in the Breton manner, with not too many mother-of-pearl buttons. It should have wide pleats at the back, reaching from neck to hem, and be tied underneath at the waist. A cardinal cape with hood is comfortable for travelling. It should be made of the dust-colour "cachemirienne," a speciality of Mr. Egerton Burnett's. Round the cape a flounce about three or four inches wide, and a braid or galon of silk to divide the flounce so as to make an upright heading as well as flounce. The hood to have a ruche of silk only, and with loops of dark crimson ribbon at the front of the hood, which should be tied with the same ribbon; the fronts buttoned together with mother-of-pearl or other buttons.

Mrs. L. L. (Batherston).—Please read the above. You can have the cachemerienne of any colour—that is, of any of the carmelite or self-tints.

M. M. C. C.—We never publish names of correspondents, nor give them privately. Messrs. Avis and Co., of Upper Street, Islington, have some excellent patterns of night-dresses, but as you live nearer to Piccadilly than to Islington, Mrs. Addley Bourne will supply you. We have seen those of Messrs. Avis, and for fit and make they are all that can be desired. Sicilienne is very fine silk poplin; so fine as to resemble gros-grain silk, but it holds the dust very much. Nothing is so good as cachmere, or paramatta preferably for summer wear.

Miss R. (Clifton).—It is the fashion to have a number of seams in a bodice, but the style is not becoming, and though it offers a ready way of using up pieces for a bodice it gives an old appearance to the figure. The back with the seam down the centre, or at most with two seams besides that which joins to the side-piece, is preferable. Some thin bright black silks have been lately introduced, which are adapted for evening wear, and there is a talk of the handsome-looking glacé silks reappearing. Ladies certainly are chary of buying the gros-grain black silks, and prefer the soft lainage material to them.

A Mother of Six Children (Scarborough).—Serges certainly will continue in vogue. H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who opened the Bazaar for the sale of fancy articles in aid of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, wore a blue serge tunic and jacket-bodice. It was trimmed with bands of black silk embroidered in scarlet. Serges are most useful, particularly when the colours are fixed, as are those of Mr. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington. Boys' trousers and coats are literally indestructible with any fair wear when made of his speciality; adapted for gentlemen and boys' wear. These serges are 54 and 57 inches wide, and vary in price from 5s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. a yard. It seems impossible to get anything, however expensive, that will wear better than this. Prices and patterns will be sent if you write for them.

Mabel (St. Ives).—Pipe the flounces with the same colour as the principal stripe, or get silk of each colour, red, yellow, and green. Cut it into cross-cut strips, and pipe each flounce alternately with a different colour, one green, one red, and the third yellow. It scarcely pays to work lace for a trimming seeing that English manufacturers bring out so many that are remarkably cheap and handsome. The patent Valenciennes lace, two inches wide and open at the edge, is not more than 8d. or 10d. a yard.

M. B. (Blackrock).—Mittens to the elbows, or long bell-shaped sleeves to the wrists, of silky gauze, which is rather thick, and with which the bodice of the dress is trimmed. Organdi striped muslin with plain sleeves, bell-shaped, of Swiss muslin. Chenille of same. Bodice Breton shaped. The muslin sleeves edged with embroidery, the gauze sleeves with a narrow *chicorée ruche* or with loops of narrow satin ribbon.

Lillian S. (Gibraltar).—A pink silk slip. A pink gauze dress over two scarves of white tulle placed diagonally on the front, and fringe of lilies of the valley on these—a fringe of the same flowers as a berthe. You can make your robe into a trained dress. Open the back breadth, and about eighteen inches from the waist insert a fan of material to any length, shape in paper the slope necessary to unite the breadths with this fan, and then cut it in stiff cambric. Where the join commences place the trimming,

which may be a broad kilted flounce secured an inch from each edge, the flounce narrowed where the join commences and wider as needed round the train. At any time this can be taken out and the dress be restored to its original shortness. You need not have silk, tarlatan will do as well, and tarlatan kilting. Where the fan is put in, a large bow and loops conceal it. No trained dress is even sat upon, it is drawn on one side so that the train flows out.

MATTIE (Eccleston Square).—According to Breton fashion you cannot have too many buttons, but they have no shanks, at least the Parisian buttons have not; they are merely thin discs of mother-of-pearl, and are pierced at the edge, the needle and thread being inserted at their perforations, and thus they are sewed to the dress. It is probable you will find these buttons at Mr. Catt's in Sloane Street.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

ORANGES A CURE FOR CHRONIC AND WHOOPING-COUGH.—The orange must be eaten a full half-hour before breakfast. It thus cleanses the stomach, and removes the cause of cough. In less than a fortnight the cough disappears.—CURIOSO, in *English Mechanic*.

TO OIL CALICO TO RESIST WET.—Soak the cloth in water to swell the cotton; wring it dry; then paint it once with boiled linseed oil.

THE following regulations have been posted in the forestal domains of France, by order of the Minister of Agriculture:—

"This placard is placed under the protection of good sense and public decency.

"*Hedgehog.*—Lives on mice, small rodents, slugs, and grubs, animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedgehog.

"*Toad.*—Farm assistant; destroys from twenty to thirty insects an hour. Don't kill the toad.

"*Mole.*—Is continually destroying slugs, larvæ, palmer-worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Does more good than harm. Don't kill the mole.

"*May-Bug.*—Mortal enemy of agriculture; lays from seventy to eighty eggs. Kill the May-bug.

"*Birds.*—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them victoriously. They are great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests.

"Children will be paid twenty-five centimes for every 500 May-bugs placed in the hands of the garde champêtre."

THE *London Builder* recommends people who transplant trees to mark the north side of each tree with red chalk before it is taken up, and replace it in its natural position. A large proportion will then live, as in ignoring this law of nature transplanted trees generally perish.

M. J. VAN VOLXEM, writing to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, calls attention to a drink made in St. Petersburg from a species of Vaccinium, probably uliginosum, or perhaps a variety of the true cranberry, Oxycoccus. It seems that, being one of the jurors at a St. Petersburg Exhibition, he was much struck with the antiscorbutic properties of the common drink prepared from the cranberry, and staged by an enterprising exhibitor. Subsequently in conversation with the distinguished Arctic explorer, Admiral Lutke, he learned that the latter had used large quantities of cranberries and cranberry juice in his voyages, and had a high opinion of their merits. The finest cranberry is that grown in the United States, but M. Van Volxem thinks that the Russian cranberry might, with advantage, be introduced to this country, as it will flourish upon the bleakest moors, and might be found a profitable industry in the barrenest tracts of Scotland.

SAWDUST IN MORTAR.—M. Siehr recommends very highly the use of sawdust in mortar as superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off of rough casting under the action of storms and frost. His own house, exposed to prolonged storms on the sea-coast, had patches of mortar to be renewed each spring, and after trying without effect a number of substances to prevent it, he found sawdust perfectly satisfactory. It was first thoroughly dried and sifted through an ordinary grain sieve to remove the larger particles. The mortar was made by mixing one part cement, two lime, two sawdust, and five sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—A subscriber sends the following recipe, which has been tried and found good:—Four ounces of bread-crumbs, four ounces of suet, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, six ounces of treacle. Mix the ingredients well. Put in a basin and tie it down securely. Place in boiling water and boil for three hours.

BOILED OR BAKED BATTER PUDDING.—*A Young Housekeeper.*—Six ounces of flour, three eggs (whites and yolks), half a pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, a pint basin. Beat the milk, eggs, and nutmeg together to a good froth, then strain it; put the flour in a bowl, make a hole in the centre, and gradually mix in the flour to the consistency of cream. Butter the basin well, pour in the mixture, tie it down with paper, then, with a wet and well-floured cloth tied tightly over, place it in a saucepan only large enough to hold it, and upside down, in boiling water, enough to cover it in. After it boils reckon three hours. There is no sugar put to this pudding as it makes the batter heavy, but if required use two ounces.

A baked pudding is made exactly in a similar way—four ounces of butter are added to the batter, put it in a quick oven and bake an hour and a half. Butter and sugar are served with both.

WAFER BISCUITS.—*Mrs. R.*—Rub an ounce of butter into four ounces of flour, beat the white of an egg to a froth and mix it with a tablespoonful of warm milk, then mix the flour with it to a very stiff paste, beat the mass with a rolling-pin for half an hour. Then take off small pieces and roll them very thin, so that when held up the light can be seen through. They cannot be too thin. Cut them into shape with a wine-glass. Bake them very lightly.

MELTED BUTTER.—*Minna.*—The following is said to be most excellent for half a pint use:—Four ounces of butter, put it in a saucepan on a hot hearth, and beat it with a wooden spoon till it is even and white like cream; let it simmer, not *boil*, for five minutes, beating it all the time. A more homely and very excellent way is to take two ounces of butter and one ounce of flour, mix it together, add one tablespoonful of cold water and beat it together. Then pour upon it sufficient water boiling off the fire till it is thick as cream, stir it while the water is adding.

POT-AU-FEU.—A glazed iron-stone jar with close fitting lid, put into it two-pennyworth of bones chopped small, or two ounces of hard steak, two onions cut up, two potatoes peeled and cut, pepper and salt, pour over the whole a pint of cold water. Let it stand in the oven or by the side of the fire, simmering, not boiling, for four hours. A good relishing supper for two persons.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NEW PRACTICAL WINDOW GARDENER. By J. R. MOLLISON. (London: Groombridge and Sons.) A very useful and comprehensive manual on the subject. No detail of management is omitted. It is in the matter of detail that so many instructors fail to make their views and experiences intelligible. The book is written by one who has a pure and true love for flowers, and to such flowers and plants seem to become sentient beings. The author says: "Plants growing in a room require a good deal of shifting about. You should never allow yourself to consider this a trouble. The poor plants have life within them, and they appreciate in their own dumb way all attentive kindnesses bestowed on them. A lover of flowers will understand this plainly, who sees in his plants so many little beings depending upon him, or her, for their very existence. Be careful and kind to your plants and they will do their very best to please and reward you."

The book contains thirteen chapters, comprising in them every information upon window gardening, including the culture of ferns, pot plants, balcony and area gardening, plant growing in Wardein cases, bulbous, rooted, and rock plants, potting, and watering soil, and drainage, and, in fact, every information that can be gathered on the subject. The volume is prettily and ornamentally bound, suitable for a lady's table. We must not omit to remark that "The Monthly Calendar of Operations" is an excellent guide. The coloured plates are beautiful, and the whole book is freely illustrated,

A HANDBOOK FOR THE PRACTICE OF POTTERY PAINTING. By J. C. L. SPARKES. (London: Lechertier, Barbe, and Co., Regent Street.) Irrespective of the value of this book to those who are practising, or desire to practise, this charming art, the story of the rise and progress of pottery in England, and on the Continent, will amply repay perusal. The smallest details for the acquirement of pottery painting—the points where success or failure is likely to occur—and the results of inattention to seeming trifles (if such there be in the economy of the world),

are all duly shown, and this being the case throughout every phase of the art the book will be an invaluable guide to those who turn to pottery painting as an amusement, as, for instance, ladies painting their own dessert plates or vases, and to those who study it for a living.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF EARLY EDUCATION AND NURSERY DISCIPLINE. By the late Mrs. SAMUEL HOARE, of Hampstead Heath. (Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly). Not only to young mothers, but to all who have the care of children, this little book should be a welcome gift. The standpoint of the guide is, that our own selfishness, or gratification, or love of ease, are called into action in our management of the little ones; and then we complain of them and their ways and doings. Thousands of children are ruined in soul and body by the carelessness or ignorance of those who govern them. The book should be in the hands of all mothers and governesses. A time will come when a nursemaid will not be tolerated excepting under the unceasing vigilance and care of mother, sister, or lady-help.

NEW MUSIC.

O HEAVEN, HOME OF PEACE AND LOVE. Sacred song. Music by Mrs. T. D. S. SMITH, Hannington Rectory, Basingstoke. An exquisite melody; the words by the author of "The Dove on the Cross;" it is in four sharps—highest note F.

COMFORT THE SOUL OF THY SERVANT. The fullest and most harmonious setting we have ever heard. In four flats—highest note F.

COME WANDERING SHEEP, O COME. A sacred song; words translated from the Spanish.

The three are the compositions of Mrs. Smith, and are published by Alphonse Bertini and Co., 40, Poland Street, W.

SPECIALITIES.

Baron Liebig's Malted Food Extract for Infants and for Adults and Invalids.—The Extract for the latter being a cure for Indigestion and a Substitute for Cod-liver Oil. Prepared by SALMON BROS., 94, Milton Street, Fore Street, London. In one of Mrs. Warren's household books, published some years since, and when Baron Liebig was living, the receipt given by the Baron himself was there published. Many persons prepared this food for their children, but all found it more or less troublesome. The letters that came to her respecting the efficacy of the food were numerous, and thanks were freely and gratefully expressed. Among them was one from a gentleman of Liverpool, who thus wrote:—"I thank God that I was led to purchase your book, and had faith to try the food recommended by Baron Liebig. My, now, only child, from being sickly and almost at death's door, has quite recovered his health and strength, and I shall rear him. If I had known of the food before I had lost my other two little ones, I feel sure they would have been still living." Our surprise has been that no one till now has ever prepared this food in a convenient form, so that no uncertainty in the preparation or trouble could arise. What can we say, in all good faith, more in favour of it, than that we hope parents with sickly children, as well as those suffering from dyspepsia and emaciation, will give it a fair trial. It is so easily administered in a little warm water, no milk, no sugar.

Menu Cards: designed and sold by Messrs. W. F. HUNT and Co., 8, Hills Place, Oxford Street, near the Circus, London. The prettiest thing we have for a long time seen is that of Cleopatra's Needle as a dinner *carte*. It is a facsimile of the pillar which once stood before the temple at Heliopolis, dedicated to the Setting Sun, A. T. M. This pretty *menu* of Messrs. Hunt's is of pink and brown, with gold hieroglyphics, the tablet for *menu* being the interior of the pillar. It stands six inches high and is a pretty ornament on the table—puzzling at first to discover its meaning. Another *menu* issued by the same firm is that of the Arctic Sledge, and also the one headed with Punchinello.

Mr. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset, has sent for inspection a packet of his *Specialities of Woollen Fabrics*, comprising serges of all kinds, fine, less fine, and some for boys' and men's wear. The fabric appears to be indestructible. The Cache-merienne is fine and soft as velvet. All are made of pure wool, soft, flexible, and in a dress, whether for yachting, croquet, or indoor wear, they fall in the softest and most graceful folds. It is the first time we have seen anything equal to this manufacture, and, therefore, do most conscientiously recommend them. The prices are by no means high. Patterns will be forwarded on application.

Messrs. Adams and Co., recently of Bishopsgate Street, famous for their excellent and cheap embroidery and knitting silks and filoselle, have removed their business to 56A, City Road, E.C.

PASTIMES, CHESS.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. What is the fineness of a mixture which contains 1 oz. of 9 carats, 2 oz. of 8 carats, 3 oz. of 16 carats, and 4 oz. of 18 carats gold?

2. A sold to B a horse at a gain of 20 per cent.; B sold it to C at the same profit, C having paid £22 more than A. Find prices in each case.

3. Water is composed of two parts of hydrogen gas and one part of oxygen gas (OH^2), and oxygen is sixteen times heavier than hydrogen. How much oxygen can be obtained by decomposing a pint of water?

4. Which is the heavier, a pound of gold or a pound of tin?

5. What two numbers are those the product of whose squares together with the sum of the squares is another square?

6. A man has nine children whose ages vary in arithmetical progression, his own age being the sum of the ages of the others. His own age is 5 times that of the middle one. Find them.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN MAY NUMBER.

MATHEMATICAL.

1. Let there be x shillings,
y florins,
and z half-crowns.

Then . . . $x + zy + 2\frac{1}{2}z = 20$
and . . . . $x + y + z = 12$

by subtraction . . $y + 1\frac{1}{2}z = 8$;

and because y and z must be whole numbers, y cannot be less than 1 nor more than 6.

If $y = 1$, z is fractional and impracticable.
$z = 2$, $z = 4$ $\therefore$ $x = 6$
$y = 3$, or 4 or 6, z will be fractional and impracticable.
If $y = 5$, $z = 2$ $\therefore$ $x = 5$.

There are two ways then of making up the pound as proposed, viz.:—

6 shillings	=	6s.
2 florins	=	4s.
4 half-crowns	=	10s.
	=	20s. = £1.

And 5 shillings	=	5s.
5 florins	=	10s.
2 half-crowns	=	5s.
	=	20s. = £1.

SUSIE.

2. If £21 is cleared by selling 7 horses, £3 is cleared by selling 1.

Again, if £6 is gained on £100,
£3 is gained on £50.

Therefore, as the gain in each case is the same, the cost of each horse is £50. SUSIE.

2. If 21 is profit on 7
3 ,, 1
$\therefore$ 6 : 100 : : 3 : £50 (*ans.*).

NELLIE.

3. In the former case the meat alone is $\frac{5}{16}$ of the whole. In the latter case the meat alone is $\frac{4}{6}$ of the whole. In the former case $\frac{5}{16}$ of a lb. costs 1s. In the latter case $\frac{4}{6}$ of a lb. costs 9d. If $\frac{5}{16}$ of a lb. costs 1s., 9 lbs. will cost 10s., and 1 lb. will cost 1s. $1\frac{1}{3}$d. If $\frac{4}{6}$ of a lb. costs 9d., 4 lbs. will cost 3s. 9d., and 1 lb. will cost $11\frac{1}{4}$d. Therefore the cheaper meat is that with 20 per cent of bone at 9d. per lb.—SUSIE.

4. If the tumbler is *full* a cubic inch of water will be displaced and run over, when no difference in weight results. If the tumbler is not full then the water will rise to the extent of a *cubic* inch, thus increasing the weight by so much water, *i.e.*, $\frac{1000}{1728}$ oz.

MAGGIE.

The following have answered all:—Maggie, W. Griffin, 1, 2, 3, T. G. Blackwell, W. Munn, T. W. Moore, W. H. Pitt, F. H. Leighfield, C. Boyle, D. Haslett, W. Newton, J. Bongard, G. P. Berry; 1, 2, E. Roche, T. Humphrey, F. Allen, S. Stephens, W. Levy, W. Warren, K. Cope, H. L. Hyam, M. H. Hyam, A. Ayton, A. Weatherley, W. Sutcliffe, E. O. Bacon; 1, C. Weingott, E. G. Knights, F. Heywood, A. Olver, W. Osborne, H. Clay, F. Child.

Susie has 1, 2, 3; Nellie 2, 3 (nearly 4); T. A. L. K. all in April number; Geo. White, 1, 2, 3 (Math.) in April number.

Mr. White says, "the young ones look for the coming of the TREASURY with great anxiety." Such sympathies in the young mind are the germs of culture.

F. M. C.—Many thanks for your interesting explanation of the structure of the magic square. It is, however, *too long* for one contribution, and the writing on both sides of the paper, together with want of "paging," destroys its utility. Can you rectify these defects?

CHESS.

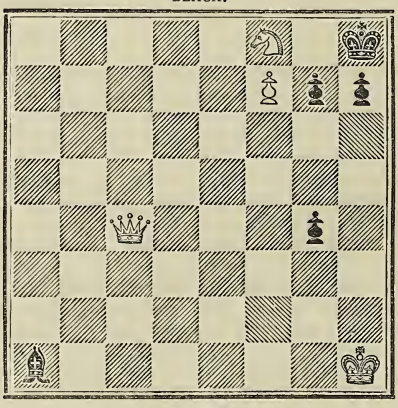
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XVII.

By S. LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in THREE moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XVI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to B 6.	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Correct solutions received from J. W. (Huddersfield); J. P. Taylor; M. A. Coad; S. H. Thomas.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. Tournade.—The problem shall be examined and reported on in our next number. Your solution of Mr. Menzies' clever little problem will not hold water. Black has at his command several satisfactory defences to the move you propose.

M. A. Coad.—The problems forwarded by you are so inaccurately described that we cannot make them out. Please to submit them on diagrams.

PLAYING FOR A MAN'S HEAD. — During the "Terror" few came to play chess at the Café de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honoré to execution. Robespierre often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant-looking little man strike into everyone's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as a signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game

was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake. "The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release wanting only your signature; and be quick—the executioner will give no delay." It was young Count B. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and the great man asked, "But who are you, citizen?" "Say citizeness, Monsieur; I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks, and adieu."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

AT the first drawing-room held by her Majesty in May, the Queen wore a dress with a train of black brocaded silk, trimmed with passementerie and crape, and a long white tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of sapphires and diamonds; necklace, brooches, and earrings of sapphires and diamonds, the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, Louise of Prussia, St. Catherine of Russia, St. Isabelle of Portugal, &c., and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Family Order. Princess Beatrice wore a dress and train of pale pink silk, trimmed with Honiton lace and pale blue corn flowers. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a petticoat of rich pale green and cream colour poult de soie, trimmed with rich green fringe; corsage and train pale green satin, lined and trimmed with cream colour. Head-dress—A ruby and diamond diadem, feather, and veil. Ornaments—Necklace, brooch, and earrings of rubies and diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert and St. Catherine of Russia. At the second drawing-room the Queen wore a dress with a train of black silk and satin trimmed with chenille, and a long white tulle veil, surmounted by a diadem of opals and diamouds. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) wore a light and dark gray satin dress trimmed with Brussels lace, red poppies, and silver berries. Princess Beatrice wore a dress and train of ivory poult de soie trimmed with floss embroidery and catkins. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a dress and train of rich white figured satin trimmed with sable.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR and Prince George of Wales were examined at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich last Monday and Tuesday precisely in the same manner as ordinary candidates for naval cadet-ships. Both Princes passed a very satisfactory examination, and in some of the subjects exhibited a more than usual degree of proficiency. They have been instructed in their mathematical studies by the Rev. W. H. Drew, professor of mathematics at King's College.

LORD DUDLEY is, it is said, in treaty for Mr. A. Grant's house at Kensington, but that between the price asked and the sum offered there is a trifling difference of £50,000. The building is almost fit for a royal palace, and, with the seven acres of pleasure-ground, is freehold property. To every bedroom—and each of the twelve best bedrooms is about the size of an ordinary drawing-room in Mayfair—there is a large bath-room, with hot and cold water laid on. In the garden there are a rink, an American bowling-alley, a lake, several fountains, a large plot of ground adapted for lawn-tennis, another for archery, and a third for croquet, to say nothing of an orangery, a boathouse, and hothouses. Lord Dudley offers £200,000 for this suburban palace, which, if not sold by private contract before the first week in June, will be put up to public auction.—*Whitehall Review.*

THE Legislature of Minnesota has just passed a Bill authorising women to practise law in all the courts of the State.

COMMON SENSE.—At a meeting held at Broad-ford, Isle of Skye, Mr. Macfarlane, of Ramsay, read a paper on "Attention." He said, in reference to the young:—"Our language must be adapted to the capacities of the pupils; the knowledge intended to be conveyed must be adapted to the capacities of the recipients; the quality rather than the quantity of the knowledge must be studied; unreasonable threats and scoldings should not be indulged in; sympathy with the pupil in his work must be indicated; the character and conduct of the teacher must be consistent with the instruction given. The subject was altogether ably discussed, and the evidence was abundant that the paper was the outcome of much thought on the part of the speaker, and the fruit of daily experience. A cordial vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. Macfarlane. It was recommended that Domestic Economy, as a special subject for girls, be optional, and not as at present, obligatory; that a grant be paid for sewing; that the grant for languages and mathematics be ten instead of four shillings; and that all children, during their first year of school attendance, be considered infants.

THE ordinary way of life of Pope Pius IX. is thus described in a recent number of the London *World*:—"Pius IX. sleeps in one of the smallest of the eleven thousand rooms at his command. A narrow humble bed without curtains or drapery—something similar to those used in seminaries for school-boys—a sofa, two or three common chairs, and a writing-table are all the articles of furniture; few and simple enough for a Capuchin. There is not even a rug by the bed-side to cover the floor of red tiles, not in the best repair. 'Take care how you step, there is a brick loose,' said the Pope to a Turinese ecclesiastic who was admitted to his presence the other day when he was confined to bed, and whose eyesight he knew was not as good as his own. Winter and summer alike the Pope gets up soon after five o'clock, seldom or never later than half-past, and after he has finished dressing, remains about an hour and a half alone, passing his time in prayer and meditation. At half-past seven exactly he leaves his room, and, accompanied by his attendants, proceeds to the private chapel near his apartment, where first he celebrates a mass himself, and then attends another said by one of his chaplains. At half-past eight he takes a cup of black coffee with some dry bread, and by a quarter to nine, or thereabouts, he has entered his study (a small one-windowed room looking towards the Piazza of St. Peter's, and commanding the view beyond the Janiculum) and commenced the work of the day. The floor is covered with a common carpet; there are some red chairs; and the one principal piece of furniture, the large writing-table, on which, amid a mass of papers, stand a crucifix, a statuette of the Immaculate Conception, a time-piece, and an inkstand. As soon as the Pope has seated himself in his straight-backed chair, the Cardinal-Secretary of State, the ascetic Simeoni, enters with the correspondence of the day, and the oblations, often amounting to thousands of francs, laid the day before at the feet of his Holiness."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in July number.

MS.—S. E. JACKSON.—Please say to what MS. you allude; state its title.

Cleaning Black Silk.—DORA.—Wash it with a sponge with weak ammonia-water. Don't crease it or wring the silk; and when damp-dry, iron it on the wrong side, on a very fine linen or calico cloth doubled or placed over an ordinary ironing-cloth.—(*E. W.*)

Advertising.—FEARFUL.—It is of no use having anything to sell without you let the world know what it is and where it is to be had. Advertising always returns a good interest in the sale of goods. You must apply to the publishers for scale of charges.

MISS W.—Apply for the price to the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Fleet Street, London.

GENA.—*Glaze on Collars and Cuffs*, as done in the shops.—Laundresses tell you they use borax in the starch. Upon close examination this turns out to be grated stearine or wax; but also they use polishing-irons a little rounded on each side. These are made of highly polished steel. You would not be able to give the glaze which it is thought desirable to have.

MARAH.—Why choose such a name?—it signifies "bitterness." Yours is a pretty little poem, which will be inserted. Have some incident, not so much sentiment, in your productions; something that a careless eye will glance at and stop to read. Charming little stories may be woven into poems of three or four verses; but avoid the moon and the stars; they are glorious poems that we can look at and be almost tempted to worship. Incidents are always occurring around you; weave them into verse.

L. A. K. (Jamaica).—You have rendered the translation most charmingly, delightfully.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Messrs. Buck and Sons, South Street, Camberwell, in London, are skin-dressers. They would give you all information.

GRANAFULLA.—Four series of knitting-books, 1s. each, or 4s. 6d. in one vol. bound, which contains 197 patterns, of Messrs. Hatchards, publishers, 187, Piccadilly. A few illustrations only are in the book.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (2).—(1.) Gustave Doré, in the picture of the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," and Holman Hunt, in "The Shadow of the Cross." (2.) "Girandole" is the French word, and "candelàbro" the Italian, for a branched candlestick. It is suitable for the mantelpiece, for a what-not or chiffonniere, or for placing where light is needed. (3.) Brackets of rose-wood on gilded or ebony and gold; rose-wood or walnut for a dining or morning room, gold for a drawing-room and wherever there is a suitable space; not too many. (4.) One of Mrs. Burnett's fine cashmerinos, or a poplin or silk. (5.) Bread-and-butter. (6) Enquire of Messrs. Hachette, publishers, London.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—You may darn stockings on either side. If the wearer has tender feet darn them on the right side, and leave no loops. See "Cookery" column for reply respecting batter-puddings.

H. K.—It has been often said that if a looking-glass frame is touched with essence of almonds the flies will not touch it; this is a mistake—it is no good whatever.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

Instructions for a knitted petticoat and leaf and trellis pattern in next number.

SKELETONISING PLANTS.—The leaves of holly, laurel, pear, Spanish chestnut, oak, and other similar leaves, are macerated, or putrefied, by placing them in soft water (in rain water) till the skin or soft parts will separate easily. Every piece being taken off the fibres with a small camel's-hair brush, they must now be thoroughly washed in fresh water, then be placed in a weak solution of chloride of lime to bleach them, and, when white enough, wash them in dilute "spirits of salts"—one part of this dilution to sixty of water. They are then dried and mounted.

COOKERY CARDS FOR THE KITCHEN (by Mrs. WARREN), is published at a shilling, obtainable by order of every bookseller in town and country, by post one shilling and twopence; or of the publishers, Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, Paternoster Buildings, London.

ENQUIRIES.

The best place to get an emu's skin cleaned.—*An Old Subscriber.*

A preventive for flies specking a looking-glass.—*Young Housewife.*

The best way to clean black silk.—*Dora.*

The way to give polish and smoothness in ironing linen.—*Gena.*

The best way to get good servants, or young servants to be trained.—*Esie F.*

The address of a good dressmaker who will go out to work by the day or week, and terms. Must be a good cutter-out.—*Mrs. R.*

Wanted good cutters-out of paper patterns. Must cut to measurement.—*Madame Vevay.*

EXCHANGE.

Six yards of handsome black silk fringe four inches wide, in three long pieces and one short; has never been worn; cost 21s.; will take 18s., or offers. Pattern sent, if required.—*Sophia.*



GOLDEN STORE.

ABOUT BEES.

"Behold those winged images
Bound for their evening bowers.
They are the nation of the bees
Born from the breath of flowers;
Strange people are they—a mystic race
In life and food and dwelling place!"

—*Legend of the Hive.*

THE story of bees, their ways, their works, and their government, has been told by many chroniclers, particularly by John Swammerdam, the Dutch naturalist, in 1669; Reaumur, a Frenchman, in 1700; and others. But it was reserved for a blind man to discover all of bee mystery that it is possible to discover, and the truthfulness of his records has never been doubted—Francis Huber, born at Geneva in July, 1750. At fifteen partial blindness attacked him, caused by too much study. Medical advice was resorted to, but at seventeen he was hopelessly blind; but even at this early age he was betrothed to Maria Lulin, daughter of a syndic of the Republic. Her father, however, at this calamity of blindness declared his daughter should not marry a blind man; but she replied—

"Now that he needs a guide I am determined to marry him when I am of age."

This was when she became twenty-five. For seven long years the lovers waited, then the marriage took place, and forty years of unsullied happiness commenced. Little Maria Lulin-Huber, rich, young, and brilliant, sacrificed all to devote her days to a poor and blind man. "Her life is a blank," said the world. Her husband said, "She is my life, my light, and my sunshine! Through her eyes I see, through her voice I obtain knowledge, and through her industry as my amanuensis I give it to the world. Also, I must not forget what is due to François Burnens, my domestic, who is not the only example of a man who, without education and fortune, has become a devoted naturalist. His taste is a passion. I do not hesitate to believe all that he tells me. I am led to see everything perfectly through his eyes."

Burnens thought nothing of watching, without cessation and without food or rest, the working bees of a hive to observe the precise moment of their egg-laying. He counted pain and fatigue nothing compared to the results arrived at by this intense watching. Consequently Huber says of him:—"If there be any merit in my discoveries, I must share the honour with François Burnens."

At the time when Huber studied the bee question very little was accurately known of the habits of bees. He was the first who ascertained, without disproof, that the queen-bee mated in the air and not in the hive; that the use of the antennæ of bees was for the purpose of recognition and communication. He first noticed that the larvæ spun a silken covering; the nature and origin of the *propolis* (for the city)—a balsamic varnish with which bees repair any damage done to their erections, and with which they cover any intruding insects which they could not otherwise remove. It was Huber who first observed the escape of the wax between the plates of the abdomen, and discovered that the bees ventilated the hives by the incessant tremulous motion of their wings; that the drones were tolerated when food was plentiful for the heat which they produced.

His observations on the sudden removal of a queen-bee are extremely interesting:—"Then a singular humming is heard; the bees desert their young, and rush over the surface of the combs in delirious agitation. They find out that their queen is no longer with them—but how I know not—but I do know that on restoring her tranquillity is at once restored. They recognise her. It is of no use to substitute another queen. If brought in within twelve hours of the removal of the reigning sovereign they pay her no respect; they surround, seize her, and keep her captive, till she sometimes dies of hunger or want of air. Once when the bees had been twenty-four hours without a queen I then introduced a fertile queen. Instantly the workers near her touched her with their antennæ, and, passing their trunks over every part of her body, gave her honey. The first set then

gave place to others, who treated her exactly in the same way, all vibrating their wings and ranging themselves in circles round her as they retired. In a quarter of an hour she began to move, had a guard appointed, and began to lay."

Huber, and his indefatigable watcher Burnens, made the discovery of the manufacture of a queen by the bees, when no hope was left of her return. They discovered that one of the larvæ of a common working bee could be transformed by enlargement of the cell, and feeding its inmate upon a special pungent diet termed "bee jelly," which the workers made. This common labouring bee becomes in size and shape a veritable queen-bee—a position totally at variance with that from which she sprung. And thus she becomes the mother of all the future bees born in the hive. There is no other mother, and during her reign of two or three years she performs not a single labour, her whole employment being that of increasing her family. Neither the cares nor the troubles of her kingdom affect her, nor does she show any emotion, excepting when she first emerges from the royal cell and finds herself sole monarch, she sees another candidate for royal honours emerging from the royal nursery, born a few moments later than herself. Then the rivals meet in deadly combat. Again and again they retire for an instant to recover strength and meet with renewed fury till one of the combatants falls pierced by the victor's sting. Not satisfied with the result she, without an instant's hesitation, proceeds to the other royal cells—known by their size and their circular and pendant forms—she tears each open and kills the sleeping victims, suffering no incipient rival near the throne.

Miss L. M. Budgen, in her most charming volume, "Episodes of Insect Life," in pleasantly narrating the consequences of this bee tragedy, remarks, "The things which would be highly unbecoming acts in men and women are exceedingly well-ordered among bees. It seems quite essential to the welfare of a hive to acknowledge only one sovereign, for on this single sovereign, in her capacity of general mother,* not only the welfare, but the very existence of the state depends. No emigration can take place without a queen to accompany the swarm, therefore a surplus number of royal nymphs is requisite to meet the contingency. It will sometimes happen that, notwithstanding such provision, a hive is unexpectedly bereft of its sovereign when no successor is in the royal nurseries to supply her place. How then do the bees act? Why, for lack of a queen ready-made, they make one.

"For the space of several hours, grief and consternation reign in place of the defunct sovereign. Then do the murmuring but not despairing mourners bestir themselves to supply her place. But how are they to do it? Can they mould from their ready material, wax, a royal effigy, and then breathe life into the image? Not so, but they can resort, for the supply of their exigence, to an expedient almost as miraculous. Let us watch their proceedings in the creation of a queen. Why, this work appears only a labour of destruction! Surely they are bereft not only of their sovereign, but also of their senses; and, in a fit of frenzy, are making havoc in the streets of their well-ordered city! Several parties are here and there attacking the six-sided houses, hastily pulling down their waxen walls, regardless of the young which lie cradled within. Out of perhaps four or five of these unhappy nurslings all but one are sacrificed by those who had heretofore been their careful nurses; but for this one, still in its infant or grub estate, a changed and brilliant destiny is in store. Save for the unlooked-for accident which has left the throne without an occupant, this low-born bee, straitly housed and poorly fed, would have left the cell in size and form and colour like the rest of its working sisterhood, and, like them, would have led a life of labour; but now her body will be expanded, her organs developed, and her colours brightened, her wings and instinctive virtues alone being curtailed.

"The first process of her manufacture is begun already by the destruction going on around her. Her narrow lodging, by the sacrifice of those adjacent, is converted into a spacious chamber, allowing full scope for her bodily expansion; and soon will numerous nurses be busy cramming her with that nutritious, stimulating substance called 'royal jelly.' Then in due season, in about ten days, out will come an artificial sovereign, in all respects as good as ever issued from a royal egg.

"What a contrast from the bee-labourer! The baby-bee destined only for work finds herself, on emerging from the egg, an

* A queen-bee, it is said, will deposit from one to two or three thousand eggs daily!

inhabitant of one of those common six-sided cells which appears so proportioned as in some measure to limit her growth, and thus prevent her from attaining her full development. To this outward restriction is superadded an inward check in the quality of the food administered by her nurses. Instead of the 'royal jelly,' that stimulating and nutritious extract prepared only for the queen, her infancy is supported on the simple fare of bee-bread, which, while it suffices to bring to maturity every useful endowment of activity, affords no food for the development of the sensual and vindictive passions, and with all these smothered in the cradle, our worker comes forth matured in all Apian excellence—of modest habits, a nun among insects, and a very 'sister of charity' among her fellows."

Drones are male bees; they have no stings; their bodies are long and clumsy. They are of the least valuable class in the bee community; out of thousands of these idlers one only is serviceable as a husband for the queen. Their life is precarious, being sometimes limited to a few hours or a few days; perhaps a few weeks in the summer days between April and August, for when the Queen has chosen her mate those drones are killed by a general massacre. They are helpless, having no stings, and fall quickly under those of the busy workers. It is not always that recurrence is had to this mode of destruction. From July to September, when the drones are weakly, they wander from the hive and fall to the earth starved, but if they have age and strength they are harassed by the workers, who worry and sometimes sting them. If they do not take these warnings and disappear from the community, then they are killed and thrown out of the hive. If the hives have scant store of honey, no drones will be reared during the winter. Bees discard all laggards who in idleness consume provisions. The drone selected by the queen while in the air to be the father of her family is needed but once to perpetuate the race, consequently they are useless after this; and it is said that no drones are raised until the queen-bee is quite old, when of necessity a number are required, as the chances are if there were fewer, the queen who leaves the hive unaccompanied would not chance to meet any unless they were numerous.

There are drone-cells, worker-cells, and queen-cells. Whenever the condition of a colony of bees requires drones, the bees prepare the cells, if they have no drone-cells made, and, if drone-cells already exist, but have been filled with honey, the bees cut them down and otherwise prepare them for the eggs which are to produce drones; but this is never done till a good supply of honey from flowers is obtained, whence simultaneously all good stocks of bees rear drones.

"Of bees under different aspects there is yet an infinity to be told. We may look again into the hive, but those who wish to dive deeply into the ways and wonders, the proceedings and policy of its busy inmates, must consult the works of bee historians. They tell us that bees go to war, like do human communities; that strong bees rob the weak, like human villains; that angry bees fight single combats, like human duellists; that bees well-fed and vigorous will kill the old and helpless of their labourers. These are points of character rough and sharp enough, it must be owned; but we must remember that bees are but the passive elements of an unerring instinct."

It is not in hives exclusively that bees settle, but in hollows of trees and in curious other places. Sir W. P. Napier, in his "Excursions on the Shores of the Mediterranean," says:—"One particular curiosity in the cemetery of Algesiras (on the western shore of the Bay of Gibraltar) was the contents of a small uncovered coffin in which lay a child, the cavity of the chest exposed and tenanted by an industrious colony of bees."

A swarm of bees is said to have covered the rope and the centre-pole which held the tent of Hostilius Rutilas in the camp of Drusus. Pompey, while going to make war against Cæsar, had a swarm of bees settle upon his ensign, rendering the figure invisible. Dionysius the tyrant in vain endeavoured to spur his horse through the mire; the latter was left; presently the horse emerged with a swarm of bees sticking in his mane.

It is said of Hiero the Second, of Syracuse the learned, Plato the elegant, Pindar the poet, Xenophon the wise, St. Ambrose, and many others, including Milton, that while infants bees had settled on their lips: this was doubtless in allusion to the "spirit or soul," the source of inspiration.

See article on "Bee Superstition," farther on in this number.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued*).

TAKING the boy's mother-of-pearl headed cane, Mrs. Orme tried to touch the hat, but it was just beyond her reach; and resolved to rescue it she fastened the cane to the handle of her parasol, using her handkerchief to bind them together. Thus elongated it sufficed to draw the hat to the margin, and raising it, she shook out the water, and hung the dripping bit of finery upon one of the handles of the carriage.

"Give me my walking-stick," said the boy, whose pronunciation proclaimed him thoroughly English.

"No, Sir. I intend to punish you for your cruelty. You tyrannised over that helpless little girl, because you were the strongest. I think I have more strength than you, and you shall feel how pleasant such conduct is."

Untying the cane, she raised it in the air, and threw it with all the force she could command into the middle of the water.

"Now, if you want it, wade in with your best boots and Sunday clothes and get it; and go home and tell your parents, if you have any, that you are a bad, rude, ugly-behaved boy. When you need your toy think of that hat."

The cane sunk instantly, and with a sullen scowl of rage at her, and a grimace at the occupant of the carriage, the boy walked sulkily away.

With her handkerchief Mrs. Orme wiped off the water that adhered to the hat, squeezed and shook out the ribbons, and laid it upon the afghan, in reach of the fingers that more nearly resembled claws than the digits of a human hand.

"Don't cry, dear. It will soon dry now."

The solemn black eyes, still glistening with tears, stared up at her, and impelled by that peculiar pitying tenderness that hovers in the hearts of all mothers, Mrs. Orme bent down and gently smoothed the elfish locks around the sallow forehead.

"Has your nurse run away and left you? Don't be afraid; nothing shall trouble you. I will stay with you till she comes back."

"Hellene is gone to buy candy," said the dwarf, timidly.

"My dear, what is your name?"

"Maud Ames Laurance." The stranger had compassionately taken one of the thin hands in her own, but throwing it from her as if it had been a serpent, she recoiled, involuntarily pushing the carriage from its resting-place. It rolled a few steps and stopped, while she stood shuddering.

Her first impulse was to hurry away; the second was more feminine in its promptings, and conquered. Once more she approached the unfortunate child, and scrutinised her, with eyes that gradually kindled into a blaze.

She bore in no respect the faintest resemblance to her father, but Mrs. Orme fancied she traced the image of the large-featured, bold-eyed mother; and as she contrasted this feeble deformed creature with the remembered face and figure of her own beautiful darling girl, a bitter but intensely triumphant laugh broke suddenly on the air.

"Maud Ames Laurance! A proud name truly—and royally you grace it! Ah, Nemesis! Christianity would hunt you down as a pagan myth; but all honour, glory to you, incorruptible pitiless Avenger! Accept my homage; repay my wrongs, and then demand in sacrificial tribute what you will, though it were my heart's best blood! Aha! will she lend lustre to the family name? Shall the splendour of her high-born aristocratic beauty gild the crime that gave her being? Yes, verily, it seems that after all, even for me the Mills of the Gods do not forget to grind. 'The time of their visitation will come, and that inevitably; for it is always true, that if the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge.' Command my life-long allegiance, O Queenly Nemesis!"

Sometimes grovelling in the dust of gross selfishness which clings more or less to all of us, we bow worshipping before the gods, into which we elevate the meanest qualities of our own nature, apotheosising sinful lusts of hate and vengeance; and while we vow reckless tribute and measureless libations, lo! we are unexpectedly called upon for speedy payment.

Looking down with exultant delight on the ugly deformity who stared back wonderingly at her, Mrs. Orme's wan thin face grew radiant, the brown eyes dilated, glowed, and the blood leaped to her hollow cheeks, burning in two scarlet spots; but the invocation seemed literally answered,

when she was suddenly conscious of a strange bubbling sensation, and over her parted, laughing lips crept the crimson that fed her heart.

At this moment the child's nurse, a pretty bright-eyed young coquette, hurried towards the group, accompanied by a companion of the same class; and as she approached and seized the handles of the carriage, Mrs. Orme turned away. The hemorrhage was not copious, but steady, and lowering her thick veil, she endeavoured to stanch its flow. Her handkerchief, already damp from contact with the wet hat, soon became saturated, and she was obliged to substitute the end of her lace mantle.

Fortunately Mrs. Waul, impatiently watching for her return, caught a glimpse of the yet distant figure and hastened to meet her.

"Are you crying? What is the matter?"

"My lungs are bleeding; lend me a handkerchief. Try and find a carriage."

"What caused it? Something must have happened?"

"Don't worry me now. Only help me to get home."

Screened both by veils and parasols, the two had almost gained the street, when they met a trio of gentlemen.

One asked in unmistakable New-England English:

"Laurance, where is your father?"

And a voice which had once epitomised for Minnie Merle the "music of the spheres," answered in mellow tones:

"He has been in London, but goes very soon to Italy."

Mrs. Waul felt a trembling hand laid on her arm, and turned anxiously to her companion.

"Give me time. My strength fails me. I can't walk so fast."

The excitement of an hour had overthrown the slow work of weeks; and after many days the physicians peremptorily ordered her away from Paris.

"Home! Let us go home. You have not been yourself since we reached this city. In New York you will get strong."

As Mrs. Waul spoke, she stroked one of the invalid's thin hands that hung listlessly over the side of the sofa.

"I think Phœbe is right. America would cure you," added the gray-haired man, whose heart was yearning for his native land.

Her sands of life seemed ebbing fast, the end might not be distant; who could tell? Why not go back, give up the chase for the empty shadow of a name, gather her baby to her bosom, and die?

An intolerable yearning for the sight of her child, for the sound of her voice, broke over her like some irresistible wave bearing away the vehement protests of policy—the sterner barriers of vindictive purpose; and with a long shivering moan, she clasped her hands and shut her eyes.

Impatiently the old man and his wife watched her countenance, confident that the decision would not long be delayed, trusting that the result would be a compliance with their wishes. But hope began to fade as they noticed the gradual compression of her pale sorrowful mouth—the grayish shadow that settled down on the face where renunciation was very legibly written. The temptation had been fierce, but she put it aside, after bitter struggles, to hush the wail of maternal longing; and before she spoke, the two friends looked at each other and sighed.

"Not yet—oh! not yet. I cannot give up the fight without one more struggle, even if it should prove that of death to me. I must not return to America until I win what I came for; I will not. But my friends—for such I consider you, such you have proved—I will not selfishly prolong your exile; will not exact the sacrifice of your dearest wishes. Go back home at once, and enjoy in peace the old age that deserves to be so happy. I am going to Italy, hoping to regain my health, possibly to die; but still I shall go. How long I may be detained I know not, but meanwhile you shall return to those you love."

"Idle words, all idle words; not worth the waste of your breath. Phœbe and I are homesick, we do not deny it, and we are sorry you can't see things as we do; but since that night when I stumbled over you in the snow and carried you to my own hearth, you have been to Phœbe and me as the child we lost; and, unless you are ready to go home with us, we stay here. You know we never will forsake you, especially now."

Chapter XVI.

"Mrs. Palmer, if you are at leisure, I should like to see you for a moment."

"Certainly, Miss Orme, come in."

"Mrs. Palmer, I have reason to fear that my piano practising has long annoyed you.

Hattie has told me that you often complain you cannot enjoy your morning nap, because the sound of the piano disturbs you, and I wish to change the hour. I have been trying to arrange, so as to avoid annoying you. From nine until one Mr. Van Kleik comes to attend to my Latin, German, French, and Mathematics, and from four until five Professor Hurtzsel gives me my lessons. In the interval visitors are frequently calling, and of course interrupt me. If you will only tell me what you wish, I will gladly consult your convenience. Would you object to having a hired piano in the house? I could have it placed in my room, and then my practising in the middle of the day, or in the evening, would never be interfered with, and you could have your morning nap."

"Indeed, Miss Orme—a very good suggestion; a capital idea. I will speak to Erle about it to-night."

"Will it be necessary to trouble Mr. Palmer with the matter? He is always so busy, and besides you know much better than a gentleman what——"

"I know nothing where it concerns his *ménage*, or the expenses incident to its control."

"But out of my allowance I will pay the hire, and he need know nothing of the matter."

"Of course that quite alters the case; and if you propose to pay the hire, there is no reason why he should be consulted."

"Then will you please select a piano and order it sent up to-day or to-morrow? An upright could be most conveniently carried upstairs."

"Certainly, if you wish it. We shall be out this afternoon, and I will attend to the matter."

On the threshold of the door, where he had been standing for several moments, unperceived by all, Mr. Palmer entered, and said, "I came in search of Regina, but chancing to hear the piano question discussed, permit me to say that I prefer to take the matter in my own hands. I will provide whatever may be deemed requisite. Regina, I wish to see you."

She followed him into the hall. "In the box of clothing that arrived several days ago there is a white cashmere robe with blue silk trimmings. Be so good as to put it on. Then wrap up well, and when ready come to the library. Do not keep me waiting."

With many conjectures concerning the import of Mr. Palmer's supervision of her toilette, Regina obeyed his instructions, and, fearful of trespassing on his patience, hurried down to the library. With one arm behind him, and the hand of the other holding a half-smoked cigar, he was walking meditatively up and down the polished floor that reflected his tall shadow.

"Where do you suppose you are going? Why do you not inquire?"

"Because you will not tell me till you choose, and I know that questions always annoy you."

"Come in. You linger at the door as if this were the den of a lion at a menagerie instead of a room to which you have been cordially invited several times. I am not voracious—have had my luncheon. You are quite ready?"

She was slowly walking down the long room, and suddenly caught sight of something that seemed to take away her breath. The clock on the mantel had been removed to the desk, and in its place was a large portrait. The dress and drapery were of black velvet, utterly bare of ornament, and out of the canvas looked a face of marvellous yet mysteriously mournful beauty. The countenance of a young woman whose regular features were statuesque in their solemn repose, and whose gold-tinted hair, simply parted on her white round brow, fell in glinting waves down upon her polished shoulders.

As Regina looked up at it she stopped, then ran to the hearth, and stood with her eyes riveted to the canvas, her lips parted and quivering. Watching her, Mr. Palmer came to her side, and asked—

"Who can it be?"

Evidently she did not hear him. Her whole heart and soul appeared centred in the picture, but as she gazed her own eloquent face grew whiter, she drew her breath quickly, and tears rolled over her cheeks as she lifted her arms towards the painting. "Mother! my beautiful sad-eyed mother!"

Sobs shook her frame, and she pressed towards the mantelpiece till the skirt of her dress swept dangerously close to the fire. Mr. Palmer drew her back, and said, quietly, "For an uncultivated young rustic I must say your appreciation of fine painting is rather surprising. Few girls would have paid such a tearful tribute of heartfelt admiration to my pretty 'Mona Lisa.'"

Without removing her fascinated eyes, she asked, "When did it come?"

"I have had it several days. I presume

you know that it is a copy of Da Vinci's celebrated picture, upon which he worked four years, and which now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris?"

"In France it is called 'La Joconde,' but I prefer the softer 'Mona Lisa' for my treasure."

"Is it not mine? She must have sent it to me?"

"She? Are you dreaming? Mona Lisa has been dead three hundred years!"

"It is my mother. No other face ever looked like that, no other eyes except those in the 'Mater Dolorosa' resemble these beautiful sad brown eyes that rained their tears upon my head. Do you think a child ever mistook another for her own mother?"

"Obstinate, infatuated little ignoramus! Read and be convinced."

He opened and held before her a volume of engravings of the pictures and statues in the Louvre, and turning to the Leonardo Da Vinci's moved his finger slowly beneath the title.

Her eyes fell upon "La Joconde," then wandered back to the portrait over the fireplace, and through her tears broke a radiant smile.

"Yes, I perfectly understand. Your engraving is of Da Vinci's painting, and of course I suppose it is very fine, though the face is not pretty; but up yonder! that is my mother who kissed and cried over me, and hugged me so close to her heart."

Closing the book, Mr. Palmer threw it on the table, and as he glanced from the lovely countenance of the girl to that of the woman on the wall, something like a sigh heaved his broad chest. Did the wan, meek shadow of his own patient, much-suffering young mother lift her melancholy image in the long-silent adytum of his proud heart, over whose chill chambers ambition and selfishness had passed with ossifying touch?

Years ago, at the initial steps of his professional career, he had set before him one glittering goal—the Chief-Justiceship. In preparing for the long race that stretched ahead of him, seeing only the judicial crown that sparkled afar off, he had laid aside his tender sensibilities, his warmest impulses of affection and generosity as so many subtle fetters, so much unprofitable luggage, so much useless weight to retard and burden him. While his physical and mental development had brilliantly attested the efficacy of the stern regimen he systematically imposed, his emotional nature, long discarded, had grown so feeble and inane from disuse, that its very existence had become problematical. But to-day, deeply impressed by the intensity of love which Regina could not restrain at the sight of the portrait, strange softening memories began to stir in their frozen sleep, and to hint of earlier, warmer, boyish times.

"Is it indeed so striking and unmistakable a likeness? After all, the instincts of nature are stronger than the canons of art. Your mother is an exceedingly beautiful woman; but, little girl, let me tell you that you are not in the least like her. You must certainly resemble your father, for I never saw mother and child so entirely dissimilar."

He saw the glow of embarrassment, of acute pain tinging her throat and cheeks, and wondered how much of the past had been committed to her keeping; how far she shared her mother's confidence.

"Is not the portrait for me? My mother wrote that she intended sending me something which she hoped I would value more than all the pretty clothes, and it must be this, her own beautiful precious face."

"Yes, it is yours; but I presume you will be satisfied to allow it to hang where it is. The light is singularly good."

"No, Mr. Palmer, I want it."

"Well, you have it where you can see it at any time."

"But I wish to keep it all to myself in my room, where it will be the last thing I see at night, the first in the morning—my sunrise."

"How unpardonably selfish you are! Would you deprive me of the pleasure of admiring a fine work of art, merely to shut it in, converting yourself into a pagan and the portrait into an idol?"

"But, Mr. Palmer, have you never loved any one or anything so very dearly that it seemed holy in your eyes, much too sacred for others to look at."

"Certainly not. I am pleased to say that is a mild stage of lunacy with which I have, as yet, never been threatened. Idolatry is a phase of human weakness I have been unable to tolerate."

He saw a faint smile lurking about the perfect curves of her rosy mouth, but her eyes remained fixed on the picture.

"I should be glad to know what you find so amusing in my remark."

"At the assertion that you cannot tolerate idolatry."

"Well? Of all men probably I am the most thoroughly an iconoclast, a breaker of idols."

"Yes, of other people's gods; nevertheless, I think you worship ardently."

"Indeed! I shall be duly grateful if you will graciously point out the unknown fane, wherein I secretly worship. Is it Beauty? Genius? Riches?"

"It is not done in secret. All the world knows that Mr. Palmer dedicates his life to Ambition and Fame."

His eyes sparkled and a proud smile curled his lips. "Do I offer sacrifices?"

"I think you would if they were required."

"Suppose my stone god demanded my heart?"

"Ah! you know you gave it to him long ago."

He laughed quite genially, and his whole face softened, warmed.

"At least let us hope my ambition is not sordid, is unstained with the dross of avarice." A short silence followed, during which his thoughts wandered far from the precincts of that quiet room.

"Mr. Palmer, will you please give me my picture?"

"It is yours of course, but conditionally. It must remain where it now hangs; first, because I wish it; secondly, because your mother prefers (for good reasons) that it should not be known just yet as her portrait, and if it should be removed to your room the members of the household would probably gossip. Remaining here, it will be called an imitation of 'Mona Lisa del Giocondo,' and none will ever suspect the truth. Make this room your favourite retreat. Come when you may, you will never disturb me. In a long letter received this week, your mother directs that your portrait shall be painted in a certain position, and wishes you to wear the dress you have on. The carriage is ready, and I will take you at once to the artist. Put on your hat."

During the drive he was abstracted, now and then consulting a paper of memoranda.

Once introduced into the studio of Mr. Harcourt, Regina found much to interest and charm her, while her guardian arranged the preliminaries and settled the details of the picture. Then he removed the hat and cloak, and placed her in the comfortable seat already prepared.

The artist went into an adjoining room, and a moment after, Hero bounded in, expressing, by a succession of barks, his almost frantic delight at the re-union with his mistress. Since her removal she saw him so rarely that the pleasure was mingled with pain, and now with her arms around his neck, and her face hidden in his thick white hair, she cried softly, unable to keep back the tears.

"Come, Regina, sit up. Make Hero lie on that pile of cushions, which will enable you to rest one hand easily on his head. Crying! Mr. Harcourt paints no such weeping demoiselles. Dry your eyes, and take down your hair. Your mother wishes it flowing, as when she saw you last."

While she unbraided the thick coil and shook out the shining folds, trying to adjust them smoothly, the lawyer stood patiently beside her; and once his soft white hand rested on her forehead as he stroked back a rippling tress that encroached upon her temple. Walking away to the easel, Mr. Palmer looked back, and critically contemplated the effect; and he acknowledged it was the fairest picture his fastidious eyes had ever rested on. In a low voice the artist asked, as he selected some brushes from a neighbouring stand, "How old is she? Her features have a singularly infantile delicacy and softness, but the eyes and lips seem to belong to a much older person."

"Regina, have you not entered upon your sixteenth year?"

"Yes, I have."

"I believe it is the loveliest living face I ever saw. It is so peculiar, so intensely, what shall I say, prophet-eyed!"

"Yes, I believe that is the right word. When she looks steadily at me she often reminds me of a Sibyl."

"But is this her usual every-day expression?"

"Rather sadder than customary, I think." He went back to the group, and standing in front of his ward, looked gravely down in her upturned face.

"Could you contrive to appear a little less solemn?"

She forced a smile, but he made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, don't! Anything would be better than that dire conflict between the expression of your mouth and that of your eyes. Have you any pleasant thoughts hidden that you could call up for a few moments, just long enough to cast a glimmer of sunshine over your face? I think you once indignantly denied ever indulging in the

folly of possessing a sweetheart, but perhaps you have really entertained more *affaires de cœur* than you choose to confide to me. Possibly you may cherish cheerful memories of the kind-hearted young missionary, whose chances of hastening to heaven *per* Sepoy passport, *viâ* Delhi route, seem at times to distress you. Does he ever write to you?"

"His mother has written to me twice since she reached India, and once enclosed a note from him; but although she said he had written, and I hoped for a letter, none has come."

"Then he went away with the expectation that you would correspond with him?"

"Yes."

"He is quite a bold, audacious young fellow, and you are a very disrespectful, imprudent, disobedient young ward, to enter into such an arrangement without my consent and permission. Suppose I forbid all communication?"

"I think you would scarcely be so unreasonable and unjust, and if you were, I should not obey you. I would appeal to my mother. Mr. Hargrove, dear, good Mr. Hargrove, was my guardian when Mr. Lindsay went away, and he did not object to the promise I made concerning a correspondence."

The starry sparkle which, during the last twelve months, he had learned meant the signal of mutiny, flashed up in her eyes.

"Take care! when iron gloves are recklessly thrown down, serious mischief sometimes ensues. Here is a document at my mercy. Where it has been since it left Calcutta last June I know not. That Padre Sahib penned it I indulge no doubt. Pray sit still. So the sunshine has come to your countenance at last, and all the way from India! Verily, happiness is the best cosmetic, and hope the brightest illuminator, even more successful than Bengal lights."

He held up a letter post-marked Calcutta, and coldly watched the glow that overspread her face as her gaze eagerly followed the motion of his hand.

"I have not touched the seal, but as your guardian it is proper that I should be made acquainted with the contents. When you have devoured it, I presume you will yield to the promptings of respect due to my position and wishes. When I assume guardianship of any person or thing, I invariably exert all the authority, exact all the obedience, and claim all the privileges and perquisites to which the responsibility entitles me."

He placed the letter on the cushion where Hero nestled, and turning to the artist, added, "I leave Miss Orme in your care, Mr. Harcourt, and shall send Mr. Roscoe to remain during the sitting and take her home. Good-morning."

Chapter XVII.

"Yonder they come! They have just left the carriage, and as usual she is escorted by her body-guard; those grim old fogies who watch her like a pair of gray owls. Now, Doctor, you must contrive an introduction."

General René Laurance raised his gold eyeglass, and looked curiously towards a group of three persons who were walking amid the ruins of Pozzuoli.

His companion, Dr. Plymley, who was examining an inscription, turned around and looked in the direction indicated.

"Are you sure? I am quite near-sighted."

"Very sure, for no other figure could be mistaken for hers. By all the gods ever worshipped here she is the loveliest woman I ever saw, but as coy as a maid of fifteen. The fact that she secludes herself so rigidly only stimulates curiosity, and I have sworn a solemn oath to make her acquaintance, for it is something novel in my experience to have my overtures rejected, my courtesies ignored."

"Come this way, General. This encounter must appear purely accidental, for Madame Orme is very peculiar, very suspicious, and if she imagines we planned this excursion to meet her, or left Naples with the intention of joining her party, the chances are that I as well as you would be snubbed. In her desire to avoid society and personal attention one might suppose her an escaped abbess from some convent instead of a popular actress. It was with much difficulty that I prevailed on her to receive my son and wife one afternoon, as she remarked that her object in coming here was to secure health not acquaintances. Even in Naples her beauty attracts attention wherever she is seen."

"Certainly I am not a tyro in these matters, and have probably had as much experience as any other man of my years and well-improved opportunities, and you can form an estimate of my appreciation of her charms when I tell you I have followed

her since the night I first saw her on the stage at Milan. I see your wife beckoning us to join her."

Although sixty-five years old, General Laurance carried himself as erectly as the son he left in Paris, and his proud bearing and handsome face seemed to contradict the record of years that had passed so lightly over him. A profusion of silver threads streaked the black locks that scorned all artificial colouring, and his moustache and beard were quite grizzled, but as he stood tracing triangles on the sand with the point of his light cane, and pushed back the hat from his heated brow, no one unacquainted with his history would have deemed him more than fifty: a man of distinguished appearance, commanding stature, with rather haughty, martial mien, healthful ruddy complexion, and sparkling blue eyes keen and incisive.

From boyhood Self had been his openly and devoutly worshipped god. Pride of family, love of pomp, power, and luxury, and an inordinate personal vanity were the predominating characteristics of a man who indulged his inclinations no matter how devious the paths into which they strayed, nor how mercilessly obstacles must be trampled down in order to facilitate the accomplishment of his purposes. Naturally neither cruel nor vindictive, he had gradually grown pitiless in all that conduced to self-aggrandisement or self-indulgence; incapable of a generosity that involved even a slight sacrifice; an experienced man of the world, putting aside all scruples in the attainment of his selfish aims.

From wholly politic motives, and in order to extend his estates and increase his revenue, he had married early in life, and his affection, never bestowed upon his wife, had centred in their only child, Cuthbert. When death removed the unloved mother freedom was joyfully welcomed, and the memory of his neglected bride rarely visited the heart which was not invulnerable to grace and beauty.

The consummation of an alliance between his son and Miss Ames, the banker's daughter, had cost him much manœuvring and tedious diplomacy, for, like his father, Cuthbert was fastidious in his tastes, and an ardent devotee to female beauty; but when finally accomplished General Laurance considered his paternal obligations fully discharged, and thenceforth roamed from city to city, sipping such enjoyment as money, aristocratic *status*, urbane manners, and a heritage of well-preserved good looks enabled him to taste at will.

Six months before he had first seen Madame Orme as Deborah, in Mosenthal's popular drama, and charmed by her face and figure, had attempted to make her acquaintance. But his floral offerings had been rejected, his jewels and notes returned, his presentation refused, his visits interdicted; and as usually occurs in natures like his, opposition to his wishes intensified them, cold indifference and denial only deepened and strengthened his determination to crush all barriers. His pride was wounded, his vanity sorely piqued, and to compel her acknowledgment of his power, her submission to his sway, became for the while his special aim, his paramount purpose. Hence he loitered at Naples, seeking occasions, lying in wait for an opportunity to open a campaign that promised him new triumphs.

Dr. Plymley was an English physician travelling with an invalid wife and consumptive son, and having been consulted by Mrs. Orme on several occasions in Milan, had at length been prevailed upon by General Laurance to arrange an apparently casual introduction.

It was a cloudless spring day, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. Waul to read a package of papers, Mrs. Orme walked away towards the lonely outlines of the Serapeon.

The delicious balmy atmosphere, the interest of the objects that lined the drive from Naples, and the exercise of wandering from point to point, had brought a delicate glow to her cheeks, and a brighter carmine to her lips; and beneath the white chip hat, with its wreath of clustering pink convolvulus lying on her golden hair, the lovely face seemed almost unsurpassed in its witchery.

She wore a sea-green dress of some soft fabric that floated in the wind as she moved, and over her shoulders was wound a white fleecy mantle, fastened at the throat by a costly cameo, which secured a spray of lemon flowers that lavished their fragrance on the bright warm air. Closing her parasol, she walked down to the ruined Temple, and approached the wonderful columns that bear such mysterious attestation of the mutations of land and sea, of time and human religions. Since the days of Agrippina and Julia had a fairer, prouder face shone under those hoary marble shafts, and mirrored itself in the marvellous mosaic

floor, than that which now looked calmly down on the placid water flowing so silently over the costly pavements where sovereigns once reverently trod?

To-day the lonely woman standing amid crumbling cornices and architraves, wondered whether the sunken pavement of the Serapeon were a melancholy symbol of her own blighted youth, never utterly lost to view, often overwhelmed by surging waves of bitterness, hate, and despair, but now and then lifted by memory to the light, and found as fresh and glowing as in the sacred bygone? To-day buried beneath the tide of sorrow, to-morrow shining clear and imperishable? A shadow fell aslant the glassy water through which was visible the glint of the submerged pavement, and turning her head, she saw the familiar countenance of her quondam physician.

"A glorious day, Dr. Plymley?"

"Glorious indeed, Madame, for a dinner at Baiæ. I hope you are well, and bright as this delicious sunshine? Mrs. Orme, will you allow me the favour of presenting my friend General Laurance, who requests the honour of an introduction?"

She had been unaware of the presence of his companion, who was concealed from view, and as he stepped forward and took off his hat, she drew herself up, and at last they were face to face.

"Is the gentleman before me General René Laurance, of America?"

"I am, Madame; and supremely happy in the accident which enables me to make an acquaintance so long and earnestly desired."

"I am glad to meet General Laurance, of whom I heard the American Minister at Paris speak in glowing terms of commendation. I believe I also met a son of General Laurance in Paris? Certainly he resembles you most strikingly."

As he received into his own the pretty pearly hand, and bowed low over it, he felt agreeably surprised by the cordiality of a reception which appeared utterly inconsistent with her stern, contemptuous rejection of his previous attempts to form her acquaintance; and he could not quite reconcile the beaming smile on her lip, and the sparkling radiance in her eyes, with the pallor which he saw settle swiftly upon her face when his name was first announced.

"Ah! My son Cuthbert? Handsome young dog, and like his father, finds beauty the most powerful magnet. Where did you meet him?"

"When he was introduced by our Minister, who deputed him to deliver to me some custom-house regulations."

"Did you meet Mrs. Laurance?"

"Your wife, General?"

Annoyance instantly clouded his countenance, and Dr. Plymley gnawed his lower lip to hide a smile.

"My son's wife. Cuthbert and I are the only survivors of my own immediate family."

"If Madame had not so rigidly adhered to her recluse habits, she could scarcely have failed to learn that the General is unmarried. Mrs. Orme, my wife and Percy are waiting for me at the Amphitheatre, and we have an engagement to dine at Baiæ. Can I persuade you to join our party? Remember I am your physician, and this morning prescribe Baiæ air."

"You are very kind, doctor. Next week I shall bask at Baiæ. Gentlemen, I bid you good-day, and a pleasant hour over your Falernian."

She turned once more to the mysterious solemn face of that wonderful blue bay, but she started visibly when a voice close beside her asked—

"Permit me the pleasure of seeing you to your carriage."

"I am not going yet. General Laurance should not detain the doctor's party."

"They have a carriage. I am on horseback, and can easily overtake them; but if I dared, would beg the privilege of accompanying you, instead of drinking sour wine and smoking poor cigars among the ivy-wreathed ruins that await me at Baiæ. Ah, may I hope? Be generous, banish me not. May I attend you to-day?"

"No. Go pay your *devoir* to friendship and courtesy. I have faithful guardians in the two coming yonder to meet me."

She pointed to the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Waul, just visible over the mass of ruins that intervened, and lifting her handkerchief, waved it twice.

"You have established a system of signal service with those antique ogres, griffons? Why do you always travel with that grim body-guard? Surely they are not relatives?"

"They are faithful old friends who followed me across the Atlantic, who are invaluable, and shield me from impertinent annoyances, to which all women of my profession are more or less subjected. The world to which you belong sometimes seem disposed to forget that beneath and behind the paint and powder, false hair, and fine

tragic airs and costumes they pay to strangle time for them at San Carlo, or Teatro de' Fiorentini, there breathes a genuine human thing—a creature with a true, pure, womanly heart beating under the velvet, gauze, and tinsel; and with blood that now and then boils under unprovoked and dastardly insult. If I were cross-eyed, or had been afflicted with small-pox, or were otherwise disfigured, I should not require Mr. and Mrs. Waul; but Madame Orme, the lonely widow, deprived by death of a father's or brother's watchful protection, finds her humble companions a valuable barrier against presumption and insolence. For instance, when strangers pleased with my carefully-practised *jeu de theâtre*, send fulsome notes and costly *bijouterie* to my lodgings, praying in return a lock of my hair or a photograph, my griffons, as you facetiously term them, rarely even consult me, but generally send back the jewels by the bearer, and twist the *billets doux* into tapers to light Mr. Waul's pipe. Sometimes I see them. Often I am saved the trouble of knowing anything about the impertinence."

Her voice was sweet, but the scorn burning in her eyes was intolerable, and before it the old man seemed to shrink, while a flush swept across his proud face.

"Mrs. Orme is an anomaly among lovely women, and especially among popular *tragediennes*, and as I am suffering the consequences of that unexpected fact, may I venture, in pleading for pardon, to remind her of that grand prayer: 'Be it my will that my mercy overpower my justice.' Will she not nobly forgive errors committed in ignorance of the peculiar sensitiveness of her nature?"

Not until this moment had the likeness between father and son shown itself so conspicuously, and in the handsome features, and insinuating, beguiling velvet voice, she found sickening resemblances that made her heart surge, until she seemed suffocating. Hastily she loosened the ribbons of her hat that were tied beneath her chin.

"Is General Laurance pleading abstractly for forgiveness for his vain and presumptuous sex?"

"Solely for my own audacious impertinence, which, had I known you, would never have been perpetrated. My rejected emeralds accuse me. Pardon me, and I will immediately give them in expiatory offering to some foundling asylum hospital or other public charity."

"If I condone past offences it must be upon condition that they are never repeated, for leniency is not one of my characteristics. Hitherto we have been strangers. You are from America, the land of my adoption, and have been presented to me as a gentleman, as the friend of my physician. Henceforth consider that your acquaintance with me dates from to-day."

She suffered him to take her hand, and bow low over it, breathing volubly his thanks for her goodness, his protestations of profound repentance and undying gratitude; and all the while she shut her eyes as if to hide some approaching horror, and the blood in her veins seemed to freeze at his touch, gathered like icicles around her aching heart, turning her gradually to stone. They walked back towards the spot where she had desired her companions to await her return, and as he attempted to analyse the strange perplexing expression on her white face he said,

"I trust this delicious climate has fully restored your health?"

"Thank you. I am as well as I hope to be until I can go home to America, and be once more with my baby."

"It is difficult to realise that you are a mother. How old is this darling who steals so many of your thoughts?"

"Oh, quite a great girl now! able to write me long, delightful letters; still in memory and imagination she remains my baby, for I have not seen her for nearly seven years."

"Indeed! you must have married when a mere child?"

"Yes, unfortunately I did, and lost my husband—became a destitute widow when I was scarcely older than my own daughter now is. Mr. Waul, this is your countryman, General Laurance, and doubtless you have mutual acquaintances in the United States."

They proceeded to the carriage, and as he assisted her to enter it General Laurance asked,

"Will you grant me the privilege of accompanying you next week to Baiæ?"

"I cannot promise that."

"Then allow me to call upon you to-morrow."

"To-morrow will be the day for my exercises in Italian recitation and declamation."

She had taken off her hat which pressed heavily upon her throbbing brow, and as the sun shone full on the coil of glittering

hair, with here and there a golden tress rippling low on her snowy neck and ear, her loveliness seized the man's senses with irresistible witchery; and the thought of her reappearance as a public idol, of her exhibition of her wonderful beauty to the critical gaze of all Naples, suddenly filled him with jealous horror and genuine pain. As if utterly weary and indifferent, she leaned back, nestling her head against the cushions of the carriage; and, looking eagerly at her, General Laurance silently registered a vow that the world should soon know her no more as the Queen of Tragedy, that ere long the only kingdom over which she reigned should be restricted to the confines of his own heart and life.

Pale as marble, she coolly met the undisguised ardent admiration in his gaze, and bending forward he asked, pleadingly,

"Not to-morrow? Then next day, Mrs. Orme?"

"Perhaps so, if I chance to be at home, which is by no means certain. General Laurance, I wish you a pleasant ride to Baiæ, and must bid you good-by."

She inclined her head, smiled proudly, and closed her eyes; and, watching her as the carriage rolled away, he wondered if mere fatigue had brought that ghastly pallor to the face he knew he was beginning to love so madly.

"Shall we not return to Naples? You look weary and unhappy," said Mr. Waul, who did not like the expression of the hopeless, fixed, blanched lips.

"No! no!"

Chapter XVIII.

"Miss Orme, let Farley take you home after I get out at Mrs. St. Clare's," said Mrs. Palmer. "The carriage can return for me about four o'clock."

"That will not be necessary. I wish to go and see Mrs. Mason, who has been out of town since July, and I can very easily walk. She has changed her lodgings."

"Have you consulted Mr. Palmer on the subject?"

"No, but I do not think he would object."

"At least it would be best to obtain his permission, for only last week when you stayed so long at that floral hall he said he should forbid your going out alone. Wait till to-morrow."

"To-morrow I shall not have time, and all my studies are over for to-day. Why should he care? He allows me to go to Mrs. Mason's in the carriage."

"It is entirely your own affair, but my advice is to consult him. At this hour he is probably in his office. Drive down and see him, and if he consents then go. Here is Mrs. St. Clare's. Farley, take Miss Orme to Mr. Palmer's office, and be sure you are back here at half-past three. Don't keep me waiting."

Never before had Regina gone to the office, and to-day she very reluctantly followed the unpalatable advice. When the carriage stopped she went in, feeling embarrassed, and secretly hoping that her guardian was absent. At a desk near the door sat a young man, intently copying some papers, and as the visitor entered he rose and stared.

"Is Mr. Palmer here?"

"He will be in a few moments. Take a seat."

Hoping to escape before his return, she said, hastily,

"I have not time to wait. Can you give me a pencil and piece of paper? I wish to leave a note."

There were two desks in the apartment, but, glancing at their dusty appearance and then at the dainty gloves of the stranger, the young man answered, hesitatingly,

"You will find writing materials on the desk in the next room. The door is not locked."

She hurried in, sat down before the desk, where a number of papers were loosely scattered, and took up a pen lying near a handsome bronze inkstand.

How should she commence? She had never written him a line, and felt perplexed. While debating whether she should say "Dear Mr. Palmer," or "My dear Guardian," her eyes wandered half unconsciously about the apartment until they were arrested by a large portrait hanging over the mantelpiece. It was a copy of the picture her mother had directed to be painted by Mr. Harcourt, and which had been sent to Europe.

This copy differed in some respects from the original portrait. Hero had been entirely omitted, and in the hands of the figure were clusters of beautiful snowy lilies.

Surprised and gratified that he deemed her portrait worthy of a place in his office, she hastily wrote:

"Dear Mr. Palmer,—Having no en-

gagements until to-morrow, I wish to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Mason, who has removed to No. 900, East —— Street, but Mrs. Palmer advised me to ask your permission. Hoping that you will not object to my making the visit, without having waited to see you, I am,

"Very respectfully,

"Your ward,

"Regina Orme."

Leaving it open on the desk, where he could not fail to see it, she glanced once more at the portrait and hurried away, fearful of being intercepted ere she reached the carriage.

"Drive to No. 900, East —— Street."

The carriage had not turned the corner when Mr. Palmer leisurely approached his office door, with thoughts intent upon an important will case which was creating much interest and discussion among the members of the Bar, and which in an appeal form he had that day consented to argue before the Supreme Court. As he entered the front room the clerk looked up.

"Stuart, has Elliott brought back the papers?"

"Not yet, sir. There was a young lady here a moment ago. Did you meet her?"

"No. What was her business?"

"She did not say. Asked for you, and would not wait."

"What name?"

"Did not give any. Think she left a note on your desk."

"My desk? Hereafter, in my absence, allow no one to enter my private office. I did not consider it necessary to caution you or inform you that my desk is not public property, but designed for my exclusive service. In future, when I am out, keep that door locked. Step round to Fitzgerald's, and get that volume of Reports he borrowed last week."

The young man coloured, picked up his hat, and disappeared, and the lawyer walked into his sanctum and approached his desk. Seating himself in the large revolving chair, his eyes fell instantly upon the long sheet, with the few lines traced in a delicate feminine hand. Over his cold face swept a marvellous change, strangely softening its outlines and expression. He examined the writing curiously, taking off his glasses and holding the paper close to his eyes, he detected the alteration in the "Dear," which had evidently been commenced as "My." Laying it open before him, he took the pen, wrote "my" before the "dear," and, drawing a line through the "Regina Orme," substituted above it "Lily." In her haste she had left on the desk one glove and her small ivory porte-monnaie which her mother had sent from Rome.

He took up the little glove, redolent of "violet," and spread out the almost childishly small fingers on his own broad palm, which suddenly closed over it like a vice; then, with a half smile of strange tenderness, in which all the stony sternness of lips and chin seemed steeped and melted, he drew the glove softly, caressingly over his bronzed cheek.

Pressing the spring of the purse, it opened and showed him two small gold dollars, and a five dollar bill. In another compartment, wrapped in tissue paper, was a small bunch of pressed violets tied with a bit of blue sewing silk. Upon the inside of the paper was written:

"Gathered at Agra, April 8th, 18—."

He knew Mr. Lindsay's handwriting, and his teeth closed firmly as he refolded the paper and put the purse and glove in the inside breast pocket of his coat. Placing the note in an envelope, he addressed it to "Edgar Palmer," and locked it up in a private drawer.

Raising his brilliant eyes to the lovely girlish face on the wall, he said slowly, sternly:

"My Lily—and she shall be broken and withered, and laid to rest in Greenwood, before any other man's hand touches hers. My Lily, housed sacredly in my bosom, blooming only in my heart."

Chapter XIX.

Dismissing the carriage at the corner of the square, Regina walked on until she found the house, and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a girl apparently half-grown, who stated that Mrs. Mason rented the lower rooms, and that her visitors were admitted through the lower entrance, as a different set of lodgers had the next floor. She offered to show Regina the way, and knocking at the basement door, the girl suddenly remembered that she had seen Mrs. Mason visiting at the house directly opposite.

"Wait, Miss, and I will run across and call her."

"The lady says Mrs. Mason was there, but left her about a quarter of an hour ago.

What name shall I give when she comes home?"

"Tell her Regina Orme called, and was very sorry she missed seeing her. Say I will try to come again on Sunday afternoon, if the weather is good.

The day though cold was very bright, the sky a cloudless gray-blue, the slanting beams of the sun filling the atmosphere with gold dust; and in crossing the square to gain the street beyond, Regina was attracted by a group of children romping along the walk and laughing gleefully.

One a toddling wee thing, with a scarlet cloak that swept the ground, and a hood of the same warm tint drawn over her curly, yellow hair and dimpled round face, had fallen on the walk, unheeded by her boisterous companions, and becoming entangled in the long garment, could not get up again. Pausing to lift the little creature to her feet, and restore the piece of cake that had escaped from the chubby hand, Regina stood smiling sympathetically at the sport of the larger children, and wondering whether all those rosy-cheeked "olive branches" clustered around one household altar.

At that moment a heavy hand was placed on her shoulder, and turning she saw at her side a powerful man, thickset in stature, and whose clothing was worn and soiled. Beneath a battered hat, drawn suspiciously low, she discerned a swarthy, flushed, saturnine countenance, which had perhaps once been attractive, before the seal of intemperance marred and stained its lineaments. Somewhere she certainly had seen that dark face, and a sensation of vague terror seized her.

"Regina, it is about time you should meet and recognise me."

The voice explained all. She knew the man whom Hannah had met in the churchyard on the evening of the storm.

She made an effort to shake off his hand, but it closed firmly upon her, and he asked:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Your name is Peleg, and you are a wicked man—an enemy of my mother."

"The same; I do not deny it. But recollect I am also your father."

She stared almost wildly at him, and her face blanched and quivered as she uttered a cry of horror.

"It is false! You are not—you never could have been! You? Oh! never—never!"

So terrible was the thought that she staggered and sank down on an iron seat, covering her face with her hands.

"This comes of separating father and child, and raising you above your proper place in the world. Your mother taught you to hate me, I knew she would; but I have waited as long as I can bear it, and I intend to assert my rights. Who do you suppose is your father? Whose child did she say you were?"

"She never told me; but I know. O God, have mercy upon me! You cannot be my father! It would kill me to believe it!"

She shuddered violently, and when he attempted to put his hand on hers she drew back and cried out, almost fiercely:

"Don't touch me! If you dare, I will scream for a policeman."

"Very well, as soon as you please, and when he comes I will explain to him that you are my daughter; and, if necessary, I will carry you both to the spot where you were born, and prove the fact. Do you know where you were born? I guess Minnie did not see fit to tell you that, either. Well, it was in that charity hospital on —— Street, and I can tell you the year and the day of the month. My child, you might at least pity and not insult your poor unhappy father."

Could it be possible after all? Her head swam, her heart seemed bursting. Her very soul sickened as she tried to realise all that his assertion implied. What could he expect to accomplish by such a claim, unless he intended and felt fully prepared to establish it by irrefragable facts?

"My girl, your mother deserted me before you were born, and has never dared to let you know the truth. She is living in disguise in Europe, under an assumed name, and only last week I found out her whereabouts. She calls herself Mrs. Orme now, and has turned actress. She was born one. She has played a false part all her life. Do you think your name is Orme? My dear child, it is untrue, and I, Peleg Peterson, am your father."

"No—no! My mother, my beautiful, refined mother, never—never could have loved you! Oh, it is too horrible! Go away; please go away, or I shall go mad."

She bound her hands tightly across her eyes, shutting out the loathsome face, and in the intensity of her agony and dread she groaned aloud. If it were true could she bear it and live? What would Mr. Lindsay

think if he could see that coarse, brutal man claiming her as his daughter? What would her haughty guardian say, if he who so sedulously watched over her movements, and fastidiously chose her associates, could look upon her now? Born in a hospital, owning that repulsive countenance there beside her as parent?

Heavy cold drops oozed out and glistened on her brow, and she shivered from head to foot, rocking herself to and fro. Almost desperate as she thought of the mysterious circumstances that seemed to entangle her mother as in some inextricable net, the girl suddenly started up, and exclaimed:

"It is a fraud, a wicked fraud, or you would never have left me so long in peace. My father was, must have been, a gentleman, I know, I feel it! You are—you—save me, O Lord in heaven, from such a curse as that!"

He grasped her arm, and hissed:

"I am poor and obscure, it is true, but Peterson is better than no name at all, and if you are not my child, then you have no name. That is all; take your choice."

What a pall settled on earth and sky! The sun, shining so brightly in the west, grew black, and a shadow, colder and darker than death, seized her soul. Was it the least of alternate horrors to accept this man, acknowledging his paternal claim, and thereby defend her mother's name? How the lovely sad face of that young mother rose like a star, gilding all this fearful blackness; and her holy abiding faith in her mother proved a strengthening angel in this Gethsemane. Rallying, she forced herself to look steadily at her companion.

"You say that your name is Peleg Peterson. Why did you never come openly to the parsonage and claim me? I know that my mother was married in that house by Mr. Hargrove."

"Because I never could find out where you were hid away, until my aunt, Hannah Hinton, told me the week before the great storm. Then she promised me the marriage licence, which she found in a desk at the parsonage, on condition that I would not disturb you, as she thought you were happy and well cared for, and would be highly educated, and I was too miserably poor to give you any advantages. You know the licence was burned by lightning, else I would show it to you."

"Proving that you are my mother's legal husband?"

"Certainly; else what use do you suppose I had for it?"

"Oh, no! You intended to sell it. Hannah told me so."

"No such thing. Minnie does not want to own me now, and I intended to show the licence to the father of the man for whom she deserted both you and me. She has followed him to Europe, though she knows he is a married man."

"It is false! How dare you! You shall not slander her dear name. My mother could never have done that! There is some foul conspiracy to injure her—not another word against her! No matter what may have happened, no matter how dark and strange things look, she was not to blame. She is right, always right. I know, I feel it! I tell you if the sun and the stars and the very arch-angels in heaven accused her I would not listen, I would not believe—no—never! She is my mother, do you hear me? She is my mother, and God's own angels would go astray as soon as she!"

She looked as white and rigid as a corpse twelve hours dead, and her large defiant eyes burned with a supernatural lustre. He comprehended the nature with which he had to deal, and after a pause said, sullenly:

"Minnie does not deserve such a child, and it is hard that you, my own flesh and blood, refuse to recognise me. Regina, I am desperately poor, or I would take you now, forcibly if necessary, and if Minnie dared deny my claim, I would publish the facts in a court of justice. Even your guardian is deceived, and many things would come to light, utterly disgraceful to you, and to your father and mother. But at present I cannot take care of you, and I am in need—actual need. Will my child see her own father want bread and clothing, and refuse to assist him? Can you not contribute something towards my support until I can collect some money due me? If you can help me a little now I will try to be patient, and leave you where you are, in luxury and peace; at least, till I can hear from Minnie, to whom I have written."

"Why do you not go at once to my guardian and demand me?"

"If you wish it I will, before sunset. Come, I am ready. But when I do the facts will be blazoned to the world, and you and Minnie, and I, shall all go down together in disgrace and ruin. If you are

willing to drag all the shameful history into the papers, I am ready now."

He rose, but she shrank away, and putting her hand in her pocket, became aware of the loss of her purse. Had she been robbed, or had she dropped her porte-monnaie in the carriage?

"I have not a cent with me. I have lost my purse since I left home."

She saw the gloomy scowl that lowered on his brow. "When can you give me some money? Mind, it must not be known that I am literally begging. I am as proud, my daughter, as you are, and if people find out that I am getting alms from you, I shall explain that it is from my own child I receive aid."

A feeble gleam of hope stole across her soul, and rapidly she reflected on the best method of escape. "I have very little money, but to-morrow I will send you through the post-office every cent I possess. How shall I address it?"

He shook his head. "That would not satisfy me. I want to see you again, to look at your sweet face. Do you think I do not love my child? Meet me here this time to-morrow."

Each word smote like pelting hailstones, and he saw all her loathing printed on her face. "I have an engagement that may detain me beyond this hour, but if I live I will be as punctual as circumstances permit."

"If you tell Palmer you have seen me he must know everything, for Minnie has hired him to help her deceive you and the world, and all the while she has kept the truth from him. Shrewd as he is, she has completely duped him. If he learns you have been with me I shall unmask everything; and when he washes his hands of you and your mother I will take you where you shall never lay your eyes again on the two who have taught you to hate me—Minnie and Palmer. My child, do you understand me?"

She shuddered as he leaned toward her, and stepping back, she answered resolutely:

"That threat will prove very effectual. I will meet you here, bringing the little money I have, and will keep this awful day a secret from all but God, who never fails to protect the right."

"You promise that?"

"What else is left me? My guardian shall know nothing from me until I can hear from my mother, to whom I shall write this night. Do not detain me. My absence will excite suspicion."

"Good-bye, my daughter." He held out his hand.

She looked at him, and her lips writhed as she tried to contemplate for an instant the bare possibility that, after all, he might be her parent. She forced herself to hold out her left hand, which was gloved; but he had scarcely grasped her fingers, when she snatched them back, turned and darted away, while he called after her, "This time to-morrow. Don't fail."

The glory of the world, and the light of her young life had suddenly been extinguished, and fearful spectres vague and menacing thronged the future. Death appeared a mere trifle in comparison with the life-long humiliation—perhaps disgrace—that was in store for her; and bitterly she demanded of fate why she had been reared so tenderly, so delicately, in an atmosphere of honour and refinement, if destined to fall at last into the hands of that coarse, vicious man. The audacity of his claim almost overwhelmed her faint hope, that some infamous imposture was being practised at her expense, and the severity of the shock, the intensity of her mental suffering, rendered her utterly oblivious of everything else.

At another time she would doubtless have heard and recognised a familiar step that followed her from the moment she quitted the square; but to-day, almost stupefied, she hurried along the pavement, mechanically turning the corners, looking neither to right nor left.

Fifth Avenue was a long way off, and it was late in the afternoon when she reached home, and ran up to her own room, anxious to escape observation.

Hattie was arranging some towels on the wash-stand, and, turning round, exclaimed, "Good gracious, Miss! You are as white as the coverlid on the bed! I guess something has happened?"

"I am not well. I am tired—so tired! Have they all come home?"

"Yes; and there will be company to dinner. Two gentlemen, Terry said. Are you going to wear that dress?"

"I don't want any dinner. If they ask for me, tell Mrs. Palmer I feel very ill, and that I beg she will excuse me."

For many years she had known that some unfortunate cloud hung over her own and her mother's history, but faith in the latter, and a perfect trust in the wisdom and goodness of Mr. Hargrove, had encouraged her in every previous hour of disquiet and appre-

hension. Until to-day the positive and hideous ghoul of disgrace had never actually confronted her, and with the intuitive hopefulness of youth she had waved aside all forebodings, believing that at the proper time her mother would satisfactorily explain the necessity for the mystery of her conduct.

Was Mr. Lindsay acquainted with some terrible trouble that threatened her future, when in bidding her farewell he had said he would gladly shield her, were it possible, from trials that he foresaw would be her portion? Did he know all, and would he love her less, if that bold bad man should prove his paternal claim to her? Her father! As she tried to face the possibility it was with difficulty that she smothered a passionate cry, and throwing herself across the foot of the bed buried her face in her hands.

If she could only run away and go to India, where Mr. Lindsay would shield, pity, and love her! How gratefully she thought of him at this juncture—how noble, tender, and generous he had always been; what a haven of safety and rest his presence would be now!

As a very dear brother she had ever regarded him, for her affection though intense and profound, was as entirely free from all taint of sentimentality as that which she entertained for his mother; and her pure young heart had never indulged a feeling that could have coloured her cheek with confusion had the world searched its recesses. Were Douglas accessible, she would unhesitatingly have sprung into his protecting arms, as any suffering young sister might have done, and, fully unburdening her soul, would have sought brotherly counsel; but in his absence, to whom was it possible for her to turn?

To her guardian? As she thought of his fastidious, overweening pride, his haughty scorn of everything plebeian, his detestation of all that appertained to the ranks of the ill-bred, a keen pang of almost intolerable shame darted through her heart, and a burning tide surged over her cheeks, painting them fiery scarlet. Would he accord her the shelter of his roof were he aware of all that had occurred that day?

She started up, prompted by a sudden impulse to seek him and divulge everything; to ask how much was true, to demand that he would send her at once to her mother. Perhaps he could authoritatively deny that man's statements, and certainly he was far too prudent to assume guardianship of a girl whose real parentage was unknown to him. Implicit confidence in his wisdom and friendship, and earnest gratitude for the grave kindness of his conduct towards her since she became an inmate of his house, had gradually displaced the fear and aversion that formerly influenced her against him; and just now the only comfort she could extract from any quarter, arose from the reflection that in every emergency Mr. Palmer would protect her from harm and insult, until he could place her under her mother's care.

Two years of daily association had taught her to appreciate the sternness and tenacity of his purpose, and his stubborn iron will, so often dreaded before, now became a source of consolation, a tower of refuge to which in extremity she could retreat. But if she were indeed the low-born girl that man had dared to assert—and Mr. Palmer should learn that he had been deceived—how could she ever meet his coldly contemptuous eyes!

Some one tapped at the door, but she made no response, hoping she might be considered asleep. Mrs. Palmer came in, groping her way. She lighted the gas, then came to the bed. "Regina, are you ill, that you absent yourself, when you know there is company to dinner?"

"I feel very badly indeed, and I hoped you would excuse me."

"What is the matter? You seemed very well when I parted from you at Mrs. St. Clare's door."

"I feel unable to go down stairs. I shall be better to-morrow."

"Edgar desired me to say that he wishes to see you this evening, and you must come down to the library about nine o'clock. He has gone to his office, and you know he will be displeased if you fail to obey him."

"Please tell him I am not able. Ask him to excuse me this evening. Intercede for me, will you not?"

"Oh! I never interfere when he gives an order. Besides, I shall not see him again before midnight. I will direct Hattie to call you when your guardian comes in. Do you require any medicine? You look ill."

"Only rest, I think. Can't you persuade Mr. Palmer to go to the party or ball, or whatever it may be?"

"He has promised to drop in towards the close of the evening and escort us home. Good night."

She went out, closing the door softly, and

Regina felt more desolate than ever. Was Mr. Palmer displeased, because she had gone visiting without waiting for his consent? If she had been more patient, might not this fearful discovery have been averted? Was her sorrow part of the wages of her disobedient haste? What had become of her purse? How could she, without exciting suspicion, obtain the money she had so positively promised? She rang the bell, and sent Hattie to request Farley to examine the carriage, and see if she had not dropped her porte-monnaie into some of its crevices. It was a long time before the servant returned. Farley had searched everywhere, and could not find the purse.

Hattie hurried away, and Regina unlocked a small drawer of her bureau, and took out what remained of her semi-annual allowance of pocket-money. She counted it carefully, but found only thirteen dollars. If she could have recovered her port-monnaie she would have had twenty dollars to offer, and even that seemed mockingly insufficient, as the price of silence, of temporary escape from humiliation. What could she do? She had never asked a cent from her guardian, and the necessity of appealing to him was inexpressibly mortifying; but to whom could she apply?

Unable to throw off the load of painful apprehension that weighed so heavily on her heart, Regina derived some consolation from the reflection that she was entirely alone in the house, and could at least escape scrutiny and curious criticism; for she hoped that Mr. Palmer, forgetting her, would go to Mrs. Tarrant's, allowing her a reprieve until morning. During the second year of her residence beneath his roof, she had at his request taken her breakfast with him, sitting at the head of the table, where Mrs. Palmer presided at all other times. Olga and her mother generally slept quite late, and consequently Regina now looked forward with dread to the *tête-à-tête* awaiting her next morning.

A few days subsequent to the Sunday afternoon on which her guardian had unexpectedly accompanied her to church, she had been pleasantly surprised by finding in the library a handsome parlour organ, on which lay a slip of paper, expressing Mr. Palmer's desire that she would consider it exclusively hers, and sometimes play upon it for him. But an unconquerable timidity and repugnance to using the instrument when he was at home had prevented a compliance with the request, which was never repeated.

To-night the thought of the organ brought dear and comforting memories, and feeling quite secure from intrusion she went down to the library. As usual, the room was bright and comfortable as gas and fire could make it, and failing to observe a sudden movement of the curtains hanging over the recess behind the writing-desk, Regina entered, closed the door, and walked up to the glowing grate.

Beneath her mother's portrait was the customary floral offering, which on this occasion consisted of double white and blue violets; and standing awhile on the hearth, the girl gazed up at the picture with mournful, longing tenderness. Could that proud, lovely face ever have owned as husband the coarser, meaner, and degraded clay, who that afternoon had dared with sacrilegious presumption to speak of her as "Minnie?"

What was the mystery, and upon whom must rest the blame, possibly the life-long shame? "Not you, dear, sad-eyed mother. Let the whole world condemn, deride, and despise us, but only your own lips shall teach me to doubt you. Everything else may crumble beneath me, all may drift away, but faith and trust in mother shall stand fast, as Jacob's ladder, linking me with the angels who will surely come down its golden rounds and comfort me. Oh, mother! the time has come when you and I must clasp hands and fight the battle together, and God will be merciful to the right."

Standing there in her blue cashmere dress, relieved by dainty collar and cuffs of lace, she seemed indeed no longer a young, almost childish girl, but one who had passed the threshold and entered the mysterious realm of early womanhood.

Rather below than above medium height, her figure was exquisitely moulded, and the beautiful head was poised on the shoulders with that indescribable proud grace one sometimes sees in perfect marble sculpture. But the delicate, woeful face, white and gleaming under its shining coil of ebon hair—how shall mere words ever portray its peculiar loveliness, its faultless purity? Unconsciously she had paused in the exact position selected for the beautiful figure of "Faith;" and, standing with drooping, clasped hands and uplifted eyes, gazing upon her mother's portrait, as the "Faith" looks to the lonely cross above her, the

resemblance in form and features was so striking that all who have studied that exquisite marble can readily recall the countenance of the girl in the library. Turning away, she opened the organ, drew out the stops, and began to play. As the soft yet sacredly solemn strains rolled through the long room, hallowed associations of the old parsonage life floated up, clustering like familiar faces around her. Once more she heard the cooing of ring-doves in the honeysuckle, and the loved voices, now silent in death, or far far away among the palms of India.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord" had been one of their favourite selections at V——, and now, hoping for comfort, she sang it.

It was the first time she had attempted it since the evening before the storm, when Mr. Lindsay had sung it with her, while Mr. Hargrove softly hummed the bass as he walked up and down the verandah with his arm on his sister's shoulder.

How many holy memories rushed, like a flood, over her heart and soul, burying for a time the bitter experience of to-day! Unable to conclude the song, she leaned back in her chair, and gave way to the tears that rolled so swiftly down her cheeks.

So wan and hopeless was her face that Mr. Palmer, watching her from the curtained alcove, came quickly forward.

At sight of him she started up, and hastily wiped away the tears that obstinately dripped despite her efforts.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

NO change is so complete and grateful to the dweller inland as the sea. The lengthened contemplation even of hills verdant as those of Herefordshire produces at last a feeling of being cooped up by them; and one gets to regard the Wye with something of envy. For the river contrives to find its way to the sea, in spite of the hills doing their utmost to detain the beautiful stream upon its course, and making it wind about such a weary, tortuous journey before it can attain the object of its desires. How our hills do love the river! It seems as if they would never let it go. But the Wye is deaf to their wooing, and patiently winds along, through all their mazes, singing its own song, till it can mingle its voice with that of its only mate, the sea.

Pilgrimages being in fashion, this particular Pilgrim took his staff and his scrip and a Great Western tourist ticket to the Channel Islands.

Some years ago Jersey and Guernsey used to be sweetly unsophisticated little places, where one might almost live for nothing, and save money at that. And one would expect in such fortunate isles, where they give thirteen pence halfpenny to the shilling, eighteen ounces to the pound, and where there are absolutely no duties levied upon any article of commerce, to find things tolerably reasonable. Some years ago I remember a little bar in Guernsey Arcade, where if you put down a shilling you might buy a newspaper, a glass of brandy-and-water, and a cigar, and receive a shilling and a halfpenny change—that is to say, a franc and a halfpenny. But all that is changed now. Jersey is without exception the dearest place I ever visited. You *can* buy cheap wines, spirits, and tobacco, but they are atrociously bad, and if you want good you must pay almost the same price as in England. At the hotels the wine-lists are identical in price with those of English hotels; and upon my solemn veracity I paid ninepence for a glass of brandy-and-water at one Jersey hotel, and sixpence at others. Yet I remember the time when the chemists and refreshment bar-keepers always supplied a free brandy bottle if you would only pay for a bottle of lemonade. All kinds of provisions are dearer than with us; butter is two shillings per pound; fish are beyond the reach of any but the possessors of fabulous wealth; and the fruit and vegetables, in which Jersey is so prolific, are, with the sole exception of grapes, very much higher in price than the Jersey fruit and vegetables offered in Covent Garden Market. In fact, the only thing cheap in Jersey is Cheapside—which is a place where they don't sell anything!

Jersey is a queer island, where cabbages grow upon walking-sticks six feet high, and is altogether too busy, too "fast," and too full of touts of all kinds to form a nice place for the quietly-disposed tourist. The air is extremely relaxing, and, according to

the Guide Book, predisposing to liver complaints and rheumatism. Moreover, there is no sea-bathing worth the name. On the flat sands in St. Clement's or St. Brelade's Bay one has to walk out for half a mile before getting water enough to reach one's knees. Nor is the scenery by any means equal to that of Guernsey. The finest parts are about the west coast, from Gréve de Lecq round to St. Brelade's Bay; and in many places, specially at the Corbières, the rocks and caves are impressive. Excursion cars go round the island every day. The best are Gregory's, which are accompanied by an intelligent comic showman, whose collar is inscribed in gold letters "Joe the Guide," and who contrives in two minutes after starting to be on terms of the oldest friendship with everybody on board the two cars of which he has the charge. He beguiles the way with songs, anecdotes, comic or serious conversation (according to the character of his company), and "road-whist." He takes you down caverns, up rocks, and in to luncheon, and makes himself generally useful and particularly agreeable. The only thing is, the need for a comic guide shows at once what is the plain fact—viz., that the scenery is not of itself good enough to maintain the continuous interest of the average tourist during half a day's drive. Did it any time rise to grandeur, a comic guide would be unendurable. But the only time it approaches it is at the Corbières; and altogether "Joe the Guide" is an acquisition—to Jersey scenery. St. Helier's is a busy place, with about 30,000 inhabitants, and it contains some good shops, particularly in Queen Street.

There are two railroads in the island. The one to the west is a very pretty bit of line round St. Aubin's Bay; the saloon carriages, with open galleries on either side, and glass ends, afford an uninterrupted view in front of the train, and a promenade along its entire length; and the station at St. Aubin's, with its cool ferneries and fountains, is one of the most tasteful little termini I have ever seen. The Jersey cows are a very little fawn-coloured breed, with almost human eyes, and they give a remarkable quantity of extremely rich milk. But Jersey beef is atrocious. In fact, the only really good animal food I could find indigenous to the island was lamb.

Sark is now generally surnamed "the gem of the Channel Islands;" but though it undoubtedly possesses a wonderful combination of wildness and beauty for so small a spot, and is less overrun with tourists than the other islands, it has nothing which to my mind can compare with the grand piece of rocky coast-line in Guernsey between Pleinmont Point and Moulin Huet Bay, embracing the whole southern part of Guernsey, and forming the base on which the triangular island is constructed—the side on which the fierce cliffs and the defiant rocks show it to have taken root, and whence it most proudly challenges the sea and the storm. For hereabouts cliff and rock are one, and the brown granite walls fight the ocean at close quarters; whilst on the north-west and on the east the island has put forth outworks—great reaches of sand, and innumerable masses of rock, scattered like forts in front of every bay, to break the fury of the waves. Guernsey, of all the group, is the favourite island with the fish, and Sark with the sea-birds, while the water surrounding both is brilliantly clear and bright. But whether the palm be awarded to Guernsey or Sark, the former is undoubtedly the best place to adopt as head-quarters, not only on account of its greater variety of scenery, but because Sark is too small to be shut up in for long together, and has no direct communication with the civilised world. Guernsey is called "the lungs of Jersey," inasmuch as Jersey people are accustomed to repair thither at intervals to enjoy its more bracing air after their own relaxing atmosphere. Sark is generally considered a shade more bracing than Guernsey, though I could detect very little difference, the air of both islands being so fresh and pure.

The approach to Guernsey from the sea is inviting, the picturesque harbour seeming to hold out its great granite arms, bearing lighthouses, at once to light and to welcome the sea-weary traveller, while the houses and churches of the quaint old town of St. Peter's Port rise tier above tier, mingled with trees all up the steep ascent above the long line of quays. Although in Guernsey everything is much dearer than formerly, it is still much more moderate than Jersey—possibly because it has no bank failures, as Jersey has, driving the natives to prey upon strangers. The bathing in Guernsey is absolutely the finest that can be desired. The accommodation for bathers at St. Peter's Port is good, and would leave nothing wanting but for the stony beach; but to enjoy the sea to perfection it is better to take a towel and a walk to one of the solitary bays, where, surrounded by rocks

and grand cliffs, and with a floor of the purest white sand, one can most supremely enjoy the sparkling, exhilarating water, clear as crystal, and effervescent with the whitest and daintiest foam.

Guernsey is not so small that one need fear to walk over into the sea during a fit of abstraction. It is something like twenty-seven miles to drive round it, without following the indentations of the bays. The roads are remarkably good; and the neatness of the well-kept stone-fences, backed with tall trim hedges of myrtle and fuschia, which grow to trees in the Channel climate, where all vegetation is remarkably lush and luxuriant, is a very pleasant and characteristic feature of the island. The lanes, cottages, and villas in the interior strongly impress a stranger with an air of neat competence and scrupulous care. Here and there, as in the case of General Huish's bijou estate at St Andrews, with its exquisitely-kept glass-houses, fountains, and rosaries, and its model little mansion, one comes upon something more pretentious; but even in such a case there is the same trimness carried to a higher degree—not a blade of grass is ever out of place upon the lawn, and not a fading blossom nor a fallen leaf is ever seen by mortal eye, save the gardener's, upon the flower-beds. Another noticeable thing about the island is, that almost every peasant and fisherman is a gentleman, both in bearing and in feeling. They are, in fact, gentlemen by birth, being descended from the Huguenot refugees, who had in their veins some of the best blood of France; and in this respect they are infinitely superior to the mixed peasant race of Jersey. The Guernsey peasantry seem never to have lost their original breeding. Their quietly self-possessed manner under all circumstances, and in any society, and their invariable courtesy, sufficiently attest this.

The coast scenery, which is that specially interesting to the tourist, divides itself naturally into three sections. The two harbours of St. Peter's Port and St. Samson's, and the forts, take up the most part of the eastern side of the triangular island; on the south are the great frowning cliffs that battle with the sea; and on the north-west the flat, sandy, rock-strewn bays which break northwards into L'Ancresse Common —a wide, wild waste like Salisbury Plain, but covered more plentifully with huge blocks of granite, said to be Druidical remains, though I fancy the name of the Druid in this case was "Water," inasmuch as there is evidence of L'Ancresse Bay having been covered by the sea at no very remote date. One of the Cromlechs measures forty-five feet by thirteen by eight, and from beneath it were exhumed about forty years ago a large number of coarse clay urns, beads, and amulets. The sandy bays on this side of the island abound with sea-flowers, the sea-holly and the sea-thistle, while the downs beside them are redolent of wild thyme and sage, wild mint and rue.

The means of getting about, both in Guernsey and Jersey, are ready and cheap. Every day cars ostensibly "go round the island" (although, of course, they only do a bit of it at a time), the charge being two shillings in Guernsey and two shillings and sixpence in Jersey. But as in Guernsey eight shillings will provide you with a horse and trap and man for the entire day, it is far pleasanter to choose your own route, when, of course, you will stick to the coast (instead of being somewhat over-dosed with inland scenery, as you are in the cars), and have the advantage of being able to linger your own time over the spots which interest you most. And for one route to choose, after several visits to the island, let me recommend the following:—From St. Peter's Port, by the cliff road, to Petit Bot Bay; thence to the hotel at the Gouffre (walk for an hour or so about the ravine); proceed to the Creux Mahie Cavern; from there to Pleinmont Point (where you will wander for some hours about the headland), and home by Vazon Bay and the King's Mills. A tearing tourist may, of course, take in Fermain Bay, Moulin Huet, and Saints' Bay in the same excursion; but as these form only a pleasant walking tour from St. Peter's Port, I prefer to visit them on foot. Anyhow, these two excursions put one in possession of the grandest bits in the island.

Coming down the ravine to Petit Bot Bay (which is itself only an indentation of Icart Bay), one feels as though transported to North Wales—not the bleakest part, but somewhere about Beddgelert. Making the descent of the series of heather-clad hills rising on either side, with goats feeding on all the ledges, and only a limited view of sky left, you expect to reach at bottom one of those placid Welsh lakes which spend all their time in reflection. Instead of which you pass the last of the hills, and behold beneath you the murmurous fragrant sea, with its white-fringed mantle cast upon

the purest of sandy beaches, and closed into solitude by huge sentinel rocks.

Not far from this is the Gouffre, one of the sights of the island. "Gouffre," of course, means "gulf;" but so do a score of other names. The peculiar kind of gulf which "Gouffre" means may be understood from our own word "goffered," as applied to the crimping of cuffs and collars, which makes them wear the appearance described in heraldry as "nebulé." The Gouffre is a bay in which the enormous cliffs have been crimped, as though in some huge goffering machine, into terrific goffers of bare rock. The sudden chasms are frightful; and they are made more so by the horrid—that is to say, prickly—rocks which strew the bay far down below. These goffers are at foot sternly black and red; as they rise they become grey and lichen-covered; and against the sky they are clothed with golden gorse and purple heather. So they pass their days, sternly fighting the sea at their feet, and offering to the heavens gold and purple, which are the prayers of the hills.

Near the Gouffre is the Creux Mahie Cavern. And here I may remark that caverns are a feature of all the islands. The darkest and longest is that at Grève de Lecq, Jersey; the horriblest is the Creux Terrible at Sark; while the most romantic are the Fairy Caves in St. Brelade's Bay, Jersey, and the Gouliot Caverns of Sark. Beyond saying that the Creux Mahie at Guernsey is a huge cavern—dark as pitch until lighted up by the guide, and quite enough to give a "shiver de freeze" to a lonely explorer with a box of matches and a candle—I have nothing to add respecting it, save that this one is safe from inroads of the sea, whilst the uproar of the ocean breaking into some of the other caves is awful enough to dwell in one's dreams and wake one with affright from a first sleep.

Pleinmont is, to my mind, the finest bit in Guernsey. It is the buttress of the island. Here it is that the syenite granite, veined with bituminous rock, seems to have taken root down to the earth's very centre. In old times the sea has carried away all but the gneissic foundation of the island; and here at Pleinmont, reduced to its last ditch, with its granite breast stripped bare, this noble old headland challenges the ocean to eternal conflict. It is a brave sight: the naked primary foundation of the earth at close quarters with the raging sea that never tires. There is no flinching. The rocks are sheer, and the cliffs for three hundred feet above are rock; there are no outworks to defend the citadel; and here, foot to foot, the old granite stands hurling defiance at the everlasting sea. The very sea seems staggered at the stand it makes; never once has its spray dashed the cliff tops; and whereas it has undermined and caverned out the sea-walls of the island elsewhere, here the old headland stands proudly back, hoary and weather-beaten, with its many feet upon the neck of its old enemy. It is like Beówulf, the mighty Angle, who, learning that all weapons were vain against the fiend Grendel, stripped off arms, armour, and clothing, and naked fought the grisly Shadow-walker of the Marshes, and strangled him with his hand-gripe. All the sea-plants believe in the granite, as against the sea. The most dainty of them have ventured far down among the rocks, and trustingly hold up their heads, confident in its sure protection. Nay, even the land-plants seem infected with the same belief, for the mushroom grows half-way down the cliff-side; and as to the samphire, which is usually particularly afraid of the sea, it here grows at all altitudes, to testify its faith in the rock whereto it clings. It is a bleak, grand headland, facing an horizon all sea, save for a distant cloud which is the island of Jersey. Pleinmont is the exact opposite of the Gouffre, for it is a huge goffered promontory instead of a goffered bay. From a chair in the rock, a sort of Cader Idris, I studied the procession of goffered rocks, and saw how each smaller promontory seemed like a defiant foot put forth by the headland, and how eternally each foot appeared to be rooted in the place where it had been first planted. For ages the ocean has only lashed itself to idle fury against that calm tread of the granite giant who bears Guernsey upon his back, and who faces her antagonist, the deep sea, to the south-west. Black and frowning at foot, Pleinmont grows fiercely bronze as he rises from the sea. But the rock is not all stony. For some hundred feet above, where the waves cannot see his agony, he bares his hoar and frosted head to the blue sky, as though mutely appealing against the oppressor; he uplifts his crumbling stones, all lichen-covered and lacquered with ancient mosses, memorials of old conflicts with the storm, and, while yet undaunted, calls Heaven to witness his everlasting wrongs. Away to the left, off Les Thielles Point, is the Gull Rock, whence thousands of gulls, as they wheel

about their lonely rock, screech the war-song of the granite and the sea.

One thing I do wish. That is, that the visitors to Pleinmont would refrain, as much as possible, from strewing the cliffs with broken bitter-beer bottles. There is no excuse for it, because they might just as well topple them over into the sea as not. Of course they find no inconvenience from their slovenliness, as they don't mean to come there again. *Après moi le déluge* is all very well, but "after me the broken bottles" is quite another pair of shoes.

While on Pleinmont I was forcibly reminded that the shooting season had commenced, from observing a couple of serious old gentlemen blazing away straight at the firmament. After keeping this up for some time, one of them volunteered the information that they were looking for rabbits, though I must say it occurred to me that the Milky Way was somewhat unlikely cover. An hour or so afterwards I saw these same two old fogeys furtively crouched behind a furze bush, whence by dint of volley firing they contrived to blow down a small hedge-sparrow. Their faces flushing with honest pride at this achievement, the noble sportsmen picked up their mangled quarry, agreed, I suppose, that honours should be divided, and then sagely remarked, they "thought they might as well go home now."

Guernsey, as I think I've said before, is a fashionable resort for fish. All kinds of queer fish, which we read about but never see over here, frequent the coasts of the island. The John Dory, the brill, the plaice, the red and grey mullet, the bream, the gurnet, the garfish, the whiting pollack, the crab, lobster, and cray-fish are every-day taking; and Billingsgate fish-market is largely dependent on Guernsey fishermen for its supply; so largely, indeed, that Guernsey fish-market, which used to be one of the finest fish-markets that one could set eyes on, is not now worth a visit, except, perhaps, to see the spider-crabs, like great magnified hairy spiders, crawling about the slate slabs in front of the fishwomen. But as to queer fish, the octopus is common about Guernsey, and the Crystal Palace and Brighton aquariums are indebted to this island for their specimens of that and other horrible kinds of cephalopods. Then there is the stinging ray, the filthy dog-fish, the hideous skate, and the enormous conger. Sea-anemones of almost every variety are found upon the rocks, while huge purple and crimson-striped jelly-fish may be seen pumping themselves up and down in the clear water, or stranded upon the beach melting away in the sunshine.

Sark is only seven miles from Guernsey, and a steamer goes there once or twice a week, according to the season. A little island, three miles long by one and a half wide, with vertical walls, Sark is remarkable for a strangely wild and romantic coast. The sea has tunnelled it into wonderful chasms and arches, and pierced its rocks in many places into Gothic arcades and weird flying buttresses. Round about it, on solitary rocks, the cormorants keep watch, and sea-fowl of all kinds find an undisturbed home. The landing-place is a difficult one, passengers having to go ashore in small boats, and when they get there it looks as if there could be no way inland; but there are natural arches in the island walls, invisible from the sea, through which entrance is gained to this quaint little island. Small as the place is, it comprises "Great" Sark and "Little" Sark. It looks as if the island had been squeezed at some time or other, and as if Little Sark had nearly been separated from the other part in the operation. As it is, the two portions are only connected by a thin wall of cliff about three hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular, called "The Coupée," which is *par excellence* the sight of the island. It is wonderfully fine, the awful view downwards, with the whispering sea upon the white sandy beach to the right and the left of that narrow shelf, and the tremendous cliffs on all four sides. The other great sight in Sark is the Creux Terrible. This is an ocean cave, from which an immense funnel, like the shaft of a mine, rises to the top of the tall cliffs. Through the opening at top one may look down the horrible abyss, wherein at high water the sea roars and rages among the loose rocks and stones with a tremendous noise. At low water the cave may be visited from the shore; but the idea of being overtaken there by the tide, with the sea covering the entrance, and no means of escape but climbing up vertical walls of slippery granite two hundred feet high, is not encouraging. The Gouliot Caverns and the Seigneurie, I was informed by a little Sark maiden, who officiated as my guide, and who commenced with the following modest profession which would have put Tyndall to the blush, "I guide you; I know everything," are scenes without which no tourist is complete; but as my stay was limited to a single day, I

was too deeply interested in the quaint rock architecture of the sullen island walls to travel very religiously over the tourist's allotted treadmill. Sark, however, is a wonderful little place, and well worth spending a fortnight in, and I've heard of apartments there, including attendance, at the unsophisticated price of two and sixpence a week, and a whole cottage to one's self, also with attendance, for as much again! I know that there is an excellent hotel in D'Ixcart Bay, with the loveliest of views, and a magnificently wooded ravine in front about three-quarters of a mile deep (on the slope, of course), leading down to some splendid bathing; I further know that it is Gavey's Hotel, that board and lodging can be had in that paradise for five shillings per day, and that, judging from the quality of the lunch I had at the said establishment, it is good to be there.

Herm is a little bit of an island about three miles from Guernsey. There is only a mile and a half of it by three-quarters; it consists of a rabbit-warren and a shell-beach, which latter forms its attraction to visitors, the beach comprising an extensive collection of rare shells of countless varieties. This island belongs to a gentleman who is very partial to rabbits, and not at all partial to the periodical invasions of strangers—not that he can very well help himself, unless he concludes to get up anchor, and moor his rabbit-warren farther out of the way. If you hire a rowing-boat to go from Guernsey to Herm, you will be somewhat astonished to see the boatman bring with him three great strapping fellows. You will naturally think he is making a market of you, and trying to find a job for his mates. But, as I have previously remarked, Guernsey fishermen are gentlemen. The boatman will politely dismiss your objections without explanation; he will enter the boat, will row you over single-handed, leaving the men idle; and you will wander about picking up shells, and deliberating upon how much you have been taken in. When you have "done" Herm, which will perhaps occupy three or four hours, you will re-enter the boat, and one man will calmly take the oars. You are just beginning to think of some biting sarcasm to address to your boatman on landing, anent being expected to pay for the services of men whom you've taken as passengers, when the boatman gives the word, and all four men settle down to the oars. They have as hard work as men can have, for they are into a current running seven miles an hour; it will be idle to pull against it, but they have a mile to row athwart it; and for one hour, with the boat's bow nearly dead to the current, they stick to the oars like trumps, while the sweat runs off them in streams. At last it is over, they're out of the current, and one man quietly rows you into harbour. You do not grudge your money as you pay your boatman, who remarks, "M'sieu will have perceived it is difficult," and, with a bow that would disgrace no drawing-room, retires to his companions.

As to currents and tides about the Channel Islands, they are at once so complicated and so fierce that even the oldest seamen do not pretend to know all about them. No one even knows enough about tides to explain why the tide rises and falls thirty feet at Guernsey, while at Weymouth, which is exactly opposite, it only rises and falls five feet. Yet, as the tide always does the same thing, there is at least a regular experience to go by. But in the case of currents, which vary day by day from unexplainable causes, it is a far more puzzling matter. The Channel Island seamen, however, are extremely quiet and remarkably safe men. They know what may be expected; they are never surprised; and seldom out of their reckoning.

Alderney, a long straggly island, is chiefly remarkable for our Government having expended some millions of money there, in the vain attempt to construct a breakwater and a harbour for our fleet (lest in time of war the island should be seized by the French), before it was discovered that the harbour was so hopelessly dangerous as to be a standing terror to our foes if we only let it alone. Alderney, like all the Channel Islands, is extensively fortified and garrisoned, but only contains between two and three thousand inhabitants, including soldiery.

Some twenty miles from Guernsey, and halfway between Jersey and Weymouth, there is a tall cluster of dangerous rocks, known as The Caskets. Three white lighthouses stand upon these rocks, not only to warn mariners of danger from the rocks themselves, but to inform them at night of their position, as the entire currents of the Channel seem to meet at this spot, and to render the navigation hereabouts peculiarly hazardous. The maintenance of the lights in the lighthouses is now intrusted to three men, but some time ago they were tended

by a single family who lived upon the rocks, and who, as may be imagined, living so far from land, seldom went ashore. They had a daughter who up to the age of twenty-one never once left the rock which formed their lonely dwelling. At that age her parents thought it was time she should see something of the world, and accordingly sent her (of all places) to Alderney, which was then of course even more sparsely populated than at present, and which now is probably one of the dullest places in creation. This poor girl had not been there more than two days when she sent a message to her parents, begging and praying to be taken back to the rock, or else "the bustle and drive of this busy place would completely turn her head!"

The last view I had of the Caskets was in the light of the setting sun, when the three white towers were standing like fingers against the eastern sky; the yeasty waves, on fire in the west with the sunset gold, spuming away into a long creaming track in our wake; and the moon faintly glimmering from above a bank of cloud. The night fell; and when the lights off Portland Head hove in sight, the word was passed, "Clear the bridge;" and coming down on deck, I knew my pilgrimage was done.

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

QUICKLY CURED.

JOHN BORIE the plumber sighed. No need had one to ask why. A glance at the untidy room revealed the cause. He looked like a man of pluck, John did, and he was. His shop had grown into goodly dimensions, for he did most of the plumbing for a large and rapidly-growing village, so that he had taken the whole of the little house in which he commenced life as a married man for his business, and moved his family into a little cottage not quite a mile away. The people of Laketon talked of John as a rising man, but they shook their heads at sight or mention of Alice Borie, his wife. Alice had been a little beauty at eighteen, and that was ten years ago. Now she was only twenty-eight, but looking more than ten years older.

"How do you feel this morning, dear?" he asked, as the door opened from an adjoining room, and Alice came in, her hair unbrushed, her soiled morning-dress dragging behind her, her cheeks white and flabby, her eyes glittering unwholesomely.

"I don't know. I wish I did," drawled Alice, in the plaintive voice of one ill-used by circumstances.

"Any pain?"

"Why, no, I hav'n't pain. I almost wish I had. There's such a dreadful sinking. Aunt Millicent used to have such turns—a sort of goneness and faintness. You know she died of heart-disease."

"At the age of seventy. Yes, I remember," replied John, as he shook up the pillow in a large easy-chair, and drew a stool under her feet. "Shall I send Jenny in with some breakfast?"

Alice nodded her head.

"No. I'll take the wine-bitters, if you'll pour them out; and please get the iron stuff that Dr. Ford left yesterday, and a spoon, and draw the little table up. Oh, such a languid feeling!"

John did as he was desired.

"There, now you are comfortable," he said. "I'll tell Jenny to look in. You may need a cup of tea, and you had better eat something to keep up your strength. I dressed Benny and Minny the best I could, and they took breakfast with me, after which I sent them off to school. I tried to tidy the room against you came out, but hadn't time. Jenny will do that, though she is washing, and very cross. Now for business. I'll come home to dinner as soon as I can. Do try to get a little colour, dear. I can't bear to see you so sick," he added, as he stooped down and kissed her.

"Colour! She?" sniffed Jenny, who was a very distant cousin, and availed herself of the privileges of relationship, though she was "the servant." She had opened the door as John spoke, and now retreated with an angry red in her face. "I wish he could see her eat sometimes. If 'twasn't for him, poor soul, I wouldn't stay and do the work I do for the wages, not I."

Then, as she heard the door shut, she retraced her steps and entered the parlour.

"I wish you could clear up a little," said Alice, fretfully. "It makes my head ache to see so much dirt."

"Then I'm afraid it'll have to ache till the washing is done," retorted Jenny, her manner entirely wanting in respect. "I

came in to see if you're going to take any breakfast, and if you must have it, I suppose I could toast you some bread."

"Don't! don't!" ejaculated Alice, faintly. "I don't feel as if I could touch a thing, unless it was some gruel with raisins in it. Dr. Ford said raisins would agree with me."

"As for gruel, in this hurry, there's no mentioning it. The fire's all took up, but I'll get you a bit of toast and a cup of coffee, that won't hurt you;" and without pausing to hear yea or nay, she flounced out of the room.

"Oh, that miserable girl! And my nerves in such a state!" moaned Alice, leaning back upon her pillow, and closing her eyes. "If I could only get well and see to things!"

Nevertheless, she made a comfortable breakfast on toast and coffee, a dozen little cakes that John had brought home the night before, and a bunch of delicious white grapes. Then she solaced herself with some wine-bitters, two pills, and a novel, which bore on its back and sides the marks of many thumbs.

Rattle and dash! The sound of a horn, a flourish on the gravel in front of the house. What was it? Jenny came in, bare arms uplifted, and apron white with suds.

"The heaven protect us! Company's come!" she said, aghast. "There isn't a mite of cake in the house nor bread either. No, nor so much as a taste of butter. The children drunk the last drop of milk, and there's no flour."

Ring went the bell, sounding through every corner of the house.

"That's right!" exclaimed Jenny, trying to tuck up her wisp of back-hair. "Well, come she must, bad as it looks. So here goes!" and she plunged into the passage and made for the door.

As for Alice, the excitement and the shame, and the wonder, all together, had brought sufficient colour to her face to give the lie to all her pretension. Hair, dress, surroundings were all snatched at, and that was all. Nothing could be bettered—dirt, untidiness, sickness, all remained the same, as an awful shadow fell upon her.

"Your servant says you're sick. Gracious! I should think so! Well, I'm sorry. But you don't look so down in the mouth, either. Perhaps you've heard of me. I'm Emery Jane Borie, his eldest sister; fact, I'm his only one now. You see I've been travelling a long time, for once in sixty years, and I hav'n't set eyes on John for fifteen years next Christmas; and so I had to come. Well, you don't tell me to take off my things, but I suppose I'm welcome in my own brother's house."

"Certainly, of course. Jenny, take Miss Emily's things——"

"Emery, child. Emery Jane. The name has been in the family for generations and generations. Now, don't let me put you out. If you're sick, it's all the same. I'm used to doing for myself; and, in fact, it comes second nature. Here, young woman, be careful of that bonnet. I've on'y had it five years, and it's kept wonderful."

"You must be hungry," said Alice, whose face had grown pale again from excessive agitation.

"Not a bit of it. I thought you might be unprepared, so I took a bite and a sup at the station, and I don't want you to fuss yourself a bit about me. Bless me, can't I do something for you?"

"You must excuse the look of the room," said Alice, almost crying; "but Jenny is so busy washing days, and I'm so sick!"

"Now, don't say a word. Not a word. Won't take me a minute to put things a leetle straight. You sit still and take comfort. Why, what's the matter of you? Seems to me you are sort o' peekid."

"I hav'n't been well for years!" moaned Alice.

"Hip complaint, spasms, or anything of that sort?" queried Emery Jane, who, as if a charm worked at the tips of her fingers, straightened and brightened everything she touched; then, placing a pair of spectacles over her prim little nose, proceeded to knit at a stocking which she had picked up from some corner of her dress. "Rheumatics is dreadful prevalent in the parts I come from. May be you've had a fever, though? No matter what it is, I'll nurse you till you're well again. Now, you just sit comfortable, and let me talk to you. John's well, I hope? That boy never had a sick day in his life. I always told him he'd get a sickly wife. Got two children, haven't you? Both at school, eh? Oh! you're taking your medicine. What is it? Wine-bitters? Don't believe it comes up to my summer cordial. Why, I could make a fortune out of it if I was so minded. John's father was a doctor, you know—one of the good old-fashioned sort. I've got all his books, and all his receipts. They call me the doctor down at home."

Alice longed to scream—to fly—to do all sorts of impossible things to get out of the way of this ever-flowing babble, but there was nothing to do but bear it. Her nerves were on edge; and when John came home, astonished beyond measure at this raid on his household, she was near going into hysterics.

Aunt Emery Jane's visit was beneficial in one way. Alice could enjoy the luxury of solitude in her own room, and stolen bits of her borrowed novels, sure that all the household would go right. Emery Jane was a prodigious worker. John had never known what real comfort was since he left his prim home to make his fortune at Laketon. The little ones were kept rosy and shining, for Emery Jane adored children, and had the secret of attraction for them, so that they no longer went about in soiled pinafores. But the neighbours ascribed it all to that odd, quaint little Miss Emery Jane.

Emery was keen in her way. She soon fathomed the trouble in her brother's household. Saying little to his wife for the time, never making light of her ailments, she watched her chances, and determined to give the self-styled invalid the benefit of her wisdom.

"Doctors will be the death of you, my dear," she said, one day. "That's the seventh time you've taken medicine this morning. How long have you been living on medicine as a daily diet?"

"I'm sure, Miss Emery, I'd do without it if I could. But if you knew what awful feelings I have! Sometimes I think I'm going to die."

"Yes. I've got a neighbour at home who's been at the point of death twenty-five times in ten years," said Miss Emery, solemnly. "It's nothing but nerves. I took her in hand and I cured her. I've got an elixir my poor father left. It costs a sight of money to put up an ounce, but it never fails."

"Oh! Emery, what is it? I'd give a great deal to be cured."

"Well, I'd cure you for nothing. It's wonderful stuff. Why, people have been raised right out of their beds, that were given over."

"I must have it," said Alice. "I'll take it, and be glad to."

"Ive got some with me."

"Oh! Let me see it," said Alice.

Emery Jane went up to her room, and soon returned, holding a two-inch long bottle, half full of a pure amber-coloured liquid, that looked like a flame.

"How much must I take?" queried Alice.

"Three drops is a dose. It's very precious," was Emery Jane's reply.

The medicine was measured, and eagerly taken.

"There, now, you must lie down, and keep as still as possible for ten hours; and by that time you're all right, or——" She shook her head.

"And what then?" questioned Alice.

"Well," said Emery Jane, with a solemn countenance, "that medicine is either kill or cure. There's no humbug about that."

"What?" screamed Alice, in sudden terror. "You said it would cure me."

"And so it will—if it don't do the other thing."

"Oh, you've poisoned me!" moaned Alice. "I'm sure I shall die. Oh! John, John! Run for John! I feel as if I were dying already."

"Well, my dear, then you'll be nicely out of your trouble," said Emery Jane soothingly; "I'm sure life must be a burden to you, and to John, too, poor soul. Then he'll marry some strong healthy girl, who knows enough to keep out of the doctor's hands, and have some comfort of his life. I've often thought how he might enjoy his home, if he had such a woman as that pretty, hearty creature who called to see you yesterday. Such rosy cheeks and bright eyes! I noticed how John looked at her, and I don't wonder."

"Miss Emery, you're a wicked woman!" cried Alice, with new energy.

"Well, my dear, I am not a sick one, thank goodness," said her sister-in-law, with imperturbable good nature.

"And you're in league with John to do away with me," sobbed the angry wife.

"I'd do away with myself, if I hadn't any more life than you. And you ought to be thankful that somebody has taken you in hand," responded the little old maid.

"I'll not die! You shan't kill me!" And Alice flounced out of the bed like a mad creature. "I never felt stronger in my life, and I'll dress and go to John's shop, and tell him how you've talked to me. He marry that turnip-faced Morrill girl! She lord it over my children—or anybody else! We'll see!" And she actually did get on her hat and shawl, and go out of the house, with hurried step and heightened colour.

"I thought it would cure her," said Miss Emery, with an odd little laugh.

We pass over the immediate consequences, which were partly ludicrous; for John and Miss Emery had been in league together some time, and between them never was cure more complete.

Alice regained her beauty, almost her youth; but she always retained two distinct and separate grudges; one against Emery Jane, the other towards poor unconscious Mary Morrill, who never could tell why her old friend had dropped her so suddenly.

John was the gainer, however. His home became to him what home should always be—earth's Paradise.

M. A. Denison.

BEE-SUPERSTITIONS, SECULAR AND SACRED.

MANY superstitions connected with bees date from very early times, and are so deeply rooted by tradition that education has done very little towards eradicating them. To this day, in Devonshire, Hampshire, Derbyshire, in Norfolk and Essex, in Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, and elsewhere, it is fully believed that if a death occurs in the family and the bees are not told of it they go away never to return. The late Mr. Timbs collected a mass of information on this point. The manner of conveying information to the bees is by making three taps on the hives with a house-key and saying, "Bees, bees, your master" (or whom it may be) "is dead!" and then a piece of black crape is tied to the hive. Sometimes, besides the crape, a piece of funeral cake, biscuit, or bread is sopped in wine and placed at the entrance to the hive.

The following verses in allusion to this custom are clipped from the *News of the World*:—

MARGERY'S MESSAGE.

"Oh! fair little Devonshire maiden,
Where wander your footsteps to-day?
And why are your eyes red with weeping,
Oh! little maid Margery say?"
She walks through the path in the garden,
Where pinks make a bloom-burdened sod,
And great drowsy roses droop over
Like watchers beginning to nod.
A bee in a hollyhock loiters,
With ceaseless unmusical drumming,
Then flits.—Little Margery speaks:
"That's right, tell the bees I am coming.

"The bees must be told all about it,
Else they will be angry, I know;
Old Roger, the gardener, told me,
And grandmother says it is so."
Then, journeying down the long garden,
She came to the arbour below,
Where close by the sweet-scented clover,
Were bee-hives all ranged in a row.
"Oh, busy brown bees, you must listen
To the sorrowful story I tell,
About the dear grandfather's going,
And why folks are tolling the bell.

"Oh bees! I suppose we must bear it,
For grandfather's happy above;
But, oh! don't it seem very weary
To miss the dear folks that we love?
You won't see him here in the sunshine
To watch all the ways of your town,
With the light on his locks softly shining,
A glimmering, silvery crown.
No more will he watch for my coming,
I'll creep to his arms nevermore,
With my poor little trials and troubles,
Where always I've nestled before.

"So, bees, you've been told all about it,
You won't take offence, will you, bees?
Just work as though grandfather saw you
(I think all the while that he sees).
And when the white clover is growing
Above where we lay him to rest,
You'll hum the old song, won't you, brownies,
Quite softly, right over his breast?" E. L.

An old newspaper (September 13, 1790) records the following:—"A superstitious custom prevails at every funeral in Devonshire of turning round the bee-hives that belonged to the deceased while living, and at the moment the corpse is carried out of the house. At a funeral some time since at Collumpton of a rich old farmer a laughable circumstance of this sort occurred, for just as the corpse was placed in the hearse, and the horsemen to a large number were drawn out in order, for the procession of the funeral, a person called out 'Turn the bees!' when the servant, who was ignorant of the custom, instead of turning the hives about lifted them up, and then laid them down on their side. The bees thus hastily invaded instantly attacked the horses and their riders. It was in vain they rode off, the bees held fast and left their stings as marks of indignation. A general confusion took place, attended with loss of hats, wigs, and coats, the corpse being left unattended for a considerable time."

Pliny, in his Natural History, states that stolen bees never thrive. The tradition still exists in the Netherlands and in Brittany. In Lower Brittany whenever a

marriage takes place the beehives are decorated with strips of red and yellow cloth, and if a death occurs the hives are put into mourning. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such occasions they will take offence and desert the place.

In Wales it is an article of faith that if a swarm of bees settle and remain on the ground, it is a token of death in the family; and that if the owner die without the bees are informed he is ill, the bees die without any apparent cause. There is also a belief that if a swarm of bees be met with in an open place away from hives, it is useless to hive them, for they will never do good.

The practice of beating brass or metal pans to induce a swarm of bees to settle is mentioned by Virgil :—

"But when thou see'st a swarming cloud arise
That sweeps aloft and darkens all the skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend;
And if to floods, or woods, their airy march they trend,
Then millefoil beat and honeysuckles pound,
With these alluring savours strew the ground,
And mix with tinkling brass the cymbal's drawing sound."

It is said that this practice is done not for the purpose of alluring the bees, but for the owner giving notice that a hive has swarmed and that the swarm belongs to himself. The Cornish people invoke the spirit of Browny when their bees swarm, to prevent their returning to the old hive and to induce them to settle in a new one.

An extraordinary mode of preventing bees from leaving his premises is practised by the Rev. Thomas Hunt, of Wyoming. Before his stocks swarm, he collects a number of dead bees, and stringing them with a needle and thread he winds them into a ball the size of an egg, leaving a few strands of bees loose. By carrying this *bee-bob* about his apiary when the bees are swarming, or by placing it in some central position, he invariably secures every swarm.

In Lithuania—a province now belonging to Russia, formerly to Poland—when the master or mistress of the house dies it is not only to the bees but also to the horses and cows that the death is communicated by rattling to the ears of each a bunch of keys.

It is said in Bishopsbourne, in Kent, that unless the bees are informed of any great public event that takes place they will not thrive so well. In Hampshire it is a common saying that bees become idle or unfortunate whenever there are wars, unless they are told how events are going on.

In almost every place, whether in England or elsewhere, similar beliefs exist, and for the reason that the ancients believed that "there existed a mysterious connection between bees and souls," the terms being sometimes used convertibly. In certain legends the human soul is represented as issuing from the body in the visible form of a bee. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" relates that he heard a child in the country say, "We call them bees, but they are fairies, or rather they are souls."

How ancient is this tradition, how widely spread, may be known on reference to Hislop's "Two Babylons." There we find that the lion was a symbol of the sun-god Mithra, the great Revealer of the Godhead. This lion was represented with a bee between his lips—the Chaldee word "Dabar" signifying both a bee and the "Word" or Revealer. To this day in Persia on all the banners is represented the sun with a lion underneath, and we ask—Had the "Lion of Judah" reference to the sun?

According to Plutarch, "Mithra," under the name of "Mesites," was worshipped as the mediator. In Asiatic Greece the Babylonian god Saturn was accompanied by the bee, signifying "the light-giving word." Among the symbols connected with the worship of the Ephesian Diana the bee was the chief, and possibly represented the soul or wisdom of Nature. From her neck depends a string of apparently most minute flowers, and from her three breasts are three balls, which may well be said to represent clusters of bees. Evidently there existed in ancient days more suggestive matters about bees "than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

For the honey they produce, and the money it brings, bees are now only valued, and even in districts where flowers are not, curious means are resorted to for the obtaining of honey. The proprietors of apiaries, finding their own districts unfertile, or the flowers according to the season yielding little honey, transport their hives to other places where the air is warmer and the flowers abounding. One French bee-keeper, after the harvest of sain-foin in his district, used to remove his hives to plains where the melilot abounds, and after that to the buckwheat fields till the end of September when the flowers died off.

Others make bee-barges, and floating

them gently on a canal, the bees gather honey by the way and intuitively return to their hives. On the Continent this is a common mode of procedure. We have heard of hives being brought into the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, where wild flowers are numerous, and when the blossoms lose their nectar the hives are removed.

M. Maillet, in his "Description of Egypt," notes that where the blossoming of flowers is six weeks later than in the upper districts, the practice of temporary bee-hives is much followed. The hives are collected from different villages along the banks, each being marked and numbered by individual proprietors to prevent mistakes. They are then arranged in pyramidal piles upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or shorter time, according to the produce to be had within two or three leagues. The bee-boats sail thus for three months; the bees having culled the honey of the orange-flower in the Said, and of the Arabian jessamine and other flowers in the more northern parts, are brought back to the places whence they had been carried. In this mode the Egyptians procure delicious honey and an abundance of wax. The proprietors of the hives pay the boatmen according to the number of hives taken. Nieburh, the celebrated Egyptian traveller, saw upon the Nile between Cairo and Damietta a convoy of four thousand hives in their transit from Upper Egypt to the coast of the Delta.

It was for years firmly believed that bees evinced their love or aversion for certain individuals, and that fair-haired and red-haired people were their especial dislike. That they have an instinctive knowledge of the nature of people who come near their hives can surely be disputed, but the one grand secret of completely taming them is to get possession of the queen-bee. Bruce, in his first voyage to Africa, met with a man entirely covered with bees, and they injured neither himself nor his followers.

In 1776 the celebrated bee-tamer, Wildman, came to London and exhibited his skill before many of the nobility and others. He caused himself to be carried in a chair through London, his head and face being nearly covered with bees, and a swarm in the shape of a beard hanging from his chin, not a bee injuring himself or those who carried him. At Salisbury he had a match, bees against three mastiffs; the only condition he required was to know the moment each dog was to be loosened from his chain. The first mastiff was let loose. Wildman detached two bees, which stung the dog on his nose. He retired at once. The second dog was secured in the same manner; but the third refused to attack. Here Wildman won his wager.

For a sum of money Wildman was induced to disclose his secret. "As soon as I turn a hive on its side I give some taps on the sides and bottom of a hive. The queen immediately appears. Among the others I readily perceive her, and long practice has enabled me to seize her instantly, with a tenderness that does not in the least endanger her person, and turn the hive down again. I hold her till the bees missing her the whole hive is in confusion. I then place the queen in view, and the bees settle round her. But I caution others who might thus experiment not to put themselves in danger by trying it."

Wildman told only part of his secret. An Indian conjuror, far more clever than Wildman, could knock at the nest of wild bees and drive them all out without a bee injuring him; but the narrator of this fact, Isaac Schomberg, and who served with distinction in the English army against the American, states that before the Indian knocked at the nest he drew his hands and fingers sharply under his naked arm-pits. A careless observer would not have noticed this *little action*, but, trifling as it was, possibly the whole success of the experiment depended upon it.

E. W.

FEMALE CLERKS IN THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT.—It was reported some time ago that the authorities at the Post Office had resolved to abandon to a large extent the employment of young women in the telegraph department. The matter was brought under the notice of Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., who has had an interview with Lord John Manners on the subject. The Postmaster-General explained that the only change that was being made related to the Central Office in London, where it was considered desirable to relieve the young women from night-work, by drafting in male assistants for that duty. There will still be over 700 young women employed at the Central Office. The postal authorities, Mr. Bright was assured, had a high appreciation of the services of the women employed, and now a large portion of the work in the Savings Bank and other departments was being done by female clerks.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

Chapter IV.

Mrs. Cameron not only looked ill, but was really so; without any organic disease, she appeared slowly sinking to death.

"Always tired, Mr. Lincoln; sleep does me no good. I am really more weary when I rise than when I go to bed."

"And you take stimulants?" he asked.

"Yes; could not live without them. Only they do me very little good."

"You sleep with your window open?"

"Oh, dear no! The door is open, because Mr. Cameron says he feels suffocated when it is shut."

"And so you breathe exhausted air all night. No wonder you are ill—exhausted air, replenished by, perhaps, essence of the scullery sink. My dear madam, you are committing slow suicide. First of all by breathing poisoned air, and next by exhausting your strength by stimulants. Just go for a month or two to Hilltop, and don't look at wine or brandy, ale or beer. Take a simple tonic and good milk, or skim milk. Sleep with your window open about an inch, and your door closed. Let the chimney, however, be unclosed, and you will do well enough, if you go to the top of the hill. You never will take to this damp place. Cameron tells me he was born in a similar village, where he says there was better fishing, and not such high fees to pay for the privilege. The moist air and general dampness of this place does not affect him, and will not your children, but for yourself it is another matter.

"Get away from here to the breezy hill, and you will be all right. If you do not you are but preparing a suitable nest for consumption. Numberless people owe their deaths from this cause to the locality in which they live, and to which in their early days they were unaccustomed. You say you are chilly, have restless nights, and profuse perspiration. All these are symptoms of pulmonary disturbance, but not of consumption. These feelings may be termed forerunners of the disease. Stimulants, in the way of alcoholic liquors, are just slow poisons, by all means to be avoided——"

"It's all very well, Mr. Lincoln, to talk so, but when I feel ill, restless, and weak some stimulants I must have, or sink at once."

"Yes, I grant that; but when you have taken wine or spirits they exhilarate for a moment, then follow sleep and prostration, the usual accompaniments of narcotics. Far from being stimulants, they are deadly poisons, sapping the strength and irritating the stomach, and through that the whole nervous system."

"What must I take, then?" asked Mrs. Cameron, in peevish despair.

"Put twenty-five drops of dilute sulphuric acid into a wine-bottleful of cold water, first boiled, take a wine-glassful four times a day."

Mrs. Cameron looked up and said sharply, "Acids spoil the teeth."

"You need not let it touch the teeth but very little, and you can rinse the mouth immediately after."

"But what trouble! And I even don't care to move, I have such a weight upon my chest directly after my meals, that my life is miserable."

"You walk about directly after your meals, do you not?"

"Yes, when my husband is at home, he thinks it best to try to get rid of the pain; he sometimes laughs at it, and says it's only indigestion."

"Only indigestion! It is a word lightly spoken and often borne with wonderful patience; but it is a fearful malady. Prometheus chained to a rock with a vulture preying upon his life is the fittest emblem of indigestion that I know of. It is the source of fearful suffering, and not seldom terminating in insanity."

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, you terrify me; surely there is a cure for it."

"Oh, yes, there is a cure; but some people don't care to be cured; they like pity and commiseration, and hate to be thought in good health."

"That is not my case. I would gladly be cured, for this weight at my chest and depression of mind make me ill-tempered."

Mrs. Cameron said no more, but Mr. Lincoln recollected some gossip, hitherto

unheeded, to the effect that Mr. Cameron spent much of his time from home. If women had some knowledge of the laws of health married life would oftener be a happy life; but the ruinous consequences of an utter ignorance upon this point, when husband and children become the victims, are fearful to contemplate. These were Mr. Lincoln's unexpressed thoughts. After a few moments he spoke up cheerfully.

"As for this indigestion, it arises from many causes; notably in your case because from the relaxing climate you are in you have no strength to assist digestion, and no stamina to repel the invader. And it is not altogether the improper food you eat, but how long or short a time you remain quiet to promote the digestion of the food. I tell the village people this, though they are wiser than you. They take an hour to their dinner—that is, they are not eating for more than twenty minutes. Then the men lie down or keep quiet in some other way till the hour of leave has nearly expired. Now if at your dinner you drink cold boiled water, no wine nor anything else in the shape of liquid, ate plain food, as vegetables, properly cooked, a little of any meat you choose, and shunned pastry, but not a little fruit, cooked or uncooked, and then when dinner was ended you sat quite still for twenty minutes, no talking or reading, but a little sleep if you like, you would find that the food had passed from the spot where you feel the pain; but during these twenty minutes, no reading, no conversation, nor work allowed; suffer your food to quietly digest, and you will soon cure yourself, provided that after an hour or two you take good walks, not strolls, but walks to circulate your blood, and make that help in your relief. The oxygen of the air has a wonderful effect upon the constitution."

"Your food need not be of any particular kind so long as it be properly cooked; neither vegetables nor meat to be overcooked; and, above all, after you have eaten sufficient, avoid piling pastry of any kind upon your digestive organs. You have probably had enough of meat and vegetables, why then increase the load by an additional weight of an indigestible character. It is similar to lying on a comfortable bed and then to have another bed thrown upon the top."

"I never touch anything but custard pudding, or a little of farinaceous pudding; but pastry, never," said Mrs. Cameron.

"In a reliable table of dietary that I have,* it is stated that raw cabbage cut up and eaten with vinegar is, by forty-five minutes, quicker digested than is a baked custard pudding, and that boiled sago takes half an hour less to digest than boiled tapioca. Boiled rice is digested in an hour, and sago about the same. Good milk skimmed is capital for weak digestions, but then it must have no water mingled with it; and the small silver onions, less than a nutmeg in size, are excellent if put into boiling milk, about six in half a pint of milk, and boiled for half an hour. Nothing so soon restores the tone of the stomach. The three great remedies for indigestion are rest after meals, walking exercise in the open air, avoidance of soups, pastry, biscuits, except the latter eaten only sparingly and occasionally. For the rest you may partake of anything if properly cooked, for a spoonful of food will give you as much pain as a meal.

"I once took the trouble to wade through three chapters upon indigestion, which chapters appeared in three successive months in one of the high-priced magazines, and it all ended thus: 'The only remedy is to walk with a will and take frequent exercise in the open air.'

"Now I want you to go away from here for three months into bright, stimulating air, take the tonic I recommend, and you will do well. When I see Mr. Cameron I shall tell him how much the change is needed. I hoped to have seen him here this morning. I wanted him to come round to my old Barn, where some of the men who usually hold forth at the public upon parliamentary misgovernment are to meet me to-night. If he comes home, ask him to be good enough to look in at 'The Barn,' as I have named the place."

"I hear all sorts of reports about these men that are out on strike. I hope it is not so bad as represented. It seems as if the whole country would come to a revolution," said Mrs. Cameron.

"Not so bad as that; but it is certain that these misguided men err through ignorance. They denounce the Queen, her ministers, and the clergy simply because they know no better. It is an Englishman's privilege to grumble. All idle people will grumble, it saves them from insanity. The great mischief-makers are those men too idle to work, too proud to beg, who stir up all the bad feelings of the simple folk, who

*Dr. Beaumont's.

take their subscriptions, and thus maintain themselves."

"I should like to see an end of all this discontent," said Mrs. Cameron; "and I hope my husband will come in time to be with you this evening. Many thanks for your advice, which I will try to follow."

"Do just try it for three months. Good morning."

Chapter V.

It was a party exclusively of men that came to the Barn to have a chat with Mr. Lincoln about the doings of the higher powers.

"That the country was going to ruin there was no doubt. It was a shame, it was, that the people should be taxed to support the Queen."

This speech Mr. Lincoln overheard as he was passing the door of a house of call for workmen. There were some uproarious idlers half tipsy, just in the mood for mischief by word and deed, and this was uttered by one of the worst men in the parish.

Mr. Lincoln met the man when he was sober, and, turning the conversation upon the subject of the grievance, the man said, "I should like to 'argefy' the matter with you, Mr. Lincoln. I'd soon show'ee how we poor people be trampled on. What with the Queen and the masters who live upon us, we poor folks be in bad case."

"Suppose I show you in the way it is done. Come round to the Barn on Thursday, and let's have the matter out."

There were gathered together in the Barn on that night elements of mischief ripe for any atrocity; the coffee and the friendliness of Mr. Lincoln had, however, a soothing effect, though Tim Sawton wanted to begin the discussion at once.

"Steady, my boy—each in turn!" Then, after a short time, he asked, "What's the grievance?"

"Why, grievance for one, grievance for all. I say the Queen has no right to take all our earnings to keep herself and her Court in idleness—taxing one here and another there! It's a crying shame!"

"Why, I thought the Queen lived on the produce of her own property, or, what is something better, she gave up her property, and had a fixed income instead."

"Well, you be a fool, Master Lincoln, if you thought that! It be the taxes that support her!"

"You have told me something new. That's not the way it's done, Tim. Surely a high-born woman must have some property—something to live upon; don't you think so?"

"I don't know that, but I do know about the taxes."

"I've heard both men and women termed educated, well-born and bred, say exactly the same as you do, but the truth is quite different nevertheless. Listen patiently and I will prove it. From very early times—say, to fix a date—about eight hundred years ago, or a few years over, when William of Normandy invaded England, depend upon it whatever property, whether belonging to the late King or otherwise, this William seized. Lands, money, jewels, all was fish that came to his net. He, having no defined revenue but what he could grind out of the people, taxed them with a vengeance. He ransacked all the monasteries, and took away the silver and gold altar cups and chalices, and also the property of the people, consisting chiefly in gold and silver articles and jewels which they had, in their fear of the King's rapacity, deposited in what they thought too sacred places for robbers to steal into, even if the robber were a king. It was this William who caused the Domesday-Book to be compiled, wherein every landowner was compelled to give account of the number and value of his lands, and the number of his slaves—then termed "villeins"—which he owned. The King then imposed a tax of from two shillings of money value at that time to six shillings upon every hundred acres of land.

"Now, Tim, this was about the time when men worked for a penny a day wage, and for a penny they could then buy a fowl for their dinner if they liked."

"Ah, that's the time o' day, my masters!" said Tim. "I wish I could buy a fowl for a penny now."

"Now, look here, Tim, what's your day's wage when in work?"

"Why, three-and-sixpence, and little enough too!"

"I know where you can buy two fowls for that money, whereas, when the wage was a penny a day and a fowl cost a penny you could only buy one; by so much is the present time better than the old time."

Tim opened his mouth. "Whew!" he cried. A new light had dawned upon all the listeners.

"To return to King William, the Conqueror of England; from the lands enumerated in Domesday-Book he chose what he would, took from one man and gave

to another; but in all his gifts he reserved a chief right to the lands himself, and claimed so much rental in corn and cattle from those whom he favoured. This may or may not have been the origin of what is termed 'the Crown lands;' for our purpose we will suppose it to be so. The King imposed fines, right and left, for real or supposed misdemeanours of the people. A story is told of his cunning and rapacity —that the monks of Ely, being constantly fined and worried for contributions in money or kind, offered the King 700 marks (a sum very much like some thousands of our money) to prevent further levy. On the monks coming before the King and weighing the money, there was found trifling short weight. The King then refused terms of peace till the money they brought was supplemented by a thousand more marks.

"It was William who first introduced the game laws, and as a harbour for deer depopulated that part of Hampshire now called the New Forest, which people are just at this present time trying to again enclose. It is said that the place consisted of twenty-six villages and eighty religous houses.

"You would not like to have lived in this reign, Tim; yet William did good service to the country, for he put down begging and thieving; but tax his people he did in every possible direction.

"The next King, William Rufus, was very little better. He also added by purchase or fine, other lands to his property derived from his father, through and by which he derived the means to live and money to spend, just as we all should if our fathers left us each landed property.

"The next King, Henry I., brother to the last, taxed people very little, but he kept bishoprics and abbeys empty, and himself took the revenues. This wasn't honest, as the people were kept without religious service.

"King Stephen, who succeeded him, did not tax the people much, but he confiscated their property upon every slight occasion. Another device of his was to grant licences to hunt in the forests belonging to the Crown. It was the Queen of Stephen that built the hospital of St. Katherine, upwards of seven hundred years ago. This formerly stood by the Tower of London, and of which our Queen Victoria is now the patroness. For one, I should not like to live under such as Stephen. Any of you having a house and land, and using such words about the King as you have about our Queen, your property would be at once taken away—that is, confiscated.

"Henry II. took a novel way of taxing his people. There was a tenure attached to all rented land that if a king went to the wars the tenant, at his own cost, was obliged to follow the monarch; this was termed '*Escuage*.' The King compromised with his tenants, and they paid him twelve thousand four hundred pounds to be exempted. It is said that when this King died he left nine hundred thousand pounds in money, besides plate and jewels. This is an incredible sum, and is possibly a mistake. It was this king, about seven hundred years since, who brought into England lions and other animals, which were kept in the forests of London, and which was certainly the origin of our present Zoological Gardens.

"Richard I., the Lion-hearted Richard, sold or pawned the lands belonging to the Crown in order to go to the Holy Land. On his return, where he had pawned he resumed possession without paying back the money he received. He also took as income-tax the fourth part of laymen's revenues and the treasure of the churches and abbeys. There were many other ways in which the people were shamefully taxed.

"King John, wishing to pay the dowry of his niece, put a tax of three shillings on all ploughed lands throughout the kingdom, and generally taxed all ranks both in England and Ireland. This was the time when a quarter of wheat was sold for twelve pence, and——"

"One could afford to be taxed in those days, Mr. Lincoln," said one.

"Now, now, put on your calculating-cap. What is your day's wage, Tim?"

"Four shillings a day, and beer."

"Very well, then, forty-eight pence are four shillings. In King John's days you must have worked twelve days at a penny a day to purchase this corn. Now, you work twelve days at four shillings a day, making forty-eight shillings, and a quarter of wheat was sold in June of last year from thirty-six shillings. Now, then, where's the advantage but on the side of the present state of things?"

"You be too deep for us, Mister Lincoln."

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

JEANNETTE.—*Mais j'en ous,*(1) *mamzelle.*
Jeannette. — But I of it have, miss.
François, notre garçon de ferme, a repeint
Francis, our boy of farm, has repainted
ces jours-ci la cariole, il en reste encore,(2) *haut*
those days the calash, it of it remains still high
de ça, dans une tasse.
of that, in a heap.

ENGLISH.—But I have some, miss; our journeyman has lately repainted the calash, and a heap of it still remains as high as that.

LOUISE.—*J'ai voulu dire: tes manières,*
Louise.—I have wished to say: thy manners,
ton langage mélangé de patois exigent de
thy language mixed with patois require of
sérieuses modifications.
serious modifications.

JEANNETTE, *à elle-même.—Modifi...*
Jeannette, to herself. — Modify...

ALICE.—*Bref, nous voudrions faire de*
Alice.—In short, we would make of
toi quelque chose.
thee some thing.

JEANNETTE.—*Et quoi donc, s'il vous*
Jeannette. — And what then, if it you
plaît?
please?

LOUISE.—*Une jeune personne qui ne fût*
Louise. — A young person who not was
pas absolument réduite à garder des
not absolutely reduced to take care of some
oies, des dindons, des canards.
geese, some turkeys, some ducks.

JEANNETTE.—*Ah! et qu'est-ce qui les*
Jeannette. — Ah! and who is it that them
mènerait aux champs, ces pauvres bêtes?
would bring to the fields, those poor beasts?

ALICE.—*N'importe qui; mais pas toi.*
Alice. — No matter who; but not thee.

JEANNETTE.—*En ce cas, tiens, c'est juste,*
Jeannette. — In that case, hold, it is just,
elle est d'une bêtise à manger du foin. On
she is of a stupidity to eat some hay. They
ne savait qu'en faire. Voilà son affaire.
not know of her to do. That is her affair.

ENGLISH.—One does not know what to do with her.

Eh bien! c'est dit, Mamzelle, faites de moi
Well! it is said, Miss, make of me
quelque chose.
some thing.

LOUISE.—*Commençons par la musique,*
Louise. — Let us begin by the music,
sois tout oreilles.
be all ears.

JEANNETTE (*ne comprenant pas*).—*Tout*
Jeannette (not understanding not). — All
oreilles?
ears?

LOUISE.—*Nous allons, en manière de*
Louise. — We go, by way of
préparation te jouer d'abord...(*Elle cherche*
preparation thee to play at first... (She seeks
et dispose la musique.)
and gets ready the music.)

JEANNETTE.—*Une bonne farce?*
Jeannette. — A good farce?

ALICE.—*Un morceau à quatre mains,*
Alice. — A piece with four hands,
n'est-ce pas, Louise?
not is it not, Louise?

ENGLISH.—A duet is it not, Louise?

JEANNETTE.—*A quatre mains. Je pourrai*
Jeannette. — At four hands. I could
jamais en faire autant, n'en ayant que
never of it to do as much, not of it having only
deux, et puis, un morceau de quoi?
two, and then, a piece of what?

ENGLISH.—With four hands. I could never do that, only having two; and then, a piece of what?

LOUISE.—*De Beethoven.*
Louise.— Of Beethoven.

JEANNETTE.—*Bête aux veines! Quoi que*
Jeannette. — Beast to the veins! What that
ça peut être? Ah! des sangsues. Je n'en
that can be? Ah! some leeches. I not of them
veux pas! Je peux pas les voir en face
wish not! I can not them see in face
depuis qu'on a voulu m'en mettre.
since that they have wished me of them to put.

ENGLISH.—Ah! leeches. I will not have them. I cannot even look at them since they wished to put some on me.

LOUISE (*feuilletant son cahier*).—
Louise (turning over the leaves of her book).—
Allons, du Meyerbeer te conviendra-t-il
Very good, from Meyerbeer thee will it suit
mieux?
better?

JEANNETTE.—*Oui, du meilleur beurre, ça*
Jeannette. — Yes, of better butter, that
me va. Je dirai même que ça me va
me go. I shall say even that that me go
tout à fait...
entirely...

ENGLISH.—Yes, better butter, that suits me. I can even say that it suits me exactly.

(*Les deux jeunes filles se sont*
(The two young girls themselves are
installés au piano.)
seated at the piano.)

ALICE.—*Eh bien! Silence!*
Alice. — Well! Silence!

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(1) Correct the verb.
(2) Yet, again, even, besides, also, more.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

WHY NOT?

If there's a fertile field to till,
Why should not woman till it?
If there's an empty barn to fill,
Why should not woman fill it?
There's nothing bars the way but will,
Why should not woman will it?

Stay not to ask what you may do;
The thing you would do, do it;
That work done well, in all men's view,
They will with favour view it;
Success in work however new
Gives licence to renew it.

The station in the world you'd take,
Go bravely on, and take it;
Some pioneer the way must make,
Be ye the one to make it!
And work essayed for woman's sake,
Oh, do not dare foresake it!

ADA CARNAHAM.

REPENTANCE.

In childhood's day,
When life seems play,
We simply say,
"Years hence."

In manhood's day,
When all looks gay,
We slowly say,
"Next year."

In life's fast wain,
With age and pain,
We sadly cry,
"Too late!"

C. T. C. J.

PEBBLES.

See the pebbles in the brook—
Oh, the shiny pebbles!
Sparkling still where'er we look,
Little tiny pebbles.

By the busy, babbling brook
Little Barefeet wandered;
One by one the treasures took,
Wisely o'er them pondered.

They must needs be jewels rare,
Since they shone so brightly;
By the fairies scattered there,
As they frolic nightly.

She would make a necklace bright,
Stringing them together;
Round her neck would clasp it tight—
They would shine for ever.

Home the little pink feet hied,
By the long grass shaded;
While the dripping pebbles dried,
And their lustre faded.

Down she laid them one by one,
Vainly o'er them weeping;
They were only common stone,
Worth no care or keeping.

MARAH.

THE DAY.

Let others praise the silent night,
When Luna holds her sway,
And stars beam soft with golden light—
I love the busy day.

I like the mighty city's din,
The hum and roll of life;
The crowd of forms sweep out and in,
Intent on worldly strife.

There's sin, perhaps, and sorrow there;
But say where dwell they not?
As oft in country landscape fair
And rose-embowered cot.

With each succeeding morning's dawn,
Refreshed for toil are we.
What though the past in grief hath gone?
To-day success may see.

And that bright sun, with rays of hope,
Doth seem to me to say,
"On! with life's struggles bravely cope,
Nor falter by the way!

"Forward! Forget the gloomy past!
Take thine appointed part;
Join the stream which presses
Within that 'mighty heart.'"

FRITZ.

BLIND.

I hear them speak of the early dawn,
And praise the glorious light;
I cannot know its wondrous power,
For me 'tis always night.
They say the sun, with golden rays,
Shines on this earth of ours,
And talk of blue and starry skies
And dew-bespangled flowers.

I long to view the grand old world
That God created fair,
Where every spot, it seems to me,
Must teem with beauty rare.
The stately trees whose spreading boughs
Wave high above my head,
The lowly turf where daisies bloom,
O'er which I sometimes tread.

I dream of these by day and night,
Sweet visions come to me;
But still with all things bright and glad
There blends a thought of thee.
I never saw thy dear, dear face—
I know thy touch is kind;
Thy voice like music sweet and clear
Speaks to my heart tho' blind.

Oh, mother, when the angel throng
My spirit calls away
To that pure land where I shall know
The light of perfect day!
Come with me to the river's brink
Where the dark waters roll,
And let thy hand still clasp my own
Till Jesus claims my soul.

M. G. THOBURN.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

Equipment for African Travel.—The following list has been obtained from one of the most recent explorers from the central west coast; it contains the absolutely essential personal equipment, without reckoning handkerchiefs and other light articles, or the also absolutely essential goods (cloth, beads, &c.) necessary to pay the traveller's way within a country where money is no use, and which will require many followers for carriage purposes:—One elephant rifle (composition and explosive bullets), twelve Martini-Henry rifles (for the absolutely necessary armed followers), two fowling pieces (breechloaders), two revolvers (twelve millm). No ammunition to be had anywhere except perhaps in Capetown or Algiers; it is advisable to buy a sufficient quantity before starting from England; for a year, from 1000 to 1500 rounds for each gun would be necessary. Six flannel shirts and ditto drawers, three moleskin trousers and ditto coats (this material is found to wear better than any other), twelve pairs woollen socks, two pairs strong shooting boots (if low boots, leather leggings are necessary to protect from snakes), one solar hat, one merino shawl for waist, two pairs heavy blankets (for protection against the cold nights when the plateau is reached); four boxes Anderson's pills, four boxes Cockles' pills, three bottles quinine, two bottles castor oil, 5 lbs. Epsom salts, one phial of ammonia, with pointed syringe (indispensable against snake bites), two bottles Agua sedativa (for allaying headache during fever), twenty-four bottles best brandy, four bottles camphorated oil, three bottles chlorodyne, three bottles Peruvian balsam.—*The Field.*

A Hint to Brewers, showing why German beer is more nourishing and less intoxicating than English beer.—The difference is wholly in the fermentation. If fermentation be conducted at a temperature above the normal temperature of water in a well, viz., 52½ deg. Fah., the yeast in the process of fermentation will rise to the surface of the liquid; if it be conducted at a temperature lower than this, the yeast will be precipitated. The English fermentation is the former, being usually started at 60 deg., more or less; the German fermentation is the latter, being started usually about 44 deg., or less. The English fermentation occupies from five to seven days, the German fourteen to twenty-one. It is obvious that, except in mid-winter, the German fermentation has to be carried on in the artificial temperature of an ice house. On the face of it, it appears a very easy thing to reduce the English fermentation temperature to the German, but it is to be observed that the two fermentations yield beers of essentially different flavours. It would take years, perhaps generations, to educate the English popular taste to the distinctive flavour of the low temperature fermentation. It is true that the German fermentation has the strong recommendation that it yields a malt liquor of far less intoxicating power, but even here a curious anomaly is presented. Not only does the German *lager bier* contain as much malt as the English pale ale, but on being tested for alcohol it will be found to contain a greater per-centage of spirit than the latter. Notwithstanding this fact, universal experience shows that, while the German beer is eminently nourishing and invigorating, it scarcely affects the brain at all. Thus the true solution of the (so-called) temperance question lies in the hands of the English brewers. The work before them is not without grave difficulty, but it may be put in a nutshell thus, "How to ferment a malt liquor which shall combine the non-intoxicating character of the German *lager bier* with the incomparable flavour of English pale ale?"

To Grease Gearing, Boots, Harness, &c.—Lard will make the leather not only soft but impermeable to water. It can be used with advantage in greasing gearing, harness, and boots; in very hot weather, however, it would be well to add one-eighth part of melted tallow. It should be laid on in a melted state, but it should not be made so hot as to prevent the finger being placed in it. It would be best to first soak the leather in water in order to swell it and open the pores, and so to favour the absorption of the lard. In this case the temperature of the lard may be a little higher. The leather should have three or four coats of the liquid grease, and still more in the case of sole leather. Lastly, the unabsorbed lard is wiped off with a rag. We have now waterproof boots without the disadvantage of seeing the grease penetrate to the interior, and thus soiling the stocking, as is often the case when oil is used. Polished boots may

also be advantageously greased with lard, and it will prevent the leather from cracking; by rubbing them gently the polished leather shines as brightly as before.—*Economie Rurale et Forestiere.*

To Clean Silver Ornaments.—Embed them in a thin paste of cream of tartar and cold water, and let remain so some days. Then well wash it off and polish with a soft handkerchief.

Cure for Neuralgia.—Two drachms of muriate of ammonia divided into four doses and taken in water, once in twelve hours, is said to be a certain cure for this painful complaint.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

Fruit Jelly is delicious when made of strawberries or raspberries in their season. Clarify half a pound of loaf sugar, strain and mix with it half an ounce of clarified isinglass and the juice of two or three lemons; into this stir the fruit as quickly as possible, and, pouring into a mould, place on ice; the sugar and isinglass are not hot, merely lukewarm.

Loaf Ginger Cake.—One scant teacupful of brown sugar, one even cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and one table-spoonful of ginger, yolks and beaten whites of four eggs, enough flour to make it of the consistency of sponge-cake batter; bake in a moderately hot oven, as it is easily burned.

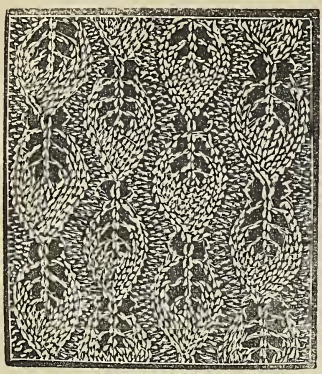
Chocolate Cake.—Cream together one cup of white sugar and half a cup of butter; stir in slowly half a cup of sweet milk, in which half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar into one and a half cups of flour, flavour the batter with lemon, and alternately to it add the flour and beaten whites of two eggs; bake in one loaf, and, when cold, with a sharp, very broad-bladed knife, cut horizontally into four layers; each layer should be about three-quarters of an inch in thickness; then spread on top of each layer, except the top one, the icing, which is made thus: beat with the whites of two eggs until stiff about six tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar; add a little lemon, and slowly stir in one cake of grated sweet chocolate. The icing should be stiff enough not to run, but if much thicker than this add a little water.

Minna.—An ox sweetbread must be washed, put into boiling water with a little salt in it, and boiled rapidly for an hour; then be quickly taken up and plunged into cold water, changing the water frequently. After an hour, skin it and cut it into pieces the size of lamb's sweetbread; dip each piece in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in butter or lard. The crumbs will be improved by first mixing them in a very little hot butter or bacon dripping. These sweetbreads thus cooked are rarely to be distinguished from veal sweetbreads, and are of course much cheaper.

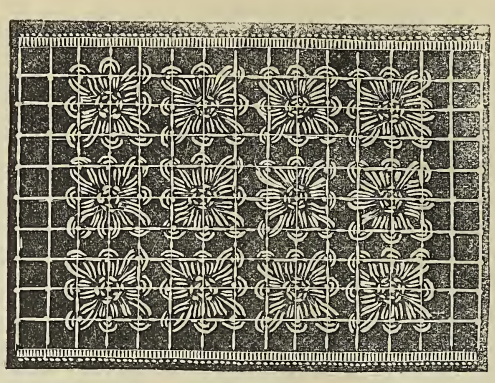
Jams.—*Mrs. S.*—Mr. Weatherley, in his "Confectioner's Guide,"* gives the following directions for making jams:—"*The fruit must be fresh, and not in a state of fermentation.* Pass it through a cane sieve, sold for the purpose at the basket-shops; weigh the fruit, and reduce it by evaporation over a sharp fire for about a quarter of an hour or so. Then, by weight, add twelve ounces of loaf sugar, *broken small*, to each pound of fruit as *it was before boiling*. Continue boiling and stirring till a portion, when taken out with the ladle and put on a plate, sets and cools in three minutes. Lift the pan off the fire while trying this. *Note.*—The object of boiling the fruit some little time before adding the sugar is to preserve the colour bright, which is not the case if both fruit and sugar are boiled together." [All red fruits should be boiled in this manner, and *boiled quickly* to preserve their colour. Fine crystal sugar answers the purpose of loaf-sugar.]

Raspberry Acid.—Dissolve four ounces of citric acid (cost, one shilling) in two quarts of boiling water. Stir into this very gently twelve pounds of ripe fruit; let it stand twenty-four hours, strain it from the fruit without pressing, and to every pint of juice put one-and-a-quarter pounds of loaf-sugar. Stir with a silver spoon until the sugar is all dissolved. Let it stand for a day or two, then take off the scum, and bottle. A tablespoonful to a tumbler of cold water.

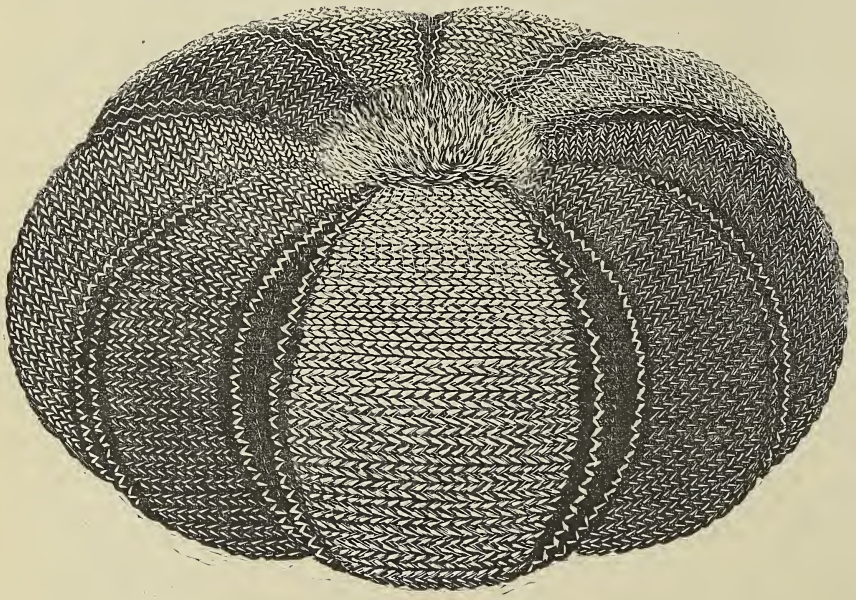
* Sold by the proprietor, at 32, High Street, Kingsland. Price 2s.



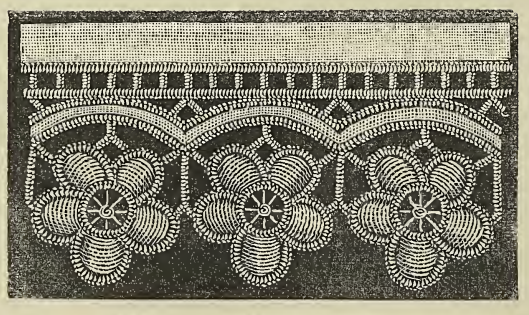
MYRTLE-LEAF; KNITTING.



INSERTION, NETTING.



BRIOCHE CUSHION IN KNITTING.



MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



SEASIDE COSTUMES.

FIRST COSTUME.—Dress of navy-blue cambric, with double flounces kilted; tunic of the same with a cross-cut flounce piped with red. Basket-cloth jacket trimmed with *galon* braid, passementerie ornaments, and fringe.

SECOND COSTUME of grey lainage, with alpaca flounce and puffings; tunic of lainage with cross-cut flounce of alpaca. Grey basket-cloth Dolman trimmed with *galon* fringe and ribbon. Grey straw hat and grey and white feathers.

Plain paper pattern of either tunic, 2s. 1d. Jacket, 1s. 8d. Dolman or jacket, 2s. 1d.

NEEDLEWORK.

Myrtle-leaf Design in Knitting.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 10; No. 14 knitting needles. This is adapted for chair-tidies. These to be about 18 inches square, and fringed or edged with knitted edging. 13 stitches to a pattern, and 2 stitches over at the end.

1*st row.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * keep the cotton forward and knit 1 (this will increase a stitch); pass the cotton to the front, then quite round the needle, and seam 2 (this will increase another stitch), knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 5, seam 2; repeat from *.

2*nd.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 4, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2; repeat from *.

3*rd.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 1; bring the cotton forward, knit 1; bring forward, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, seam 2; repeat from *.

4*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 2, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2, seam 5, knit 2; repeat from *.

5*th.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 2; bring forward, knit 1; bring forward, knit 2; seam 2, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, seam 2; repeat from *.

6*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2, seam 7, knit 2; repeat from *.

7*th.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 3; bring forward, knit 1; bring forward, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2 together, seam 2; repeat from *.

8*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 1, knit 2, seam 6, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2; repeat from *.

9*th.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 1, knit 2, together, knit 5, seam 2; keep the cotton forward, knit 1; bring forward (as in first row), seam 2; repeat from *.

10*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2; repeat from *.

11*th.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, seam 2, knit 1; bring forward, knit 1; bring forward, knit 1, seam 2; repeat from *.

12*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 5, knit 2, seam 2, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2; repeat from *.

13*th.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2; bring forward, knit 1; bring forward, knit 2, seam 2; repeat from *.

14*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 7, knit 2, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2; repeat from *.

15*th.*—Slip 1, seam 1, * knit 2 together, seam 2, knit 3; bring forward, knit 1; bring forward, knit 3, seam 2; repeat from *.

16*th.*—Slip 1, knit 1, * seam 6, seam 2 together, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2; repeat from *.

M. A. S., Rochdale.

Netted Insertion for trimming Dresses or for Stripes for Chair-tidy.

Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton No. 8, or their Maltese Cotton, in any colour, No. 10.

The netting is done lengthways. Commence on two stitches, turn, net 2 and another in the last stitch; repeat this till there are sufficient stitches. Then continue to net one into the *first* loop of each row and omit the last stitch. This will form a long strip of square netting. When a sufficient length is done it should be immersed in a little thin starch, then be well rolled in a cloth, and when dry enough ironed, then be worked in the manner indicated in the engraving. A different-coloured cotton can be used for the work, which may be of ingrain scarlet cotten upon a drab or white ground.

Brioche Cushion.

Materials: Maize, scarlet, white, blue, and brown 4-thread fleecy. Pins without knobs, No 6. The cushion has 18 points.

Maize.—Cast on 96 stitches with maize; *, wool in front, slip one, knit 2 together; repeat from *. This forms two rows. white, 2 rows; maize, 2 rows.

Brown.—Knit 54 stitches, leaving 42 on the pin. Turn the work round, and knit 12; turn again, and knit 15; turn again, and knit 18, and continue till to the end of both pins. Then knit the yellow and white, as at commencement. This forms one point of the cushion. Then use the scarlet, green, and blue, according to taste. A lining must be made of brown holland, stuffed with wool, the cushion drawn over it, gathered in the centre; then, with an

upholsterer's needle and twine, drawn down in the centre, tied tightly, and a tuft of wool placed in the centre. This is preferable to a cord and tassel.

We should be glad to have other instructions for knitting this description of cushion.

Cut-Work in Muslin.

Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, No 8, and clear Swiss muslin.

Trace the pattern on the muslin, and work it in button-hole stitch; the flowers in satin-stitch, within the overcasting. The bars are loose from the muslin. The design is suitable for trimming children's dresses.

Lady's Petticoat to cost 10s. 6d.

Taking fifteen skeins of petticoat yarn or best fingering (Scotch). Bone pins No. 5.

Cast on 120 stitches and knit 25 inches plain, then rib by knitting 2 plain and 2 pearl for 24 rows. Cast off and do another breadth, and for the third and front breadth, you must after the first twelve rounds decrease at the beginning and end of each row. About every 2 inches this can be done by knitting 2 together. If a gored breadth is not liked, do this one exactly the same as the others. Crochet some pretty scalloped edge round the bottom of the petticoat after sewing the breadths together. These petticoats are beautifully warm and last a long time.--*E. M.*

A Knitted Petticoat.

(*Emma.*)—A correspondent kindly communicates the following:—Knit two stripes, beginning to narrow when about half-way up, narrowing every 10th row. Cut a pattern in tissue-paper, and work to this. Every gore should have one straight side.

Skeleton Leaves.—Dissolve three ounces of washing soda in two pints of water, boil, and add one-and-a-half ounces of slaked quicklime. Boil for ten minutes, settle, and pour off the clear liquid for use. Bring this to the boil, and during ebullition add the leaves. Put on the lid and boil for about an hour, adding water occasionally to make up for loss. Take out a leaf, and rub it between the fingers under water. If the skin and pulp separate easily, the leaves are ready; if not, boil for some time longer. Having cleaned the skeletons, bleach them in a solution of bleaching-powder, a teaspoonful to the pint, adding about a tablespoonful of strong vinegar to liberate the chlorine. Let them remain in this for about ten minutes. Wash in water, and float them out on pieces of paper. N.B.—Take care that the soda solution touches the fingers as little as possible, as it may remove their epidermis as well as that of the leaves.—G. Dickson, in *English Mechanic.*

Painting on Silk.—To paint on either silk or muslin with water-colours, strain the material tightly. The simplest way of doing this, particularly if there is any length, is to roll it over two round pieces of wood, one at each end. Outline the pattern clearly in pencil. Then make a thick paste with Chinese white (the Chinese white sold in tubes is the best) and gum arabic, dissolved in water; cover everything you intend to paint with this. Let it dry completely; this is most essential. Then put the colour on in washes as quickly as possible, so as not to disturb the white ground. Never go over the same part twice; but if you want to shade a leaf or a flower let the first coat of colour dry, and then put on the second. If you find the white ground disturbed, and mixed with the colour, as it will do if it is touched too often, wait till it is quite dry, and then put on a fresh coat of white.—Bessie Charlot Curtees, in *Woman's Gazette.* Published by Hatchard and Co.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227*) to* Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



PALETOT FOR PROMENADE (*front view*).

PALETOT OF BOURRETTE, a thin material, but rough-looking in texture. It is made chiefly of spun silk—that is, short ends of silk spun into a continuous length instead of being reeled from the cocoon. It is pretty and dressy-looking; and when used for dresses is made generally in stripes alternating with coarse threads of silk bright in texture and colour. The jacket is trimmed with *galon*, in pattern of checks, of raised velvet, and with lace. The front simulates a long waistcoat.

Flower-hat with tilleul feathers and bows and steel buckle.

Plain paper pattern of paletot, 2s. 1d.



BACK VIEW OF PALETOT.

In the arrangement of the paletot at the back the form is simulated by the lace, which follows the outline of the side pieces. The bows are of the richest silk, the ends and loop of ribbon, which has two faces—that is, two differently-coloured sides; these match the general tint of the *bourrette*. Hat of black straw, with soft black silk crown. Flowers: Marguerites drooping from a bunch of tea and damask roses.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

MANY things have changed this year. Formerly, during the Empire, ladies went to the races in gala attire. Nothing was too rich for those days, and Fashion reserved her prettiest surprises for the greatest day of all—the Grand Prix. Now, however, it is the correct thing to go to the races in a kind of demi-travelling costume, which, *de rigueur*, must come from England and be of English manufacture. English makers of fashion, then, lead the day. A lady, on the morning of one of our great races lately, positively preferred remaining at home rather than be seen in a silk costume on the course. "I should be taken for my cook," she pouted. So she allowed her husband to go to the races without her, inwardly vowing, however, all kinds of mischief to the London *couturier* who had thus disappointed her. She had, it is true, the satisfaction of wearing it the following week, otherwise I might not have been able to describe it to you. But here it is. You may not think it pretty—it depends on the way it is worn. A long plain and very tight skirt of striped cheviot cloth of a yellowish grey tint. A waistcoat of white piqué, and an over-jacket, or coat, to match the skirt, open in front to show the waistcoat beneath, fastened with one button at the waist; a high linen collar, with cravat and neck-pin; a large flapped hat, with two immense feathers of the same colour as the dress, completed the costume. Both feathers were placed on one side of the hat. This large hat was to avoid the nuisance of carrying a sunshade. Many ladies wore simply an ordinary walking costume, composed of dress and scarf of some pretty light material. Other *elegantes* wore dust-coats, which, although not exactly tightly fitting to the figure, do not entirely hide it as they do in England. Some of these dust-coats, indeed, are quite stylish and elegant in cut. Some ladies wore either a cape or a scarf to match their dresses. The Countess of Moltke was among those who wore a cape to match her dress, which was of plum colour. The scarf, however, is more in favour than the cape. There is the scarf to match the dress—a plain width of the same edged with fringe, or even with simply a hem round it. Then there is the black, white, or coloured cashmere scarf, the black silk scarf, the black lace scarf, the white lace scarf, and the gauze scarf, of every colour, edged with coloured embroidery. Nor must we forget the silk filet scarf, like the net-work of mittens. The sight of all these scarfs reminds us of the pictures of our grandmothers, who used to be so partial to this style of shoulder covering, if covering it may be called. The embroidered gauze scarf has quite a Directoire look. At fashionable weddings scarcely anything else is seen. It is the ladies of Saint-Germain who claim the priority of re-introducing the scarf into fashion, and also of re-introducing mittens. As for mittens, the shops cannot have sufficient of them, and they are of an extortionate price. Twenty-five francs a pair is an ordinary price for demi-long mittens. Short ones cost fifteen francs, and even at that price it is difficult to obtain them. They are the fashion.

A word on bonnets, which are very small and very becoming to youthful faces. The slightest foundation suffices. On this is placed a bird of paradise, or a basket of flowers. A very small portion of the head is covered. The ears must always be seen, if only on account of the ear-rings; and, also, almost all the back hair is visible. All flowers worn on bonnets are scented *au naturel*, according to the flowers themselves. Some ladies, who have gardens and hot-houses at their disposition, even wear natural flowers.

In hats, the Pulchinella is the most in vogue. At present only very young and very pretty carriage-ladies have dared to adopt the Pulchinella. You have only to study a print of Pulchinella to see its shape.

Bead-necklaces and chains are worn; some quite tight round the neck, while others reach almost to the waist. In jet, they look well. In coloured beads, on the contrary, they are too tawdry.

Amongst all the summer materials which France, England, and Switzerland have brought forth this year, the new transparent cambric finds the greatest favour. This cambric resembles the finest canvas or a coarse barège, only it is of cotton instead of being of worsted. It makes exquisite summer toilettes, and has quite superseded the Oxford cambrics.

There is no change in the make of dresses. They continue to be very long

and very tight, with sometimes a tunic simulated on the skirt. Some few cambric dresses, instead of being made *à la Princesse* entirely, have the bodice separate at the back, which forms a tab at the waist, and a belt is worn with it. It is exactly like the old bodices worn years back.

Full bodices are also worn for low-necked evening dresses.

Sleeves are quite tight to the arms, and are to remain tight for some time. However short they may be they must be tight.

The new collar or cuff for ordinary wear is made of white linen, cambric, and muslin, and also of the colour and material of the dress. It is a pleating about five inches in depth which falls round the throat; is placed on a narrow neck-band. In the centre of this, at the back, is a button-hole, which must correspond with a button placed in the centre of the back of the neck of the dress. The collar is thus buttoned to the dress at the back of the neck. The pleating falls over the dress, and the front ends are tied together by a little cord and tassel of the same colour as the collar. The cuffs are made exactly in the same way. They must be reversed over the sleeves; buttons and button-holes keep them in their places. This is the newest thing of the year in lingerie. Chemisettes will thus be dispensed with, also under-sleeves.

Chemises, drawers, and under-skirts become more and more trimmed with lace edgings and lace insertions. Even our servants now disdain to wear a chemise that has not at the least two rows of lace insertion and a lace edging at the bottom. It is certainly very pretty to see these rows and rows of lace peeping from under the dress when the skirt is looped or held up at the side; join to this the now indispensable silk stocking and the little high-heeled shoe, and the sight is perfect in a fashion point of view. You see this also on a Sunday on almost every Parisienne you may meet, whatever may be her station in life. She may have but this one set of gala under-dress, and she may have to wash, starch, and iron it herself, but have it and wear it she must, or she would not be a Parisienne.

I will now quote at random a few dresses seen at a late representation at the Grand Opera before the flood of tourists chased away our high life from its boxes.

Here is the dark-eyed Countess of T—— with a flesh-coloured gauze dress covered with ravens' wings and feathers. Not a jewel.

Madame de Rochefoucauld wore a charming toilette of pale blue satin, with a pearl necklet, passed *à la beby* through her little sleeves. A pretty whim this, which is certain to be imitated ere long.

Nearly all the ladies wore white, natural flowers, set on jewelled stems.

As a rule, ladies now dress according to their particular style of beauty, shape, and complexion, and that is one of the reasons why there are so many fashions and so little fashion. What suits one lady does not always suit another. Some cling to the clinging, and appear as partially-draped statues, whilst others prefer the more stately and majestic skirts of the four Louis' reigns. There is choice for all. But one rule is permanent—be pretty, and every lady can be that if she will. Tight dresses and full trains may be worn; tight bodices, also full bodices. Small bonnets, with only crowns, and large-brimmed hats also.

Scarfs, capes, fichus, jackets, loose jackets, and tight jackets are all in fashion. Plain dresses, so are dresses covered with frills, fringes, laces, and embroideries. The most simple simplicity and the richest richness are equally adopted by ladies belonging to the same society and to the same family.

Another novelty is the parasolette, a carriage parasol of very small size, made to turn over on the side of the stick in a way used many years ago. They are shown in very dark heavy silks, brightened by a butterfly embroidered in gay colours on one of the gores, and by long loops of ribbons of two contrasting colours tied in the centre. The stick is of natural cherry wood, and very thick. The frame is brass, and there is no lining of the silk gores.

Little girls do not wear piqué dresses as much as formerly, the fine soft woollens and flannels, with white lace trimmings, being used instead. Piqués are still made, however, with princesse fronts and backs as far down as the hips, where kilt-pleating is set in the back, and a sash is used to cover the join; the sash may be of pleated piqué or of ribbon. Repped piqués are preferred to all others, and the trimmings are embroideries and Smyrna lace. Fine twilled wools and basket-woven stuffs in colours are now imported for children's dresses in light qualities that are not warmer than piqué, and do not soil so easily.

M. DE B.



YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

COSTUME of black and white-striped grenadine. Cuirass bodice of the same. The skirt in front has a trimming of folds of grenadine, each fold fastened on the left side by six purple silk buttons; on the right, by bows of purple ribbon. The panier is full and tied in a puff by loops and ends of purple ribbon. The flounces are kilted. Black straw hat, with white feather and damask rose under the brim.

Plain paper pattern of costume, 3s. 1d.; of cuirass bodice, 1s. 7d.



COSTUMES FOR COUNTRY EXCURSIONS.

Costume Besançon, of black silk, with kilted flounces of black and white striped grenadine, the upper flounce divided in the centre by a striped white and black *galon*. Laveuse tunic, with kilted trimming, tied at the back with crimson and black ribbon—that is, ribbon with two different sides, one crimson, one black.

Black Cashmere Jacket.—The centre of the back is trimmed with braid, black and white, in pyramid form, outside of which it is braided. The jacket is finished with a rich silk fringe. Hat of gray straw, with gray feathers, and crimson and gray trimming.

Costume Trouville.—Black cashmere robe. Laveuse tunic, with two long ends. Jacket of basket-cloth, crossed in front, trimmed with striped *galon*, buttons, and passementerie ornaments. Golden straw hat, marigolds, and maize feather.

Plain paper pattern of either tunics, 2s. 1d.; of jackets, 2s. 1d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

HOME COSTUME of ash-grey cambric or cashmere. A deep flounce has again at the edge lesser kiltings of the same material. Tunic with broad square end, the fulness gathered under a cross-band of galon, with which the tunic is trimmed. Cuirass corsage, the front in Breton form. Sleeves of darker cambric or silk. At the back is a pleating of silk or cambric, which falls upon the dress. Collar turned down, covered with galon.

PROMENADE TOILETTE or HOME TOILETTE, or, as the French term it, TOILETTE DE VILLE.—Robe of *ancient* turquoise-blue valencia or cambric. This colour is neither blue nor green, but the precise colour of old turquoise injured by damp. The petticoat is not very long; and one may mention here that the ladies of highest rank wear untrained dresses when walking. The dress is trimmed with galon, with a direct blue ground embroidered in grey and white. The back is gathered in a similar manner to that of the front only the puffings are larger. Paletot trimmed with a deep silk fringe of mixed threads of blue, turquoise-blue, white, and grey. The back has the galon set on similarly to the front, and with horizontal pleats of silk or cambric between the galons. Sleeves fitting easily.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS.

COLOURED CAMBRICS of almost every hue, pink excepted, and cambrics with patterns on them, also foulards are universal; and, besides, there are *batistes*, very thin material, like Scotch cambric, and twilled foulard, a fabric made of spun silk, having more substance than the plainer texture. These are worn principally in the morning; but where etiquette or necessity does not prescribe a more elaborate toilette, they are worn all the day till the evening. These cambrics and *batistes* are, however, trimmed with white embroidery and washing galons, and are really dressy affairs. These, with the tiny fichus of lace or embroidered muslin, constitute all the outdoor wraps. Elderly ladies wear mantelettes and scarfs, the latter pleated down in the back to make them set well on the shoulders, and in the house the lace fichus are worn; but young ladies wear them also for the promenade. There are four white fabrics which are the *mode*, white being extremely fashionable. There is the vapour-like organdi, the china crêpe, or what is termed mousseline-crêpe, which admits of insertion of embroidery and lace; both these fabrics are transparent; there is the barège Virginie, which is a soft and transparent tissue of wool, made in dead white and ivory white. These have only white embroidery for trimming, and scarfs artistically arranged on the tablier and falling on the train. And, strange to say, the fine white dimity of ancient times is again reappearing, both for petticoats and robes; it is relieved and made bright by ribbons, bows, and loops, and is made in fine stripes.

POLONAISES AND TUNICS.—The square form of the latter is generally adopted for tunics, as it falls upon the petticoat, and is not generally looped, but cut up at the sides, as in the coloured-plate of this number. In polonaises, which are very long, there is a tendency to a great deal of trimming, as individual tastes have to be met; but only very thin figures can wear much trimming. Also polonaises are again looped in graceful folds, or, rather, the piece of material which is added to this portion of the costume simulates looping.

BLACK SILK or black grenadine dresses are made with coloured plastrons or regular waistcoats; or with *jabots* of lace with coloured loops of ribbon nestled in. But only thin figures can wear the latter; plastrons are for those of ampler size. Sometimes striped silks are worn for waistcoats, or satin stripes are added to the material. The long ends of polonaises of this style are invariably square, and have little if any fulness at the back. What there is, is gathered closely under broad bands of galon, or bands with two rows of flat buttons on them.

THE KILTED TRIMMING is as fashionable as ever. On cashmere dresses where expense is a matter of moment, fine alpaca is substituted, and with all advantage; it holds no dust and does not cut out; looks even better than silk. Grenadine kiltings made the length way of the material look equally well, and these, headed with jet trimming, are used by the celebrated Worth for silk dresses.

On many grenadines the square front of the bodice is filled with rows of white lace, and wonderfully relieves the sombre hue of

dark dresses. Among the most fashionable grenadines are the "Camel's-hair," flecked with coarse threads; "Navy" grenadine, a dark-blue, flecked with threads of lighter blue, or with red or white threads; added to these are grenadines of every light hue, trimmed with kiltings, galons, or lace of a thick description, to which many fanciful names are given. Smyrna lace is thick and coarse.

Ribbon bows, or rather loops, are seen in all dresses. These ribbons are literally "two-faced," the surfaces being of different colour. They are thus extremely dressy-looking. At one time these ribbons were coldly received in England, but now they reign. Not only are bows and loops made of this kind, but also two or three colours in ribbons are used in one knot or nœud of ribbon, which is made of gros grain, or satin, or velvet ribbon. These ribbons are cut six nails long, more or less, not always of one length, are then looped—two loops and four ends—with a piece of ribbon on the top of each knot to bind them together. Prettier than those made of different colours are those composed of different shades of the same colour. They are placed as shoulder-knots or nœuds, also at the wrists, at the neck, and down the front, and add considerable beauty to otherwise simple and inexpensive attire, such as grenadines, muslins, and cambrics.

Batiste Dresses are made with no idea of ever having them washed, but they are expensively trimmed with lace of a light description, as Honiton, and, in some few instances, with Valenciennes, but of a light make, with open edges. No pockets are to be seen in any thin dresses.

For other Trimmings, gold braid has reappeared. It seems in bad taste for summer decoration; but even straw bonnets have their edges tinged with metal-gold, feathers the same, and gold-lace appears—not lace woven of gold-thread, but ordinary lace upon which gold is deposited by electricity. This is at present expensive. The style may have as great a *furore* as in some years back; it has, however, only just reappeared. All brown tints, from the lightest cinnamon tint to the darkest, are greatly relieved by gold-coloured embroidery or braid; few other colours, however, are enriched by it.

While the dresses of some *elegantes* cling like wax to them, others are more judicious; and in the very latest fashions submitted for inspection, the crinoline is again used, not that of former years, a veritable hen-coop, but long and narrow; the wires only at the back, a ladder of tapes only in the front. Where the robe or polonaise is drawn in at the back, in the crinoline there are no wires. Very slightly projecting below the waist, there is a space without any metal; then they increase till they form a fan, over which the train lies. The "Serpent" train cannot have crinoline, nor can any trains that are worn in the street.

The small fichus, now so general, are made in the finest cashmere, in shape resembling a small half shawl; these are fringed, a portion of it forms a turn-back collar; others are made in lace, or in net or muslin, trimmed with lace, or still more desirable, are beautifully embroidered. Some fichus are cut in cape form, and cross over and tie at the back, like a sash; others are square, are crossed, but with the two points not crossing, thus forming two points at the back. All are trimmed with lace fringe or work; some very prettty soft, small muslins, cut in half shawls, have coloured or *crême* silk fringes. They are the prettiest things that have been worn for a long time; nevertheless, it is but an older fashion revived. Some of these fichus are fastened in the front with a natural rose or small bouquet, or flower jewelry. Velasquez collars in lace are reappearing.

Children's Dresses of washing material are simply made. Little girls have them in the Princesse form in front, with three large pleats in the back (under the centre pleat the dress opens); these pleats terminate three-parts down the back in a kilted flounce, a knot of ribbon hiding this attachment. The front is fastened, and bows of ribbon simulate the opening. The pleats in the back are each run together as a broad tuck, and are then opened, and laid flat. There is, in addition to this for more dressy occasions, a fashion of trimming, termed by M. Worth, the far-famed Parisian modiste, the "Panel" style—that is, detached bits of trimming, as galons, fringes, and loops of ribbon are placed on the side-pieces, or down each side of the front. These dresses are worn longer than formerly, only showing very little of the "clocked" stocking, but the shoe, with its rosette or buckle, to perfection. No outer-wrap, but a muslin, or black or white cross-over, is added. The hats are those having a broad brim, made of Panama-straw or Leghorn.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

COSTUME of pale blue embroidered grenadine gauze. The tunic is draped and fastened on each side with a robing of striped silk with simulated button-holes of large size and a row of buttons to match the dress. The train, which is not seen in the engraving, is very long and pointed, and can be carried over the arm. The back of the robe is composed of broad and deep folds of blue and black striped grenadine, and loops of the same piped. It is finished with a broad and handsome fringe.

BONNET entirely covered with forget-me-nots, fine trailing grasses and weedy foliage. Under the brim is a ruche spotted at the edge with blue chenelle; China rose under the brim.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 3s. 1d.



MANTELETTE CROSSED.



BACK OF PRINCESSE ROBE, TRIMMED.

MANTELETTE of black paramatta, embroidered kilted border of black silk. The pleats are secured on each of the fronts, to enable the wearer to easily cross the ends. It may be made in poplin. Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

BACK OF PRINCESSE ROBE, TRIMMED.—This style is suitable only to slight figures. The material of the dress is white piqué or thin cotton basket-cloth. The trimming is narrow white embroidery, fastened at intervals with bows of ribbon. At the waist it spreads out on each side and mingles with the trimming of the skirt; the waist is defined by broader trimming, by ribbon, and a steel buckle.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up* :—

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size, measuring across the back under the arms, and across the top of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters on dressmaking requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on ; then the band have button-holes, and be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

MRS. G. L. T. (Tunbridge).—You can have nothing better for the seaside than serge of fine quality, or a washing cambric, only that the latter is expensive as far as the laundress is concerned. The Tusseh cloth or cotton comes next, is easily "got up," can be trimmed with machine embroidery, which answers well. The large straw hats are worn, and buff sun-shades, which are far cooler than white, as they admit neither heat nor light. The brown brocade should have a plain silk of a lighter shade to mix with it. The brocade should be for trimming, and not form the principal part of the dress.

MARGARET T.—Cut the tunic in dents, and bind it with white or red; if with white, then a *galon* of blue ground, with white flowers, or blue with red. Large collars of lace and embroidery are fashionable on the Continent, though they have not appeared to any extent in England. There is as great a variety of dress in garden parties as in a ballroom, only the materials are different. You may wear grey or dove-coloured cashmere, trimmed with silk, or pearl grey, or pale blue, each trimmed with a lighter shade of silk ; polonaise, petticoat, and bonnet alike in tint. A costume of white muslin with bright bows, and a black or white fichu. A pretty costume is navy-blue silk polonaise, ivory lace fichu, petticoat alike. The "Mandarin" colour is rarely seen ; some shades of it are becoming. At a garden party recently given one lady wore a costume of bright ruby silk, trimmed with black silk, and a very pretty and becoming hood, with inside frill of lace, relieved at the side by a damask rose and foliage.

MCS. (Rothesay). — The petticoats are now principally the same as the polonaise, which is generally unlooped, the fulness gathered under a band, or a scarf arranged to conceal the gathers.

MRS. C. (Exeter). — A satin costume, blue or mauve, with narrow kilted flounces at the back, wider in front; a pyramid of flounces at the back; a bodice of brocade, short at the back and long in the front, a scarf of brocade crossing the front. You may add flowers or bows.

MISS C. A. (Chaperone):—It would be almost impossible to suggest anything prettier in the arrangement of rooms, or to see more lovely dresses than were worn at

a recent reception at Grosvenor Gardens. Roses bloomed everywhere. The mantelpiece was just a garden of roses of various sorts, large hanging baskets of roses and other flowers were arranged in the centre of each window. Flowers were everywhere, and the dresses for brilliancy of colouring surpassed the flowers. The hostess, the Hon. Lady McGarel Hogg, wore black silk, covered with Brussels lace, and a coiffure of lace and muslin, with one blush rose. The Marchioness of Exeter wore black, with a head-dress of roses and loops of diamonds. The Ladies Mary and Isabel Cecil had blue and white dresses, with wreaths of convolvulus round the top, and the same flower in the hair. The Hon. Mrs. Scott Murray wore bronze silk, opening over a dress of blue, and fastened with a band of the bronze; the wreath was of grapes, currants, strawberries, and cherries. The Countess of Longford had a dress of rich crimson faille, with trimmings and revers of pale rose colour. Lady Augusta Fremantle a pretty costume of pearl-grey, trimmed with black lace. Lady Colthurst had an overdress of faille, of the colour known as *crême rosâtre;* it covered one side of the skirt, which was of turquoise satin, with plaited frills. Lady Selwyn Ibbetson had a handsome brocade of a pale shade of maize. Mrs. Edward Taylor a white dress, superbly embroidered with large garlands of flowers. Mrs. Wollaston Blake a handsome arrangement of white faille and crimson satin. Hon. Mrs. Stuart Knox had cream-colour, trimmed with ruby velvet and handsome lace. A beautiful dress was of grey silk, elaborately embroidered with wreaths of pink roses and ferns; the last looked very charming.

Mary D. — The bottom of the dress should be lined, and round the edge a quilling of black lace edging, and under that, one of black satin ribbon, or even alpaca, to prevent the dust from soiling the dress. In the autumn a black velvet petticoat.

Miss E. D.—By "cascades of lace" is meant lace gathered and the folds laid down in the shape of diagonal scallops, *flots* of ribbon between. *Froncé* is the French word for "gathered in gathers." Flounce-froncé indicates a gathered flounce in contradistinction to a pleated flounce.

M. Y. L.—It is not worth while to spoil a dress by adding new to the old. The best thing is to sell the old dress, and purchase a cambric of some dark colour—a colour that will not be often in the laundress's hands.

Mrs. Charles L. (Sevenoaks).—Trim the black satin robe with three cascades of lace in front, and with two from a little below the waist at the back, and a quarter of a yard from thence have four rows, widening at the bottom and spreading out like a fan. *Flots* or loops of ribbon of three shades of maize, or mandarin between the fulness; the ribbon about an inch or two wide, and of gros-grain.

Miss T. (Bath).—Ball-dress of *clair de lune*, or pale pink silk; across the front, scarves of white gauze striped with gold. If you have white net, the gold thread of flat metal can easily be drawn in; that which is sold for ornamenting stove-ornaments looks well, and is comparatively inexpensive. Silver tinsel also. The *clair de lune* should have silver, and the pink gold.

Muriel B.—Black lace bonnet, black lace strings, crossed in front, and fastened with a damask rose just at the neck, leaving the latter a little exposed. The bonnet raised on the left side with two damask roses underneath. Over this you may wear the large lace veil, to simulate a mantilla. Just now these old-fashioned lace veils are extremely useful as fichus.

Mrs. James S. (Clifton).—Embroidery is the fashion. At a dinner party recently given by the Secretary of State for India, one lady had a pale green silk with long trains; across the front a broad gauze scarf, white and green, embroidered with bulrushes and grass in brown and green; the ends of the scarf was fringed to the depth of half a yard, and had threads of brown and green silk knotted in. This scarf was crossed in the back and carelessly knotted together. The fringe formed the sole trimming.

MS. (Edinburgh).—The pretty brilliantine fabric of linen can be obtained of Mr. C. Williamson, 91, Edgware Road, London. It is very suitable for house jackets for summer wear, and the oftener it is washed the more glossy it looks. His unbleached table-cloths are beautiful in pattern, and everlasting. They look on the table like crême-satin, and are cheaper than the white linen.

L. S. T.—Princesse dresses are almost always worn. They are in shape a great improvement to stout figures, even if the waist be large; a bodice added to a large waist apparently increases its size.



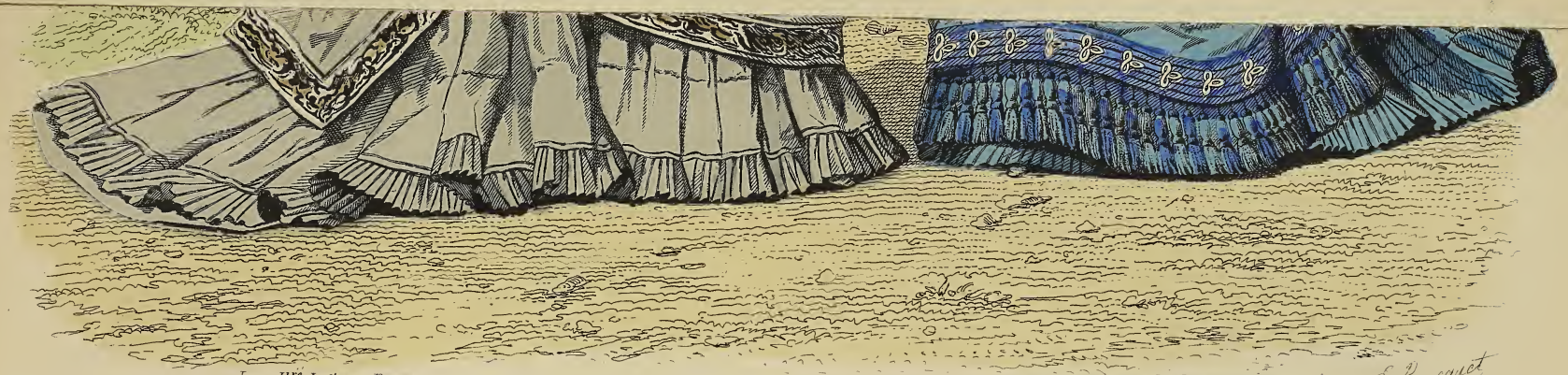
CHILDREN'S BLOUSES (FRONT AND SIDE VIEW).

INFANT'S BLOUSE of cambric, trimmed with white embroidery. The back is formed with tucks, which are run, and are permanent. The sailor's collar, plain with deep embroidery. The blouse opens in front with buttons and button-holes.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

CHILDREN'S BLOUSES of unbleached brown holland or Oxford stripe, or cambric. The form of the back is simulated by kiltings of cambric; in the case of brown holland, they are of brown cambric, the bows being also of cambric. Nothing can be more useful for children than these blouses, as they need no dress underneath, are easily made, and not expensive to wash.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.



2184 Imp. Hre Lefèvre, Paris. Coloriste, Huguet, ex-Artiste des Gobelins, Paris. L. Huguet 123

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



Imp Hri Lefevre Paris

Coloriste Huguet, ex-Artiste des Gobelins Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



FICHU COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL (FRONT AND SIDE VIEW).

MATERIALS:—White muslin, embroidered. The skirt is full and pleated; every fourth pleat is embroidered. The low jacket bodice forms a waistcoat in front, and is buttoned in front. A long fichu of embroidered muslin is fixed at the back, crosses in front, where also it is fastened, and is arranged at the back with a bow and ends of ribbon. In the form represented in the engraving the fichu is easily disarranged, whence, if it were made to open in the back, and fastened with hoops and loops to the bow at the back, the fichu could be permanently fixed.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

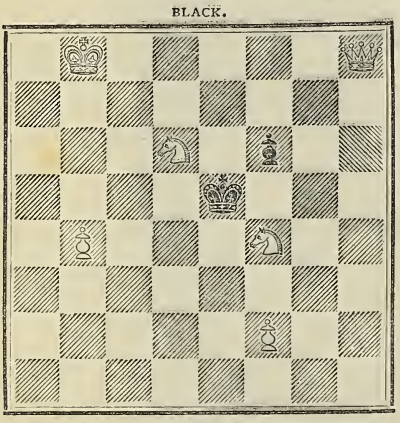
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XVIII.

By J. O. HOWARD TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K B sq.	1. B to Kt 7.
2. Q to K 2.	2. Anything.
3. Mates.	

If Black play 1 B to B 6, or 1 B to Q 5, the reply is, 2 Q to Q 3, &c.

The long talked-of match between Mr. Blackburne and Dr. Zukertort commenced on the 25th ult. at Monico's Restaurant, Tichborne Street. The match is to be played for a stake of £60, and the first winner of seven games to be declared the victor. This match promises to be the most interesting that has taken place in this country for years, and will derive additional importance from the fact that the contest may be looked upon in some sort as an international affair.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

1. Arrange a magic square of the first sixteen numbers.

2. *A* invested his money in the 3½ per Cents. at 85, *B* invested his in the 4 per Cents. at 90; after one year they reversed this arrangement, *A* selling out at 87½, *B* at 92½, and each then investing principal and interest obtained in the other's speculation—*i.e.*, *B* in the 3½ per Cents. at 85, *A* in the 4 per Cents. at 90; find the difference of the incomes, *A's* original investment being £625, *B's* £450.

3. When will the hands of a clock be opposite (diametrically) between 7 and 8?

4. Divide 100 into two parts, such that the square of their difference may exceed the square of twice the less part by 2000?

5. Find the price of eggs per dozen, when two less in a shilling's-worth raises the price one penny per dozen?

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN JUNE NUMBER.

MATHEMATICAL.

1.

1 oz. of	9 carats	=	9 carats.
2 oz. of	8 ,,	=	16 ,,
3 oz. of	16 ,,	=	48 ,,
4 oz. of	18 ,,	=	72 ,,
10 oz.		10	145

Answer 14½ carats.

SUSIE.

2. As we have to take ⅛ from the original price twice successively, suppose 25 pounds the required sum. Then

A bought horse for £25,
A sold him to *B* for £30,
B sold him to *C* for £36.

36—25 = 11, difference between first and last price.
Hence 11 : 25 : : 22 : £50, the price sought.

MAGGIE.

3. Here, as 16 + 2 = 18, 18 parts by *weight* of water produce 16 parts by *weight* of oxygen, and a gallon of water weighs about 10 pounds, or one pint weighs 1¼ lbs.

∴ 18 : 16 : : 1¼ lbs. : ⅝ × ⅛ = ⅒ = 1⅒ lbs. of oxygen.

MAGGIE.

4. A pound of *tin* is heavier than a pound of *gold*, for the former is weighed by Avoirdupois, the latter by Troy weight. 7000 grains = 1 lb. Avoirdupois and 5760 grains = 1 lb. Troy.

G. W.

Because $a^2 (a + 1)^2 + a^2 + (a + 1) = a^4 + 2a^3 + 3a^2 + 2a + 1 = (a^2 + a + 1)^2$, it appears that any two consecutive numbers whatever fulfil the stated conditions.

It will be found that the product of the squares of any two numbers differing by unity *plus* their sum = the square of the sum of the square of the first *plus* the second.

MAGGIE.

6. Then x = the age of the youngest.

$x + d$	= ,,	,,	next.
$x + 2d$	= ,,	,,	third.
$x + 3d$	= ,,	,,	fourth.
$x + 4d$	= ,,	,,	middle one.
$x + 5d$	= ,,	,,	sixth.
$x + 6d$	= ,,	,,	seventh.
$x + 7d$	= ,,	,,	eighth.
$x + 8d$	= ,,	,,	eldest.

$9x + 36d$ = the sum of their ages, and,

according to one part of the question, the age of the father. But by the other part the father's age $= 5(x+4d)$.

$$\therefore\ 9x+36d = 5(x+4d),$$
$$i.e.,\ 9(x+4d) = 5(x+4d),$$

which is impossible.

SUSIE.

The following have answered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 :— C. R. Boyle, E. O. Bacon, J. L. Bongard; 1, 2, 3, 4, W. Levy, W. Suter, W. Munn, W. Griffin; 2, 3, 4, G. P. Berry, H. L. Hyam, W. H. Hyam, C. Weingott, W. E. Newton, F. H. Leighfield, A. Weatherly, S. E. Humphrey; 2, 3, 4, 5, B. Webster, E. G. Knights, A. Newton; 2, 3, A. W. Ayton, F. Allen, T. W. Moore, D. Haslet, W. G. Sutcliffe; 2, 4, C. Cope, S. T. Stephens, U. H. Pitt; 3, 4, W. Parnell; 3, F. Heywood, A. W. Olver, E. H. Stewardson, J. Ferguson, F. Jarrett, F. Child, W. Warren, W. Osborne, H. Clay; 2, G. A. Levy.

Susie has answered 1, 2, 3, 5, 6; G. W., 1, 2, 4; Ellen Ramsay, 3, 6; Johnny, 1, 2, 3; Silvia, 1, 4; Mary P., 3, 5.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

THE toilettes worn at Ascot on Tuesday, the 12th ult., were extremely rich and beautiful. The Princess of Wales wore black satin, with sleeves of black and white striped satin; the skirt was also trimmed with black and white satin; the bonnet to correspond was quite covered with violets. All the rest of the ladies in the Royal box wore mourning, including Princess Christian and Princess Mary of Teck, and the ladies of their suites. The Countess of Rosslyn wore a very handsome costume of black, and the Marchioness of Downshire a grand-looking costume of black velvet relieved with grey silk. Dark colours were decidedly in the ascendant on this "Ascot Tuesday." The Duchess of Westminster wore a superb dress of dark violet, profusely trimmed with handsome gold embroidery and gold braid. The Countess of Wilton's costume was of embossed velvet, black and light blue; and Lady Otho Fitzgerald wore a dress of very dark blue velvet, arranged with red stripes. The Countess of Dudley wore a most elegant toilette of lavender silk, with a Breton jacket and tunic of écru embroidery. The Countess of Romney wore a dress of black velvet, trimmed with black-beaded trimming. Amongst the lighter shades of costumes was that worn by the Marchioness of Ormonde, which was of a delicate shade of fawn colour. Many of the ladies wore white, but not nearly so many did so as on former occasions. A favourite dress was white cashmere and white silk, and Mrs. Langtree wore one of the most beautiful of the Ascot dresses; it was of very rich-looking white brocaded silk, with sleeves of black velvet, and a black velvet hat.

"A MEDICAL GRADUATE," who voted against the amendment at the late meeting of Convocation of the University of London, writes to the *Daily News*:— "There is one aspect of the 'Medical Women' question which I think has been usually overlooked in discussions on this subject—the position of women in their domestic sphere as 'sanitarians.' It is of comparatively little importance whether or not women be lawyers or even conversant with the 'laws of their country,' but as it falls to their share to rear the young it is of vital importance that they should have a sound knowledge of the 'laws of health,' for upon this will depend the health and happiness of future generations of mankind. It is generally acknowledged that the medicine of the future will be confined to 'preventive medicine,' all diseases being preventible; and, in this view, if disease is to be abolished, it must be chiefly by the cultured mothers of men. In the future, when regarded as the result of parental immorality the ghastly host of hereditary diseases will cease to exist, and even in the present day it is notorious that, with greater knowledge on the part of mothers and others having the care of the young, life-long misery might have been spared to many who now suffer from causes which could have been readily obviated in early life. When hygiene becomes a necessary part of a liberal education it will be seen that to understand the rudiments of the natural history of disease, a knowledge, at least, of the mechanism of our bodies is essential, which can be acquired only by the study of anatomy and physiology. In order that this knowledge, so essential to them, should become universal, it is necessary that there should first be a number of cultured women capable of diffusing it among their own sex. Again, in the true interests of humanity, I would especially advocate the universal culture of women in natural knowledge. This would dry up the sources of superstition and ignorance, now and ever the great obstacles to the advancement of science; this would effectually modify a baneful sentiment now lavished on the canine, by extending it to the human race."

MR. SAMUEL ORCHART BEETON, publisher, whose death is announced, will be remembered in connection with a large number of widely-circulated and popular publications of an educational and instructive character. The *City Press* says he was the first in 1852 to introduce Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into this country; and the success of this work was so enormous that he undertook a voyage across the Atlantic to present the authoress with the sum of £500, an entirely voluntary payment on his part.

THE Marquis of Lorne is going through a course of instruction in gunnery at the Royal Military Repository, Woolwich, under the direction of Major Duncan, R.A.

DR. THOMPSON in his last report says that much illness arises in Peterborough from the constant use of stone or brick floors, and suggests that there should be at least one boarded floor in each cottage. We (*Sanitary Record*) commend this remark to the notice of all proprietors building cottages on their estates who wish to save their tenants from rheumatic and chest affections.

MISS KATE FIELD writes to an American paper:—"The three leaders of the Independent party in the House of Commons are Sir Charles Dilke, member for Chelsea, Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, and Joseph Chamberlain, of Birmingham. 'Sir Charles Dilke,' writes Kate Field, 'is a young old man. Barely thirty-three, he has represented for seven years one of the most influential of London boroughs, and has few equals in knowledge of English politics. Catholic in ideas, a traveller whose two journeys round the world have given him an intelligent insight

into American, Asiatic, and European forms of government, Sir Charles Dilke has the making of a wise statesman. Popular with both Whigs and Tories, he yet maintains his own convictions, waiting with patient good humour for his political adversaries to come round to his way of thinking, as in course of time they are tolerably sure to do. Industrious, painstaking, he grows steadily, and is growing to be an agreeable as well as a sound speaker. His honesty is unquestioned. So, too, is that of Mr. Joseph Cowen, proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle* (the most Radical of provincial journals), and the inheritor of great wealth, which he spends wisely and generously. A born Radical, he is adored by his own constituents, and would be a great politician were he not so profoundly discontented. Fervid in style, impassioned in manner, Joseph Cowen needs but to drop the Northumbrian burr to be a splendid orator. The day following Mr. Cowen's famous speech, Disraeli was heard to say: 'Everybody is talking about a speech that was made last night, and I am asked why I did not reply to it. I saw a very earnest gentleman get up and address the House in tones of such eloquence as to interest me very much indeed; but I couldn't understand a word he said, and on turning to my colleagues, I found them quite as ignorant as myself of the language the orator spoke. How, then, could I reply to what I did not comprehend?' Joseph Chamberlain is a very able man, whose record as Mayor of Birmingham and chairman of the Education League augurs well for his Parliamentary career. Thirty-seven years of age, he retired four years ago from a manufacturing business in which he amassed a large fortune. He is clear-headed, practical, hard-working, and is an engaging speaker."

MISS BECKER stated, at the Women's Suffrage Meeting at St. James's Hall, that there are 22,700 women farmers and graziers in England and Wales.

OF women landowners in the United Kingdom there are 37,806.

TWO-AND-A-HALF millions of unmarried women earn one hundred and twenty-five million pounds yearly.

ONE million of married women, engaged in other than domestic pursuits, earn twenty million sterling yearly.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in August number.

M. G.—One poem accepted. Try to weave in some incident that would amuse others by reading it. We do not know of any magazine likely to accept, but you could try any suitable.

NITA.—Too sentimental; write something that would be interesting to others. No space available for amateurs' compositions.

WHITE ROSE.—Take the tonic recommended to Mrs. Cameron in the article "In the Way it is Done," June Number of LADIES' TREASURY.

S. O.—Read reply to Nita. Vagner, Rickter, Blumental. Uscoque, possibly; inquire of Messrs. Hachette, publishers, London.

D. D.—*Mushrooms.*—This question was answered in December, 1876. You will find the article on Profitable Culture of Mushrooms in "The Gardeners' Magazine" for July, published August 1, 1876, page 389. It is published by Shirley Hibberd.

SEVERAL YOUNG CORRESPONDENTS.—No space at command. Take Cicero's advice, "Write and re-write, blot out, and write again."

ENQUIRIES.

Will a kind reader tell VIOLA the following:—

First.—By whom are written the words of a song, set to music by Claribel, called "Children's Voices?"

Second.—In what poem does this verse occur, and who is the author?

"So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So nigh to God is man;
When duty whispers low, 'thou must,'
The soul replies 'I can.'"

Also where is this line?

"And life is never the same again."

Third.—When and by whom was the Black Parliament assembled, and why is it so called?

PHOSPHORUS.—Will someone kindly tell me how this is made?—*Bob.*

CROCHET TABLE-COVER for small table—not to be too elaborate.—*Elsie.*

CHERRY AND PLUM-STONER.—Where can I get an implement of this description?—*Housekeeper.*

MY LADY-HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME is published by Messrs. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square, London, 1s.; by post, 1s. 2d.

DIPHTHERIA.—A ready remedy wanted for this disease. Is it the same as "the pip" in chickens?—*Millicent*

WHAT is good for bee-stings and for mosquito persecutions?—*Tip.*

WHERE can I purchase "A Century of Inventions," and who is the author? Is it true that the man who caused the Bremerhaven explosion got his information from this book?—*G. G.*

I LIVE a long way from my friends, and cannot make set calls upon them, would it be considered rude to send my cards by post?—*Querist.* [You may write a note expressive of regret at your inability to call, but never send cards by post, although you may leave them at the doors.]



SCENE IN A SPANISH CABARET

THE SPANISH MAIDEN IN A CABARET OR INN IN SPAIN.

PERHAPS there are no handsomer women in the world than are to be found among the dark-eyed maidens of Andalusia, and, generally, none more virtuous. Of course the old rule stands good in this as in other cases, "there are exceptions." Some time or other in the world's history people will intuitively recognise that all are not born to the same mission, the same industry, the same intellectuality, and that those who often condemn the calling or employment of another, so long as it be honest, are destitute of good feeling, by some called "charity."

The Spanish maiden in her tinselled but modest robe, and glittering glass fringe which veils her arms, is a picture worth looking at. The artist has given her the clear look of truth beaming from her face, and her attitude is independence. She gets her bread honestly, and asks no man for alms. The proud hidalgo, the Spanish muleteer, the host himself, and the idle looker-on all listen to her with respect, simply because she respects herself. Honest and beautiful, she treads the pathway of the world neither untempted nor untried, but honest she is and will be to the end. Moreover, she is no prude; but as the ancient poet sang:—

> "She is pretty to walk with,
> And witty to talk with,
> And pleasant, too, to think on."

Or as a poet of our own time sings, in "Childe Harold," of the Spanish maidens:—

> "In softness as in firmness far above
> Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
> Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance
> as great."

> "The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
> Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch.
> Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
> Bids man be valiant ere he merit such.
> Her glance, how wildly beautiful! How much
> Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheeks,
> Which glows yet smoother from his amorous
> clutch!
> Who round the north for paler dames would seek?
> How poor their forms appear! How languid,
> wan, and weak!"

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER XIX.—(*Continued*).

"OH, Mr. Palmer! I hoped you would forget to come home, and would go to Mrs. Tarrant's. I did not know you were in the house."

"I never forget my duties, and, though I am going to Mrs. Tarrant's after a while, I attend to 'business before pleasure;' it has been my life-long habit. I wish to ask you a few questions. Was it actual bodily sickness, physical pain, that kept you in your room during dinner, at which I particularly desired your attendance? You had no fever, no headache?"

"No."

"Then why did you absent yourself?"

"I felt unhappy, and shrank from seeing anyone, especially strange guests."

"Unhappy? About what?"

"My heart ached, and I wished to be alone."

"Heartache so early? However, you are in your seventeenth year; quite old enough, I suppose, for the premonitory symptoms. What gave you heartache; Have you been subjected to any annoyances from the members of my household?"

"None whatever. All are kind and considerate. But I can never be satisfied till I see my mother. I shall write to-night, imploring her permission to join her in Europe, and I pray that you will use your influence in favour of my wishes."

His smile froze, his face hardened; and he led her to a low sofa capable of seating only two persons, and drawn near the fire.

"Madame Orme does not want her daughter just yet."

He took both her hands as they lay folded in her lap, opened the clenched fingers, clasping them softly in his own, so white and shapely, and his black eyes glittered: "Am I cruel and harsh to my Lily, that she is so anxious to run away from her guardian?"

"No, oh, no! Kind and very good,

consulting what you consider my welfare in all things. But you can't take my mother's place in my heart."

"I assure you, little girl, I do not want your mother's place."

Something peculiar in his tone arrested her notice, and lifting her large lovely eyes she met his searching gaze.

"That is right, keep your eyes so, fixed steadily on mine, while I discharge a rather delicate and embarrassing duty which sometimes devolves upon the grim guardians of pretty youug ladies. In your mother's absence I am supposed to occupy a *quasi* parental position towards you; and am the authorised custodian of your secrets, should you, like most persons of your age, chance to possess any. Your mother, you are aware, invested me with this right, consequently you must pardon the inquisition into the state of your affections which just now I am compelled to make. Although I consider you entirely too young for such grave propositions, it is nevertheless proper that I should be the medium of their presentation when they become inevitable. Upon the tender and very susceptible heart of Mr. Elliott Roscoe it appears that, either with 'malice prepense,' or else, let us hope, in innocent unconsciousness, you have been practising certain feminine wiles and sorcery, which have so far capsized his reason, that he is incapacitated for attending to his business. When I remonstrated against the lunacy into which he is drifting, he in very poetic and chivalric style, which it is unnecessary to repeat here, assured me that you were the element which had utterly deranged his cerebral equipoise. Elliott Roscoe is my cousin, is a young gentleman of good character, good mind, good education, good heart, and good manners, and in due time may command a good income from his profession; but just now, in pecuniary matters, he would not be considered a brilliant match. Mr. Roscoe informs me that he desires an interview with you to-morrow, for the purpose of offering you his heart and hand, and, while protesting on the ground of your youth, I have promised to communicate his wishes to you, and should he be favourably received, write to your mother at once."

Perplexed and confused, she had not fully comprehended his purpose until he uttered the closing sentence, and painful astonishment kept her silent, while as if spellbound her gaze met his.

"Now it remains for you to answer one question. Should your mother give her consent, does Miss Regina Orme intend to become my cousin?"

"Oh, never! You distress me; you ought not to talk to me of such things. I am so young, you know my mother would not approve of it."

She blushed scarlet, and attempted to withdraw her hands, but found it impossible.

"Quite true, and if crazy young gentlemen could be prevailed upon to keep silent, rest assured I should never have broached a subject which I regard as premature. But while I certainly applaud your good sense, it is rather problematical whether I should feel gratified at your summary rejection of an alliance with my cousin. Are you fully resolved that I shall never be related to you, except as your guardian?"

"Yes. I do not wish to be your cousin."

Once more the smile shone out suddenly, making sunshine in his face. "Thank you. At what hour will you see Mr. Roscoe?"

"At none. Please do not let him come here or speak to me on that subject; it would be so extremely painful. I should never meet him afterwards without feeling distressed, and things would be intolerably disagreeable. Please, Mr. Palmer, shield me from it."

She involuntarily drew closer to him, as if for protection, and, noting the movement, he smiled and tightened his clasp of her hands.

"I cannot positively forbid him to address you on this terrible topic, but, if you wish it, I will endeavour to dissuade him. Elliott has Palmer blood in his veins, and that has certain unmistakable tendencies to obstinacy, though its conduct in love affairs yet remains to be tested; but it occurs to me that if you are in earnest in desiring to crush this foolish whim in the bud, you can very easily accomplish it by empowering me to make to my cousin a simple statement, which will extinguish the matter beyond all possibility of resurrection. Do you authorise me to close the discussion of this matter at once and for ever, by informing Mr. Roscoe that you cannot entertain the thought of granting him an interview, because his suit is hopeless from the fact that your affections are already engaged?"

She was too much embarrassed by his piercing, merciless eyes to notice that he slipped one finger upon the pulse at her wrist, keeping her hands firmly in his warm clasp; or that he leaned lower as he spoke,

until his noble massive head very nearly approached hers.

"I could not ask you to tell him that. It would be untrue."

"Are you sure, Lily?"

"Yes, Mr. Palmer."

"Have you forgotten Mr. Lindsay?"

He thought for an instant that the pulse stood still, then beat regularly, calmly on, and he wondered if his own tight pressure had baffled his object.

"No, I shall never forget Mr. Lindsay."

She did not shrink or colour, but a sad, hopeless look crept into her splendid eyes at the mention of his name.

"You are certain that the young missionary will not prove the obstacle to your becoming more closely related to your guardian? Thus far I have found you singularly truthful in all things, be careful that just here you deceive neither yourself nor me. Be frank; are you not very deeply attached to Mr. Lindsay?"

Suddenly a burning flush bathed her brow, she struggled to free her hands in order to hide her face from his glowing, probing eyes, but his hold was unyielding as a band of steel; and hardly conscious where she found shelter, she turned and pressed her cheek against his shoulder, striving to avoid that inquisitorial gaze.

She did not see his face grow gray and stony, or that the white teeth gnawed the lower lip; but when he spoke his voice was stern, and indescribably icy.

"My ward should study her heart before she empowers her guardian to consider it unoccupied property. You should at least inform your mother that it has become a mere missionary station."

With her hot cheeks still hidden against his shoulder, she exclaimed:

"No, no! You do not at all understand me. I feel to him, to Douglas, exactly as I did when he went away. Not what you imagine. When he left me I promised him I would always love him as I did then; and I told him what was true, I loved him next to my mother. But not as you mean, oh, no! If God had given me a brother I should think of him exactly as I do of dear Douglas. I miss him very much, more than I can express, and I love him and want to see him. But I never had any other thought, except as his adopted sister, until this moment when you spoke, and it shocked, it almost humiliated me. Indeed, my feeling for him is almost holy, and your thought, your meaning seems to me sacrilegious. He is my noble, true friend, my dear good brother, and you must not think such things of him and of me, it hurts me."

For nearly a moment there was silence. Mr. Palmer dropped one of her hands, and his arm passed quickly around her shoulder, while his open palm pressed her head closer against him. He put his hand under her chin, turning her face to view despite her struggle to prevent it, and, bending his head, he did not kiss her? Oh, no! Edgar Palmer had never kissed any one since his childhood, but for one instant his dark cheek was laid close to hers, with a tender caressing touch, that astonished her as completely as if one of the bronze statuettes on the console above her head had laughed aloud and clapped its metallic hands.

"Henceforth the 'disrespectful idea' shall never be associated with the name of Mr. Douglas Lindsay, and in the future I warn you, there shall be none but a purely fraternal niche allowed him; moreover, it is not requisite that you should speak of him as 'dear Douglas' in order to assure me of your sisterly regard. What I shall do with my unfortunate young cousin is not quite so transparent; for Elliott will not receive his rejection by proxy."

He had withdrawn his arm and released her hand, and rising, she exclaimed impetuously:

"Tell him that Regina Orme will never permit him to broach that subject; and tell him, too, that I am a waif, a girl over whose parentage hangs a shadow dark and chill as a pall. Oh! tell him I want my mother, and an honourable unsullied name, and, until I can find these, I have no room in my mind or heart for a lover!"

As the events of the day, temporarily banished from her thoughts by the unexpected character of the interview, rushed back with renewed force and bitterness, the transient colour died out of her face, leaving it strangely wan and worn in aspect; and Mr. Palmer saw now that purple shadows lay beneath the deep eyes, rendering them more than ever prophetic in their solemn mournful expression.

"What unusual occurrence has stimulated your interest and curiosity concerning your parentage?"

"It never slumbers. It is the last thought at night, and the first when the day dawns. It is a burden that is never lifted, that galls continually; and some-

times, as to-night, I feel that I cannot endure it much longer."

"You must be patient, for awhile at least——"

"Yes, I have heard that for ten long years, and I have been both patient and silent; but the time has come when I can bear no more. Anything positive, definite, susceptible of proof, no matter how distressing, would be more tolerable than this suspense, this maddening conjecture. I will see my mother; I must know the truth, be it what it may!"

The unwonted recklessness of her tone and mien annoyed and surprised her guardian, and while a frown gathered on his brow, he rose and stood beside her. "Your petulant vehemence is both unbecoming and displeasing; and in future you would do well to recollect that as a child submitted to my guidance by your mother's desire, it is disrespectful both to her and to me to insist upon a course at variance with our judgment and wishes."

"I am not a child. To-day I know, I feel I have done for ever with my old happy childhood; I am, what I wish I were not, a woman. Oh, Mr. Palmer, be merciful and send me to my mother!"

"Lily, because I am merciful, I shall keep you here. I am not a patient man, am unaccustomed to teasing importunity, and it would pain me to harshly bruise the white flower I have undertaken to shelter from storm and dust; therefore you must be quiet, docile, and annoy me no more with fruitless solicitations. Your mother does not want you in Europe."

"You will not let me go?"

"I will not. Let this subject rest henceforth, until I renew it."

With a faint moan, she shut her eyes and shivered; and again he took her little white cold hands.

"Little snow-statue, why will you not trust me? Tell me what has so suddenly changed the soft white Lily bud of yesterday into this hollow-eyed, defiant young woman?"

The temptation was powerful to unburden her heart, to demand of him the truth, with which she suspected he was, at least, partly acquainted; but the thought of casting so fearful an imputation upon her mother sealed her lips. Moreover, she felt assured that her entreaties would never prevail upon him to disclose what he deemed it expedient to conceal.

"You have resolved to withhold your confidence. Very well, I shall never again solicit it. It is not my habit to petition for that which I have a right to command. You merely force me to draw the reins, which I preferred you should at least imagine were unbridled."

He dropped her hands, looked at his watch, and took up his gloves; adding in an entirely altered and indifferent voice:

"What have you lost to-day?"

It was with difficulty that she restrained the words:

"My youth, my peace of mind, my hope and faith in my future."

Raising her hands wearily, she rested her chin upon them, and answered slowly:

"Many things, I fear."

"Valuable articles? Faded flowers, perfumed with choice oriental reminiscences?"

"Yes, I lost my purse, and my Agra violets."

"What reward will you offer for the recovery of such precious relics of fraternal affection? A promise of implicit obedience to your guardian? Certainly they are worth that trifle."

"They are very precious indeed. Where did you find my purse?"

"On the desk at my office."

"Thank you. Mr. Palmer, will you grant me a great favour?"

"As I never forfeit my word, I avoid entangling myself rashly in the meshes of promise. Just now I am in no mood to grant your unreasonable petitions, still I shall be glad to hear what my ward desires of her guardian."

Her lips quivered, and his heart smote him, as he observed her wounded expression. She was silent, still resting her drooped head on her folded hands.

"Tell me at once what you wish me to do."

"Will you be so kind as to lend me twenty-five dollars, until I receive my remittance?"

His eyes fell beneath her timidly pleading gaze, and a deep flush of embarrassment passed over his face. "That depends upon the use you intend to make of it. If you desire to run away from me, I am afraid you must borrow of some one else. Do you wish to pay your passage to Europe?"

"Oh, no! I wish that I could! You allow me no such comforting hope."

"What do you want with it?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Because you know that your object is improper?"

"No, Sir; but you would not understand my motives."

"Try me."

"I will not. I hoped you would have sufficient confidence in me to grant my request without demanding my reasons."

"I have confidence in the purity of your motives. I do not question the goodness of your heart, or the propriety of your intentions; but I gravely doubt the correctness of your youthful judgment. Do not force me to refuse you such a trivial thing. Tell me your purpose."

"No, I cannot."

He walked away, reached the door, then came back for one of his gloves which had fallen on the rug.

"When do you want the money?"

"To-morrow morning, if you please."

"At breakfast you will find it in an envelope under your plate."

"Thank you. It is for——"

"Hush! Tell me nothing, till you tell me all. I prefer to trust you entirely, and I shall wait for the hour when no concealment exists between us; when your secret thoughts are as much my property as my own. Less than that will never content your exacting guardian, but that hour is very distant."

She took his hand and pressed her soft lips upon it, ere he could snatch it away.

"God grant that hour may come speedily."

"Amen, Lily. You look strangely worn and ill; and your eyes are distressingly elfish and shadowy. Go to sleep, little girl; and forget that you forced me to be stern and harsh. Remember that your guardian in defiance of his judgment trusts you fully, entirely."

He turned quickly and quitted the library before she could reply, and soon after, hearing the street door close, she knew he had gone to Mrs. Tarrant's.

The letter which Regina wrote that night was earnest, almost passionate in its appeal that she might be permitted to join her mother; yet no hint of the *bête-noire* of the Square darkened its contents, for the writer felt that only face to face, eye to eye, could she ask her mother that fearful question, upon which all her future peace depended.

Having sealed and addressed the envelope, she extinguished the light, and tried to find in sleep that blessed oblivion which nature mercifully provides for aching hearts and heavily-laden brains.

It was not yet eight o'clock when she descended to the breakfast-room, but Mr. Palmer was already there, and stood at the window, with an open newspaper which he appeared to scan very intently. In answer to her "good morning," he merely bowed, without turning his head, and she rang the bell and took her place at the table.

"Let me have my coffee at once. I have an early engagement. As it threatens snow, you must keep indoors to-day."

"I am obliged to attend the Cantata rehearsal at Mrs. Brompton's."

"You look as if you had grown five years older since you gave me my coffee yesterday. When the rehearsal ends, I wish you to come directly home and go to sleep; for there will be company here to-day, and it might be rather unflattering to me as guardian to present my ward to strangers, and imagine their comments on your weary, hollow eyes and pale face."

Chapter XX.

It was almost four o'clock, the hour designated for her meeting, when she enveloped herself in her waterproof cloak, drew the hood over her hat, and almost ran for several squares from Mrs. Brompton's, towards a line of street cars which would convey her to the vicinity of the Park. She succeeded in meeting an upward-bound car, entered, and breathed more freely.

It was quite crowded, and forced to stand up, Regina steadied herself by one of the leathern straps suspended from the roof. At her side was an elderly gentleman with very white hair, eye-brows, and moustache, who was muffled in a heavy overcoat, and leaned upon a gold-headed cane. Soon after, another passenger pressed in, elbowed his way forward, and touching the old gentleman, exclaimed:

"Colonel Tichnor, in America! And above all here! When did you arrive?"

"Last week. These cars are too democratic for men with gouty feet; but I dislike to bring my horses out in such weather. Not more than a dozen people have stood on my toes during the last fifteen minutes. Ringold, how is Palmer? Prosperous as ever?"

"If you had been at Mrs. Tarrant's last night you would not need to inquire. Positively we younger men have no showing when he deigns to enter the beaux list. He is striding upwards in his profession, and you know there is no limit to his ambition. Hitherto he has cautiously steered clear of

politics, but it is rumoured that a certain caucus will probably tender him the nomination for——"

Here a child close to Regina cried out so sharply, that she could not hear several sentences, and when quiet was restored, the young man was saying:

"Very true; there is no accounting for taste. It does appear queer that after living a bachelor so long, he should at last surrender to a widow. But, my dear Sir, she is a perfect Circe, and I suspect those immense estates in Cuba and Jamaica are quite as potential with Palmer as her other undeniable charms. Last night as he promenaded with her, it was conceded that they were the handsomest couple in the room; and Mrs. Grundy has patted them on the head, and bestowed the approved, 'Heaven bless you my children.' Palmer is the proudest man in——"

"Here is my street. Good-day, Ringold."

The elderly gentleman left the car, and after awhile the young man also departed; but there seemed no diminution of the crowd, and as the track was heavy with drifting snow, the horses moved slowly. At last they reached a point where the line of road turned away from the direction in which Regina desired to go, and quitting the car, she walked towards East Street.

After the heated atmosphere she had just left, the sharp biting cold was refreshing, and against the glistening needles of snow she pressed rapidly on, until finally the trees in the Square gladdened her eyes.

Near one of the corners stood a large close carriage, whose driver was enveloped in a cloak and protected by an umbrella, while the yellow silk inside curtains were drawn down over the windows.

Agitated by contending emotions, of reluctance to meeting the man whose presence was so painful, and of dread lest he had grown impatient and might present himself to her guardian, Regina hastened into the Square, and looked eagerly about the deserted walks.

Pressed against the south side of a leafless tree whose trunk partly shielded him from the driving snow-laden, north-east wind, Peleg Peterson stood watching her, and as she approached, he came forward.

"Better late than never. How long did you expect me to wait here, with the cold eating into my vitals?"

"Indeed, I am very sorry, but I could not come a moment sooner."

"Who is in that carriage yonder?"

"I do not know. How should I?"

"There is something suspicious about it. Is it waiting for you?"

"Certainly not. No human being knows where I am at this moment. Here are forty-five dollars, every cent that I possess. You must not expect me to aid you in future, for I shall not be able; and moreover I shall be subjected to suspicion if I come here again."

She handed him the money rolled up in a small package, and he deposited it in his pocket.

"You might at least have made it a hundred."

"I have no more money."

"Do you still doubt that you are my child?"

"When you make your claim in a court of justice, as you yesterday threatened, the proofs must be established. Until then I shall not discuss it with you. I have an abiding faith in the instincts of nature, and I believe that when I stand before my father, my heart will unmistakably proclaim it. From you it shrinks with dread and horror."

"Because Minnie taught you to hate me. I knew she would."

"My mother never mentioned your name to me. Only to Hannah am I indebted for any knowledge of you. Where is Hannah now?"

"I don't know. We quarrelled not long ago. Regina, I want your photograph. I want to wear my daughter's picture over my heart."

He moved closer to her, and put out his arm, but she sprang back.

"You must not touch me, at least not now; not until I can hear from mother. I have no photographs of myself. The only picture taken for years is a portrait which Mr. Palmer had painted, and sent to my mother. In any emergency that may occur, if you should be really ill, or in actual suffering and want, write to me, and address your letter according to the directions on this slip of paper. Mrs. Mason will always see that your note reaches me safely. I shall find out everything from mother, for she will not deceive me; and if what you say is true, then I shall know what is my duty, and you must believe that I shall perform it. I pray to God that you may not be my father, and I cannot believe that you are, but if, after all, you prove your claim, I will do what is right. I will take your hand then and face the world's contempt; and we will bear our disgrace together, as best

we may. When I know you are my father, I will pay you all that a child owes a parent. This I promise you."

Her face was well-nigh as white as the snow that covered and fringed her hood; and out of its pallid beauty the sad eyes looked steadfastly into the bloated visage before her.

"I believe you! There spoke my girl! You are true steel and worth a hundred of Minnie. Some day, my pretty child, you and I shall know one another as father and daughter should."

He once more attempted to touch her, but vigilant and agile she eluded his hand, and said decisively:

"You have all that I can give you now; the money. Don't put your hand on me, for as yet I deny your parental claim. When I know I am your child, you shall find me obedient in all things."

Turning, she ran swiftly away, and glanced over her shoulder, fearful of pursuit, but the figure stood where she had left him, occupied in counting the money, and breathing more freely, Regina shook the snow from her wrapping, from her umbrella, and walked homeward.

She had walked only a short distance from the Square, and was turning a corner, when she ran against a gentleman hurrying from the opposite direction.

"Pray pardon me."

She could not suppress the cry that broke from her lips.

"Oh, Mr. Palmer!"

He turned, as though he had not until now recognised her, but there was no surprise in his stern, fixed face.

"I thought Mrs. Brompton resided on West Street; had not heard of her change of residence. From the length of your rehearsal you certainly should be perfect in your performance. It is now half-past five, and I think you told me you commenced at one? Rather disagreeable weather for you to be out. Wait here, under this awning, till I come back."

He was absent not more than five minutes, and returned with a closed carriage; but a glance sufficed to show her it was not the one she had seen in the neighbourhood of the Square.

As he opened the door and beckoned her forward, he took her umbrella, handed her in, and with one keen, cold look into her face, said: "I trust my ward's dinner toilette will be an improvement upon her present appearance, as several guests have been invited. The Cantata must have bored you immensely."

He bowed, closed the door, directed the driver to the number of his residence on Fifth Avenue, and disappeared. Sinking down in one corner, Regina shut her eyes and groaned. Could his presence have been accidental? She had given no one a clue to her movements, and how could he have followed her circuitous route after leaving Mrs. Brompton's? He had evinced no surprise, had asked no explanation of her conduct, but would he abstain in future? Was his promise to trust her the cause of his forbearance? Or was it attributable to the fact that his thoughts were concentrated upon that lady with whose name people were associating his?

The strain upon her nerves was beginning to relax; her head ached, her eyes smarted, and she felt sick and faint. Like one in a perplexing dream, she was whirled along the streets, and at last reached home.

Everything seemed dancing in kaleidoscopic confusion, and amid the chaos only one grim fact was immovable, she must dress and go down to dinner. Just now, unwelcome as was the task, she dared not neglect it, for her absence might stimulate the investigation she so much dreaded.

During Regina's residence in New York, scarcely a week elapsed without her meeting guests at the dinner-table, and the frequency of the occurrence had quite worn away the awkward shyness with which she had at first confronted strangers. Yet to-day she felt nervously timid as she approached the threshold of the brilliant room, and caught a glimpse of those within.

Two gentlemen stood on the rug talking, a third sat on a sofa engaged in conversation with Mrs. Palmer, while Mrs. St. Clare and her daughter entertained two strangers in the opposite corner, and on a *tête-à-tête* drawn conspicuously forward under the chandelier were Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Carew.

Unusually tall, and proportionately developed, her size might safely have been pronounced heroic, and would by comparison have dwarfed a man of less commanding stature than Mr. Palmer.

The face was oval, with a remarkably low but full brow, a straight finely-cut nose, very wide between the eyes, which were large, almond-shaped, and of a singularly radiant gray, with long curling gold-tinted lashes. Her complexion was of that peculiar creamy

colourlessness which is found in the smooth petals of a magnolia, and the lips were outlined in bright carmine that hinted at chemical combinations, so ripe and luscious was the tint.

Had she really stepped down from some glorious old Venetian picture, bringing that crown of hair, of the true "*biondina*" hue, so rare nowaday, and never seen in perfection save among the marbles and lagunes of crumbling Venice? Was it natural, that mass of very pale gold, so pale that it seemed a flossy heap of raw silk, or had she by some subtle stroke of skill discovered the secret of that beautiful artificial colouring which was so successfully practised in the days of Giorgione?

Her dress was velvet, of that light lilac tint which only perfect complexions dare approach, was cut very low and square in front, and trimmed with a profusion of lace. Diamonds flashed on her neck and arms, and in the centre of the puffed and crimped hair, a large butterfly of diamonds scattered light upon the yellow mass.

Mr. Palmer was smiling at some low-spoken sentence that rippled like Italian poetry over her full lips, when his eye detected the figure hovering near the door, and at once he advanced and drew her in. Without taking her hand, his fingers just touched her sleeve, as walking beside her he said:

"Mrs. Carew must allow me the pleasure of presenting my ward, Miss Orme."

The stranger smiled and offered her hand.

"Ah, Miss Orme! I shall never pardon you for stealing the only heart whose loyalty I claim. My little Llora saw you at Mrs. Brompton's, heard you sing, and was enchanted with your eyes, which she assured me were 'blue as the sky, *ma mère*, and like violets with black lace quilled round them.'"

Regina barely touched the ivory hand encrusted with costly jewels, and Mr. Palmer drew her near a sofa, where sat a noble-looking elderly gentleman, slightly bald, and whose ample beard and long moustache were snow-white, although his eye-brows were black, and his fine brown eyes sparkled with the fire and enthusiasm of his youth.

"My ward, Miss Orme, has a juvenile reverence for Congress-men, whom, knowing only historically, she fondly considers above and beyond the common clay of mankind, regards them as the worthy successors of the Roman *Patres Conscripti*, and in the Honourable Mr. Chesley she is doubtless destined to realise all her romantic ideas relative to American statesmen. Regina, Mr. Chesley represents California in the council of the nation, and can tell you all about those wonderful cañons of which you were speaking last week."

The guest took her fingers, shook them cordially, and looking into his fine face, the girl felt a sudden thrill run through her frame. What was there in the soft brown eyes and shape of the brow that was so familiar; that made her heart beat so fiercely?

Mechanically she sat down near him, failing to answer some trivial question from Mrs. Palmer, and bowing in an absent preoccupied manner to the remainder of the guests.

Fortunately, dinner was announced immediately, and as Mrs. Palmer moved away on Mr. Chesley's arm, while Mr. Palmer gave his to Mrs. Carew, Regina felt a cold hand seize hers, and lead her forward.

"Mr. Roscoe, where did you secrete yourself? I was not aware that you were in the room."

"Standing near the window, watching you bow to every one else. Your guardian requested me to hand you in to dinner. If I ask you a question, will you answer it truly?" said Elliott.

"That depends entirely upon what it may prove. If a proper one, I shall answer it truly; otherwise, not at all."

"Was it of your own free will, without advice or bias, that you refused the interview I asked you to grant me?"

"It was."

"My cousin influenced you adversely?"

"No, indeed."

"He is purely selfish in his course towards——"

"At least it is ungrateful and unbecoming in you to accuse him, and I will not hear you."

She turned her face towards Mr. Chesley, who was carrying on an animated conversation with Mrs. Palmer, and some moments elapsed before Elliott resumed:

"Regina, I must see you alone some time this evening."

"Why?"

"To demand an explanation of what I have seen and heard, otherwise I would not credit."

"I have no explanations to offer on any subject. If you refer to a conversation which Mr. Palmer had with me yesterday,

at your request, let me say once for all, that I cannot consent to its revival. Mr. Roscoe, we are good friends now, I hope; but we should be such no longer if you persist in violating my wishes in this matter."

"What I wish to say to you involves your own safety and happiness."

"I am grateful for your kind intentions, but they result from some erroneous impression. My individual welfare is bound up with those whom you know not, and at all events I prefer not to discuss it."

"You refuse me the privilege of a confidential talk with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Roscoe. Now be pleasant, and let us converse on some more agreeable topic. Did you ever meet Mrs. Carew until to-day?"

He was too angry to reply immediately; but after a little while mastered his indignation.

"I have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Carew quite well."

"She is remarkably beautiful."

"Oh, unquestionably! And she knows it better than any other article in her creed. New York is spoiling her dreadfully."

He turned and addressed some remarks to Miss St. Clare, who sat on his right, and Regina rejoiced in the opportunity afforded her of becoming a quiet observer and listener. She had never seen her guardian so animated, so handsome as now, while he smiled genially and talked with his lovely guest; and watching them, Regina recollected the remark concerning their appearance which had been made by the gentlemen in the car.

Was it possible that, after all, the lawyer's heart had been seriously interested? Could that satin-cheeked, gray-eyed Circe, with pale yellow hair and lashes, hold him in silken bonds at her feet? The idea that he could be captivated by any woman seemed utterly incompatible with all that his ward knew of his life and character, and it had appeared an established fact that he was incapable of any tender emotion; but certainly at this instant the expression with which he was gazing down into Mrs. Carew's lotos face was earnestly admiring. While Regina watched the pair a cold sensation crept over her, as on some mild starlit night one suddenly and unconsciously drifts under the lee of some vast, slow-sailing iceberg, and knows not, dreams not of danger until smitten with the fatal prophetic chill.

The flowers in the tall gold *épergne* in the centre of the table, and the wreath of scarlet camellias that swung down to meet them from the green bronze chandelier, began to dance a saraband. Silver, crystal, china, even the human figures appeared whirling in a misty circle, across which the orange, emerald, and blue tints of the hock glasses shot hither and thither like witch-lights on the Brocken; and indistinct and spectral, yet alluring, gleamed the almond-shaped gray eyes, with their gold fringes.

With a quick unsteady motion, Regina grasped and drained a goblet of iced water, and after a little while the mist rolled away and she heard once more the voices that had never for an instant ceased their utterances.

Chapter XXI.

THE "Cantata of Undine" had been composed by a gifted and fashionable amateur, and was performed by young people who belonged to *le beau monde*, consequently at an early hour on Friday evening the house was crowded to witness the appearance of a constellation of amateurs, among whom Regina shone resplendent. When, after the opening chorus, she came first upon the stage and stood watching the baton of the leader, a hum of admiration rose from the audience.

Her costume was of some silvery gauze that hung like mist around her slender figure, and was encrusted here and there with the fragile white water-lilies that matched the spray which twined across her head and strayed down among the unbound hair now floating free, far below her waist. Very pale but calm, she began her solo, at first a little tremulously, but by degrees the rich voice gained its strength, asserted its spell, and nobly fulfilled the promise of Professor Hurtzsel, that New York should hear that night its finest *contralto*.

Startled by the burst of applause that succeeded her song, she looked for the first time at the audience, and saw her guardian's tall conspicuous figure leaning against a column, near the spot were Mrs. Carew sat. Very grave, coolly critical, and quite preoccupied he certainly looked, and she would never have dreamed that the slight motion of his mute lips meant "My Lily."

Twice she sang alone, and finally in a duo which admirably displayed the compass and *timbre* of her very peculiar voice, and the floral hurricane that assailed her attested her complete triumph. The

unaffected simplicity of her bearing, as contrasted with the *aplomb* and artificial manner of the other young ladies who were performers, the angelic purity and delicacy of the sweet girlish face, with a lingering trace of sadness in the superb eyes, which only deepened their velvet violet, excited the earnest interest of all present, and many curious inquiries ran through the audience.

At the close of the Cantata, Mrs. Palmer drew Regina away from the strangers who pressed forward to offer their congratulations, and throwing a fur cloak around her, kissed her cheek. It was the first caress the stately woman had ever bestowed, and as the girl looked up, gratified and astonished, the former said :

"You sang delightfully my dear, and we are more than satisfied, quite proud. Your voice was as even and smooth as a piece of cream-coloured Persian satin. No, Mrs. Brompton, not to-night. Pardon me, Professor, but I must hurry her away, for Mrs. Carew and I have an engagement at Mrs. Quimbey's. I shall be obliged to take our 'Undine' home, and then return for my fair friend, who is, as usual, surrounded and inextricable just now."

While she spoke, Regina's eyes wandered across the mass of heads, and rested on the commanding form of her guardian, standing among a group of gentlemen collected around Mrs. Carew, who, clad in white *moire antique*, with a complete over-dress of finest black lace, looped with diamond sprays, seemed more than usually regal and brilliant.

Mrs. Palmer hurried Regina through a side entrance and down to the carriage, and ere long, having seen her enter the hall at home, bade her good-night and drove back for Mrs. Carew and Mr. Palmer.

It was only a little after ten o'clock, and Regina went up to the library, her favourite haunt. She had converted the over-skirt of her dress into an apron, now filled with bouquets from among the number showered upon her; and selecting one composed of pelargoniums and heliotropes, she placed it in the vase beneath her mother's picture, and laid the remainder in a circle around it. "Ah, mother! they praised your child; but your voice was missing. Would you too have been proud of me? Oh! if I could feel your lips on mine, and hear you whisper once more, as of old, 'My baby! my precious baby!'" Gazing at the portrait, she spoke with a passionate fervour very unusual in her composed, reserved nature, and unshed tears gathered and glorified her eyes.

The house was silent and deserted, save by the servants, by Mrs. Carew's child and nurse, and, throwing off her cloak, Regina remained standing in front of the portrait, while her thoughts wandered into gray dreary wastes.

Since the day of Mrs. Carew's arrival she had not exchanged a syllable with her guardian, nor had she for an instant seen him alone, for the early breakfasts had been discontinued, and, in honour of his guest and client, Mr. Palmer took his with the assembled family.

There was in his deportment towards his ward nothing harsh, nothing that could have indicated displeasure; but he seemed to have entirely forgotten her. He never even accidentally glanced at her, and patiently watching his immobile cold face, sparkling only with intelligence, as he endeavoured to entertain his exacting and imperious guest, Regina began to realise the vast distance that divided her from him.

His haughty Brahminic pride seemed to lift him into some lofty plane, so far beyond the level of Peleg Peterson, that, in contrasting them, the girl groaned and grew sick at heart. She felt that she stood upon a mine already charged, and that at any moment that wretched man, who held the fatal fuse in his brutal hand, might hurl her and all her hopes into irremediable chaos and ruin. If the fastidious and aristocratic people who had kindly applauded her singing, a little while ago, could have imagined the dense cloud of social humiliation that threatened to burst upon her, would she have even been tolerated in that assemblage? Ignorance of her parentage was her sole passport into really good society, and the prestige of her guardian's noble name an ermine mantle of protection, which might be rudely torn away.

During the last three days, left to the companionship of her own sad thoughts, more than one painful and unutterably bitter discovery had been made. She felt that indeed her childhood had flown for ever, that the sacred mysterious chrism of womanhood had been poured upon her young heart.

Until forced to observe the marked admiration which in his own house Mr. Palmer evinced when conversing with Mrs. Carew, Regina had been conscious only of a profound respect for him, of a deeply grateful appreciation of his protecting care;

and even when he interrogated her with reference to her affection for Mr. Lindsay, she had truthfully averred her conviction that her heart was wholly disengaged.

But sternly honest in dealing with her own soul, subsequent events had painfully shocked her into a realisation of the feeling that first manifested itself as she watched Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Carew at the dinner-table. She knew not that the keen pang she suffered that day could mean nothing less solemn and distressing than the mortifying fact that she was beginning to love her guardian. Not merely as a grateful, respectful ward, the august lawyer who represented her mother's authority, but as a woman once, and once only in life, loves the man whom her pure, tender heart humbly acknowledges as her king, her high priest, her one divinity in clay.

By degrees her early dread and repulsion had melted away, confidence and respect usurped their place, and gradually he had grown and heightened in her estimation, until, suddenly opening her eyes wide, she saw that Edgar Palmer filled all the horizon of her hopes.

During three sleepless nights she had kept her eyes riveted upon this unexpected and mournful fact, and while deeply humiliated by the discovery, she proudly resolved to uproot and cast out of her heart the alien growth, which she felt could prove only the upas of her future. Allowing herself absolutely no hope, no pardon, no quarter, she sternly laid the axe of indignant condemnation and destruction to the daring offshoot, desperately hewing at her very heart-strings.

Mrs. Carew's manner left little doubt that she was ready at a touch to fall into his hand; and though Regina felt that this low-browed, sibyl-eyed woman was vastly his inferior in all save beauty and wealth, she knew that even his failure to marry the widow would furnish no justification for the further indulgence of her own foolish and unsought preference.

The dread lest he might suspect it, and despise her, added intensity to her desire to leave New York and find safety in joining her mother; for the thought of his cold contempt, his glittering black eyes and curling lips, was unendurable. Weeks must elapse ere she could receive an answer to her letter, praying for permission to sail for Europe, and during this trying interval, she determined to guard every word and glance, to allow no hint of her folly to escape.

Peleg Peterson's daughter, or else "Nobody's Child," daring to lift her eyes to the lordly form of Edgar Palmer!

As this bitter thought taunted and stung her, she uttered a low cry of anguish and shame.

"What is the matter? Don't cry, it will spoil your pretty eyes."

Regina turned quickly, and saw little Llora Carew standing near, and arrayed only in her long white night-dress and pink rosetted slippers. "Llora, how came you out of bed? You ought to have been asleep three hours ago."

"So I was. But I waked up, and felt so lonesome. Mammie has gone off and left me, and, hunting for somebody, I came here. Won't you please let me stay awhile? I can't go to sleep."

"But you will catch cold."

"No, the room is warm, and I have my slippers. Oh, what a pretty dress! And your arms and neck are like snow, whiter even than my mamma's. Please do sing something for me. Your voice is sweeter than my musical box, and then I am going away to-morrow."

She had curled herself like a pet kitten on the rug, and looking down at her soft dusky eyes and rosy cheeks, Regina sighed.

"I am so tired, dear. I have no voice left."

"You might sing just one song, for little me."

"Well, pet, I know I ought not to be selfish, and I will try. Come, kiss me. My mother is so far away, and I have nobody to love me. Hug me tight."

There was a door leading from Mr. Palmer's sleeping-room to the curtained alcove behind the writing-desk, and having quietly entered by that passage soon after Regina came home, the master of the house sat on a lounge veiled by damask and lace curtains, and, holding the drapery slightly aside, watched what passed in the library.

He was rising to declare his presence, when Llora came in, and somewhat vexed at the *contretemps* he awaited the result.

As Regina knelt on the rug and opened her arms, the pretty child sprang into them, kissed her cheeks, and assured her repeatedly that she loved her very dearly, that she was the loveliest girl she ever saw, especially in that gauze dress. Particularly fond of children, Regina toyed with and caressed her for some minutes, then rose and said:

"Now I will sing you a little song to

put you to sleep. Sit here by the hearth, but be sure not to nod and fall into the fire."

She opened the organ, and, although partly beyond the range of Mr. Palmer's vision, he heard every syllable of the sweet mellow English words of Kücken's "Schlummerlied," with its soothing refrain:

"Oh, hush thee now, in slumber mild,
While watch I keep, oh, sleep my child."

She sang it with strange pathos, thinking of her own far distant mother whom fate had denied the privilege of chanting lullabys over her lonely blue-eyed child. Ending, she came back to the hearth, and Llora clasped her tiny hands, and chirped:

"Oh, so sweet! When you get to heaven, don't you reckon you will sit in the choir? Once more, oh! do, please."

"What a hungry little beggar you are! Come, sit in my lap, and I will hum you a dear little tune. Then you must positively scamper away to bed, or your mamma will scold us both, and your mammie also."

A tall yellow woman with a white handkerchief wound turban-style around her head, came stealthily forward, and said:

"Miss, give her to me. I went down stairs for a drink of water, and when I got back I missed her. Come, baby, let me carry you to bed, or you will have the croup, and the doctors might cut your throat."

"Wait, mammie, till she sings that little tune she promised; then I will go."

Regina sat down in a low cushioned chair, took the little girl on her lap, and while the curly head nestled on her shoulder, and one arm clasped her neck, she rested her chin upon the brown hair, and sang in a very sweet, subdued tone, that most soothing of all lullaby strains, Wallace's "Cradle Song."

As she proceeded the turbaned head of the nurse kept time, swaying to and fro in the background, and a sweeter picture never adorned canvas than that which Mr. Palmer watched in front of his library fire, and which photographed itself indelibly upon his memory. Singer and child occupied very much the same position as the figures in the *Madonna della Ledia*, and no more lovely woman and child ever sat for its painter.

As Mr. Palmer's fastidiously critical eyes rested on the sad, perfect face of Regina, with the long black lashes veiling her eyes, and the bare arms and shoulders gleaming above the silver gauze of her drapery, he silently admitted that her beauty seemed strangely sanctified, and more spirituelle than ever before. Contrasting that sweet white figure, over whose delicate lips floated the dreamy rhythm of the cradle chant, with the hundreds of handsome, accomplished, witty, and brilliant women who thronged the ball-room he had just left, this man of the world confessed that his proud ambitious heart was hopelessly in bondage to the fair young singer.

"Sleep my little one, sleep,—
Sleep my pretty one,—sleep."

At that moment he was powerfully tempted to delay no longer, to take her to his bosom for ever; and it cost him a struggle to sit patiently, while every fibre of his strong frame was thrilling with a depth and fervour of feeling that threatened to bear away all dictates of discretion. Ah! what a divine melody seemed to ring through all his future, as he leaned eagerly forward, and listened to the closing words, softly reiterated:

"Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

When she was his wife, how often in the blessed evenings spent here, in this hallowed room, he promised himself he would make her sing that song. No shadow of doubt that whenever he chose he could win her for his own, clouded the brightness of the vision, for success in other pursuits had fed his vanity, until he believed himself invincible; and although he had studied her character closely, he failed to comprehend fully the proud obstinacy latent in her quiet nature.

Just then even the chief justiceship seemed an inferior prize in comparison with the possession of that girl and her pure, clinging love; and certainly for a time, Mr. Edgar Palmer's towering pride and insatiable ambition were forgotten, in his longing to snatch the one beloved of all his arid life to the heart that was throbbing almost beyond even his rigid control.

For the first time within his recollection, he distrusted his power of self-restraint, and rising passed quickly into his own room, and thence, after some moments, out into the hall. Near the stairs he met the mulatto nurse carrying Llora in her arms.

"Does Mrs. Carew permit that child to sit up so late?"

"Oh, no, Sir! She has been asleep once; but Miss Regina pets her a good deal, and had her in the library, singing to her."

"Mr. Palmer, shall I kiss you good-night?" asked the pretty creole, lifting her curly head from her "mammie's" shoulder.

"Good-night, Llora. Such tender birds should have been in their nests long before this. I shall go and scold Miss Orme for keeping you awake so late."

He merely patted her rosy round cheek, and went to the library. Hearing his unmistakable step, Regina conjectured that he had escorted the ladies home much earlier than they were accustomed to return, and longing to avoid the possibility of a *tête-à-tête* with him, she would gladly have escaped before his entrance, had it been practicable, He closed the door, and came forward, and leaning back in the chair where she still sat, her hands closed tightly over each other.

"You certainly are a faithful devotee at your mother's shrine, and no wonder poor Roscoe is so desperately savage at his failure to engage a portion of your regard. Did you have a satisfactory interview with him on Tuesday last? I invited him for that purpose, as he avowed himself dissatisfied with my efforts as proxy, and demanded the privilege of pleading his own cause. Permit me to hope that he successfully improved the opportunity which I provided, by requesting him to escort you to dinner."

Standing upon the rug, and immediately in front of her, he spoke with cool indifference, and though the words seemed to her a cruel mockery, they proved a powerful tonic; bringing the grim comfort that, at least, her presumptuous madness was not suspected.

"I had very little conversation with Mr. Roscoe, as I declined to renew the discussion of a topic which was painful and embarrassing to me, and I fear I have entirely forfeited his friendship."

"Then after mature deliberation you still peremptorily refuse to become more closely related to me? Once there appeared a rosy possibility that you might one day call me cousin."

With a sudden resolution she looked straight at him, for the first time since his entrance, and answered quietly: "You will be my kind, faithful guardian a little while longer, until I can hear from my mother; but we shall never be any more closely related."

The reply was not exactly what he expected and desired, but with his chill, out-door conventional smile, he added:

"Poor Roscoe! his heart frequently outstrips his reason."

Looking at him, she felt assured that no one could ever justly make that charge against him; and unwilling to prolong the interview, she rose. "Pardon me if, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I detain you a few minutes from your Undine dreams. Be so good as to resume your seat."

There was an ominous pause, and reluctantly she was forced to look up. He was regarding her very sternly, and as his eyes caught and held hers, he put his fingers in his vest pocket, drawing therefrom a narrow strip of paper, folded carefully. Holding it out, he asked: "Did you ever see this?"

Before she opened it, she knew it contained the address she had given to Peleg Peterson on Tuesday, and a shiver crept over her. Mechanically glancing at it, she sighed; a sigh that was almost a moan.

"Regina, have the courtesy to answer my question."

"Of course I have seen it before. You know it is my handwriting."

"Did you furnish that address with the expectation of conducting a clandestine correspondence?"

An increasing pallor overspread her features, but in a very firm, decided voice, she replied: "Yes."

"Knowing that your legal guardian would forbid such an interchange of letters, you directed them enclosed under cover to Mrs. Mason?"

"I did."

"A gentleman picked up that scrap of paper, and recognising the name of my ward, very discreetly placed it in the possession of her guardian."

"Mr. Palmer, were you not in a carriage at that square on Tuesday?"

"I was not. My time is rather too valuable to be wasted in a rendezvous at out-of-the-way squares while a snowstorm is in full blast. What possible attraction do you imagine such folly could offer me?"

"I met you not very far from that square, and I thought——"

"Pray take time, and conclude your sentence."

She shook her head.

"Some important business connected with my profession, and involving a case long ago placed in my hands, called me, despite the unfavourable weather, to that section of the city. Having particularly

desired and instructed you to come home as soon as the rehearsal at Mrs. Brompton's ended, I certainly had no right to suppose you intended to disobey me. A few evenings since you asked me to trust you, and in defiance of my judgment I reluctantly promised to do so. Have you not forfeited your guardian's confidence?"

"Perhaps so; but it was unavoidable."

"Unavoidable that you should systematically deceive me?" he demanded very sternly.

"I have not deceived you."

"My duty as your guardian forces me to deal plainly with you. With whom have you arranged this disgraceful clandestine correspondence?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Representing your mother's authority, I demand an answer."

After an instant, she said:

"Though you were twenty times my guardian, I shall not tell you, Sir."

She seemed like some marble statue, which one might hack and hew in twain without extorting a confession.

"Then you force me to a very shocking and shameful conclusion."

Was there, she wondered, any conclusion so shameful as the truth, which at all hazard she was resolved for her mother's sake to hide?

"You are secretly meeting and arranging to correspond with some vagrant lover whom you blush to acknowledge."

"Lover! Oh, merciful God! When I need a father, and a father's protecting name; when I am heart-sick for my mother, and her shielding healing love, how can you cruelly talk to me of a lover? What right has a nameless, homeless waif to think of love? God grant me a father and mother, a stainless name, and I shall never need, never wish, never tolerate a lover! Do not insult my misery."

She lifted her clenched hands almost menacingly, and her passionate vehemence startled her companion, who could scarcely recognise in the glittering defiant gaze that met his, the velvet violet eyes over which the silken fringes had hung with such tender Madonna grace but a half hour before.

"Regina, how could you deceive me so shamefully?"

"I did not intend to do so. I am innocent of the disgraceful motives you impute to me; but I cannot explain what you condemn so severely. In all that I have done, I have been impelled by a stern, painful sense of duty, and my conscience acquits me; but I shall not give you any explanation. To no human being, except my mother, will I confess the whole matter. Oh, send me at once to her! I asked you to trust me, and you believe me utterly unworthy, think I have forfeited you confidence, even your respect. It is hard, very hard, for I hoped to possess always your good opinion. But it must be borne, and now at least, holding me so low in your esteem, you will not keep me under your roof; you will gladly send me to my mother. Let me go! Oh, do let me go—at once; to-morrow!"

She seemed inexplicably transformed into a woful, desperate woman, and the man's heart yearned to fold her closely in his arms, sheltering her for ever. Drawing near her he spoke in a wholly altered voice.

"When you asked me to trust you, I did so. Now will you grant me a similar boon? Lily, trust me."

His tone had never sounded so low, almost pleading, before, and it thrilled her with an overmastering grief, that when he who was wont to command condescended to sue for her confidence, she was forced to withhold it.

"Oh, Mr. Palmer, do not ask me! I cannot."

He took her hands, unwinding the cold fingers, and in his peculiar magnetic way softly folding them in his warm palms; but she struggled to withdraw them, and he saw the purple shadows deepening under her large eyes.

"Little girl, I would not betray your secret. Give it to my safe keeping. Show me your heart."

As if fearful he might read it, she involuntarily closed her eyes, and her answer was almost a sob. "It is not my secret, it involves others, and I would rather die to-morrow, to-night, than have it known. Oh! let me go way, at once, and for ever!"

Accustomed to compel compliance with his wishes, it was difficult for him to patiently endure defiance and defeat from that fair young creature, whom he began to perceive he could neither overawe nor persuade. For several minutes he seemed lost in thought, still holding her hands firmly; then he suddenly laughed, and stooped towards her:

"Brave, true little heart! I wonder if some day you will be as steadfast and faithful in your devotion to your husband as you have been in your loving defence of your mother?

You need not tell me your secret, I know everything; and, Lily, I can scarcely forgive you for venturing within the reach and power of that wretched vagabond."

Hs felt her start and shiver, and pitying the terrified expression that drifted into her countenance, he continued:

"Unconsciously, you were giving alms to your own and to your mother's worst enemy. Peleg Peterson has for years stood between you and your lawful name."

She reeled, and her fingers closed spasmodically over his, as white and faint, she gasped:

"Then he is not—my——" The words died on her quivering lips.

"He is the man who has slandered and traduced your mother, even to her own husband."

"Oh, then, he is not, he cannot be my father!"

"No more your father than I am! At last I have succeeded in obtaining——"

She was beyond the reach even of his voice, and as she drooped, he caught her in his arms. Since Monday the terrible strain had known no relaxation, and the sudden release from the horrible incubus of Peleg Peterson was overpowering.

Mr. Palmer held her for some seconds clasped to his heart, and placing the head on his bosom, turned the white face to his. How hungrily the haughtly man hung over those wan features; and what a wealth of passionate tenderness thrilled in the low, trembling voice that whispered:

"My Lily. My darling—my own."

He kissed her softly, as if the cold lips were too sacred even for his loving touch, and gently placed her on the sofa, holding her with his encircling arm. Since his boyhood no woman's lips had ever pressed his, and the last kiss he had bestowed was upon his mother's brow as she lay in her coffin.

To-night the freshness of youth came back, and the cold, politic, non-committal lawyer found himself, for the first time, an ardent, trembling lover. He watched the faint quiver of her blue-veined lids, and heard the shuddering sigh, that assured him consciousness was returning. Softly stroking her hand, he saw the eyes at last unclose.

"You certainly have been down among your uncanny Undine caves; for you quite resemble a drenched lily. Now sit up."

He lifted her back into the easy-chair as if she had been an infant, and stood before her. As her mind cleared, she recalled what had passed, and said almost in a whisper:

"Did I dream, or did you tell me, that horrible man is not my father?"

"I told you so. He is a black-hearted, vindictive miscreant, who successfully blackmailed you, by practising a vile imposture."

"Oh! are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly sure. I have been hunting him for years, and at last have obtained in black and white his own confession, which nobly exonerates your mother from his infamous aspersions."

"Thank God! Thank God!"

Tears were stealing down her cheeks, and he saw from the twitching of her face that she was fast losing control of her overtaxed nerves.

"You must go to your room and rest, or you will be ill."

"Oh, not if I am sure he will never dare to claim me as his child! Oh, Mr. Palmer, that possibility has almost driven me wild!"

"Dismiss it, as you would some hideous nightmare. Go to sleep and dream of your mother, and of——"

He bit his lips to check the rash words, and too much agitated to observe his changed manner, she asked:

"Where is he now?"

"No matter where. He is so completely in my power that he can trouble us no more."

She clasped her hands joyfully, but the tears fell faster, and looking at her mother's picture, she exclaimed:

"Have mercy upon me, Mr. Palmer! Tell me, do you know who I am? Do you really know beyond doubt who was or is my father?"

"This much I can tell you. I know your father's name; but just now I am forbidden by your mother to disclose it, even to you. Come to your room."

He raised her from the chair, and as she stood before him, it was pitiable to witness the agonised entreaty in her pallid but beautiful face.

"Please tell me only one thing, and I can bear all else patiently. Was he, was my father, a gentleman? Oh! my mother could never have loved any but a gentleman."

"His treatment of her, and of you, would scarcely entitle him to that honourable epithet; yet in the eyes of the world your father assuredly is in every respect a gentleman, and well born."

She sobbed aloud, and the violence of

her emotion, which she seemed unable to control, alarmed him. Leading her to the library door, he said, retaining her hand :

"Compose yourself, or you will be really ill. Now that your poor tortured heart is easy, can you not go to sleep?"

"Oh, thank you! Yes, I will try."

"Lily, next time trust me. Trust your guardian in everything. Good night. God bless you."

Chapter XXII.

"'The dice of the gods are always loaded,' and what appears the merest chance, is inexorably fixed, predetermined. What madness to flout fate!"

Mrs. Orme laid down her pen as she spoke, and leaned back in her chair.

"Did you speak to me?" inquired Mrs. Waul, who had been nodding over her worsted work, and was aroused by the sound of the voice.

"No, I was merely thinking aloud; a foolish habit I have contracted since I began to aspire to literary laurels. Go to sleep again, and finish your dream."

Upon the writing desk lay a MS. in morocco cover, and secured by heavy bronze clasps, into which the owner put a small key attached to her watch-chain, carefully locking and laying it away in a drawer of the desk. Approaching a table in the corner of the room, Mrs. Orme filled a tall narrow Venetian glass with that violet-flavoured, violet-perfumed Capri wine, whose golden bubbles danced upon the brim, and having drained the last amber drop, she rolled her chair close to the window, looped back the curtains, and sat down.

The lodgings she had occupied since her arrival in Naples were situated on the Riviera di Chiaja, near the Villa Reale, and not far from the divergence into the Strada Mergellina. Of the wonderful beauty of the scene beyond her front windows she had never wearied, and now in the ravishing afternoon glow, with the blue air all saturated with golden gleams, she yielded to the Parthenopean spell, which once felt, seems never to be forgotten. Had it the power to chant to rest that sombre past, which memory kept as a funereal theme for ever on its vibrating strings? Was there at last a file for the serpent that had so long made its lair in her distorted and envenomed nature?

At thirty-three time ceases to tread with feathery feet, and the years grow self-asserting, italicise themselves in passing, and across the dial of woman's beauty the shadow of decadence falls aslant. But the ripeness and glow of Mrs. Orme's extraordinary loveliness showed as yet no hint of the coming eclipse. Health lent to cheek and lip its richest, warmest tints, and though the silvery splendour of hope shone no longer in the eloquent brown eyes, the light of an almost accomplished triumph imparted a baleful brilliance, which even the long lashes could not veil. Her pale lilac robe showed admirably the transparency of her complexion, and in her waving golden hair she wore a cluster of delicate rose anemones.

A strangely solemn expression drifted over her countenance, but at that moment a tall form darkened the doorway, and she smiled.

"Come in, General Laurance. Punctuality is essentially an American virtue, rarely displayed in this *dolce far niente* land; and you exemplify its nationality. Five was the hour you named, and my little Swiss tell-tale is even now sounding the last stroke."

She did not rise, seemed on the contrary to sink farther back in her chair, and bending down, General Laurance touched her hand.

"When a man's happiness for all time is at stake, does he loiter on his way to receive the verdict? Surely you will——"

He paused and glanced significantly at the figure whose white cap was bowed low, as its wearer slumbered over the interminable knitting.

"May not this interview, at least, be sacred from the presence of your keepers?"

"Poor dear soul, she is happily oblivious. I would as soon declare war against my own shadow as order her away."

Evidently chagrined, the visitor stood irresolute, and meanwhile the gaze of his companion wandered back to the beauty of the bay. He drew a chair close to that which she occupied, and holding his hat as a screen should Mrs. Waul's spectacles chance to turn in that direction, he spoke earnestly.

"Have I been unpardonobly presumptuous in interpreting favourably this permission to see you once more? Have you done me the honour to ponder the contents of my letter?"

"I certainly have pondered well the contents."

She kept her hands beyond his reach,

and looking steadily into his eager handsome face, she saw it flush deeply.

"Madam, I trust, I believe you are incapable of trifling."

"In which you do me bare justice only. With me the time for trifling is past, and just now life has put on all its tragic vestments. But how long since General Laurance believed me incapable of—worse than trifling?"

"Ever since my infamous folly was reproved by you as it deserved. Ever since you taught me that you were even more noble in soul than lovely in person. Be generous, and do not humiliate me by recalling that temporary insanity. Having blundered fearfully, in my ignorance of your real character, does not the offer of yesterday embody all the reparation, all the atonement of which a man is capable?"

"You desire me to consider the proposal contained in your letter as an expiation for past offences, as an *amende honorable* for what might have ripened into insult had it not been nipped in the bud? Do I translate correctly?"

"No; you cruelly torment me by referring to an audacious and shameful offence, for which I blush. Do not, dear madam, keep me in this fiery suspense. I have offered you all that a gentleman can lay at the feet of the woman he loves."

A TRUE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

THE father of Major André was a thrifty London trader, whose business as a Turkey merchant had been prosperous enough to persuade him that no other career could possibly be so well adapted for his son. The lad was of another opinion; but those were not the days when a parent's will might be safely contravened. Sent to Geneva to complete the education that had been commenced at London, he returned to a seat in the counting-room with intellectual qualifications that seemed to justify his aspirations for a very different scene of action. He was a fluent linguist, a ready and graceful master of the pencil and brush, and very well versed in the schools of military design. Add to these a proficiency in poetry and music, a person of unusual symmetry and grace, a face of almost feminine softness, yet not descending from the dignity of manhood, and we have an idea of the youth who was already meditating the means of throwing off the chains that bound him to the inkhorn and ledger, and embracing a more brilliant and glorious career. With him the love of fame was an instinctive passion. The annals of his own fireside taught him how easily the path to distinction might be trod by men of parts and address; and he knew in his heart that opportunity was the one and the only thing needful to insure the accomplishment of his desires. Of very moderate fortune and utterly destitute of influential connections, he knew that his education better qualified him for the useful fulfilment of military duties than perhaps any man of his years in the service of the King. Once embarked in the profession of arms, he had nothing to rely upon but his own address to secure patronage and promotion; nothing but his own merits to justify the countenance that his ingenuity should win. Without undue vanity it is tolerably safe to say now that he was authorised by the existing state of things to confidently predicate his own success on these estimates.

It is not easy to underrate the professional standard of the English officer a hundred years ago. That some were good cannot be denied; that most were bad is very certain. As there was no school of military instruction in the realm, so no proof of mental or even of physical capacity was required to enable a person to receive and to hold a commission. A friend at the Horse Guards, or the baptismal gift of a godfather, might nominate a baby three days old to a pair of colours. Court influence or the ready cash having thus enrolled a punysuckling among the armed defenders of the State, he might in regular process of seniority come out a full-fledged captain or major against the season for his being soundly birched at Eton; and an ignorant schoolboy would thus be qualified to govern the lives and fortunes of five hundred stalwart men, and to represent the honour and the interests of the empire in that last emergency when all might be depending on his courage and capacity. Even women were thus saddled upon the pay-lists; and the time is within the memory of living men when a gentle lady, whose knowledge of arms may be presumed to have never extended beyond the internecine disputes of the nursery, habi-

tually received the salary of a captaincy of dragoons. In ranks thus officered, it was easy to foresee the speedy and sure triumph of competent ability when once backed by patronage.

So long, however, as his dependence upon his father endured, it was useless for André to anticipate the day when he might don the King's livery. The repugnance with which his first motion in the matter was greeted, and the affectionate opposition of his mother and sisters, seemed to have at least silenced if they did not extinguish his desires. And when the death of his father, in 1769, left him free to select his own pathway through the world, a new conjuncture of affairs again caused him to smother his cherished aspirations.

The domestic relations of the André family were ever peculiarly tender and affectionate; and in the loss of its head the survivors confessed a great and a corroding sorrow. To repair the shattered health and recruit the exhausted spirits of his mother and sisters, the son resolved to lead them at once away from the daily contemplation of the grave to more cheerful scenes. The medicinal waters of Derbyshire were then in vogue, and a tour towards the wells of Buxton and of Matlock was undertaken. Among the acquaintances that ensued from this expedition was that of the family of the Rev. Mr. Seward, of Lichfield; and while a warm and lasting friendship rapidly grew up between André and Miss Anna Seward, his heart was surrendered to the charms of her adopted sister Miss Honora Sneyd.

By every account, Honora Sneyd must have been a paragon of feminine loveliness. Her father was a country gentleman of Staffordshire, who had been left, by the untimely death of their mother, to the charge of a bevy of infants. The solicitude of friends and relatives had sought the care of these, and thus Honora became virtually a daughter of Mrs. Seward's house. The character of this establishment may be conjectured from the history of Anna Seward. Remote from the crushing weight of London authority, she grew up in a provincial atmosphere of literary and social refinement, and fondly believed that the polite praises (for censure was a thing unknown among them) that were banded about in her own coterie would be cordially echoed by the voices of posterity. In this she has been utterly deceived; but at the same time it must be confessed that there was much in the tone of the reigning circles at Lichfield, in those days, to contrast most favourably with the manners of the literary sovereigns of the metropolis, or the intellectual elevation of the rulers of fashion. At Lichfield it was polite to be learned, and good-breeding and mutual admiration went hand-in-hand.

In such an atmosphere had Miss Sneyd been educated; and the enthusiastic, not to say romantic, disposition of Miss Seward must have given additional effect to every impulse that taught her to acknowledge and rejoice in the undisguised admiration of the young London merchant. His sentiments were as pure and lofty as her own; his person was as attractive as that of any hero of romance, and his passion was deep and true. With the knowledge and involuntary approbation of all their friends, the love affair between the two young people went on without interruption or opposition. It seemed perfectly natural and proper that they should be brought together. It was not, therefore, until a formal betrothal began to loom up that the seniors on either side bethought themselves of the consequences. Neither party was a beggar; but neither was in possession of sufficient estate to render a speedy marriage advisable. It was concluded, then, to prohibit any engagement, which must inevitably extend over several years, between two young persons whose acquaintance was of so modern a date, and whose positions involved a prolonged and wide separation. To this arrangement it would appear that Honora yielded a more implicit assent than her lover. His feelings were irretrievably interested; and he still proposed to himself to press his suit without intermission during the term of his endurance. His mistress, whose affections had not yet passed entirely beyond her own control, was willing to receive as a friend the man whom she was forbidden to regard as an elected husband.

It was by the representations of Miss Seward, who strongly urged on him the absolute necessity of his adherence to trade if he wished to secure the means of accomplishing matrimony, that André was now persuaded to renounce for some years longer his desire for the army. He went back to London, and applied himself diligently to his business. An occasional visit to Lichfield, and a correspondence that he maintained with Miss Seward, served to keep his flame sufficiently alive.

But John André was not an accepted lover. His interests with the lady, despite Miss Seward's watchful care, were already

declining; and the lapse of a few months more reduced him to the level of a valued and entertaining friend, whose civilities were not to pass the conventional limits of polite intercourse. To André this fate was very hard. He was hopelessly enamoured; and so long as fortune offered him the least hope of eventual success, he persevered in the faith that Honora might yet be his own. But every returning day must have shaken this faith. His visits were discontinued and his correspondence dropped. Other suitors pressed their claims, and often urged an argument which it was beyond his means to supply. They came provided with what Parson Hugh calls good gifts: "Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts." Foremost among these dangerous rivals were two men of note in their way: Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and the eccentric but amiable Thomas Day.

Mr. Day was a man whose personal charms were not great. Overgrown, awkward, pitted with the small-pox, he offered no pleasing contrast to the discarded André; but he had twelve hundred a year. His notions in regard to women were as peculiar as his estimate of his own merit, He seems to have really believed that it would be impossible for any beautiful girl to refuse her assent to the terms of the contract by which she might acquire his hand. These were absurd to a degree; and it is not cause for surprise that Miss Sneyd should have unhesitatingly refused them. Poor Mr. Day was not prepared for such continued ill-luck in his matrimonial projects. He had already been very unfortunate in his plans for obtaining a perfect wife—having vainly provided for the education of two foundlings between whom he promised himself to select a paragon of a helpmate. To drop burning sealing-wax upon their necks, and to discharge a pistol close to their ears, were among his philosophical rules for training them to habits of submission and self-control; and the upshot was, that they were fain to attach themselves to men of less wisdom, but better taste. Miss Sneyd's conduct was more than he could well endure, after all his previous disappointments; and he went to bed with a fever that did not leave him till his passion was cured. He could not at this time have anticipated, however, that the friendly hand which had aided the prosecution of his addresses was eventually destined to receive and hold the fair prize which so many were contending for.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the ambassador and counsellor of Mr. Day in this affair, was at the very moment of the rejection himself enamoured of Miss Sneyd. But Edgeworth had a wife already—a pining, complaining woman, he tells us, who did not make his home cheerful—and honour and decency forbade him to open his mouth on the subject that occupied his heart. He wisely sought refuge in flight, and in other scenes the natural exuberance of his disposition afforded a relief from the pangs of an unlawful and secret passion. Lord Byron, who met him forty years afterwards, in five lines shows us the man: if he was thus seen in the dry wood, we can imagine what he was in the green:—"I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk, and endless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty—no, nor forty-eight even." He was in France when the death of his father left him to the possession of a good estate—and that of his wife occurring in happy concurrence, he lost little time in opening in his own behalf the communications that had failed when he spoke for Mr. Day. His wooing was prosperous; in July, 1773, he married Miss Sneyd.

It is a mistake, sanctioned by the constant acceptance of historians, to suppose that it was this occasion that prompted André to abandon a commercial life. The improbability of winning Honora's hand, and the freedom with which she received the addresses of other men, undoubtedly went far to convince him of the folly of sticking to trade with but one motive; and so soon as he attained his majority, he left the desk and stool for ever, and entered the army. This was a long time before the Edgeworth marriage was undertaken, or even contemplated.

Lieutenant André, Royal Fusileers, had a very different line of duty to perform from Mr. André, merchant, of Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street; and the bustle of military life doubtless in some degree diverted his mind from the disagreeable contemplation of what was presently to occur at Lichfield. Some months were spent on the Continent and among the smaller German courts about the Rhine. After all was over, however, and the nuptial knot fairly tied that destroyed all his youthful hopes, he is related to have made a farewell expedition to the place of his former happiness. There, at least, he was sure to find one sympathising heart.

Miss Seward, who had to the very last minute contended with her friend against Mr. Edgeworth and in support of his less fortunate predecessor, now met him with open arms. No pains were spared by her to alleviate, since she could not remove, the disappointment that evidently possessed him. A legend is preserved in connection with this visit that is curious, though manifestly of very uncertain credibility. It is said that an engagement had been made by Miss Seward to introduce her friend to two gentlemen of some note in the neighbourhood, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Newton. On the appointed morning, while awaiting their expected guests, Cunningham related to his companion a vision—or, rather, a series of visions—that had greatly disturbed his previous night's repose. He was alone in a wide forest, he said, when he perceived a rider approaching him. The horseman's countenance was plainly visible, and its lines were of a character too interesting to be readily forgotten. Suddenly three men sprang forth from an ambush among the thickets, and, seizing the stranger, hauled him from his horse and bore him away. To this succeeded another scene. He stood with a great multitude near by some foreign town. A bustle was heard, and he beheld the horseman of his earlier dream again led along a captive. A gibbet was erected, and the prisoner was at once hanged. In narrating this tale, Cunningham averred that the features of its hero were still fresh in his recollection; the door opened, and in the face of André, who at that moment presented himself, he professed to recognise that which had so troubled his slumbers.

Such is the tale that is recorded of the supernatural revelation of André's fate. If it rested on somewhat better evidence than any we are able to find in its favour, it would be at least more interesting. But whether or no the young officer continued to linger in the spirit about the spires of Lichfield and the romantic shades of Derbyshire, it is certain that his fleshly part was moving in a very different direction. In 1774 he embarked to join his regiment, then posted in Canada, and arrived at Philadelphia early in the autumn of the year.

It is not within the design of this paper to pursue to any length the details of André's American career, and it is not until the troubles of the Revolutionary War break out, that we find anything of mark in his story. He was with the troops that Carleton sent down, after the fall of Ticonderoga, to garrison Chambly and St. John's, and to hold the passage of the Sorel against Montgomery and his little army. With the fall of these forts he went into captivity. There is too much reason to believe that the imprisonment of the English on this occasion was not alleviated by many exhibitions of generosity on the part of their captors. Montgomery, indeed, was as humane and honourable as he was brave; but he was no just type of his followers. The articles of capitulation were little regarded, and the prisoners were, it would seem, rapidly despoiled of their private effects. "I have been taken by the Americans," wrote André, "and robbed of everything save the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I think myself happy." Sent into the remote parts of Pennsylvania, his companions and himself met with but scant measure of courtesy from the mountaineers of that region; nor was he exchanged for many long and weary months. Once more free, however, his address and capacity soon came to his aid. His reports and sketches commended him to the especial favour of the commander-in-chief, Sir William Howe; and ere long he was promoted to a captaincy and made aide-de-camp to Sir Charles Grey. This was a dashing, hard-fighting general of division, whose element was close quarters, and whose favourite argument was the cold steel.

If, therefore, André played but an inactive part at the Brandywine, he had ample opportunity on other occasions of tasting the excitement and the horrors of war. The night-surprises of Wayne at Paoli, and of Baylor on the Hudson, the scenes of Germantown and Monmouth, the reduction of the forts at Verplanck's Ferry, and the forays led against New Bedford and the Vineyard, all these familiarised him with the bloody fruits of civil strife. But they never blunted for one moment the keenness of his humanity, or warped those sentiments of refinement and liberality that always distinguished him. Within the limited range of his narrow sphere he was constantly found the friend and reliever of the wounded or captive Americans, and the protector and benefactor of the followers of his own banner. Accomplished to a degree in all the graces that adorn the higher circles of society, he was free from most of their vices; and those who knew him well have

remarked on the universal approbation of both sexes that followed his steps, and the untouched heart that escaped so many shafts. Nor, while foremost in the brilliant pleasures that distinguished the British camp, was he ever known to descend to the vulgar sports of his fellows. In the balls, the theatricals, the picturesque Mischianza, he bore a leading hand; but his affections, meanwhile, appear to have remained where they were earliest and last bestowed. In our altered days, when marriage and divorce seem so often interchangeable words, and loyal fidelity but an old-world phrase, ill-fashioned and out of date, there is something very attractive in this hopeless constancy of an exiled lover.

In England, meanwhile, the object of this unfortunate attachment was leading a happy and useful life in the fulfilment of the various duties of a wife, a mother, and a friend. Her husband was a large landed proprietor, and in public spirit was inferior to no country gentleman of the kingdom. Many of his notions were fanciful enough, it must be allowed; but they were all directed to the improvement and amelioration of his native land and its people. In these pursuits, as well as in those of learning, Mrs. Edgeworth was the active and useful coadjutor of her husband; and it was probably to the desire of this couple to do something that would make the instruction of their children a less painful task than had been their own, that we are indebted for the adaptation of the simpler rudiments of science to a childish dress. In 1778 they wrote together the first part of "Harry and Lucy," and printed a handful of copies in that large black type which every one associates with the first school-days of his childhood. From these pages she taught her own children to read. The plan was communicated to Mr. Day, who entered into it eagerly; and an educational library seemed about to be prepared for the benefit of a far-away household in the heart of Ireland. But a hectic disorder, that had threatened Mrs. Edgeworth's life while yet a child, now returned upon her with increased virulence; and the kind and beautiful mistress of Edgeworthstown was compelled to forego this and every other earthly avocation. Mr. Day expanded his little tale into the delightful story of "Sandford and Merton," a book that long stood second only to "Robinson Crusoe" in the youthful judgment of the great boy-world; and in later years Maria Edgeworth included "Harry and Lucy" in her "Early Lessons." It is thus a point to be noticed that nothing but the *res angusta domi*, the lack of wealth, on the part of young André was the cause of that series of little volumes being produced by Miss Edgeworth, which so long held the first place among the literary treasures of the nurseries of England and America. Lazy Lawrence, Simple Susan, and a score more of excellently conceived characters might never have been called from chaos to influence thousands of tender minds, but for André's narrow purse.

The ravages of the insidious disease with which she was afflicted soon came to an end, and after a term of wedlock as brief as it was prosperous, Mrs. Edgeworth's dying couch was spread. "I have every blessing," she wrote, "and I am happy. The conversation of my beloved husband, when my breath will let me have it, is my greatest delight: he procures me every comfort, and, as he always said he thought he should, contrives for me everything that can ease and assist my weakness—

> "'Like a kind angel, whispers peace;
> And smooths the bed of death.'"

Rightly viewed, the closing scenes in the life of this estimable woman are not less solemn, not less impressive, than those of that memorable day when, with all the awful ceremonials of offended justice and the stern pageantries of war, her lover died in the full glare of noonday before the eyes of assembled thousands. He had played for a mighty stake, and he had lost. He had perilled his life for the destruction of the American empire, and he was there to pay the penalty: and surely never, in all the annals of our race, has a man more gallantly yielded up his forfeited breath, or under circumstances more impressive. He perished regretted alike by friend and foe; and perhaps not one of the throng that witnessed his execution but would have rejoicingly hailed a means of reconciling his pardon with the higher and inevitable duties which they owed to the safety of the army and the existence of the State. And in the aspect which the affair has since taken, who can say that André's fate has been entirely unfortunate? He drank out the wine of life while it was still sparkling and foaming and bright in his cup: he tasted none of the bitterness of its lees till almost his last sun had risen. When he was for ever parted from the woman whom he loved, a new, but not an earthly mistress succeeded to the

vacant throne; and thenceforth the love of glory possessed his heart exclusively. And how rarely has a greater lustre attached to any name than to his! His bones are laid with those of the wisest and mightiest of the land; the gratitude of monarchs cumbers the earth with his sepulchral honours; and his memory is consecrated in the most eloquent pages of the history not only of his own country, but of that which sent him out of existence. Looked upon thus, death might have been welcomed by him as a benefit rather than dreaded as a calamity.

The circumstances of Major André's death arose from the treachery of General Arnold, who, fighting on the side of the rebel Americans, made a secret offer to surrender a strong position to the British forces. André was entrusted by the latter to negotiate the affair, and for this purpose he endeavoured to penetrate the American army, but being challenged by one of their sentinels he imprudently judged that every man's honesty was to be purchased, and offered the sentinel his gold watch and some money to be permitted to pass and return free. Upon this he was taken before some American officers, who by his papers discovered the whole affair. Major André was then taken as a spy, and by order of General Washington tried by court-martial. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Though he requested to be shot instead of hanged, the ignominious sentence was executed, and thus Major André died, on the 2nd of October, 1780, at the early age of twenty-nine.

General Washington was severely censured by the troops on the American side, as well as by the British forces, for denying the brave André a soldier's death. A monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to his memory by the King, and every mark of respect and honour paid to his virtues, while the commiseration for his fate was universal in England.

The same year that carries on its records the date of André's fall witnessed the death of a second Honora Edgeworth, the only surviving daughter of Honora Sneyd. She is represented as having inherited all the beauty, all the talents of her mother. The productions of her pen and pencil seem to justify this assertion, so far as the precocity of such a mere child may warrant the ungarnered fruits of future years. But with her parent's person she received the frailties of its constitution; and, ere girlhood had fairly opened upon her way of life, she succumbed to the same malady that had wrecked her mother.

"We know the spirit shall not taste of death:
Earth bids her elements,
'Turn, turn again to me!'
But to the soul, unto the soul, she saith,
'Flee, alien flee!'"

A. M.

MAKING A FORTUNE.

"I'VE made up my mind," said Miss Bell Martin.

She was a rosy-cheeked woman, somewhere about five-and-thirty, with merry black eyes, short curling hair, and a resolved expression of countenance.

"But, dear me, Bell, you're not going out into the wilderness actually to live?"

"Well, I've no idea of dying there," epigrammatically replied Miss Bell.

Mrs. Parkesworth Pryce stood in open-eyed amazement, her garnet-coloured silk dress trailing over the carpet, and her lace carriage shawl festooned gracefully over one shoulder—the very personification and embodiment of a brainless votary of the latest fashion.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Pryce, feebly, as if the magnitude of the idea rendered it impossible for her mind to grapple with it.

"Yes," said Miss Bell, "I am. And what's more, Katie Appleton is going with me. You see, Mrs. Pryce, I'm not so young as I was, and poor dear Katie was disappointed when that young scamp, Harry Messenger, married Julia Levy; so we've concluded to retire on a farm of our own, where we can raise calves and chickens, and grow our own asparagus and strawberries—a place, in short, where we can be entirely independent of men!"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Pryce, "what a very Quixotic plan, to be sure!"

"It may be Quixotic," said Miss Bell, rubbing her chin thoughtfully; "but we're going to give it a trial, nevertheless, Katie and I."

"You will be heartily sick of it, and come back home in less than a month," predicted Mrs. Pryce.

"No, we shall not," said Bell Martin,

resolutely. "I hope I'm old enough to know my own mind, and Katie will be governed entirely by me."

And in spite of the pathetic and oft-repeated remonstrances of Mrs. Pryce and others of her clan, Miss Bell Martin and her cousin, Kate Appleton, a shy little maiden with modest blue eyes and a face like a peach-blossom, packed their guitar, and canaries, and croquet, and bandboxes, and went out to their destiny.

"Isn't this jolly?" cried Bell, warming her plump hands before the blaze of a huge wood fire on the night of their arrival. "Just see the fringe of moss on the end of that log. And such a picturesque red brick hearth!"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Kate, timidly; "but don't you think it's a little lonely, Isabel?"

"We don't mind that, child," said Bell, briskly; "we're going to be company for ourselves."

"Are we?"

"Why, of course we are. Just wait till we get our flower-beds planted, and the daisy roots set out, and the chickens hatched, and we shall have no time to think about being lonely."

And Miss Bell jumped up and got a fresh supply of wood from the covered shed; for a fundamental element of her dreams of rural felicity had been the strict interdiction of anything in the similitude of a servant.

"For I've been quite sufficiently servant-ridden," she said.

"This is luxury," went on Bell, basking before the genial blaze, for the April eventide was chill and raw. "I feel just like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, and——"

"Hush!" cried Katie, nervously, grasping her cousin's hand, "what's that?"

"What's what?"

"That noise! Oh, Bell, if there should be a ghost in this ruinous old house!"

"Oh, fiddle-stick!" said the matter-of-fact Bell; "it's only the cow looking in at the window; don't you see her horns?"

Miss Bell rushed out of the door to rout the enemy.

"Such a dear little dot of a red calf as there is in the barn-yard!" she cried, ecstatically, as she returned. "But we must take it away to-morrow."

"Oh, don't take it away—the dear little thing!" cooed Katie. "Let us be a little considerate."

"And have no milk to use!" scoffed Bell. "That would be nice farming. I saw a fine lot of hens in the yard this afternoon, Katie; eggs and spring chickens will sell well. We shall make our fortunes, Kate. Old Tully says that strawberries bring a high price, and asparagus also. And butter—dear, dear, there's no saying what we shall realise out of our butter with three cows!"

"To be sure," said Katie, sympathetically.

It was raining hard the next morning when they woke up. Now, if the agricultural world was all made up of leafy dells where the drops "tinkled musically" as they fell, and opening butter-cups and violets, this would be all very well; but rain on the roof of a leaky farmhouse and rain in a country barn-yard is decidedly lacking in the elements of romance.

"Do let me sleep just five minutes longer," pleaded Katie, piteously.

"Get up! get up!" cried the ruthless Bell; "we're farmers now, and you must come out and help me milk. It will be such fun!"

"In the rain?"

"We're neither sugar nor salt, we shall not melt. Get your waterproof and come quick."

Miss Bell looked the ideal of resolution and enterprise as she stalked into the barn-yard, swinging the pail in one hand and the three-legged stool in the other. Katie Appleton looked on in admiration.

"When did you learn to milk, Bell?"

"I never learned."

"How can you do it, then?"

"Why, it's easy enough, of course. Anybody can milk. This calf has got to come out first."

Miss Bell advanced to the little red calf, which was nestling close to its mother.

"Get along, Boosie," she said, brandishing the milk stool.

But to her amazement the brindled cow lowered her horns and ran furiously at the disturber of her darling's peace. Miss Bell scrambled over the wall more nimbly than gracefully.

"I'm afraid she's vicious," said Miss Bell, dubiously. "We won't disturb the calf just now."

So, descending once more when the belligerent animal had apparently calmed down, Miss Bell selected the mildest-eyed cow she could find, and sat down, adjusting her pail as she had seen it adjusted in all engravings.

"Why don't the cow stand still?" she demanded, after having several times jumped up and followed the bovine animal round. "A cow is a very trying quadruped! Get some hay, Katie, and feed her. I'm afraid that unprincipled old Mr. Tully deceived us when he said there were three milch-cows; the more I pull the more the milk won't come."

"Try again," said Katie, encouragingly. "Pull harder."

But the cow, resenting this mode of treatment, deliberately kicked over the pail, whisked her tail in Miss Bell's eyes, and walked away.

"Oh, dear, dear!" faltered Katie. "I wish we had asked Mr. Tully to stay a day or two and teach us how to milk!"

"As if I'd ask a man to teach me anything!" cried Bell, disdainfully. "If he can do it, I know I can! I'll try again by-and-by, when the cow gets a little better tempered. Let's go in and get breakfast, Katie. Here are half-a-dozen eggs in the hay under the manger. Very careless of the hens to leave their eggs here in this sort of fashion! I shall have up a row of boxes filled with nice clean straw before I'm twenty-four hours older!"

"Perhaps they would prefer the hay," said Kate, dubiously.

"I don't care what they prefer," said Miss Bell, dogmatically; "they must adapt themselves to my preferences, or I'll know the reason why. But, as I was saying, here's the material for an omelet; so we'll go in and make the coffee and breakfast like a pair of queens."

The coffee was made—without milk—and the morning meal soon disposed of. Katie remained indoors to do the house-work, while Miss Bell again sallied forth to investigate the various offices and buildings which skirted the barn.

In a few minutes she reappeared, all dripping, like Undine of old.

"Katie," she cried, breathlessly, displaying the pearl-white treasures of her apron, "I've found two more settlements of eggs."

"Let's have some custards," suggested Katie.

"Young chickens! I'm going to set a hen."

"Set a hen!" repeated Katie, in bewilderment.

"I've caught the most motherly-looking old speckled hen you ever saw, and shut her up under a barrel," went on Bell, exultantly, "and now I'm going to make the nest. In just twenty-one days from now, Katie, we shall be feeding our chickens."

"Shall we?" Katie Appleton did not disbelieve, perhaps, but she doubted.

Half an hour afterwards, when the rain held up a little, and here and there a glimpse of dazzling blue peeped between the rifts in the gray sky overhead, Katie tripped out into the barn, where Miss Bell stood in an anxious attitude over a neat square box she had placed on a beam.

"Bell," she cried, "what are you doing?"

"I'm trying to keep this hen on her nest," said Miss Bell, turning a perturbed face towards her cousin. "Nine times she has flown cackling off, and nine times I've caught her and put her back again. We've broken three of the eggs, but they are easily replaced. It is like the old story of Bruce and the spider, and I will conquer. I've made matters tolerably safe with a board and a stone for the present, and I shall come out three times a day to feed her."

"But I thought," said Katie, after a moment or two of grave consideration, "that you always had to wait until a hen clucked and puffed out her feathers, and wanted to set of her own accord."

"Old-fashioned farmers do that, I suppose," said Bell, composedly; "but I can't wait a hundred years for a hen to make up her mind." The rebellious murmurs of the gallinaceous fowl imprisoned beneath the cruel board echoed Miss Bell Martin's accents.

"I declare, Bell," cried the admiring Kate Appleton, "I didn't think you had such a will. You ought to have been a man."

"Don't talk nonsense, I beg of you," said Bell, a little more than ordinarily complacent, however, "but run into the house and bring me that box of assorted garden seeds. If the weather clears up we must begin planting early to-morrow morning. I won't have people saying that our farming is behindhand because we are women!"

Towards the evening of the next day old Mr. Tully, a leather-faced farmer, with a curiously intricate network of fine wrinkles round his keen eyes and shrewd mouth, looked casually in to see how his successors were thriving.

"Arternoon t' ye," was his greeting. "Wa'al, how are ye getting on?"

"We're not getting on at all, Mr. Tully," said Miss Martin, in an injured tone of voice. "You have imposed upon us."

"I declare to gracious I don't know

what ye mean," said the farmer, with a countenance of unfeigned astonishment.

"Didn't you tell me that your cows were kind?"

"So they be, the kindest creeturs alive!"

"Then why does the old brindled one run at me with her head down every time I come near her calf? and why does the spotted one kick the pail over before it is half full, besides making me chase all round the barn-yard after her?"

"Guess you ain't used to milkin'," said Mr. Tully, shrewdly.

"Not used to it!" echoed Bell; "and supposing that I am not, what difference can it possibly make? Am I to have a diploma and show it to the cow before I dare take the privilege of milking?"

"Cows is dreadful sagacious creeturs," said the farmer, with a laughing twinkle in his eyes. "Some on 'em can't never abide women-folks about; and now I come to think on't, my wife never used to milk, 'cause I was al'ays handy to do it. I tell you what, Miss Martin, I guess you'll have to keep a man!"

"Never!" said Miss Martin, resolutely. "And then the turkeys—they gobble and swell out and run after us in a way that is positively quite frightful."

"Do you wear them shawls when you go out to feed 'em?" said the farmer, nodding at two bright scarlet outer-wrappings that hung on the pegs behind the door.

"Why, yes, I believe we did."

"That accounts for it then. A turkey and a bull—the colour o' red sets 'em wild. I thought everybody knowed that."

"And am I to select my wardrobe with reference to the turkeys in my poultry-yard?" indignantly demanded Bell.

"Turkeys knows a dreadful sight, although they're ginerally calculated to be stupid birds," said Mr. Tully, sagely.

"And the hens! dear me!" went on Miss Bell, "I have such trouble about their setting."

"Give 'em a good ducking under the pump," recommended the farmer. "That's a sure cure for them as wants to set."

"But they don't want to set," interrupted Bell; "that is the trouble. Old Speckle has broken all her eggs trying to get out."

"If they don't want to, they won't," said the farmer, "and it's no use talking."

"I'll see whether they will or not," said Bell, compressing her lips tightly.

The farmer looked somewhat awed at her imperious voice and gesture, and glanced uneasily out of the window for a change of subject. "What ye been doin' out in the yard?" he asked, in some surprise.

"I wanted to plant some candy-tuft and mignonnette seeds," said Katie, meekly; "so I dug up all those little onions with the sprouting tops."

"Onions!" cried Mr. Tully. "Why, them was double-tulips and hyacinths!"

"You told me they were onions, Bell, and you've got a handful of them boiling with macaroni and sliced carrots now," she said, reproachfully. But Bell pretended not to hear.

"What do you think of the strawberry-bed, Mr. Tully?" she said, complacently.

"You haven't been disturbin' the roots diggin' round 'em at this time o' year?" he said.

"Yes, I have," said Miss Bell. "I didn't like to see them straggling about so slovenly; so I dug every root up, and planted it neatly over again."

"Land o' Goshen!" said Farmer Tully, "I b'lieve ye're crazy."

Mr. Tully turned of a deep apoplectic purple in consequence of trying to convert a burst of laughter into a fit of coughing.

"But how be ye goin' to get your potato crop into the ground?" he demanded; "woman can't plough."

"I don't know why they can't," said Miss Bell, argumentatively.

"Because they're women," said the conservative farmer. "Ain't that reason enough?"

"Not by any means," said Miss Bell. "I am going to follow the example of the German women, who work out in the open fields just like men. Germany is a great country!"

"I should think it must be," said Mr. Tully, dubiously. And he took his leave, after some very kindly-meant advice, which Miss Bell resolved mentally not to take.

So the days went by at "Elm Brook"—by which euphonious title Miss Martin had decided to call her farm—until one evening, returning late from a survey of her premises, she came on Katie Appleton leaning over the stile talking to somebody in the twilight.

"Katie!" she cried, warningly, as the conscience-stricken little damsel fluttered towards her with both hands full of the lovely yellow blossoms of the azalea, "was that a man you were talking to?"

"It—it was only the rector, Bell," faltered Katie, "to know why we weren't at church all last month."

Miss Bell was not exactly satisfied with her cousin's explanation; but she said nothing. Verbal silence, however, does not restrict the freedom of thought, and within herself Bell Martin was by no means at ease.

"The rector!" she repeated. "A rector is only a man after all—and I should think Katie had had enough of the false hearts and hollow professions of men! But there it is—some people will never learn by experience."

And between the obstinacy of her potatoes, which absolutely declined to come up, and the ill-advised thoughtlessness of Katie in persisting in any intercourse with the forbidden ranks, Miss Bell was really quite miserable that night.

She had cause to be more miserable yet in a day or two—for in a hand-to-hand encounter with a refractory pig, who had the good taste to prefer the vegetable garden to the precincts of his own pen, she sprained her ankle.

"What are we to do now?" she groaned when, by dint of much fortitude and resolution, she had hobbled to a chair.

"Don't you think," hazarded Katie, "that we had better send for the rector?"

"The rector, indeed!" cried Bell, irascibly. "I think the doctor would be a great deal more to the purpose!"

The doctor came, and so did Mr. Milburn, the rector, with his brother, a handsome man of forty.

"I thought," said Mr. Hugh Milburn, apologetically, "that you might like some one to have an eye to things until you get better. June is a bad month for working farmers to fall sick."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said Bell, despondently. "If Katie had the spirit of a gray kitten she could attend to matters and things herself; but she screams if the cow shakes her horns, and is actually afraid of the geese."

The rector looked admiringly at Katie, whose blushes at these enumerations of her faults were certainly rather becoming, and Mr. Milburn assured Bell that he would look after her agricultural interests.

"I like that man," said the unwilling invalid when Hugh Milburn had gone out to look after the cattle, and his brother had also departed. "There's no nonsense about him."

"Who, the rector?" innocently questioned Katie.

"No!" tartly responded her cousin, "I mean his brother, Mr. Hugh Milburn!"

The early summer dawned bright and soft over Elm Brook. Old Speckle having maintained a troubled existence under the board for some weeks, suddenly decided to "set" in good earnest, and divers other biddies followed her example. Potatoes sprouted feebly above the earth; the crops made the furrowed fields beautiful; and the farm throve gloriously under the new administration.

"How nice it all looks!" said Bell, sighing, nevertheless, when first she walked out, leaning on Mr. Hugh Milburn's arm, to see the young wheat beyond the field.

"It is a beautiful farm, in a beautiful situation," said Mr. Milburn, quietly. "I have always thought I should like just such a farm as this."

"Why not buy one, then?" demanded the straightforward damsel.

"What for? Am I not a cipher in the sum of humanity? A solitary old bachelor!"

"But you needn't be an old bachelor."

"Need I not?" His blue eyes sparkled with merry amusement. "That is just what I wanted you to say, Bell. You have trusted me with your farm for a month, now suppose you trust me with yourself for a lifetime?"

"Do you mean that you want me to marry you?" she asked, bluntly.

"Exactly!"

"Dear me!" mused Bell, dropping his arm, "I had never thought of that!"

"Well," said Mr. Milburn, who had patiently waited with the amused sparkle in his eyes, while Bell thoughtfully twisted a green blackberry shoot round and round her dimpled finger, "is it yes or no?"

"It's yes," said Bell.

She was sitting by the window that evening, thinking how she could best explain her change of programme to Katie Appleton. Truly it was an embarrassing thing to do. In her own mind she felt that she had acted wisely, yet to the undiscriminating world it would seem a pusillanimous furling of her flag.

"I don't care," thought Bell; "next to being a farmer, it is better to be a farmer's wife. Let people say what they please, so long as——"

Her reverie was interrupted by Katie Appleton's arm round her neck.

"Dear Bell, I hope you'll not be vexed with me," faltered Katie, turning red and white after her fashion, when ever so slightly excited, "but—but—I am going to be married!"

"To the rector?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, Katie," murmured Bell. "Oh, Katie, we have both found our destinies!"

And then she told her story; and they were very happy together in the purple softness of the twilight. The spring-time of their lives was late, but it had come. H. B.

A PILGRIMAGE FROM CARNARVON TO SNOWDON.

BEHIND the Carnarvon shore of the Menai Straits a great bank of distant mountains looms against the sky, obscured here and there by trees. I had regarded them wistfully in my walk, knowing that they were the Snowdon and Gladir ranges, which were the object of my tour; but in answer to many inquiries I had not been able to learn that a sight of Snowdon was possible.

"Come here," said mine host, "and I'll show you the people on Snowdon."

He set the glass, and directed it towards the lowest and most insignificant-looking peak in all the range, scarcely visible among the trees, and said—

"There you are."

I looked.

"What!" I said; "*that* Snowdon?"

I saw a little cone; on it what looked like a beehive, and on that creatures, which might from their proportion have been bees, crawling to the summit.

"Snowdon," said my Mentor, "is just twelve miles off as the crow flies. The mountain that you had a fancy for as being higher, is a poor little thing in comparison, called the Elephant Mountain. The cone that you see is the Peak of Snowdon. What you call a beehive is a pile of stones fifteen feet high on the summit. That dark spot to the right is the refreshment-room, and those 'bees' you see going up the 'beehive' are people. Watch them and you will see them move their arms and legs. Only last week I made out a lady up there with a white dress on. And it's good twelve miles away."

Thanks to his excellent "Dollond" I could see all that Mr. Humphreys described, and distinctly made out a party of some half-dozen or more who ascended the stone-heap, and afterwards walked about the top of the cone.

That was my first view of Snowdon. And I was little disappointed. I expected to see some huge, transcendent peak which would have asserted itself proudly above all rivals, and I saw a little dimple among what appeared to be far grander hills.

"Wait till you get there," said my Mentor.

"I will," said I; "and I will let you know."

Which promise I mean to keep, both to him and to my readers.

From Carnarvon I came by train to Llanberis, not having time to include in my programme the coach drive from Carnarvon to Beddgelert, which skirts Snowdon on the south-west and affords perhaps the finest view of the Snowdon range. The route by train, however, to Llanberis is full of lovely peeps of river scenery, particularly about Pontrhythallt and Cwm-y-Glo.

On reaching Llanberis, your pilgrim, for the first time, felt himself among the mountains. The place is in a deep, quiet valley, in front of the two mighty ranges of Snowdon and Glyder, which fairly obscure a large proportion of the sky. Just at the base they are fringed with trees; but all mountains uncover their heads as they look towards heaven. These are bleak and bare to their very feet, and loom in sombre green against the sky, growing grayer as they rise, marked here and there with the black shadows of passing clouds, and lost to view in places where some nestling cloud rolls in volumes about their lofty tops. An immense dark lake, smooth as a mirror, reflects the purple slate quarries with which one mountain side is galleried halfway to its summit. The stillness of the valley seems too deep to be broken by the traffic of a railway station, or the daily business of a town. The noise and tumult of everyday life dwindles into insignificance in presence of those eternal hills, which do not even deign to echo a sound so trifling. Only the frequent reports, like cannonading, from the slate quarries, when the rocks are blasted, are flapped from ridge to ridge, as though the hills were telling one another of what the tiny people are doing at their feet; but short of this the valley is pain-

fully silent, and when the echoes of the blasting die away no sound is heard. One is shut in, in perfect solitude, with the glistening black lake, and with mountains which make the sun set an hour before its natural time. Mountains assert themselves over the mind in a remarkable way. They make one think about them and feel their influence in a way which no other natural phenomena succeed in doing. No wonder that Fable has represented them as huge sleeping monsters—giants which some time may awake.

One of the most overpowering impressions connected with these mountain ranges is the feeling of immensity which they produce upon the mind, from the knowledge that it is impossible to get to any spot in plain or valley whence the eye can take them in all at once. They only reveal themselves by degrees. Doubtless this is the reason which drives people to ascend mountains, in hope to comprehend them better. Geographically speaking, of course, they succeed; but mountains have secrets which they do not reveal to the impatient tourist who thinks he can "do" a mountain a day. All the covenants of God, and all the most precious experiences given to mankind, have been received upon mountain tops, and mountains have still their teaching for those with willing ears to hear.

"Which of these mountains is Snowdon?" said I, to Captain Roberts, the host of the Dolbadarn Hotel.

The captain smiled pitifully.

"Snowdon?" repeated he. "Why, bless you, you can only see his toes! I'll show you his head."

With that the captain took me up to an eminence at the side of his house and showed me a tiny little peak; lower, to look at, than any of the others.

"That's Snowdon," said he, "five miles away."

"It don't look big," I complained.

"Wait and see," was his reply.

I did.

Next day, with a pony and a guide, the pilgrim set out on his journey up the mountain. The ascent from Llanberis is one of the shortest, and by far the easiest. That from Beddgelert, Capel Curig, or Pen-y-gwryd, is described as far finer, though more difficult. As I came down by the latter way I can endorse this opinion of that route. As to the Beddgelert ascent I heard the most gruesome tales from people on the top, both as to the distance (eight and a half miles) and as to the danger of a certain horrible ledge near the top. However, as I said, I went up by the lazy route (five miles), where the ponies will carry you every step of the way. But as my pony did not labour under my weight in carrying me up I cannot allow him to labour under the impression that he did so. He walked. So did I.

It was a lovely day for the ascent, with bright sunshine, and only the faintest haze at the farthest horizon. As we wound round the mountain path, and saw the great vale of Llanberis and its lake grow tiny and insignificant under us; saw ourselves merging above the region of trees, and looking down upon the rooks that soared far beneath our feet; saw the prospect widen below, and new ranges of mountain open to view above, the air began to sparkle and grow keenly exhilarating, like the bright fresh water that was rolling down every rock and dancing along each pathway. Fatigue seemed impossible as we entered that region of oxygen. Standing still at any point, and looking round at each new level, the mountains themselves afforded as wide a landscape as one usually sees, whilst beneath us the prospect was opening into a far-off world. Round about on every hand were great bleak tracts of frowsy green, lying at every angle of inclination, rising one above another as harmoniously as parts of some huge wave suddenly smitten into repose. High up on these green tracts, far beyond the flight of birds, the cotton-woolly-coated, long-tailed mountain sheep browsed amid the rock-strewn grass, and the small black cattle picked the scanty herbage. It was odd to see the sheep, appearing no bigger than white maggots, wending their way along the side of some far-off chasm with sides as perpendicular as a wall. The tiny black cows are as fearless in their wanderings here as goats. And, for that matter, the sure-footedness of the ponies which carry travellers up the long ascent, is a matter of no little surprise. They never stumble in going up; and they are equal to coming down the steepest path, even where it is composed of light rolling stones—they simply set out their fore-feet and slide till they get to something solid.

Halfway up is a little stone hut, where a man dispenses some ice-cold ginger-beer and sells photos of the mountain, and a variety of tricktracks to serve as mementos of the visit. From this point the ascent gets finer. Hitherto the mountains have

been vast downs: now there is a view of peaks and chasms everywhere; the way grows rugged; the pinnacles as they rise become bare even of grass; and every flat is strewn with what Tennyson calls "the tumbled fragments of the hills." These pile up the way, or lie in masses at long angles against the rocky walls from which they have crumbled. One gets to feel from the colour that the mountain range is made of bronze. The black rock sides are copper ore and ironstone. There are three copper mines on the mountain, and two iron mines. Both the latter are closed on account of the expense of working, and only two of the former show signs of activity.

Past the steep ascent of *Llechwedd-y-Ry*, and near the top, is a spring of exceedingly pure water, which is extremely cold in the hottest weather. From hereabouts one sees the Peak of Snowdon, as well as the huge buttresses of the mighty range, and a perfect panorama of mountain peaks.

As I drew nearer, my first impression of the insignificance of Snowdon itself was only confirmed. The range is grand beyond description. Its awful desolations and tremendous chasms, and the eternal peaks, which have their roots in the earth and their heads away in the clouds, are impressive beyond the power of words to convey. But the little peak called Snowdon, perched upon far grander mountains, is only like some tiny babe which a great brawny father has lifted in sport upon his shoulder, laughing the while at its littleness. The grandeur of Snowdon is only that of a limpet on a rock summit. It forms the highest point, that is all. Moreover, it is the centre of the range. Snowdon is not king of the range, nor even its head. It is merely the crown. And whatever dignity it possesses accrues to it from being set upon a brow so sublime. The peaks of Carnedd Llewelyn, of Moel Siabod, of the Glasllyn, and the Great Glyder are stupendously fine, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with Snowdon. Their ascent, too, I am told, is far more exciting and impressive than that of the popularly frequented peak which gives its name to the range.

Snowdon means "snowy height;" the British name, *Craig Eryri*, implies the same thing. The Welsh call the little bit of the top which is descried from a long distance, *Moel Y Wyddfa*, "the conspicuous." It is carried on three great ridges which break away into awful valleys and corries in the descent.

Well, your pilgrim climbed this last little bit, *Y Wyddfa*, and the guide having bestowed the ponies in a little enclosure on the peak side, we found ourselves at last on the top of Snowdon; that is to say, on a little bit of a plateau six or seven yards in diameter, surmounted by a stone heap fifteen feet high in the centre. Your pilgrim had to some extent discounted the magnificent view by repeatedly turning round during the five-mile ascent; but he is bound to confess that the sight of "Refreshment Rooms" in such a place, and a glimpse at the legend, "David Jones, Licensed to sell Beer, Wine, and Spirits, to be drunk on the Premises," staggered him too completely to allow of his at once abandoning himself to the view. Who would have expected to find a "public" on the top of Snowdon? And what a joke that the liquors are to be "drunk on the premises!" Fancy a mountain top being described as premises, and then the extreme improbability of Mr. David Jones being tempted to exceed his licence through being besieged by people from below to sell them beer "in their own jugs."

The first thing that everybody does who comes up here is to go straight to one of the four cabins on the top (wholly regardless of the prospect) and order bread and cheese and stout. One has not felt what the keen mountain air (which has been urging him upwards as though it buckled the winged sandals of Hermes to his feet) has been doing for him, until he has gained the top and heard a hint of refreshment. Then the wayfarer discovers that he is in possession of an appetite like that of the young lions who do lack and suffer hunger.

The provision was unexceptionably good. Whilst discussing it I looked out of my cabin window, and behold all the mountain side was covered with cart-loads of tea-leaves and thousands of egg shells—remains of the refections of countless early morning tourists who had passed the night in these cabins in order to see the sun rise from Snowdon. I reflected, however, that these *excreta* must go somewhere. Their presence was natural, if unromantic.

The "top" was populated by about thirty people when I came up, and the number was continually augmented by fresh arrivals. Indeed, looking down on either side you could see people swarming up. I had counted on solitude. The pile of stones was monopolised by a dozen Cambridge

men, who were punning horribly—to that extent that I felt disposed to parody a well-known French proverb, and say *qui s'amuse s'abuse*. There was a German in my cabin, who prided himself on having got to the top from the Beddgelert side, and on having left all his companions in the lurch. He further informed me that he had lived, either the whole day, or during the whole of his Welsh tour, or during the whole of his sojourn in England—I forget which—on the sum of one and ninepence—I think it must have been the latter. He told me a long rigmarole of chaffering and cheapening. I pitied him, thinking that a man who could boast of his meanness so near to heaven was nearer that locality than he would ever be likely to get again. He finished his stout; and then, seeing I had left some in my bottle, he said he would finish that too, "becosh it wosh a shin to washte it; and it wosh paid for jusht the shame."

I was fortunate in coming up on one of the best days for a view that the guides had remembered this year. It is all very well to say (what is the plain truth) that Snowdon is nothing but a pastile stuck upon the juncture of grand mountains. So far as the view is concerned it exceeds all the other peaks, because you can look down upon them—see their grand tops piercing the sky (wherein you stand) palpably beneath you. The effect of being at the height of 3570 feet—the loftiest point in the kingdom—is very strange. One seems to swim in the pure sky air; yet, in spite of being able to look down for nearly a mile, there is not the slightest impression of dizziness—for the very reason that Snowdon is such a mite in comparison to the hills by which it is encircled. The bronze mountain range, in colour a rusty green, hoar everywhere with masses of fallen stone, when seen from the top, etherialised in the blue air, is the finest sight of all—then the pure, pure sky. As to the great map of North Wales spread out below, that is much more like a bit of an atlas, a model for a Parliamentary Commission, than the real thing. It looks artificial—a mere bit of draughtsman's work. I never thought splendid scenery, such as exists below, could be brought to look so much like the Ordnance Survey. The extent of the map one sees, takes in, on a clear day such as I was favoured with, about 80 miles in each direction; that means a diameter of 160 miles and a circumference of about 500 miles. There is no need to recapitulate how one can see the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland, the Yorkshire Mountains, the Isle of Man, the plains of Salop, Plinlymmon, and the rest of it; because to write them down here they become nothing but names. Indeed to particularise the view, even in thought as you gaze upon it, spoils it. You can see eighty lakes from your perch on the stone-heap (the mountain sides are full of them, at all levels); but it is much nicer to see them one at a time from their own margins and understand their beauties than to see them in a map like this. It is the general and not the particular effect of the prospect which is so superbly fine. It is grand to find out how the mountain loves the sea. It must be so, or how comes it that the sea's is the only voice from below to which it listens? The sea is fifteen miles away in any direction. Yet there it is—Beaumaris Bay on the north, Carnarvon Bay on the west, and Cardigan Bay on the south—murmuring all day long to the mountain. And the mountain hears it. Plain as though but a couple of a hundred yards away one can distinguish the noise of the sea in all these bays washing upon the distant shores. Go fourteen miles nearer to it on the plain, and you cannot catch the sound of the waves.

We came down, as I have said, by the Pen-y-Gwryd route. And there one get views of the bleak mountain peaks (looking up to them straight as a wall), which are finer than anything I saw during the ascent. The best peeps I found were from the series of glassy lakes we passed in this deep descent. The first one, *Llyn Glass*, is always green as copperas, from the copper ore about its margin; and it is darkened by the heavy shadow of Snowdon side, to which (from above) it seems to form a shining abyss. *Llyn Llyddw*, at foot of the next plateau, affords a still more impressive view of the lowering mountains; and then we come to *Llyn Dydwl*, another lake, divided by a narrow strip of land, and all shut in by a circle of black rocks in a solitude of its own. At every plateau there are lakes, each of which has a distinctive colour and character. The flatness and mobility of these water tracts contrast splendidly with the steep and unyielding rock sides. Then, again, there are no lakes like mountain lakes for stillness, and for the awful depth of their reflections.

Getting free at last from the mountain, I was not sorry to mount my shaggy Welsh pony, and ride back through the Pass of

Llanberis, which is justly considered one of the sights of North Wales. It is a huge gulch, about five miles long, separating the Snowdon and Glyder ranges; and, from its precipitous sides, streaked with basalt and veined with mountain streams, enormous masses have been hurled down and shattered in wild confusion all along the roadway. A swift torrent dashes by the roadside, and the heights on either side of the narrow pass threaten to overwhelm those who pass beneath, notwithstanding they are so far asunder. The crookedness of the road adds greatly to the picturesque effect. One huge mass, as big as a big house, which has toppled from above, is sometimes called the Cromlech, and sometimes *Ynys Hettws*, Hetty's Island, because of some old woman named Hetty who used to dwell under it, as a toad might live under a stone. On the other side, nearly opposite the Cromlech, there is an immense rock which is a noted place for ferns—the Parsley Fern, with other uncommon varieties, grows wild in profusion here. It may be as well to mention that North Wales abounds in fine ferns. The Beech Fern grows in almost every cranny by the roadside between Pen-y-Gwryd and Capel Curig.

Returning to my hospitable quarters at the "Dolbadarn," I spent a pleasant evening with the "Captain" and his fair lieutenant, and next morning waved him a reluctant good-bye from the coach-top, bound for Beddgelert."

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued*).

"JUST make yourself acquainted with facts before you sport fancies, and contentment would often follow. In those days silver was twenty pence the ounce, which required twenty days' wage to purchase. Now many are earning more than five shillings a day, and need work but one day.

"In the next reign, that of Henry III., the annual revenue of the Crown amounted to £8250, or sixty thousand silver marks, a Danish coin, each mark being of the value of 2s. 9d. Afterwards as money increased in value a mark was worth 13s. 4d., but not in this king's reign, nor for a long time afterwards. The money collected for the Pope of Rome and sent to him by the priests was considerably more than the king's income.

"The king was robbed in every direction, and his revenues mismanaged by those whose duty it was to collect it. Henry appealed to Parliament for a sum to pay his debts, and it advised him to offer his plate and the Crown jewels to the City of London and to borrow a sum of money upon them. This was hardly a dignified position for a King of England to be placed in. The loan he obtained was not sufficient to extricate him from his difficulties, and at Christmas time he actually caused begging letters to be written to the citizens of London, asking a bestowal of New Year's gifts, an appeal that was responded to by a gift of twenty thousand marks. Letters were then sent to the nobility begging money, which, however, were unheeded. Then the poor fellow applied to the bishops and abbots, telling them that it was greater charity to give him money than to bestow alms on a beggar that went from door to door. Henry was not very successful in his application, but he did get some money.

"So poor was this monarch kept by the dishonesty of his treasurer and other servants that it is said he dared not appear out of his chamber for the clamour of his creditors, who had supplied him with wine, wax, and other necessaries of housekeeping, and who all refused to give him further credit. A nice state of things this for our bonny country!

"The whole kingdom was demoralised. All sorts of crimes were committed with impunity; food of all kinds was adulterated, bread made of short weight; murders passed unheeded; and, to use the words of Scripture, 'Violence was in all the land.'

"Would you have lived in those times, Tim?

"You must, many of you, have heard of the gross imposition practised not long since by a young girl who pretended to have fasted for months, and hundreds believed that she did so fast, until a medical man undertook to reveal the cheat, and himself watched, but no food was conveyed to her, when she died."

"Yes, we recollect all that, and we believe that she did fast."

"A similar circumstance is related by Matthew Paris to have occurred in this King's reign. A girl in Leicestershire is said to have fasted seven years, and yet continued fat and well. All the food she received was when the Holy Communion was administered to her every Sunday. I hope you will not believe that such a thing could occur. It was all deception to get money.

"It has been said of King John that his taxations were 'positive,' that of his successor, Henry III., were 'comparative,' but those of King Edward I., the next king, were 'superlative;' but, for all that, Edward was good and wise, and, as king, created a well-organised government. This reign may be termed the first epoch of development since the Romans withdrew their armies and left England to its own resources. Edward was essentially a redresser of grievances. The merchants in whose premises false weights were found were heavily fined. Most of the judges of the previous reign were corrupt—that is, had taken bribes for false judgment. The Chief Justice was fined seven thousand marks; other judges in lesser amounts. The Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who managed the revenues of the kingdom, had to pay a fine of thirty thousand marks; and Sir Thomas de Wayland, in the same office, who was found the greatest delinquent, had all his property confiscated, and was banished the kingdom. So you see, Tim, that was where the last king's money went; he was robbed right and left. Would you like to see a return of such scenes? Then, again, the Crown lands were growing less and less; so King Edward ordered an inquiry to examine by what title men held their lands, and from whence derived. Then restitution was made, and fines were levied on all who could show a clear title.

"Stringent laws were enforced against fraudulent tradesmen, and particularly against those who made bad bread or sold it of light weight, or who took advantage of the city being full of company to increase the price of eatables. Whatever food competition there was in those days it was for evil, not good. Hence the strong arm of the law was put in force against raising the price of provisions, and this is how the law was worded:—

"'When the Scots and strange folk come to the Parliament, none shall be so daring as to raise the price of victuals, or to sell wine or bread or ale against the law of assize' (which was a statute concerning the price, weight, and measure of several commodities); 'that is to say, one gallon of wine for threepence, one gallon of ale for a penny, and one of the other kind of ale for three ferlings—or farthings—four small loaves or two large for a penny.'

"Twenty silver pennies was then of equal value to six shillings of our present money. Wheat, in the early part of the reign of Edward I., was threepence the bushel, but there was so much rain in succeeding years that it was raised to sixteenpence the bushel, and later to twenty pence.

"Just think of that, Tim—twenty days' work for a bushel of corn! Then there was the grinding to pay for.

"Do you like the good old times, Tim? It sounds all well and cheap; but in reality anything but the coarsest food was quite beyond a poor man's purse, or the middle working class either.

"The cattle disease was well known then as now; for in the second year of Edward I. the 'rot' in sheep raged, and for twenty-five years afterwards. The calamity, it is said, arose from diseased sheep being brought from Spain into Northumberland.

"The cattle disease of some kind was as prevalent then as now, for the punishment for selling diseased meat, whether of oxen or sheep, was something none of you know anything about. The seller was not fined as in these lenient days, but was drawn in a hurdle to the pillory, the meat being beside him; and being placed on the pillory, which was an iron cage, the meat was burned close to him, and he was besides plentifully bespattered with eggs and mud, till the man was more dead than alive at the end of two hours. Frauds and thefts of all kinds abounded,* but one of the most

* Riley's "Memorials of London and London People," compiled from the Records in the Guildhall of London.

extraordinary I have never heard of in modern times. Bread was literally the staff of life. There were no potatoes, and few other vegetables, and so to rob a person of his bread was to take his life. Of all the extraordinary frauds I ever heard of was that of a baker who received dough from his customers to bake, and, placing it on a board in his bakehouse, he had several traps with springs made in this board, and when the dough was placed on the top the trap fell, and a man, concealed under the board, pinched off pieces of the dough bit by bit. Several men and women were convicted of these practices, and committed to Newgate jail, afterwards placed in the pillory, and the dough hung about their necks.

"Now, let me tell you another thing to make you contented under a Government which scarcely the whole world can show the like. You men in those days would perhaps have been sold as slaves if your ancestors had been in a like condition; and there were serfs or slaves that could not be sold but with the land. Not one of you good fellows would have liked living in the days I speak of. If one man used a curse to another he was straightway punished. One Robert de Suttone having spoken in contempt of the king, and raising his thumb to his nose—much in the same manner one now terms 'taking a sight'—was committed to prison. Talk about the old times, indeed!

"Five hundred years ago every trade, every species of industry, and liberty of will were hampered with restrictions. By a certain hour every Londoner must be at home and in his bed. A time was fixed by law when he should extinguish light and fire, and the hour to take his meals, and also the kind of dress that men and women should wear, was fixed. A man was compelled to teach his servants how to 'boult' the flour and make the bread consumed in the household. He was forbidden to employ any one who of his own accord had left a former master. The bakers were a bad lot in those days. They made bread of light weight, and with good flour outside, but within it was a different thing: for this they were deservedly punished by being drawn on hurdles through the town amidst the hootings and peltings of the mob, or were made to stand on the pillory for two hours, where they were pelted with every kind of missile, including rotten eggs. Any man who hoarded corn and withheld its sale till panic prices was, when convicted, hanged. Coal was not permitted to be burned in or near London, so the price of this could not be raised. A fine set of dishonest traders lived in those days; so we needn't talk as if there were none till our time.

"In the next king's reign, Edward II., known as Edward of Carnarvon, a law was made to prevent 'the Pepperers' from mixing old with new goods, and from moistening their goods to make them weightier, such as water-steeping saffron, cloves, pepper, and ginger. Twelve ounces to the pound was all that was given in purchasing.

"One Richard le Forester sold a garland to his comrade who thought he was purchasing a good garland, and paid him for for the same one mark (5s. 6d.). The garland was not worth twopence. Thereupon this Forester was sentenced to the pillory. Another sold hides not properly tanned; he, too, met with the same fate, and the hides were forfeited. Another made shoes of basil and sold them for Cordovan leather; the shoes were also forfeited. That's how things were done in olden days.

"It has been said that taxation is a burden on the people; so it is if it be unjust and excessive. Taxation is but a give-and-take-affair matter. The Government gives us protection from oppression, and punishes the evil-doer. It protects our coasts from the invader and repels aggression of every kind. Education, Science and Art, Law and Justice, and, in fact, every protection we enjoy in this country, spring from its wise and judicious government."

"Yes, but, Mister Lincoln, see how we be taxed for it."

"Why, man alive! do you think there is no revenue but from the taxes you pay? I grant you that people in high life are made to pay towards the support of the Government—but not you, only in a very small proportion. You get gas-light in the streets and the protection of the police, and education for your children. Are you unwilling to pay for these privileges? But towards the support of the Queen and Royal Family you do not pay. Her income, supposing she had the Crown property in her own possession, is generally some thousands beyond the sum she is allowed for the maintenance of herself and her household. In March, 1876, there was a balance of £42,300, free of expenses, above the sum paid to the Queen from the Crown property—property which as much belongs to the reigning Sovereign as does any of your

leasehold property. She cannot will or give any of it away, nor can it descend to her children. Now, then, what's the Queen got to do with the taxes you pay?"

"But we be taxed in all ways; every article of food we eat is taxed; you can't deny it, Mister Lincoln."

"No one can deny that we all of us pay taxes—give a fraction of our income—for the blessings of living under a safe government and in a country where each man is free to come and go as he likes without let or hindrance, so long as he obeys the law framed for each man's protection; and, as the celebrated Emerson, the American writer, says of a true Englishman, 'That he walks forth upright in his own nobility of character and compels the respect of everyone.'

"Well, I allow we are taxed—but how do you tax yourselves? What about that, Mr. Tim?"

"I don't see what in, Mr. Lincoln; we don't offer to pay the taxes."

"Truly no; but you do tax yourselves, nevertheless. It is estimated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, member for Carlisle, that one hundred and forty millions sterling are annually expended in this country for intoxicating liquors, and most of this sum comes from the wages of working men. Again, some of you are never without your pipes in your mouths from morning till night. Now, the duty alone on tobacco and snuff is nearly eight millions. Why, the whole sum needed for carrying on the Government is less than eighty-one millions, and this includes an item of twenty-one millions for the interest and management of the National Debt!

"Let us be taxed much or little as we think, it is a cheap Government to live under," continued Mr. Lincoln. "And if working folks abstained from intoxicating liquors we should have considerably less to pay in taxes and to the doctor. There is another tax besides the liquor-tax that we have imposed upon ourselves, and that is the tax for educational purposes. A grant of a million and a quarter of money has just been given for the purpose of Elementary Education. You know, most of you, that your children have hitherto been neglected because you drink away the money that should go for their education. The very brutes take more care of their young than many mothers and fathers do of their little ones. And what the nation would have come to is fearful to contemplate if the Government had not put out its protection for the children brought into factories as soon as they could run, or taken into coal mines, girls as well as boys, and there put to labour beyond their strength, to say nothing of no distinction between the sexes in the matter of labour or aught else. No education, no knowledge of morality, none of the privileges which belong to better-born children, what could be expected of the future of these beings? All these shortcomings of the labouring class invited the State to create a different order of things, and insist upon payment as a preventive to these delinquencies, which, had we been men in the true sense of the word, undemoralised by drink, would have been uncalled for."

"It seems to me," said Phil Coombs, "that you do cry down we working folks in a way we don't like. You'd better mind what you're about, Mr. Lincoln."

"Shut up!" shouted some of the listeners.

"Phil, you're half tipsy now. It be all true what Master Lincoln says!" cried Tim. "If I'd been better cared for when I was a young 'un, I'd been a better man."

"Now, look here, Tim. You've heard of General Grant, the late President of the United States. You may have read how he has been received and honoured in this country. A hundred years ago the Americans were treated by us as rebels, and were imprisoned and ill-treated. Now the force of education among the labouring men has raised the Republic of America to a Power of the highest class. It is ridiculous to say that I, or any man of sense, condemn the labouring man. I endorse, from my soul, the words General Grant uttered when a deputation, composed entirely of working men, met at the residence of the Consul-General of the United States in London to deliver an address. That part of General Grant's reply respecting working men I clipped from one of the papers, and here it is:—

"'Since my arrival on British soil I have received great attention, intended, I feel, in the same way—that is, for my country. I have received attentions and have had ovations and presentations from different classes, from the governing classes, and from the controlling authorities of your cities as well as from the general public; but there is no reception that I have met with which I am prouder of than this one to-day. I recognise the fact that, whatever there is of greatness in the United States,

or indeed in any other country, is due to the labour performed, and to the labourer who is the author of all greatness and wealth, and without whom there would be no governing, no leading classes, nor anything worth the trouble of preserving. With us labour is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded it is where the man dishonours the labour.'

"When a man loses his head and self-control in drink, is he worthy to be a ruler? Or when he neglects to give his children the education his means should supply and spends the money in grovelling drunkenness, and so debases himself and children by his example, is it not time that somebody should step in to rescue both? And this the Government does by taxing the drink, and compelling a man to pay for the education of his children. Talk about reviling labouring men, who can be so senseless? Look at the great men who have risen to positions above that of merchant princes, and who in intellect tower far above them. Mr. Smiles, in his many admirably-written works, has given examples enough of this class of labourer. If you get Mr. Smiles's 'Self Help,' and his 'Thrift,' you may read for yourselves. That the world has been made better, more useful, more moral, and more self-reliant, by the deeds of labouring men, some of them day-labourers—men born in poverty, who chose to cultivate their faculties and enlarge their intellects rather than imbrute them in intoxication—men who guided and protected their children, not kept them as stray waifs to lie in the gutter of ignorance.

"Now just look round you. You hear the rush of the steam-engine, the pioneer of civilisation all over the world. Why, the three men who were the first cause of this blessing were lowly in birth and calling, and with only daily wage—Newcomen a blacksmith, Watt a mathematical instrument maker, and Stephenson an engine-fireman. The invention of Watts (the successful condensation of steam) caused the establishment of the cotton manufactory in Great Britain. Sir Richard Arkwright, the generally-accredited perfector of the spinning-machine, was one of the poorest of boys; he never was at school, he was self-educated. This famous man was at one time a barber, and shaved for a penny. Afterwards he became a dealer in human hair, and walked about the country to different fairs, buying and selling it. He also successfully applied his magic hair-dye, and reaped some considerable sum by it. This money he neither spent in riotous living nor in muddling his brains with drink, but being of a mechanical turn of mind he spent his spare time in making models of machines, and in endeavouring to discover 'perpetual motion' he reduced himself and family to great poverty. This so exasperated his wife that, in a fit of anger, she burned all his models; he in his turn separated from her. In travelling about the country after this, he met with a clockmaker named Kay, who assisted him in some of his perpetual-motion models, and from him it is supposed he first got an idea of spinning by rollers. I have no time to give you all the particulars of Arkwright's works or manner of working. You can read all about that in the 'Self-Help' of Mr. Smiles, who says that 'Arkwright was the founder in England of the modern factory system, which has proved a source of immense wealth to individuals and to the nation.'

"There are many others besides Sir Richard Arkwright who have risen from the ranks. The late Sir Francis Chantrey was originally a stonemason, and, as a mason, he fixed a mantel-piece in the house of the banker, Samuel Rogers. Many years after this, when he was a celebrated man, he was dining with a large party in the banker's house, who all vied in doing him honour. On looking round the room he recognised his own handiwork, and when alone with his host told him of the circumstance.

"Joseph Brotherton, late member for Salford, was a weaver-boy in a cotton mill. Mr. Lindsay, the rich shipowner, was an orphan boy of fourteen, who, in a steamer, worked his way from Glasgow to Liverpool by trimming coals in the coalhole. At Liverpool he could get no work for seven weeks, and the four-and-sixpence he had brought with him from Glasgow kept him for that time, he sleeping only in sheds. He then entered a West Indiaman as a boy, and, before he was nineteen, he had risen to the command of an Indiaman. At twenty-three he had retired from the sea, and rapidly acquired prosperity by close industry, frugality, and temperance, and always making the law of doing as he would be done by the rule of his life.

"Now, Tim, you see in Mr. Lindsay's life 'In the Way it was Done.'"

(To be continued.)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

JEANNETTE.—*Pourquoi ça ?*
Jeannette. — Why that ?

ENGLISH.—What is that for ?

LOUISE. — *Nous commençons ; tais-toi,*
Louise. — We begin ; be silent,
bavarde !
babbler !

JEANNETTE.—*Bavarde, encore une chose...*
Jeannette. — Babbler, again one thing...
(Le bruit du piano l'étourdit.) Ah ! j'ai
(The noise of the piano her stuns.) Ah ! I have
cru entendre le tonnerre !
believed to hear the thunder !

ENGLISH.—Ah ! I thought I heard thunder !

ALICE ET LOUISE (*ensemble*).—*Chut !*
Alice and Louise (together).— Hush !
(Exécution d'un brillant morceau à
(Execution of a brilliant piece with
quatre mains.)
four hands.)

ALICE ET LOUISE (*s'arrêtant*).—*Eh bien !*
Alice and Louise (stopping). — Well !
Jeannette ?
Jeannette !

ALICE.—*Comment trouves-tu cela ?*
Alice. — How find thou that ?

ENGLISH.—How do you like that ?

JEANNETTE (*transportée*).—*Ah ! mamzelle*
Jeannette (delighted).— Ah ! miss
... C'est-à-dire... Voyez-vous... Non
... It is to say ... See you ... No
mais là, j'en suis encore... Si j'avais su,
but there, I of it am again... If I had known,
avant de venir... Mais je pouvais pas savoir.
before to come... But I could not know.

LOUISE. — *Si tu avais su, qu'-*
Louise. — If thou hadst known, what
aurais-tu fait ?
shouldst have thou done ?

ENGLISH.—If you had known, what should you have done ?

JEANNETTE.—*Ce que j'aurais fait ?*
Jeannette.— That which I should have done ?
J'aurais apporté Jacquot, mon petit
I should have brought Jacquot, my little
frère.
brother.

ALICE.—*Celui qui est encore en nourrice ?*
Alice. — He who is still at nurse ?

JEANNETTE.—*Et qui pleure toujours, c'est*
Jeannette. — And who crys always, it is
ça qui l'aurait consolé tout de suite
that which him should have consoled at once
lui qui adore le tapage. On a donné
he who adores the racket. They have given
l'autre jour un charivari à des nouveaux
the other day a paltry music to some new
mariés. Il s'est amusé !
married people. He himself is amused !

ALICE (*scandalisée*).—*Charivari ! tapage.*
Alice (offended). —Paltry music ! racket.

LOUISE.—*Voilà ce qui s'appelle montrer*
Louise. — Behold that which itself calls to show
de fameuse dispositions musicales !...
of famous dispositions musical ! ...

ENGLISH.—There, that is what we call showing a musical genius !...

Enfin, voyons, ce que tu viens d'entendre
In fine, let us see, that which thou comest to hear
t-at-il paru superbe ?
it has it appeared superb ?

ENGLISH.—At least what you just heard appeared superb to you ?

JEANNETTE.—*Oh ! oui, bien plus que la*
Jeannette. — Oh ! yes, much more than the
musette au père Antoine et même que le
bag-pipe to the father Antoine and even than the
serpent de la paroisse.
serpent of the parish.

LOUISE.—*Eh bien, Jeannette, il faut que*
Louise. — Well, Jeannette, it must that
tu arrives à en faire autant.
thou arrives to of it do as much.

ENGLISH.—Well, Jeannette, you must succeed in doing as much.

JEANNETTE.—*Vous voulez rire ! Moi,*
Jeannette. — You wish to laugh ! I,
tapoter comme ça des centaines de fois dans
to tap like that some hundreds of times in
une minute ? Jamais ! au grand jamais !
a minute ? Never ! to the great never !

ENGLISH.—Never ! never !

ALICE.—*Tout de suite, non, sans doute ;*
Alice. — At once, no, without doubt ;
mais avec du travail on arrive. (1)
but with some labour they succeed.

LOUISE.— *Essaie ; ce n'est pas plus*
Louise. — Try ; it not is not more
malin (2) *qu'autre chose. Familiarisons-nous*
hurtful than other things. Familiarise us
d'abord avec les notes.
at first with the notes.

JEANNETTE.—*Les notes ! ous qu'elles sont.*
Jeannette. — The notes ! ous that they are.

LOUISE.—*Voilà qui les indique.*
Louisa.—There is what them indicates.

JEANNETTE.— *Ces petit ronds blancs et*
Jeannette. — Those little rounds white and
noirs ?
black ?

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(1) Arrive, come, come to pass, happen, befall, fall out, chance.
(2) Mischievous, unlucky, bad.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

CROWNED.

"I ENVY you," a lovely girl declared,
To one the world counts famous.

She replied,
"How exquisite the flowers are at my feet!
Their odorous beauty draws my eyes close down,
So close, that I can count their petals, mark
Minutest details of their structure, dear,
And tell you if irregularity
Of parts they manifest; we cannot pass
The flowers unnoticed, their sweet breath alone,
Without the cogency of brilliant hues,
Would make us stoop unto the blooming sward.
Now look on yonder oak; its gnarled trunk
Has stood the storms of half a century;
For years its branches will bear foliage,
To shade you from the summer's burning heat,
And give the world a noble spectacle,
Whilst round its trunk shall cling the parasite.
Which would you choose, a blooming flower to be,
If you might have your choice, or lofty tree?"

"The oak leaves," said the girl, "are so far off,
You cannot touch them; think you I should like
To live so out of reach of loving hands?
I'd choose to be a flower, a splendid rose,
That some one should desire to pluck, and wear
Upon his breast, until the leaves should fall."

"And though you envy me, my lovely child,
These things are symbols of your life and mine:
Be thou assured, the artist's laurel crown
Is seldom worn on happy girlish brows;
It is my fame you envy, dear, not me,
Your eyes have wonder in them; 'how,' they ask,
'Can any separate his fame and life?'
Had I as lightly happy been as you,
There could have been no room for envying;
The fame which glitters so, is often bought
By loss of tenderness, of hope, and love.
Sorrow makes many artists, sets a crown,
A badge I'd rather say, men call a crown,
On heavy brows which ache beneath its weight.
Then envy, dear, the crown of fame no more,
Roses, not oaks, will yield you love's sweet store."

HARRIETTE SMITH.

THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY.

"I HEARD the steeples pouring forth
Their storm-bells' roaring din;
And the songs of merry companies
As they sate so snug within;
The measured tread of armies proud,
The dash of the restless sea!
'And it's *buzz!*' quoth the world,
As on she whirled,
And away with the world went we!

"I heard a martyr at the stake
Groan out, '*in Domino!*'
I heard five infants squall at night,
While cats yelled out below.
I heard a preacher pounding texts,
To a godly companie;
'And it's *buzz!*' quoth the world,
As on she whirled,
And away with the world went we!

"I heard a dainty cavalier
Sing to his ladye-love;
While fountains in the moon-ray plashed,
And the lady sighed above.
And I heard the click of the cold white dice,
With curses pealing free;
'And it's *buzz!*' quoth the world,
As on she whirled,
And away with the world went we!

"Yes; music, thunder, growls and groans,
With shouts and shots in store,
While powder-mills exploded fast—
But I could stand no more!
I stopped my ears, I howled a prayer,
And swooned in agony:
'And it's *buzz!*' quoth the world,
As on she whirled,
And away with the world went we!"

ANON.

THE SPIDER'S WORK.

BY study, by art, by rule,
The wheel of the workman is made;
But the spider needs no tool,
And he never learneth his trade.
No human model he takes
Of iron, or of wood, or of steel—
No plan, no measure he makes;
Yet how perfect his filmy wheel!
His lines, his circles, his curves,
So regular, yet so involved!
A method that never swerves,
And a knowledge that none have solved.

Long practised and early taught,
Until habit and skill combine,
The lace-maker's work is wrought
After pattern and fair design.
But the spider copies none,
As on bushes and shrubs he traces
All silver white in the sun,
His wonderful gossamer laces.
No pillow or loom needs he
For the delicate web he weaves,
Spread out to the breezes free,
Like a veil on the trembling leaves.

Long effort science requires
Ere its cleverest sons are able
To perfect electric wires,
Or to lay a telegraph cable.
But the spider wins his goal
With an instinct swift and fine,
As from garden pole to pole
He stretches his plastic line.
Can the human biped cope
With the marvellous little elf,
That skilfully spins his rope,
And then walks along it himself?

Man, working by second causes,
Looks only on natural laws;
'Tis well when he sometimes pauses
To remember the Great First Cause.
The wisdom that man attains,
For which mortals must pore and plod,
The insect untutored gains;
But alike 'tis the gift of God.

ROCK.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

SULPHUR AS A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—We copy the following from an American paper:—"Should you or any of your family be attacked with diphtheria, do not be alarmed, as it is easily and speedily cured without a doctor. When it was raging in England a few years ago I accompanied Dr. Fields on his rounds to witness the so-called "wonderful cure" he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid must be simple. All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient, without exception. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglass of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the patient's throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone upon it at a time. Let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation. The patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with doors and windows shut. The mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, &c., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

M. E. S. (Tunbridge).—Broad beans should be boiled in *plenty* of fast-boiling water with salt. About twenty minutes are sufficient for young beans. Use no soda. When done drain them and pour over parsley and butter sauce. These are excellent eating when hot, also when cold, accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter. (2.) Don't cut the lettuce, but strip off the green leaves; have two large pans of water, one cold and the other tolerably warm. Wash the lettuce in the hot water by pulling it abroad, without breaking it, for half a minute, then shake it from the hot water and plunge it into the cold water. This process, both in warm and cold water, takes barely a minute, and every insect falls out at once, no matter how numerous they may be. To make the lettuce still more crisp, throw off the cold water and add more cold water. Before touching the lettuce the hot and cold water must be ready for use.

Mrs. R.—Celery for sauce should be washed in the same way as the lettuce (see previous instructions), be cut up in pieces an inch long, thrown into fast-boiling milk and water with salt in it, and be boiled for twenty minutes. Then mix in a basin a piled tea-spoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and beat up an ounce of butter with it. Then *set it* in the manner of making starch, with the boiling milk and water in which the celery is boiled, till it is of the consistency of cream, then strain the celery and mix it in. It should be white and tender.

Emmeline.—Cut off the strings on each side of the French beans and slice them thinly, put them into plenty of fast-boiling water with salt and boil for six minutes. Strain them, press out the water, put in an ounce of butter in a vegetable dish, put in the beans, stir them into the butter, and serve hot. (2) *Stewed Pears.* Good eating pears are not suitable for cooking. Put the pears whole in a deep pie-dish, cover them down with another pie-dish, and bake them from two to four hours according to the size and hardness of the fruit. Or peel and cut each pear in half, splitting the stem. Have ready in a new tin saucepan sufficient *boiling* syrup, made of six ounces of loaf-sugar to half a pint of water. Put in the pears and boil them slowly for two hours; when the water is *cold* before adding the sugar to boil, put in a few cloves and some minced lemon-peel.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE WOMAN'S GAZETTE; OR, NEWS ABOUT WORK (2d.). (Published by Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly, London.)—Offers information upon the following subjects:—Hospitals; Homes for Convalescents and Incurables; Homes of Rest; Educational Establishments; Educational Associations; Associations for generally promoting the Interests of Women; charities and endowments for the benefit of special classes; and a list of newspapers and periodicals of special interest to them.—A more useful gazette for women who want work, or for those who are poor and suffering from illness, or for families who wish to obtain information respecting schools and colleges, has never before been issued, and is heartily to be recommended.

FRIENDLY LEAVES (1d.).—The only magazine for working girls. Edited by E. M. TOWNSEND. (Published by Messrs. Hatchards.)—The stories are well written and with a purpose. One great point is, they are not above girls' comprehensions. There is a registry page connected with the magazine, and in this are advertisements from ladies who wish to place out several young girls belonging to different provincial schools.

WE are truly pleased to introduce to notice these penny and twopenny monthly serials that must be beneficial to those who need some information about Work, and where to find it.

THE KNITTING AND CROCHET BOOKS are noticed in Needlework Department.

THE SEA-BATHING GUIDE (1d.). By WILLIAM ABBOTTS, M.D. (London: Beaumont & Co., 1, Cecil Street, Strand.)—This admirable little work gives practical advice upon judicious sea-bathing, its results and dangers. Also remarks respecting deafness occasioned by incautious bathing, for which Mr. Abbott proffers a remedy. In addition, every sea-bathing place in England and Wales has a paragraph devoted to its health-restoring capabilities. Accompanying many of these notices are engravings of the places, all of them looking remarkably attractive. To those who contemplate a holiday by the sea this book will be invaluable as a guide in their selection, and for any time will be useful.

THE FLORAL WORLD AND GARDEN GUIDE (6d.) (London: Groombridge & Sons) is, as we have often said, a very trustworthy adviser. The number for June has a splendidly coloured plate. That for July is enriched with a beautifully coloured illustration of the leaves of zonal pelargoniums, which we were surprised to learn from the *Gardener's Magazine* are insect-eating plants. Mr. Darwin, at page 18 of his "Insectivorous Plants," says, in respect of drosera, "Considering the nature of the soil where it grows, the supply of nitrogen would be extremely limited, or quite deficient, unless the plant had the power of obtaining this important element from captured insects." "That the 'carnivorous property' is sometimes superfluous is likely enough, but we must study the zonal pelargonium in its native wilderness to understand its appetite for a meat tea. In common with the drosera, its habitat is a sterile land."

The "Propagation of Roses by Budding" is a valuable paper given in *The Floral World*. And as this is quite a ladies' work, they may be glad to know how it is done. The article on "Window Gardening" is continued, and illustrations given of some fitting plants. There is also a paper on "Artificial Flowers in Wax."

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE (1s.), edited by EMILY FAITHFULL, is practical and amusing.

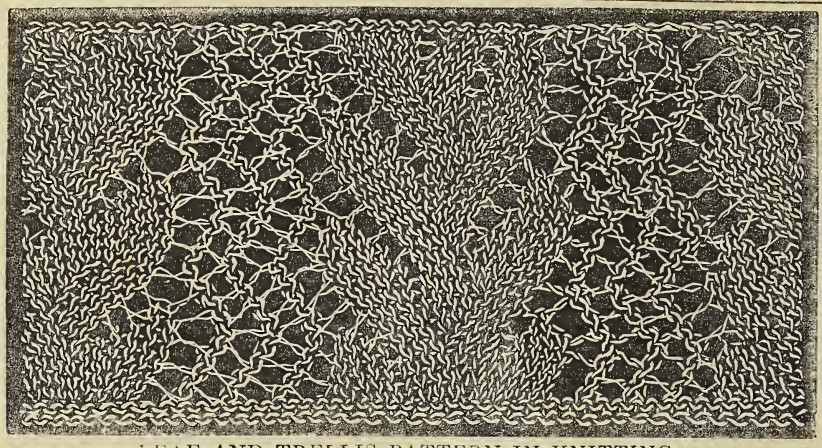
THE GARDENER'S MAGAZINE. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S. (London; Allen & Co., Stationers' Hall Court.)—Not a part of this magazine is ever issued but its contents are full of practical and valuable information upon a variety of subjects. In the part for June, published July 1st, there are instructions how to form and stock a "Little Garden." "That is to say, no elaborate outlay, no gardener, no glass; nothing but the ground, a few packets of seeds, two or three tools, perhaps a cold frame, and beyond all, and above all, the owner's loving care."

A note upon "Water-cresses in fifteen days" is worth attention, as the source of the directions is reliable, and growing tender cresses are at all times desirable. "With the Jury at Amsterdam" is an excellent paper and amusing, treating of the International Exhibition held there. Several cuts illustrate the descriptions. There is the rustic bridge connecting the Amsterdam Crystal Palace with the Great Garden. A hyacinth glass containing two spikes of flowers placed root to root, so that one spike grows downwards, the other in the usual way. "A stork's nest." "The pretty greengrocer of Amsterdam." "The Palace of Prince Henry of the Netherlands." "The Village of Bröek, and the Curiosity-shop of Bröek." The gigantic number is full of interesting matter, and among one of the selected subjects is a very charming poem by George Herrick.

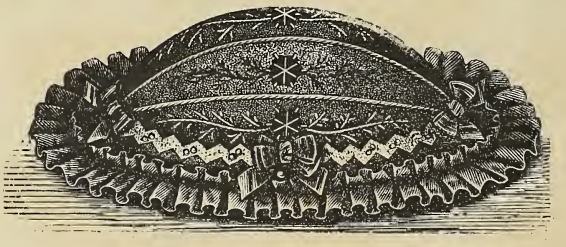
STORIES FOR OUR GIRLS. (London: Hatchards & Co.)—A collection of stories exquisitely told. A most acceptable gift-book for young maidens in service, or out of it. The book is worthy of all success.

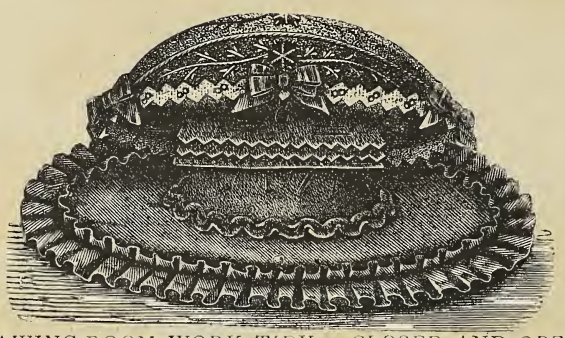
MEMOIR OF P. P. BLISS. (London: E. F. Longley, Warwick Lane.)—This is partially a reprint of an American edition, containing a biography of this much respected man and hymn-writer. Those who were interested in Messrs. Moody and Sankey's gatherings will find much to interest them in this work. Mr. Bliss was the author of "Hold the Fort," "Down Life's Dark Vale," and other well-known hymns. The profits of the book, which is well-printed and well bound, will be devoted to form a fund for the relief of those immediate relations who were dependent on Mr. Bliss. The penny contributions from the Sabbath schools amount to £2500, and by this sum his children are benefited. Mr. Longley will receive all subscriptions, which will be acknowledged in *The Christian World*.

LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY PANORAMIC GUIDE. Edited by R. KEMP PHELP. (London: Bemrose & Sons, and Irongate, Derby.)—What has been done for the Midland Counties and South-Western Lines in the way of illustrative descriptions of the different towns and villages on the route, interspersed with notes of antiquities and other interesting matters, has been worthily performed by the editor on this line of railway. The Guide is invaluable as a guide, and is both informing and amusing.

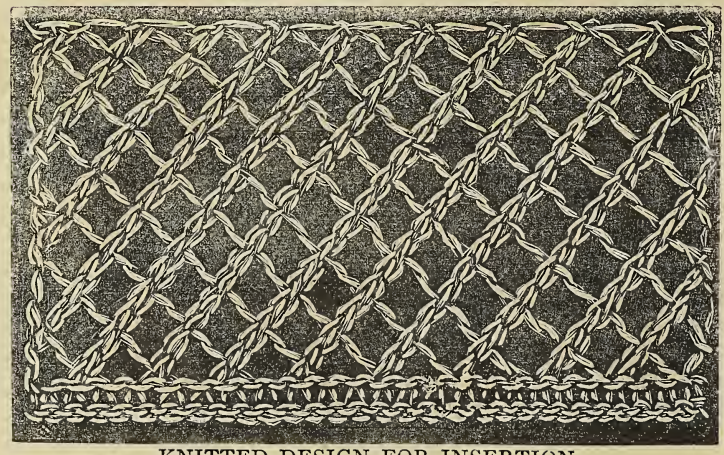


LEAF AND TRELLIS PATTERN IN KNITTING.

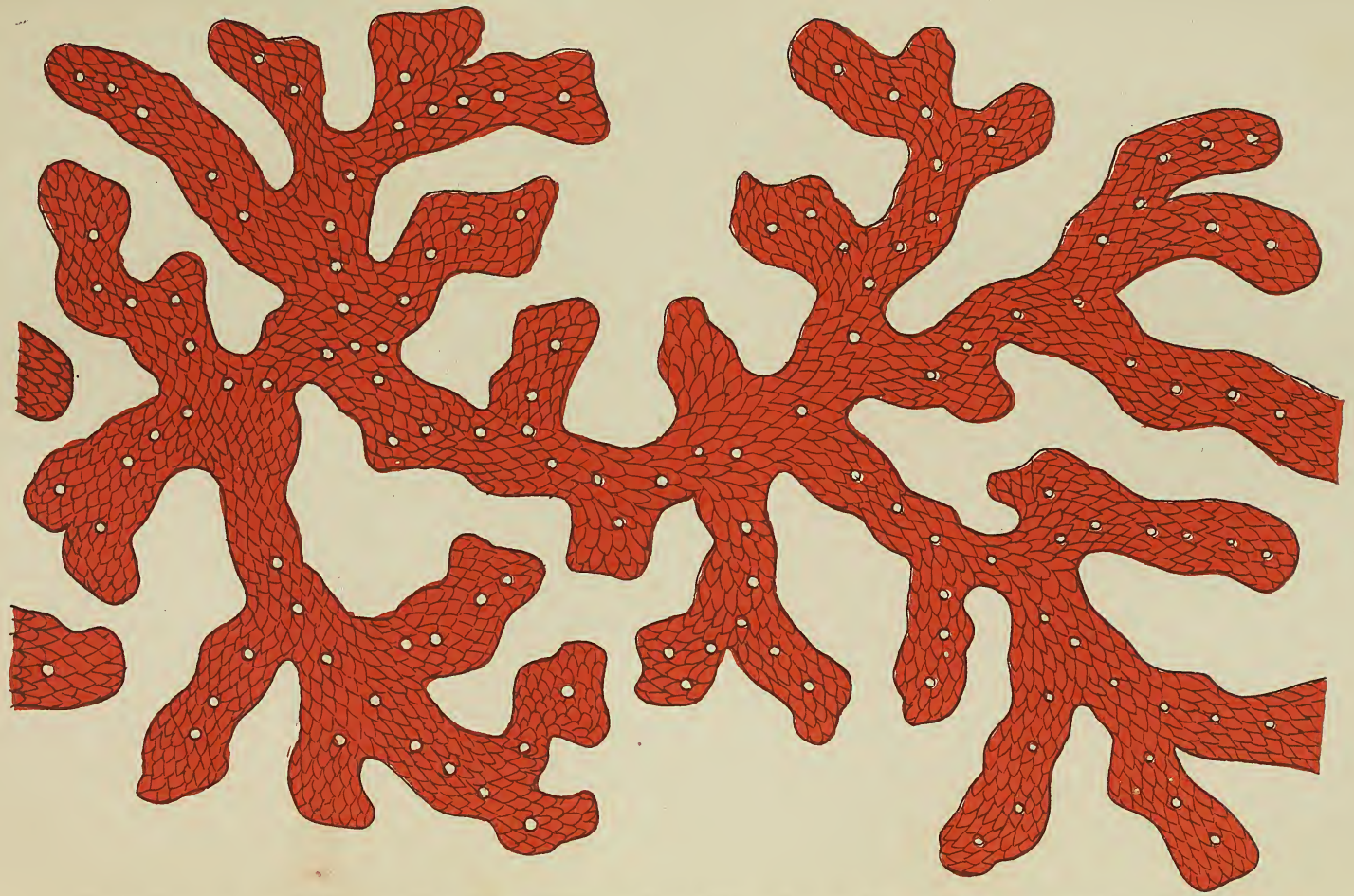




DRAWING-ROOM WORK TIDY — CLOSED AND OPEN.



KNITTED DESIGN FOR INSERTION.



DESIGN IN CORAL PATTERN FOR BORDERS OF TEA TABLE COVERS, &c.

Ladies' Treasury, August, 1877.



HOME COSTUME FOR LADY, AND CHILD OF FOUR YEARS OLD.

The costume is composed of black silk and cashmere ; the skirt of black silk, with two kilted flounces at the back, one only in the front, and above there is a cross-cut flounce, also of silk. The polonaise is of cashmere, trimmed with embroidered galon. The apron is simulated by the latter. The polonaise is buttoned down the front. The hair is arranged loose—a band of ribbon confines it in the back.

CHILD'S DRESS of blue merino or cashmere, piped with black silk. It crosses in the front, and opens at the back with buttons and button-holes (those in the front are simulated). A pleated flounce at the back, and above this broad bows-and-ends of ribbon. The frill round the hem and at the neck is of fine pleated muslin, the edges overcast in tiny pointed scallops.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 2d.; of child's frock, 1s, 7d.

NEEDLEWORK.

Leaf and Trellis Pattern for Curtains or Tidies.

Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton No. 6, Pins No. 12.

Cotton 14, needles 17. For very fine and open work cotton 20, needles 16.

Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by 19, and 2 for each edge.

1st and 2nd rows.—Plain.

3rd.—K 2 (edge stitches), * K 4, K 2 together, K 2; cotton forward, and K 2 together three times; cotton forward; K 1; cotton forward, K 2, K 2 together; repeat from * 2 edge; knit.

4th.—K 2, pearl the rest all but 2 edge stitches.

5th.—K 2, K 3, K 2 together, K 2; cotton forward and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 3; cotton forward, K 2 *, K 2 together, K 2, K 2 together, K 2; cotton forward and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 3; cotton forward, K 2; repeat from *; end with K 2 together, K 2.

6th.—Pearled, except edge stitches which are knit.

7th.—K 2 *, K 2 together twice, K 2; cotton forward and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 5; cotton forward, K 2, repeat from * K 2.

8th.—Pearled except edge.

9th.—K 2 *, K 2 together, K 2; cotton forward, K 1; cotton forward and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 2, K 2 together, K 4; repeat from *, K 2.

10th.—Pearled except edge.

11th.—K 2, K 2 together, K 1; cotton forward, K 3; cotton forward and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 2, K 2 together, K 2, K 2 together, * K 2; cotton forward, K 3; cotton forward, and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 2, K 2 together, K 2, K 2 together; repeat from *, but end with K 3 (instead of K 2 and K 2 together), K 2.

12th.—Pearled except edge.

13th.—Knit 2, * K 2; cotton forward, K 5; cotton forward and K 2 together three times; cotton forward, K 2, K 2 together, twice repeat from *, K 2.

14th.—Pearled except edge.

Repeat, beginning at 3rd row.

Grandmamma.

Drawing-room Work-Tidy, Closed and Open.

Materials: An oval piece of mill-board covered with drab satin; a cushion flat on one side made with cardboard, pieces of flannel to stuff it with; a bit of thin muslin to cover it, and a piece of drab satin over that. Some pieces of fine flannel for needles; the flannel cut at the edges as in engraving. The cover is made of three melon-shaped pieces of cardboard, covered with satin, first embroidered, then laid on the cardboard, the edges turned neatly over, and then lined with rose-coloured silk; the pieces are then sewed together neatly. The cushion is attached to the oval with glue, and a piece of cerise ribbon, waved with needle and silk, conceals the place where it is glued. A pleated cerise ribbon is placed round the oval. The cover is finished with a vandyked ribbon and tiny pearl buttons as ornaments. It is tied to the oval with small bows and ends of ribbon. Two of these are placed as ornaments, one at each end of the cover, which fastens down in front with loop and button, concealed by bows and ends of ribbon.

Leaf Edging.

Cast on 10 stitches.

1st row.—Knit 2, make 1, K 2 together, K * 1; cotton twice round needle; knit 2 together; cotton twice round needle, knit 2 together, K 1.

2nd.—K 3, pearl 1, K 2, p 1, K all but 3, make 1, K 2 together, K 1.

3rd.—Same as 1st until *, when K 3 instead of 1; continue as 1st row.

4th.—Same as 2nd row.

5th.—Same as 1st until *, when K 5 instead of 1; continue as 1st row.

6th.—Same as 2nd.

7th.—Same as 1st until *, when K 7 instead of 1; continue as 1st row.

8th.—Same as 2nd.

9th.—K 2, make 1, K 2 together, K rest plain.

10th.—Cast off all but 9, then K 6, make 1, K 2 together, K 1.

Grandmamma.

Useful Pattern for Tidies, etc.

Cast on even number of stitches.

1st row.—Make 1, knit 2 together.

2nd.—Plain knitting.

3rd.—Knit one *, make 1, knit 2 together; repeat from *; knit last stitch.

4th.—Plain knitting; begin at 1st.

BORDER IN CREWEL WORK, on crash or drab Turkish towelling, or Japanese cloth, for cover of a small round table. To trace the pattern on a square cloth it is well to trace the outline on white tissue paper. Tack the latter on to the material, run over the outline loosely with red cotton, and tear the paper away; or trace the outline on tracing cloth, rub the back of the latter with red chalk, then pin the tracing on to the material and go over it with a blunt pencil, or other blunt instrument. Two shades of crewel are necessary, one a bright cerise, the other a shade darker, to be used on one edge of the pattern. It can be worked on the hand. The white spots represent the cells of the polypus, to be worked in white twist or coarse silk as a Chinese knot.

NEW NEEDLEWORK, extremely pretty for useful doileys. Those who have any grotesque subjects by them may utilise them in the following way:—Having drawn the outline on the damask—this is to be worked in fine black silk (machine silk), and in stem stitch — the background is filled in with thick dotting stitch of white embroidery cotton; Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 8 is excellent for this purpose. The figures therefore are plain and as if sunk; and this needle etching may be done in black silk or Messrs. Walter Evans' ingrain marking cotton.

REPLIES AND QUERIES RESPECTING NEEDLEWORK.

L. B. (Edmonton).—Would you kindly lend the Crochet Table Cover, which shall be returned without injury? Thanks for allusion to "Timethrift." Twenty-five years is a long time to refer back to, and have pattern and book both in remembrance.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We shall give a new design for the Anglo-Japanese work in an early number.

Would WHITE ROSE kindly oblige the editor by sending a knitted pattern of the Butterfly design?

NEEDLEWORK BOOKS.

The following have been sent to us by Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly, London, who are the publishers:—*The Knitting Teacher's Assistant* (6d.), by E. M. C., which teaches in a simple way how to knit socks and stockings. We observe, however, that the size of the needles is omitted, large needles only mentioned.

The *Teacher's Assistant in Needlework*, where all the arts of hemming, felling, whipping, and placing work are described. Also instructions how to darn stockings, take up dropped stitches, mend cracks in stockings, and thicken the heels (6d.).

The *Lady's Crochet Book* (1s.) comprises instructions for different stitches in crochet (which are not in all instances illustrated), and also for all useful articles as hoods, petticoats, and purses, pen-wipers, &c. These books will be found useful in schools and to private families.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227*) to* Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



MORNING COSTUME.

Robe of pale lilac or grey cambric. It opens on the side that the trimming is the narrowest, but only to halfway down the skirt, which is otherwise quite plain. The trimming is of Smyrna lace; the outline of the pattern run with white or coloured filoselle, the colour of the dress. The buttons are of white silk. At the back the fullness is caught together under loops and ends of white ribbon. The hair tied at the back with ribbon to match the dress.

Plain paper pattern of costume, 3s. 2d.



THE ASCOT COAT.

Coat of cashmere, trimmed in front with a kilted pleating of black silk. It meets in the centre in the front, but overlaps on the left side. Down each side of the front is a quilting of thick and coarse black lace insertion, and this is jetted with small beads the colour of the dress. The same lace is placed on the sleeves, somewhat wide at the wrist, also across the back, each end finished by a passementerie of beads and tassels. Bonnet of fancy straw, golden brown, trimmed with shaded bronze-coloured feathers, bronze ribbon, and different shades of bronze foliage. The ribbon bows fastened with a buckle, studded with beads similar in colour to those on the lace.

Paper pattern of coat, 2s. 1d.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

BEFORE alluding to our travelling dresses, I will close the season's gossip by a running account of the general type of the dresses seen at the last public meetings in Paris, such as the Grand-Prix and the Review, both of which are now very old, as these fast times go. But as they will more or less furnish us with models for the next few months, at the least, we must refer to them, as a certain guide for our autumn toilettes. The only difference between these Midsummer dresses and our approaching autumn costumes will be in their colours, nothing more. At present, white and the very strongest of blues, pinks, greys, yellows, écrus, and lilacs are worn. At the late Grand-Prix white and blue shared the honours of the day. Madame de MacMahon, even—a lady who has passed the meridian of her life—has adopted the lightest of shades for her out-door toilettes this year. Ecru and cream, especially, seem to have become her favourites. No lady, therefore, need now hesitate about wearing light shades which she had thought the sole privilege of the young. Ladies of all ages may wear the same colours and the same materials as the young. The difference between age and youth depends on the make and the amount of trimming on the dress. Thus it is we see the most buxom of matrons attired in white cashmere, blue cashmere, pink cashmere, and dainty cambrics and muslins. And why not? Why should not the mother of a girl of eighteen still seek to please the eye of her daughter's father, just as the daughter seeks to please an unknown eye in a crowd? We thank, therefore, Madame de MacMahon, who, as leader of the Bienséances of fashion, shows us the way to dress coquettishly at every age without encroaching even by an inch on decorum or etiquette. It is then understood every lady may now wear white or light-coloured dresses. Our walks and homes are no longer to be filled with mourning hues. We are to look young, bright, and happy in youth's bright, gladdening hues. *Tant mieux.*

Velvet skirts and sleeves, embroidered silk skirts and sleeves, have again appeared. The tunics worn over these are of embroidered or plain crêpe-de-Chine. These are truly beautiful in whatever colour they are made. Those in white or black are the loveliest of all. Make is almost everything in a dress, and as cambrics are the fashion everyone may be fashionably dressed if she will. Some dressmakers are endeavouring to bring in a very ugly-flowered chintz with huge yellow palms on it, and this is so hideous and so terribly unbecoming that I fear it will be adopted by ladies who imagine that to look *comme-il-faut* they must be unbecomingly dressed.

The Louis XV. coat may now be made of linen or cambric, and be worn instead of the ordinary tunic over a silk skirt of the same colour, or black. In each case a large bow, forming a sash, and of the same material as the coat, is placed on the left side of the waist.

We are, I think, coming back to waistbands and sashes. I have seen several lately.

Scarfs are quite accepted by the ladies. As a rule, however, the gentlemen do not like this fashion. They prefer the close-fitting jacket. The present scarf, however, is not more than half a yard in width, and it is worn high on the shoulders, so as not to conceal the waist. It is generally tied in front, and is fastened to the dress by a bow of ribbon or a flower. But each lady wears her scarf in a different manner. If she has to take a gentleman's arm, she must let the scarf fall loosely. If she walk alone, she may study her taste and that is all.

Mittens are now beginning to show themselves in the street. They are made of white, black, or écru net, or lace. They are also worn in cotton and thread like the costumes. They should be quite plain now.

In Lingerie I have to notice to you that collars are large, square, and flat, and fall over the dress instead of standing up; whilst the cuffs are equally large, some square and flat, and are turned over the sleeves, instead of falling over the hand—that is, when the sleeve is tight. When it is loose, or partially so, under-frills become necessary, and then, also, a frill must surround the neck. For there must be harmony as well as method in dress.

Nothing new in bonnets. Gipsies, large and small, are most in favour for the seaside. They are lined throughout, and a ribbon to match the lining is passed over the crown and brim, and is tied under the chin. A bunch of flowers is placed on the crown on one side.

Children wear Chinese hats. A few young girls also wear them. Toques, or round hats, are covered with gauze veils, some surrounding them like scarfs, others wrapping entirely over them, like a Creole's handkerchief. The scarf is the prettiest.

At the seaside, where everybody who can go manages it somehow, cambrics and ginghams, and the ever useful unbleached holland, are seen. Many of the cambrics are trimmed with handsome white embroidery, and are really stylish affairs, particularly suitable for quiet garden and croquet parties.

Dust-coloured and scarlet cloaks have appeared, and most useful they are, as in a moment they are put on and off. They are made of light *lainage*, that is light in texture and colour, and are not expensive. Some have a border of *galon* to match in colour the cloak; but the chief part are plain, the edge finished with a double or treble row of stitching, mostly in brown silk. There are fewer trained dresses seen at the seaside than elsewhere. Only for the evening promenade are they very visible. The oddest masquerade costumes possible are seen by the sea and at favourite bathing-places. The love of finery is inherent in the human mind, or women-folk would never indulge in such odd-looking bathing dresses, bound upon the figure like so many mummies; even the little children are thus rendered ridiculous-looking.

Another odd-looking fashion is the style of wearing a veil by most ladies of middle age, considered indispensable. At the seaside a veil is necessary; but how often is it seen drawn tightly over the face and nose, making the latter look like a very white point in the centre of a clouded face. Black lace shawls are much worn, and particularly over light dresses. Lace of all kinds is re-appearing. To wear real and expensive lace is no longer considered a mark of distinction, excepting to the initiated eye; but for the mass, lace must be had, even if it be an imitation of a more expensive kind. A very effective and remarkable-looking lace is made by running round the outline of the patterns of lace. It is done with coloured or white filoselle, to match or contrast with the tint of the dress. Cream-white filoselle washes well.

Glasgow Percales, of soft finish and without glaze, is the name given to the new cambrics, and mantelettes *à la bonne femme* to the fichus, or little mantles, which tie in the front, by lapping one end over the other. The drop-parasol, under the name of parasolette, is fashionable and certainly coquettish. A hinge is placed near the point, and thus the parasol drops just beneath the point, and so conceals the face at pleasure. Among the caprices of fashion I must mention embroidered stockings, which are plain across the instep, and embroidered on the "clocks;" but the work makes the ankles look thick.

As to colour, all miserable tints of drab, brown, black, enlivened only by white or *jilleul*, making their wearers look like the lichened boles of trees, are now discarded. All the hues of the rainbow in full splendour are the fashion, whether appearing in stripes or in ribbons, which in the shape of loops or bows and ends dominate all costumes. The ribbon weavers should be exultant. The beautiful clear blue, something bordering on pale ultramarine, and cerise in all its shades are mingled with grand effect. Scarlet and yellow, clove, carnation, and écru, yellow and black, pink and green, and even lace is embroidered with coloured beads—in fact, colour is triumphant.

It is difficult to describe to you the marvels of ingenuity in costumes displayed by the modistes. I must not omit to say that batiste material has always the trimming of Valenciennes, while lace Mirecourt, a much thinner fabric, is used for other materials.

Evening dresses and dinner costumes are cut very low in the back and front; but this is remedied by having a full pleating of tulle placed in the centre of the back and on the bust, so that this addition gives an exquisite modesty to the fashion.

Another word about colour. All napery, as the Scotch term it, is marked in the most vivid colours, and in all fanciful designs, in which the monograms are nearly hidden.

And now to tell you of something which is not fashion, but sadness. M. Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, has been struck with paralysis, and Madame Michelet is unable to reap benefit from her own and her husband's publications, because the latter neglected to secure the copyright to her. Madame brought an action against the publishers, which she has lost. Justice is on her side, but the law is against her—oh, those husbands! If a girl is said to be unfit for marriage till she is versed in domestic matters, how much more ought it to be compulsory for a man to know the law which governs his profession or trade?

M. DE B.



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF FIVE YEARS OLD.—Material, checked blue cambric, trimmed with Symrna lace. The flounce has a band of dark blue cambric first laid on, and then kilted; Scotch scarf crossing the front and back, and terminating on the left side, under bows and ends of plain cambric the colour of the ground of the cambric. The dress opens at and buttons halfway down the back. The scarf is permanently fastened in front and on the right shoulder, but not at all at the back. Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A GIRL'S (SEVEN OR EIGHT) BRETON COSTUME.—The material is white piqué, basket cloth of fine texture, or linen brilliantine,* or the dresses may be made of thin unbleached brown holland or Tusseh-fabric. The flounce and insertion is of Richelieu work. The ribbon of any bright colour. Instead of the work galons may be used, and a kilted flounce round the dresses. Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

(* Sold by Mr. Williamson, of 93, Edgeware Road, London, or at Leighton Buzzard.)



AMAZON COATEE.

This coat is made of myrtle-green silk damassé. It is cut long at the back and finished with long loops and ends of myrtle-green ribbon, in the manner of the ribbon on the simulated pocket, of plain silk, which widens at the extremity to the width of the coat, the folds being kept in place by a row of buttons. The front has the length of a cuirass bodice; it fastens with hooks and eyes, and down the front is a *jabot* of old lace; an upright frilling of the same round the neck. Instead of a *jabot*, a muslin scarf, with deep and broad antique lace ends, can be worn. Green felt hat; bronze coloured feathers.

Plain paper pattern of coatee, with trimming at the back, 2s. 1d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS SUPPLEMENT.

No. 1. MORNING COSTUME of grey striped lainage. Tunic and bodice. The petticoat of plain material, with headed kilted flounce, divided by a cross-cut band. Straw bonnet. Parasol of grey cambric, lined with pink silk. Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 3s. 2d.

2. CARRIAGE COSTUME of purple silk and bourrette. The polonaise, in Princesse form, is pleated in the front; a long train at the back; on one side it is open, and is laced, and caught with loops of ribbon; a band of bourrette on each side the opening, and a band of galon, the colours green and red mingled. Mantelette of bourrette, trimmed with fringe. Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.; of mantelette, 1s. 7d.

3. CARRIAGE DRESS of pale blue faille, the skirt trained, having a deep cross-cut flounce, headed by two puffings; in the front of the dress it is narrower. Tunic of pale dead beech-leaf-colour silk, with velvet brocade arabesques upon it. Cuirass bodice of the same, bound with blue; blue bow at the extremity of the point at the back. Blue sleeves. Blue silk hat, trimmed with tea roses and brown foliage. Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 3s. 7d.

4. MORNING HOME COSTUME of palest mauve or lilac silk, trimmed with lace, and puffed robings. It is buttoned down the front, and tied with bows of pink ribbon. The train is gathered at the back under broad loops of pink ribbon, and is very long. Lace cap, with pink bow. Plain paper pattern, 3s. 1d.

5. BRETON WALKING DRESS, of dark blue cambric. Cuirass bodice. Breton form, trimmed with three narrow rows of écru and blue braid and mother-of-pearl buttons. The train of the tunic, trimmed with a wide galon, écru and blue. The train has a deep flounce, narrower in the front. Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 3s. 2d.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS.

White is the prevailing fashion for young ladies. White muslin in puffs, divided by lace, or clear muslin insertion, in stripes lengthways; the robe itself in Princesse form. This muslin costume is always worn over some pale colour of cambric, and is trimmed with ribbons and loops of the same tint, or diversified, as pale blue loops over pink underskirt, or the reverse; pale green and pink, lilac and écru. Slender figures adopt the waistband, with long ends and buckle. Spotted muslins are made as polonaises, and trimmed with pleatings of plain muslin, edged with Valenciennes. India muslin dresses are made on the coloured linings, whether of silk or cambric, therefore cannot be detached, and the trimmings of these are of embroidery, mixed with pleatings of silk. The corsages of these are high in the back, open in front, in square form; a piece of lace upturned is worn round this, and falls on the neck und bust. The sleeves reach only to the elbow, are trimmed with a ruffle of lace and loops of ribbon. Black mittens reach halfway to the elbow. A bouquet is placed on the left side of the bust, and there is as much art in selecting the few blossoms that shall be in unison with the costume, and so add to its beauty, as is shown in selecting the trimming. For garden parties a black lace scarf drapes the shoulders, or it is of fine soft silk, doubled and edged with black lace; or it may be a narrow mantelette, which crosses in the front and ties at the back. The hats worn with these costumes are simply bunches of flowers, mingled with net, and becomingly disposed. The parasols and fans are also ornamented with flowers. Flowers everywhere. At the last Drawing-Room the trains were literally masses of flowers.

Polonaises in the Breton form still hold their own, the sequins and buttons of mother-of-pearl or metal with which they are trimmed are pretty—fantastic-looking at first, but, as the eye becomes accustomed to the singularity, one must approve. Polonaises have a square band across the bust, and down each side a row of buttons, disposed in three or five buttons, placed as close together as possible. The back is similar to the front. A necklace is worn ontside the upstanding collar, and gives great effect to the costume.

MATERIALS.—The unison of plain material with figured shows no sign of diminution. The various fabrics, bearing many

names, are principally stripes, and, whether thick, with open work between, or dotted or splashed, or woollen, as beige and all kinds of woollen goods known as *lainage*, or, if mixed with silk, all these have a plain material, which is used for skirts and trimmings. Silk of any colour is little to be seen. It is often used for pleatings, but a whole dress made of it looks old-fashioned.

Polonaises still continue in favour, and deservedly so. They are especially becoming to stout figures, who should avoid having much trimming, and they are equally so to slender people, who may have as many frillings and loopings as they like. The *tie-back* costumes are not now exaggerated by tieing too closely back, only sufficient to destroy any undue fullness, and to throw back the train, still so fashionable in the home and the promenade, but not for walking on dirty streets or dusty roads. In colours, there is a return to the most vivid tints, no longer faded shades, but fresh and vivid; and the union of two opposite colours is now generally seen, but they must be in unison, each tint enhancing, not killing, the brightness of its companions.

It is the fashion or the caprice of the moment to wear the hair in the Chinese style. The Chinese Ambassador's wife having set the fashion. The hair is combed up to the top of the head, and twisted in a knot in the front; it is arranged in very small flat curls, that require some skill to keep them in place, which is done by the aid of Italian hair-pins, made of wire of needle fineness. The fringe of hair cut across the forehead is again seen, but to all faces it gives a frowning look,

Half-mourning costumes, composed of satinette damassé and poplin, are embroidered in white silk, black China crêpe embroidered in white and grey chenelle. Black lace, embroidered with white filoselle, is much used. Black foulard is also worn, and is considered more mourning than faille.

Trimmings.

Galons, both manufactured and embroidered, appear more or less upon nearly all costumes. Pipings of different colours to the dress, and sometimes double pipings of two colours, are used. The effect is good in some instances, but ladies who are stout, and those not having good figures, should not venture on having the seams of their dresses piped in the back; elsewhere it is of no consequence. A bronze dress, piped with turquoise blue, is a pretty combination. Ecru is yet much worn, and is used with very contrasting colours. An écru foulard, embroidered in red and brown, or other tints, as blue foulard piped or embroidered with pink and evergreen, is sometimes mingled in.

Bonnets and hats have a manifold diversity: some are flat, others high, some with no brim, others with wide brims, some are turned up at the sides. They are made either of straw, Leghorn, or of silk. In fact, whatever is becoming may be worn in all fashions and styles that are popular. The very newest is of Leghorn, has a wide brim, is turned up at the side, and has a long white plume curling over in a way impossible to describe.

SPECIALITIES.

Mr. Walton, Chemist, of Haverstock Hill, London, has sent us his "Kaloderma," or skin-beautifier. It possesses all the valuable properties he claims for it. We have had it analysed, and certainly there was nothing of a poisonous nature in it—nothing in the least injurious, and it really whitens and softens the skin.

"Walton's Glucine," or diamond cement, is very useful for repairing glass, china, and ornaments of all descriptions. When the metal of a stud becomes loose or drops out, this glucine sets it very firmly, and is therefore a most useful household cement.

"The New Photo-Marking Ink" bids fair to rival any of the best makers. It is intensely black, and resists every kind of bleaching liquid used by laundresses. To find an immovable ink which will not burn the fabric has long been a desideratum; it is therefore to be recommended.

Messrs. W. Wright and Co. have brought to our notice their "Coal-Tar Soap," which removes all pimples and roughness of the skin, and at the same time purifies it and eliminates all impurities. Upon trial, we found it to be very pleasant to use, making the skin extremely soft. Instead of being a dark hue, it is a bright lemon-colour. Some friends express themselves highly pleased with the soap.



PROMENADE COSTUME.

Petticoat of grey mohair, having a cross-cut flounce with double heading. Tunic of grey mohair striped in various shades of red. The ends are looped in large loops; one square end falls on the petticoat; a large bow with ends of ribbon is fastened at the back. Bodice of plain grey mohair; sleeves striped. Black straw hat, trimmed with grey ribbon and pink roses.

Plain paper pattern of bodice and tunic, 3s. 7d.



HALF-MOURNING COSTUME.

Petticoat of black silk, with flounces and puffings of black grenadine. Polonaise of striped grey Chinese silk, trimmed with black lace arranged in "shells" (*coquillee*); in each shell (or *coquille*) is placed a bow and end of ribbon. The sleeves have puffed and pleated cuffs of black grenadine. The collar, also of grenadine. Black straw hat, gray feathers, of different tints, and gray ribbon.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 8d.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up :—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	0
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Tablier (unless another price is affixed to the engraving)	1	8
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size, measuring across the widest part of the back, under the arms, and across the widest part of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters on dressmaking requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on ; then the band with button-holes can be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

MISS K. (Over-Land).—The silk will dye a violet colour, but will always look dyed. Why not make it up with a violet cashmere, or French merino, which is cheaper? Perhaps there is enough silk to mix with two dresses—one violet, the other black.

SEMPSTRESS.—The patent hooks and eyes for fastening the fronts of polonaises are preferable to button-holes. The eyes must be sewed on the left-hand side, close to the edge of the polonaise. The hooks on the right hand are sewed quite an inch and half from the edge. Thus it overlaps the eye, and the latter is not seen. A row of buttons is put on the same side as the hooks, and as the Breton form of trimming is in fashion another row should be put on the opposite side. The Pompadour colours are mixed pink or coral and blue, both of clear but not too vivid tone.

MRS. R. M. (Clifton).—Some dresses are made with light silk fronts, and at the back a square train of cashmere of the same colour as the silk, and a scarf of the latter twisted with it. Cuirass bodices are adopted by thin figures, but only by those. The Princess form is more generally worn. The term means the bodice and skirt cut in one. It was formerly termed the Gabrielle.

MISS L. V. (Glasgow).—The plastron to a pink tulle dress may have small pink roses studded over it, or it may be striped or gathered, and small bows or jewels placed down the centre. Vests of embroidered marcella are worn with black silk polonaises. The vests are embroidered round the edge. The train should be about three-quarters of a yard on the ground. Sixty inches is, however, a good length from the waist, provided you are not above five feet two.

MISS ESTHER J. (Pensarn).—The newest scarf is high to the neck in the back, where it is quite plain, and has two long ends reaching to the hem of the dress in front. This is the latest invention of M. Worth, of Paris. The scarf is richly edged with good lace. It is not fastened in the front, but merely passes round the shoulders. It is adapted for elderly ladies, but is too singular-looking to be general. For bathing dresses you can have nothing better than gray flannel, bordered with white worsted or braid. Both should be shrunk before using. If you could get an old-fashioned camlet, made of goat's hair, nothing can be

better, as it does not hold the water so much as a woollen fabric. It should not be made tight to the figure, and a waterproof is better than anything else to put on when leaving the water.

ELEANOR L. (Darlington). — The gray cambric should have the rich Caroubier red, and should be piped with red. The polonaise looped at the side in a simple way, and conceal the looping with long ends and bows of red ribbons. Gray straw bonnet with poppies and oats as trimming.

AMY P. (Tunbridge Wells).—*Ecru* polonaise with black and red bows. Black velvet petticoat. Hat of coarse straw, with black velvet and deep red poppies. The white petticoat should not be more than two yards round.

IGNORAMUS (Devonport). — A *balayeuse* (the term given to the edging of lace or muslin which is put at the edge of the skirt of dresses) means a "sweeper." 2. Large collars and cuffs are seen among the ultra-fashionables in France. Your old crochet collars and cuffs may be made into a very pretty pelerine-collar. Pick the design to pieces, cut the shape of the collars in black washing cambric, and tack the portions of lace to this. Then sew them neatly, and unite them by bars. 3. The polonaise is very long at the back, drawn up somewhat at the sides, which are also slightly looped. The looping hidden by loops and ends of ribbon.

MELITA (Salisbury).—It is useless to contest the point with your friends who persist in keeping to sad-looking colours, with everything to match, or with barely any contrast. At the fashionable gathering at Hurlingham in July, and elsewhere, the combinations of colour were positively startling. One lady wore a robe of deep emerald green faille, with bows of broad ribbon down the front of orange-colour —the mandarin tint—green bonnet with oranges in it. Another in black and white striped dress, open in the front, and displaying an orange and black striped petticoat. One lady had a black satin trimmed with a peculiar blue tint, black lace bonnet, and forget-me-nots of various shades of blue. The Marquise de G—— wore an open dress of blue and green, with cascades of lace down the sides, and under this a dull bronze-green petticoat. Another lady had a canary-yellow silk, combined with trimming of blue velvet. And again another of cream-coloured damasse, piped with pink, and trimmed with pink bows. A white dress was looped with ribbons of coral colour and pale green. Another of cinnamon-coloured silk, with train of blue satin. All opposite-coloured tints that can be mingled compose the highest style of fashion as regards colour. Brown and pink, coral colour and green, blue and green, violet and mandarin, black and mandarin, blue and scarlet, blue and pink, are favourite combinations.

MADAME S. S.—At garden parties bonnets are worn more than hats. These are distinguished by strings of gauze. For young ladies the Mother Shipton hat high and with wide brim, and the gipsy, are the favourites; but indeed there is no particular fashion, as all shapes and forms of trimming are worn. At the garden party at Chiswick, given by the Duke of Devonshire, many of the bonnets had fruit as a trimming, principally grapes, currants, and cherries, both black and red, with blossom and foliage. One young lady wore a wreath of rosebuds round her throat. There too, the dresses were remarkable for the contrast of colour—prune and canary, prune and orange, and golden-bronze and blue. Embroidery and lace in profusion were worn. The broad Rubens collar, resembling those of Charles I. of England, was conspicuous.

At the second State Ball held, by command of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, on the 11th of July, the colours worn were subdued; white and silver, and white generally prevailed. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales wore a dress of silver tissue with scarves of tulle and crêpe; field poppies, wheat-ears, and blue cornflowers composed the trimming. Head-dress of the same flowers, diamond tiara, a necklace of pearls and diamonds, with pendant of sapphire. H.R.H. the Princess Christian wore a dress of dark silk trimmed with rich lace, and garlands of roses of various colours. Other ladies wore some remarkable dresses, notably a dress of pearl-white tulle, with garlands of strawberries with their leaves and blossoms; some of the strawberries looked meltingly ripe, others only half ripe. Cherries, plums, and oranges contested the palm with the loveliest flowers.

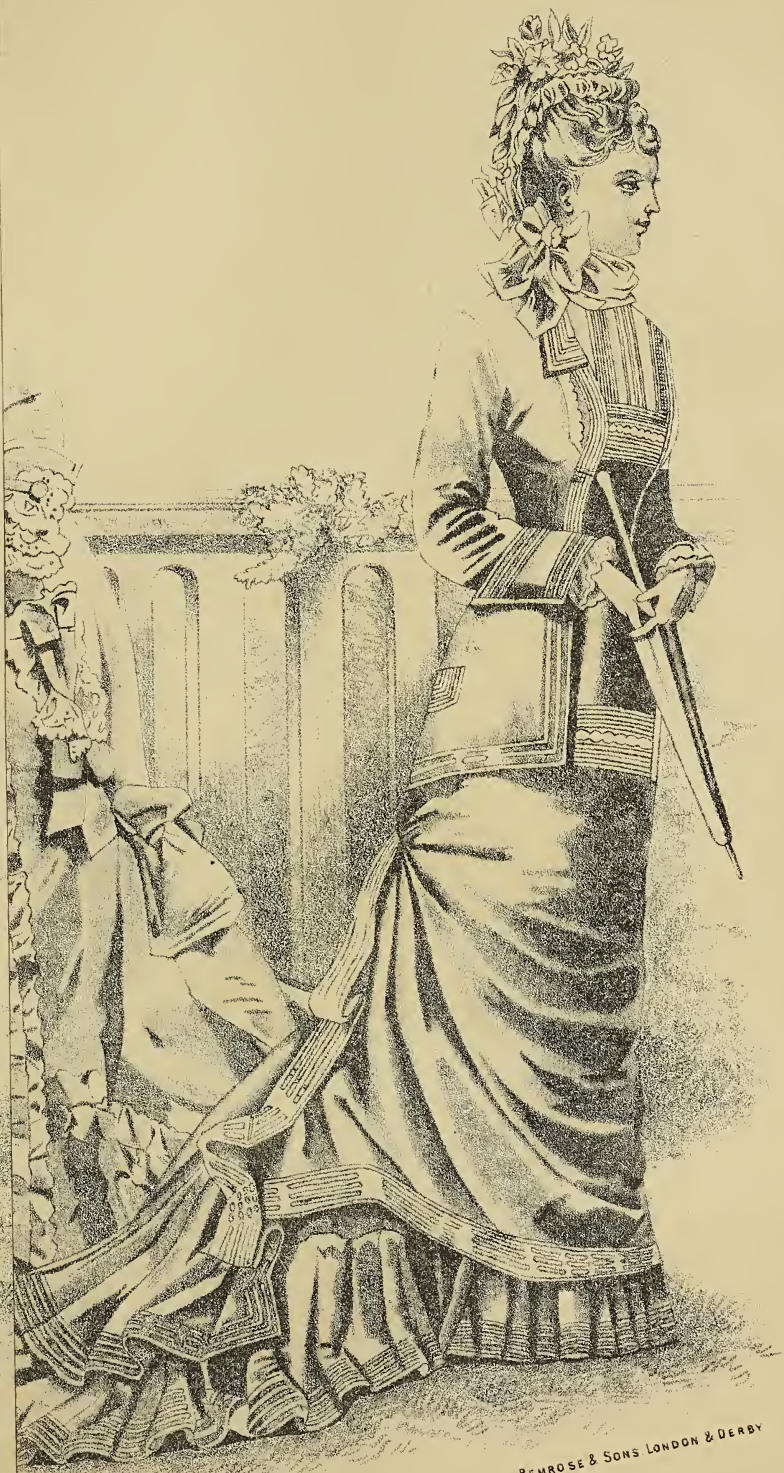
At the second State Concert at Buckingham Palace H.R.H. the Princess of Wales wore a pale blue robe of antique satin, brocaded with velvet arabesques, which opened over a white silk petticoat, profusely trimmed with lace and wreaths of roses.



FRINGED POLONAISE.

Material: striped barége and silk sleeves. Passementerie trimming and mohair fringe. The polonaise crosses from the waist to the side: this forms the opening to the dress. The front is drawn in folds under the back breadths, which are looped, and fall gracefully on the skirt. A wide galon passes round the figure, and supports a simulated pocket.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.



BEMROSE & SONS LONDON & DERBY

AUGUST, 1877.



THE LATEST FRENCH FASHIONS DESIGNED FOR LADIES' TREASURY, AUGUST, 1877.



PROMENADE COSTUME.

Promenade costume of black cashmere over a petticoat of black alpaca, having a kilted flounce of grenadine and a cross-cut flounce over that. The front is buttoned down the centre, drawn under the panier, which is long and looped. The trimming of jetted lace. Basque bodice, with long points in the front. The folds in the back are formed by the way in which the latter is cut.

Plain paper pattern of bodice and tunic, 3s. 7d.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

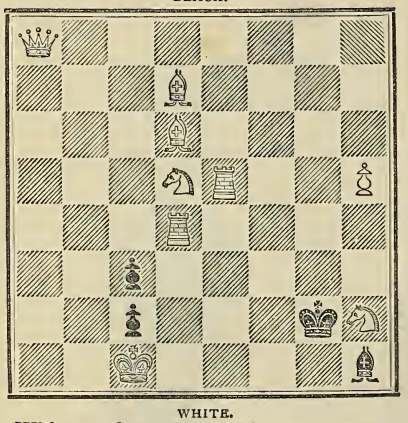
Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XIX.

By W. SHINKMAN.

The Prize Problem of the "*Lebanon Herald* Tourney."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XVIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7.	1. K takes either Kt or moves.
2. Q mates.	

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

1. A cistern has three pipes communicating with it, the first will fill it in three hours, the second in four hours, the third will empty it in six hours, when each acts alone; when will the cistern be filled when all those are put in operation together, the cistern being empty at beginning?

2. Twice the cube of a number = thrice the square of the same. Find it?

3. A snail creeps up a pole 13 feet high 3 feet during the day, but falls down 2 feet during the night, when will he reach the top?

4. I put £500 away at simple interest at one per cent. on July 29th, to receive the amount on October 10th, same year; what have I then?

5. At what time are the hands of a watch at right angles between five and six o'clock?

6. What is the origin of the expression, "To turn the tables on him"?

7. Give the derivation of *pedlar*, *few*, *Coblentz*, *Saragossa*, and *paper*.

8. What is the object of keeping the fire-irons well polished?

9. If a goose weighs 7 and a half lbs. of its own weight, what weight is it?

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN JULY NUMBER.

MATHEMATICAL.

1.

34				34
1 +	8 +	12 +	13	= 34
14 +	11 +	7 +	2	= 34
15 +	10 +	6 +	3	= 34
4 +	5 +	9 +	16	= 34
34	34	34	34	

Moreover (1, 4, 16, 13) = 34 = (11, 10, 6, 7) = (8, 5, 9, 12) = (14, 15, 3, 2); and a *very large number* of *fours* symmetrically arranged in the above square may thus be shown to be = 34 when added. The curious will find on examining this example much of interest, and ample justification for the term "magic" frequently applied to such cases.

MAGGIE.

2. *A's* share 625 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ p. c. at 85 = $25\frac{25}{34}$.

B's share 450 at 4 p. c. at 90 = 20.

85 : 100 : : 625 : $735\frac{5}{17}$.

90 : 100 : : 450 : 500.

100 : $87\frac{1}{2}$: : $735\frac{5}{17}$: $643\frac{13}{34}$.

100 : $92\frac{1}{2}$: : 500 : $462\frac{1}{2}$.

$643\frac{13}{34} + 25\frac{25}{34} = 669\frac{2}{17}$ = *A's* amount.

$462\frac{1}{2} + 20 = 482\frac{1}{2}$ = *B's* amount.

90 : 4 : : $669\frac{2}{17}$: $29\frac{113}{153}$ = *A's* income.

85 : $3\frac{1}{2}$: : $482\frac{1}{2}$: $19\frac{59}{63}$ = *B's* income.

∴ Difference = $9\frac{533}{672}$ = £9 17s. 5d. (very nearly).

W. E. NEWTON.

3. At seven o'clock there is a space of thirty-five minutes between the hands, when they are as per question there must be thirty minutes' space between them. Hence the minute-hand has to gain five minutes upon the hour-hand for this purpose.

Now—

11 minutes are thus gained in 12 minutes.

1 minute is thus gained in $\frac{12}{11}$ minutes.

5 minutes are thus gained in $\frac{60}{11} = 5\frac{5}{11}$ minutes.

Hence the time required is $5\frac{5}{11}$ minutes past seven o'clock.

4. $(100-2x)^2 + (2x)^2 = 2000$

x 2 20

5. Treated arithmetically the solution of this question might be thus:—

Let us take for example the case of eggs at 6d. per dozen.

∴ 6d. purchases 12 eggs.

1d. ,, 2 or $\frac{12}{6}$

12d. ,, 24 or $\frac{144}{6}$

Thus it appears that the price per dozen eggs and the number purchasable for a shilling at the same price, are the factors of 144 *in every case*. When the numbers are all integral, which is generally assumed in questions of this nature, we have only to arrange the number 144 into all its suitable factors, thus :—

$2 \times 72 = 3 \times 48 = 4 \times 36 = 6 \times 24 = 8 \times 18 = 9 \times 16 = 12 \times 12$.

For the question in hand we readily select—

$8 \times 18 \times 9 \times 16$—*i.e.*, eggs at 8d. a dozen or eighteen for a shilling, and eggs at 9d. a dozen or sixteen for a shilling.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

THE Senate of the University of London has decided to apply to Parliament for a new charter to enable the University to throw open all its degrees to women.

THE following donations form part of the contributions promised towards the special fund now being raised by the executive council of the London School of Medicine for Women :—Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, £50; Lord Aberdare, £52 10s.; Lady Anna Gore Langton, £55 5s.; the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, £10; the Right Hon. W. Cowper Temple, £25; Miss Phipson, £1; Mrs. Cook, £5 5s. About £2000 are still required. Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Thorne, Hon. Sec. to the School, 30, Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square.

THE Shah of Persia has presented an assortment of modern textiles to the Museum, consisting of carpets, patchwork embroidery, silk embroidery, and other specimens of the woven fabrics of Persia. A letter from Emin-ul-Mulk, the President of the Council, addressed to Major R. Murdock Smith, director of the English Government Telegraph Establishment in Persia, and the officer of the Royal Engineers through whose instrumentality the museum has become possessed of the greater portion of the Persian collection now displayed in the North Corridor, accompanies the gift.

A LAHORE paper gives some account of a Hindoo reformer, said to be at present staying at Lahore, and drawing around him many followers. He is decently dressed, and is a theist, believing in, and preaching the religion of, the Vedas. He denounces idolatry, caste, and child marriage. He is "bitterly opposed to all sorts of Brahmical systems," and is causing some consternation among the priests, who are losing their followers, but dare not face the reformer, who is said to be "a man of powerful common-sense and strong intellect." His name is Pundit Doyanunda Saraswatee.

THE *World* says :—"Some of the Scotch papers are giving details of a very extraordinary will case, which will shortly be submitted for trial. The story is this. The daughter of a country practitioner in a little village in Scotland awoke one morning to find herself a great heiress. The traditional uncle, who had come from India with a fortune, had died, leaving a beautiful estate and fully £300,000 in money and West Indian property to his niece, Miss Macpherson Grant. At that time she was bright, clever, handsome, and about twenty-one years of age. She took possession of her property and lived in great style, keeping a large stud of horses, and driving tandem herself all over the country. Her father and mother she took under her wing, and was devoted to them to the last day of their lives. She established them in an independent and elegant house near Edinburgh, but had them a great deal with herself at Aberlour House on the Speyside. Some fifteen years ago a young lady came to pay her a visit. She was a stranger to Miss Grant, and was brought by some friends. It ended in this young lady, Miss Temple, leaving father and mother, with their entire concurrence, and living with Miss Grant, for better or for worse, until death should them part; in fact, they formed such a friendship that they agreed and entered into an engagement that neither should marry, and that they should pass their lives together. Miss Grant then and there refused a very good offer of marriage, and rejected all other suitors. The conditions were that Miss Grant was to leave her estates and everything to Miss Temple if Miss Temple on her part never left her and never married. A will was made by Miss Grant, under which her property was to pass to the Temples. Two years ago Miss Temple married. Last Christmas Miss Grant died. The will was revoked. She never forgave the defection, she never made another will, and the estate goes to an obscure country doctor in Aberdeenshire, who hardly knew he was related to Miss Grant, and never saw her. Other four relations, poor tradespeople in Banffshire, come in for a share.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in September number.

DORA.—We do not know the composition of the article you mention, therefore cannot say if it be safe. Most of the Depilatories contain lime, which will burn the skin if not quickly removed. If you attend to the instructions, it will not be likely to harm.

AN OLD READER.—You may wear a ring on the first finger, but it is not becoming. None should be worn on the third finger unless you are engaged, for upon this finger the betrothal ring is placed. (2.) It is a matter of friendship, or, if otherwise, you will rise when a strange gentleman enters. (3.) Business letters. It is not necessary; it is for the lady to bow first.

IN answer to several correspondents, we beg to state that the LADIES' TREASURY is published, *at latest*, on the day preceding the 1st of the month. Subscribers having any difficulty in securing its punctual delivery should obtain it direct from the Office. It is sent post-free for 1s. 9d. per quarter, paid in advance.

NITA.—"Memories of Home" are only interesting to yourself. Compositions are accepted if they are worth insertion. Poems are not returned.

EMMA.—Dried fern leaves should be stitched on black net, stretched on a wooden frame the size required. They make a handsome screen for a grate, whether in summer or winter; the net admits of ventilation. Fern fronds look well gummed on glass, but a second piece of glass must be secured to the back.

M. J. P.—The Rev. Isaac Taylor, in his "Words and Places," gives the following etymology of the silk called *Tabbinet*, or watered silk:—It "probably comes from the word 'Atab,' the name of the street in Bagdad inhabited by the makers of silken fabrics, which were thence called 'Atabi.' A tabby cat has the wavy markings of watered silk. The "moire antique" of the present day is likely somewhat to resemble the old "Tabbinet." For seven centuries after the introduction of silk into Europe, silk was sold weight-for-weight—a pound of gold for a pound of silk. The Roman Emperor Aurelian in the third century, it is said, refused his wife a robe of silk because of its expense. The Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, caused the silkworms to be brought from India to Constantinople, from whence the silk trade spread over Europe. This account Noldius gives in his "Lives of the Herods."

PRESENTS.—You cannot bestow a more useful gift than the "Gem" needlecase," full of needles, obtainable free by post for 2s. 8d. Write to Mr. Thos. Harper, Phœnix Works, Webheath, Redditch; or you may give a Wilcox and Gibb's sewing-machine. This is really invaluable in a home.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

BLACK PARLIAMENT.—The Black Parliament sat in the reign of Henry III., headed by Simon de Montfort, and so called, because the Parliament was composed of knights only, who assembled in armour. —*Flory Miers.*

DIPHTHERIA.—In answer to "Millicent," I have cured diphtheria several times by painting the inside of my throat twice daily with nitrate of silver (diluted). —*Sallie.*——*G. P. Brown* recommends a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur being mixed in a wine-glass of water by the fingers (not a spoon), and then slowly imbibed, so that the throat absorbs the sulphur. If the passage is nearly closed by the fungus take a quill, open at both ends, put in some finely-powdered sulphur, or milk of sulphur, and blow through it down to the throat. The fungus immediately shrinks, leaving the passage open. Then the throat should be gargled with sulphur in water, and sulphur and honey, mixed as an electuary, be taken as a medicine till free of the disease. It is stated that a patient has never been lost by this remedy. There can be little harm in trying this when a medical man cannot attend at once. *Are diphtheria and pip the same?* If not the same, they are much alike. The dried mucus or fungus in the throat resembles it very closely. It is contagious, and whole poultry yards are sometimes sacrificed by it. Powdered sulphur, pounded rue and butter, mixed into a pill, was a favourite remedy in old times for the pip or roup in poultry. The dry, horny skin gave way the moment the pill touched the throat, and the skin was thus easily removed with the nail.

STINGS (Tip).—The best thing to cure bee-stings is to extract the sting, and rub well with carbonate of soda. We use nothing else, and have eighteen stocks. —*Sallie.*

BEE AND WASP STINGS.—Quickly apply sweet oil. The pain ceases instantly, and the sting is then easily extracted. A bath of infusion of camomile flowers prevents the mosquitoes and gnats from stinging.—*Lulu.*

PHOSPHORUS is obtained by heating bones to a white heat, by which means the animal matter and charcoal are consumed, and a substance, called phosphorus is left behind. The word "phosphorus" is derived from two Greek words, which mean "to produce, or bring to, light."—*Flory Miers.*

Bones are burned to whiteness and powdered, and this bone-ash is then mixed with sulphuric acid in such quantity as partially to decompose the phosphate of lime occurring in the ash ($3CaO, PO_5$) into insoluble sulphate of lime and a soluble superphosphate of lime ($2HO, CaO, PO_5$). The solution of the superphosphate is evaporated to a syrup, mixed with charcoal, and submitted to distillation in an earthen retort exposed to a red heat. Phosphorus rises in vapour, and is conveyed, by means of a bent tube, into water, in which it condenses in yellow drops. After it has been pressed in a fused state through wash-leather, and further purified, it is forced into tubes, in which it is allowed to solidify into sticks, in which form it is usually met with. The foregoing is for the manufacture of large quantities; it would be much cheaper to purchase it if only a small quantity were required.—*Swash-buckler.*

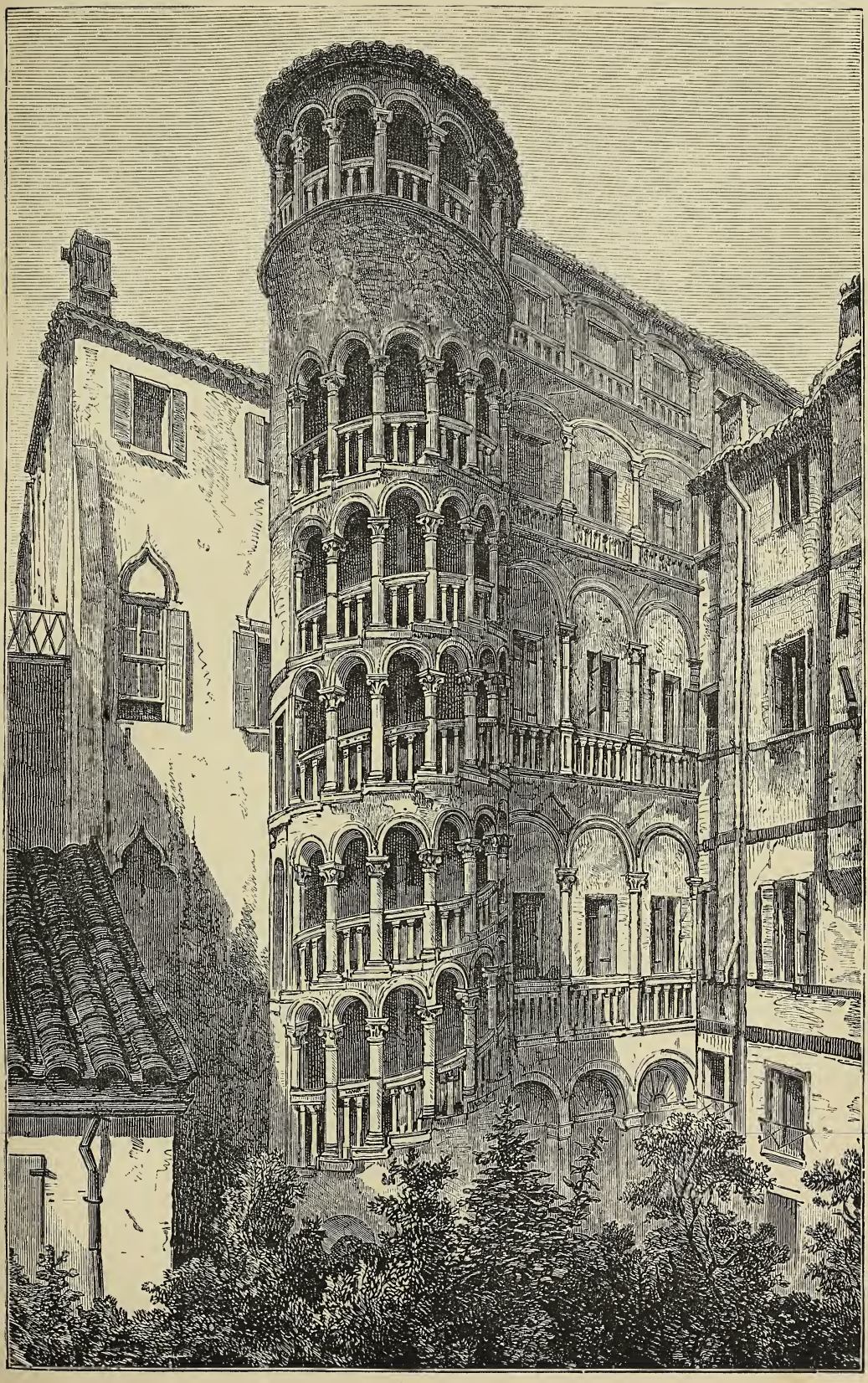
ENQUIRY.

CAN you or any of your readers give me a receipt for Scotch oaten farls, or any other biscuit or cake or pudding, made from Scotch oatmeal?—*Sallie.*

EXCHANGE.

A LADY has a large, handsome, mahogany case, with ten different specimens (birds of paradise) of the rarest kind, and will bear inspection; quite new, and worth £50. Will exchange for anything suitable in the way of furniture or £20 cash.—*Aurroura.*

"My Lady Help, and What She Taught Me," price 1s., of Messrs. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square, London. Free by post, 1s. 2d.



LA SCALA MINELLI, VENICE.

LA SCALA MINELLI, VENICE.

VERY curious old things of various kinds are to be met with in Venice—once "the Glorious," once "the Rich," but when riches flew away the old proverb was realised. Yet in her decay, Venice is still "the Beautiful." One must know thoroughly this incomparable city and all its nooks and out-of-the-way corners to be able to find in its labyrinth of little streets or passages the curious specimens of *Renaissance* (or re-birth of old designs) architecture which the engraving faithfully delineates as it was when it was first left—a perfect work by its unknown architect.

The whole erection reminds one of the leaning tower of Pisa, which probably served as a model.

Near to San Paternia, and a few steps from the statue erected to M. Manin, the President of the Venetian Republic in 1848, will be found at the end of an alley La Scala Minelli (the Minelli stair-case), popularly called the *colimacon*, or abutment. This beautiful Scala was erected about 1500, when Henry VII. sat on the English throne, Ferdinand and Isabella on that of Spain, and Louis XII. on that of France—the same Louis who married the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII. and sister of Henry VIII. It was about this time that the commerce of Venice failed in consequence of the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, and that of the New Passage to India by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese, in 1497, for he, being off Mozambique, an island on the Eastern coast of Africa, sailed from thence across to India; the first European establishment was placed by him on its south coast only five years later.

The Scala Minelli, for a long time hidden from view, was erected for the purpose of affording exterior communication with the galleries of the Minelli Palace—whether that was its original name is unknown. The Scala is a superstructure which hides from all careless eyes a very narrow passage where two people can scarcely pass, and it may have witnessed secrets which would now be invaluable to the historians. Stone walls are, however, dumb, and the stone of this erection is remarkable for its hardness, and for the exquisite labour bestowed upon it.

The artist has represented the Scala as it existed before its restoration (?) by the municipality of Venice. Four storeys of the Scala have been stopped up with plaster, thus changing entirely the grand character of this building. At the base of the Scala, and adjoining the house at the right corner, a small garden, surrounded with railings, has been made, and as gardens are rare in Venice two curiosities of this ever charming city may be seen at one glance.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

A COLD smile lighted Mrs. Orme's face. "Once you attempted to offer me your heart, which I declined. Now you tender me your hand and name; and, indeed, it appears that, like many of the high-born class you so nobly represent, your heart and hand have never hitherto been conjoined in your *devoir*. It were a melancholy pity they should be eternally divorced."

Bending over her, he exclaimed—

"As heaven hears me, I swear I love you better than life—than everything else that the broad earth holds! You cannot possibly doubt my sincerity, for you hold the proof in your own hands. Be merciful, Odille, and end my anxiety."

He caught her hand and she attempted no resistance, he raised it to his moustached lip. Her eyes were resting upon the blue expanse of water, as if far away, across the vast vista of the Mediterranean, she sought some strengthening influence, some sacred inspiration; and after a moment, turning them full upon his countenance, she said with grave stony composure:

"You have asked me to become your wife, knowing full well that no affection would prompt me to entertain the thought; and you must be thoroughly convinced that only sordid motives of policy could influence me to accept you. Do men who marry under such circumstances honour and trust the woman who, as a last resort, bear

their names? You are not so weak, so egregiously vain, as to delude yourself for one instant with the supposition that I could ever love you?"

"Once my wife, I ask nothing more. Upon my own head and life be the failure to make you love me. Only give me this hand, and I will take your heart. Can a lover ask less and hazard more?"

"And if you fail—wofully, as fail you must?"

"I shall not. You cannot awe or discourage me, for I have yet to find the heart that successfully defies my worship. But if you remained indifferent, ah, loveliest! you would not! Even then I should be blessed by your presence, your society, and that alone were worth all other women!"

"Even though it cost you the heavy, galling burden of marriage vows, an exorbitant price, which only necessity extorts? Have you no fear that you are seizing with bare fingers a glittering thirsty blade which may flesh itself in the hand that dares to caress it?"

"I fear nothing but your rejection; and though you should prove Judith or Jael, I would disarm you thus."

Again he kissed the fair slender hand, and clasped it tenderly between both his own.

"A man of your years does not lightly forsake the traditions of his caste and the usages of his ancestors; and what can patricians like General Laurance hope to secure by stooping to the borders of *proletaire?*"

"The woman whom he loves. To you I will confess, that never, until within the past six or eight months, have I really comprehended the power of genuine love. Early in life I married a high-born, gentle, true-hearted woman, who made me a good, faithful wife; but into that alliance my heart never entered, and although for many years I have been free to admire whom fickle fancy chose, and have certainly petted and caressed some whom the world pronounced very lovely, the impression made upon me was transient, as the perfume of a blossom plucked and worn for a few hours only. You have exerted over me a fascination which I can neither explain nor resist. For you I entertain feelings never aroused in my nature until now; and I speak only the simple truth when I solemnly swear to you, upon the honour of a Laurance, that you are the only woman I have ever truly and ardently loved."

"The honour of a Laurance? What more sacred pledge could I possibly desire?"

The fingers of her free hand were toying with the small gold chain around her neck, to which was fastened the hidden wedding ring of black agate, with its white skull; and as she spoke her scarlet lips paled perceptibly, and her soft dreamy eyes began to glitter.

"Ah! I repeat, upon my honour as a gentleman and a Laurance; and a holier oath no man could offer. Of my proud, unsullied name I am fastidiously careful, and can even you demand or hope a nobler one than that I now lay at your feet?"

"The name of Laurance? Certainly I think it would satisfy even my ambition."

He felt the pretty hand grow suddenly cold in his clasp, and saw the thin delicate nostril expand slightly, as she fixed her brilliant eyes on his and smiled. Then she continued:

"Is it not too sacred and aristocratic a mantle to fling round an obscure actress, of whose pedigree and antecedent life you know nothing, save that widowhood and penury goaded her to histrionic exhibitions of a beauty that sometimes threatened to subject her to impertinence and insult? Put aside the infatuation which not unfrequently attacks men who like you are rapidly descending the hill of life, approaching the stage of second childlike simplicity, and listen for a moment to the cold dictates of prudence and policy. Suppose that ere you surrendered your reason to the magnetism of what you are pleased to consider my 'physical perfection,' one of your relatives, a brother, or say even your son, had met me at Milan as you did, and madly forgetting his family rank, his aristocratic ties, all the pride and wordly wisdom of heredity, had, while in a fit of complete dementia, offered, as you have done, to clothe my humble obscurity in the splendid name of Laurance? Would General René Laurance have pardoned him, and received me as his sister or his daughter?"

"Could I censure any man for surrendering to charms which have so completely vanquished me? Thank heaven! I have neither brother nor son to rival me. My only child, Cuthbert, is safely anchored in the harbour of wedlock, and having his own family ties, I am free to consult only my heart in the choice of a bride. I have not journeyed so far down the hill of life as you cruelly persist in asserting, and the

fervour of my emotions denies your unkind imputation. When I proudly show the world the lovely wife of my heart's choice, you will find my devotion a noble refutation of your unflattering estimate. But a moment since you confessed that to exchange the name of Orme for that of Laurance would crown your ambition; my dearest, the truth has escaped you."

With a sudden gesture of loathing she threw off his hand, struck her palms together, and he started at the expression that seemed literally to blaze in her eyes, so vivid, so withering was the light that rayed out.

"Yes, the truth escaped my lips. The honourable name of Laurance is talismanic, and offers much to Odille Orme; yet I will stain my soul with no dissimulation. With love and romance I finished long, long ago; and to-day I have not patience to trifle even with its phraseology. I am thirty-three, and in my early girlhood the one love dream of all my life was rudely broken, leaving me no more capacity to indulge a second. For my dear young husband I felt the only intense, idolatrous, yes, blindly worshipping devotion that my nature could yield to any human being. When I lost him, I lost my heart also; became doubly widowed, because my grief bereft me of the power of properly loving even our little baby. For years I have given my body and soul to the accomplishment of one purpose, the elevation of my social *status*, and that of my child. Had my husband been spared to me we should not have remained obscure and poor, but after my widowhood the struggle devolved upon me. I have not had leisure to think of love, have toiled solely for maintenance and position; and have sternly held myself aloof from the world that dared to believe my profession rendered me easy of access. Titles have been laid at my feet, but their glitter seemed fictitious, did not allure me; and no other name save yours has ever for an instant tempted me. To-day you are here to plead my acceptance of that name, and, frankly, I tell you, Sir, it dazzles me. I know all that it represents, all that it would confer on me, all that it would prove for my child, and I would rather wear the name of Laurance than a coronet! I confess I have but one ambition, to lift my daughter into that high social plane from which fate excluded her mother; and this eminence I covet for her, a marriage with you promises me. I have no heart to bring you; mine died with all my wifely hopes when I lost my husband. If I consent to give you my hand, and nominally the claim of a husband, in exchange for the privilege of merging Orme in Laurance, it must be upon certain solemn conditions, to the fulfilment of which your traditional honour is pledged. Is a Laurance safely bound by vows?"

Her voice had grown strangely metallic, losing all its liquid sweetness, and as her gaze searched his face the striking resemblance she traced in his eyes and mouth, to those of Cuthbert and Regina, seemed to stab her heart.

To the man who listened and watched with breathless anxiety her hardening, whitening features, she merely recalled the memory of her own tragic "Medea" confronting "Jason" at Athens.

"Only accept my vows at the altar, and I challenge the world to breathe an imputation upon their sanctity. René Laurance never broke a promise, never forfeited a pledge, and to keep his name unsullied, his honour stainless, is his sole religion. Odille, my queen——"

She rose and waved him back.

"Spare me rhapsodies that accord neither with your years nor my sentiments. Understand it is a mere bargain and sale, and I am carefully arranging the conditions. For myself I ask little, but, as you are aware, my daughter is grown, is now in her seventeenth year, and the man whom the world regards as my husband must share his name and fortune with my child. Doubtless you deem me calculating and mercenary, and for her dear sake I am forced to be so; for all the tenderness that remains in my nature is centred in my little girl. She has been reared as carefully as a princess, is accomplished and very beautiful, and when you see her, I think you will scarcely refuse the tribute of your admiration and affection."

For an instant a grey pallor spread from lip to brow, and the unhappy woman shuddered; but rallying, she moved across the floor to her writing-desk, and the infatuated man followed, whispering:

"If she resembles her mother, can you doubt her perfect and prompt adoption into my heart?"

"My daughter is unlike me; is so entirely the image of her lost father, that the sight of her beauty sometimes overwhelms me with torturing memories. Here, General Laurance, is a carefully written paper which I submit for your examination

and mature reflection. When in the presence of proper witnesses you sign that contract, you will have purchased the right to claim my hand, mark you, only my hand, at the altar."

It was a cautiously worded marriage settlement, drawn up in conformity with legal requirements; and its chief exaction was the adoption of Regina, the transmission of the name of Laurance, and the settlement upon her of a certain amount of money in stocks and bonds, exclusive of any real estate.

As he received the paper and opened it, Mrs. Orme added:

"Take your own time, and weigh the conditions carefully and deliberately."

"Stay, Odille; do not leave me. A few moments will suffice for this matter, and I am in no mood to endure suspense."

"Within an hour you can at least comprehend what I demand. I am going to the terrace of the Villa Reale, and when in accordance with that contract you decide to adopt my child, and present her to the world as your own, you will find me on the terrace."

He would have taken her hand, but she walked away and disappeared, closing a door behind her.

His hat had rolled out of sight, and as he searched hurriedly for it Mrs. Waul spoke from her distant recess:

"General Laurance will find his hat between the ottoman and the window."

The winding walks of the villa were comparatively deserted when Mrs. Orme began to pace slowly to and fro beneath the trees, whose foliage swayed softly in the mild evening air. When the few remaining groups had passed beyond her vision, she threw back the long thick veil that had effectually concealed her features, and approaching the parapet that overhung the sea, sat down. Removing her hat and veil, she placed them beside her on the seat, and resting her hands on the iron railing, bowed her chin upon them, and looked out upon the sea murmuring at the foot of the wall.

The flush and sparkle of an hour ago had vanished so utterly that it appeared incredible that colour, light, and dimples could ever wake again in that frozen face, over whose rigid features brooded the calm of stone.

"A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,"

she seemed some impassive, soulless creature, incapable alike of remorse or of hope, allured by no future, frightened by no past; silently fronting at last the one sunless, joyless dreary goal, whose attainment had been for years the paramount aim of her stranded life. The rosy glow of dying day yet lingered in the sky and tinged the sea, and a golden moon, followed by a few shy stars, watched their shining images twinkling in the tremulous water; but the loveliest object upon which their soft light fell, was that lonely, wan, lilac-robed woman.

Over the beautiful blue bay, where the moon had laid her pavement of gold, floated a low sweet song, a simple barcarolle, that came from a group of happy souls in a small boat.

Approaching the shore, the ruddy light burning at one end of the boat showed its occupants; a handsome athletic young fisherman and his pretty childish wife, hushing her baby in her arms with a slow craddle-like movement that kept time to her husband's song. Springing ashore he secured the boat, and held out his arms for the sleeping bud that contained in its folded petals all their domestic hopes; and as the star-eyed young mother kissed it lightly and laid it in its father's arms, the happy pair walked away, leaving the echo of their gay musical chatter lingering on the air.

From the woman who watched and listened from the parapet above, fate had stolen all that was sweet and rapturous in wifehood and motherhood, substituting hemlock; and as the vision of her own fair child was recalled by the sleeping baby of the Italian fisherman, she suffered a keen pang in the consciousness that those tender features of her innocent daughter reproduced vividly the image of the man who had blackened her life. The face in Regina's portrait was so thoroughly Laurance in outline, and Laurance in colour, that the mother had covered it with a thick veil; unable to meet the eyes that she had learned to hate in René Laurance and his son. Although she neither turned her head nor removed her eyes from the sea, she knew that the end was at hand. For one instant her heart seemed to cease beating, then with a keen spasm of pain slowly resumed its leaden labour. The erect, graceful, manly figure at her side bent down, and the grizzled moustache touched her forehead.

"Odille, I accept your terms. Henceforth, in accordance with your own conditions, you are mine; mine in the sight of God and man."

Recoiling, she drew her handkerchief across the spot where his lips had rested, and her voice sounded cold and haughty:

"God holds Himself aloof from such sacrilege as this, and sometimes I think He does not witness, or surely would forbid. Just yet, you must not touch me. You accept the conditions named, and I shall hold myself bound by the stipulations; but until I am your wife, until you take my hand as Mrs. Laurance, you will pardon me if I absolutely prohibit all caresses. I am very frank, you see, and doubtless you consider me peculiar, probably prudish, but only a husband's lips can touch mine, only a husband's arm encircle me. When we are married——" She did not complete the sentence, but a peculiar, musical laugh rippled over her lips, and she held out her hand to him. "Remember, I promised General Laurance my hand only, and here I surrender it. You have fairly earned it, but I fear it will not prove the guerdon you fondly imagine."

He kissed it tenderly, and keeping it in his, spoke very earnestly: "Only one thing, Odille, I desire to stipulate, and that springs solely from my jealous love. You must promise to abandon the stage for ever. Indeed, my beautiful darling, I could not endure to see my wife, my own—before the footlights. In Mrs. Laurance the world must lose its lovely idol."

"Am I indeed so precious in General Laurance's eyes! Will he hold me always such a dainty, sacred treasure, safe from censure and aspersion? Sir, I appreciate the delicate regard that prompts this expression of your wishes, and, with one slight exception, I willingly accede to them. I have written a little drama, adapting the chief *rôle* to my own peculiar line of talent, and I desire in that play, of my own composition, to bid adieu to the stage. In Paris, where illness curtailed my engagement, I wish to make my parting bow, and I trust you will not oppose so innocent a pleasure?

"Could I refuse you anything, my beautiful brown-eyed empress? Only once more, then; promise me after that night to resign the stage to reign solely in my heart and home."

"You have my promise, and when I break my vows it will be the Laurance example that I follow. In your letter you stated that urgent business demanded your return to Paris, possibly to America. Can you not postpone the consummation of our marriage?"

"Impossible! How could I consent to defer what I regard as the crowning happiness of my life? I have not so many years in store that I can afford to waste even an hour without you. When I leave Europe I shall take my darling with me."

The moon was shining full upon her face, and the magnificent eyes looked steadily into his. There was no movement of nerve or muscle to betray all that raged in her soul, as she fought and conquered the temptation to spring forward and hurl him over the parapet.

In the flush and enthusiasm of his great happiness, he certainly seemed far younger in proportion to their respective years than his companion; and as he softly stroked back a wave of golden hair that had fallen on her white brow, he leaned until his still handsome face was close to hers, and whispered:

"When may I claim you? Do not, my love, delay it a day longer than is absolutely necessary."

"To-morrow morning I will give you an answer. Then I am going away for a few days to Pæstum, and cannot see you again till we meet in Paris. Recollect I warned you, I bring no heart, no love; both are lost hopelessly in the ashes of the past. I never loved but one man, the husband of my youth, the father of my baby; and his loss I shall mourn till the coffin closes above me. General Laurance, you are running a fearful hazard."

She shivered, and her eyes burned almost supernaturally large and lustrous. Charmed by her beauty and grace, which had from the beginning of their acquaintance attracted him more powerfully than any other woman had ever done, and encouraged by the colossal vanity that had always predominated in his character, he merely laughed and caressed her hand.

"Can any hazard deter me when the reward will be the privilege, the right to fold you in my arms? I am afraid of nothing that can result from making you my wife. Do not cloud my happiness by conjuring up spectres that only annoy you, that cannot for an instant influence me. Your hands are icy, and you have no shawl. Let me take you home."

Silently she walked by his side; wondering if the black shadow that hung like a pall over the distant crest of Vesuvius were not a fit symbol of her own wretched, doomed existence, threatening a sudden outbreak that would scatter ruin and despair where least expected?

Nearing the villa gate, General Laurance asked:

"What is the character of your drama? Is it historic?"

"Eminently historic."

"In what era?"

"The last eighteen or twenty years."

"When may I read the MS.? I am impatient to see all that springs from your dear hands."

"The dramatic effect will be far finer when you see me act it. Pardon me, if I am vain enough to feel assured that my little play will touch my husband's heart as even Racine, Shakespeare, and Euripides never did!"

There was a triumphant, exultant ring in her silvery voice that only charmed her infatuated companion, and tenderly pressing the hand that lay on his arm, he added, pleadingly:

"At least, my dear Odille, you will tell me the title?"

She shook off his fingers, and answered, quietly:

"General Laurance, I call it merely, 'A Drama of Real Life.'"

Chapter XXIII.

Some days after the weight of disgrace had been removed, Regina saw little of her guardian, whose manner was unusually preoccupied and entirely devoid of the earnest interest and sympathy he had displayed at their last interview. A fortnight elapsed, during which Mr. Palmer's abstraction increased, and by degrees Regina learned from his stepmother that a long pending suit, involving several millions of dollars, was drawing to a close. As counsel for the plaintiff he was summing up and preparing his final speech. An entire day was consumed in its delivery, and on the following afternoon as Regina sat at the library table, writing her German exercise, she heard his footsteps ascending with unwonted rapidity the hall stairs. Outside the door he paused and accosted Mrs. Palmer, who hastened to meet him.

"Madam, I have won!"

"Indeed, Edgar, I congratulate you. I believe it involves a very large fee?"

"Yes, twenty thousand dollars; but the victory yields other fruit quite as valuable to me. Judges McLemore and Mayfield were on the defence, and it cost me a very hard fight. The jury deliberated only twenty minutes, and of course I am much gratified. I am obliged to start immediately to Washington and cannot wait for dinner. Will you direct Octave to prepare a cup of coffee?"

"How long will you be absent?"

"I can't say positively, as my business is of a character which may be transacted in three hours, or may detain me as many days. I must leave here in half an hour."

The door was open, and hearing what passed, Regina bent lower over her exercise book when her guardian came forward. Although toil-worn and paler than usual, his eyes were full of gratification at his success.

The clock struck, and Mr. Palmer compared his watch with its record. He was loath to quit that charming quiet room which held the fair innocent young queen of his love, and hasten away upon the impending journey; but it was important that he should not miss the railway train, and he smothered a sigh.

"This morning I neglected to give you a letter which arrived yesterday, and of course I need expect no pardon when you ascertain that it is from 'India's coral strand.' If 'Brother Douglas' is as indefatigable in the discharge of his missionary as his epistolary labours, he deserves a crown of numerous converts. This letter was enclosed in one addressed to me, and I prefer that you should postpone your reply until my return. I intended to mention the matter this morning, but was absorbed in court proceedings, and now I am too much hurried."

She put the letter into her pocket, and at the same time drew out a small envelope containing the amount of money she had borrowed. Rising, she handed it to him.

"Allow me to cancel my debt."

As he received it, their fingers met, and a hot flush rushed over the lawyer's weary face. He bit his lip, and recovered himself before she observed his emotion.

"That alms-giving episode is destined to yield an inestimable harvest of benefits. But I must hurry away. Pray do not take passage for the jungles of Oude before I return, for whenever you leave me I should at least like the ceremony of bidding my ward adieu. Good-by."

She gave him her hand. "Good-by, I hope you will have a pleasant trip."

As she stood before him, the rich blue of her soft cashmere dress rendered her pearly complexion fairer still, and though keen pain gnawed at her heart, no hint of her

suffering marred the perfection of her face.

"Lily, where did you get those lovely white hyacinths? Yesterday I ordered a bouquet of them, but could procure none. Would you mind giving me the two that smell so deliciously in your hair? I want them—well—no matter why. Will you oblige me?"

"Certainly; but I have a handsomer, fresher spike of flowers in a glass in my room, which I will bring down to you."

She turned, but he detained her. "No, these are sufficiently pretty for my purpose, and I am hurried. I trust I may be pardoned this robbery of your floral ornaments, since you will probably see neither Mr. Roscoe nor yet Padre Sahib this evening."

She laid the snowy perfumed bells in his outstretched hand, and said: "I am exceedingly glad that even in such a trifle I can contribute to your pleasure, and I assure you that you are perfectly welcome to my hyacinths." The sweet downcast face, and slightly wavering voice, appealed to all that was tender and loving in his cold undemonstrative nature, and he was strongly tempted to take her in his arms and tell her the truth, which every day he found more difficult to conceal.

"Thank you. Some day, Lily, I will tell you their mission and fate. Should I forget, remind me."

He smiled, bowed, and hurried from the room, leaving her sadly perplexed.

At dinner Mrs. Palmer said:

"I have promised to chaperone the Bruce sisters to-night to the opera, and shall take tea at their house. Were I sure of a seat for you I should insist upon taking you, for I dislike to leave you so much alone; but the box might be full and then things would be awkward."

"You need have no concern on my account, for I have my books, and am accustomed to being alone. Moreover, I am not particularly partial to the music of 'Martha,' which will be played to-night."

"Did your guardian tell you he has just won that great 'Migdol' case, that created so much interest?"

"He mentioned it. Mrs. Palmer, I thought he looked weary and jaded; as if he need rest rather than a journey."

"Edgar is never weary. His nerves are steel, and he will speedily forget his cares in Mrs. Carew's charming conversation."

"But she is not in Washington?"

"She told me yesterday she would go there this afternoon, and showed me the most superb maize-coloured satin just received from Worth, which she intended wearing to-morrow evening at the French Ambassador's ball or reception. You know she is very fascinating, and, though Edgar thinks little about women, I really believe she will succeed in driving law books, for a little while at least, out of his cool clear head. My dear, I am going to write a short note. Will you please direct Hattie to bring my opera hat, cloak, and glass?"

With inexpressible relief Regina heard the heavy silk rustle across the hall, when she took her departure, and rejoiced in the assurance that there was no one to intrude upon her solitude. How she wished that she could fly to some desert, where undiscovered she might cry aloud in the great agony that possessed her heart. The thought that her guardian had hastened away to accompany that gray-eyed, golden-haired witch of a woman to Washington was intolerably bitter; and as she contemplated the possibility, nay the probability of his speedy marriage, a wild longing seized her to make her escape and avoid the sight of such a spectacle. When she recalled his proud, handsome, composed face, and tried to imagine him the husband of Mrs. Carew, bending over, caressing her, the girl threw her arms on his writing-desk and sunk her face upon them, as if to shut out the torturing vision.

She knew that he was singularly reserved and undemonstrative; she had never seen him fondle or caress anything, and the bare thought that his stern marble lips would some day seek and press that woman's scarlet mouth made her shiver with a pang that was almost maddening.

How cruelly mocking that he should take her favourite snowy hyacinths to offer them to Mrs. Carew! Did his keen insight penetrate the folly she had suffered to grow up in her own heart, and had he coolly resorted to this method of teaching her its hopelessness? If she could leave New York before his return and never see him again, would it not be best? His eyes were so piercing, he was so accustomed to reading people's emotions in their countenance, and she felt that she could not survive his discovery of her secret. What did his irony relative to India portend? Hitherto, she had quite forgotten the letter from Mr. Lindsay, and now, breaking the seal, sought an explanation. A few faded flowers fell out as she unfolded it, and ere

she completed the perusal a cry escaped her. Mr. Lindsay wrote that his health had suffered so severely from the climate of India that he had been compelled to surrender his missionary work to stronger hands, and would return to his native land. He believed that rest and America would restore him, and now he fully declared the nature of his affection, and the happiness with which he anticipated his reunion with her; reminding her of her farewell promise, that none should have his place in her heart. More than once she read the closing words of that long letter.

"I had intended deferring this declaration until you were eighteen and restored to your mother's care; but my unexpectedly early return, and the assurance contained in your letters that your love has in no degree diminished, determine me to acquaint you at once with the precious hope that so gladdens the thought of our approaching reunion. While your decision must of course be subject to and dependent on your mother's approval, I wish you to consult only the dictates of your heart; believing that all my future must be either brightened or clouded by your verdict. Open the package given to you in our last interview, and if you have faithfully kept your promise, let me see upon your hand the ring which I shall regard as the pledge of our betrothal. Whether I live many or few years, God grant that your love may glorify and sanctify my earthly sojourn. In life or death, my darling Regina, believe me always—

"Your devoted
DOUGLAS."

Below the signature, and dated a week later, were several lines in Mrs. Lindsay's handwriting, informing her that her son had again been quite ill, but was improving; and that within the ensuing ten days they expected to sail for Japan, and thence to San Francisco, where Mrs. Lindsay's only sister resided. In conclusion she earnestly appealed to Regina, as the daughter of her adoption, not to extinguish the hope that formed so powerful an element in the recovery of her son Douglas.

Was it the mercy of God, or the grim decree of fatalism, or the merest accident, that provided this door of escape when she was growing desperate? Numb with heartache, and strangely bewildered, Regina could recognise it only as a providential harbour into which she could safely retreat from the storm of suffering that was beginning to roar around her. Recalling the peaceful happy years spent at the parsonage, and the noble character of the man who loved her so devotedly, who had so tenderly cared for her through the season of her childhood, a gush of grateful emotion pleaded that she owed him all that he now asked.

When she contrasted the image of the pale student, so affectionate, so unselfishly considerate in all things, with the commanding figure and cold, guarded, noncommittal face of Mr. Palmer, she shivered and groaned; but the comparison only goaded her to find safety in the sheltering love that must at least give her peace.

If she were Douglas Lindsay's wife would she not find it far easier to forget her guardian? Would it be sinful to promise her hand to one while her heart stubbornly enshrined the other? She loved Mr. Lindsay very much; he seemed holy in his supremely unselfish and deeply religious life, and after awhile perhaps other feelings would grow up towards him?

In re-reading the letter she saw that Mr. Lindsay had informed Mr. Palmer of the proposal which it contained; as he deemed it due to her guardian to acquaint him with the sentiments they entertained for each other.

Should she reject the priestly hand and loyal heart of the young missionary would not Mr. Palmer suspect the truth? She realised that the love in her heart was of that deep exhaustive nature which comes but once to women, and, since she must bury it for ever, was it not right that she should dedicate her life to promoting Mr. Lindsay's happiness? Next to her mother, did she not owe him more than any other human being?

As she sat leaning upon Mr. Palmer's desk she saw his handkerchief near the inkstand, where he had dropped it early that morning; and taking it up, she drew it caressingly across her cheek and lips. Everything in this room, where since her residence in New York she had been accustomed to see him, grew sacred from association with him, and all that he touched was strangely dear. For two hours she sat there, very quiet, weighing the past, considering the future; and at last, she slowly resolved upon her course.

She would write that night to her mother, enclose Mr. Lindsay's letter, and if her mother's permission could be obtained, she would give her hand to Douglas, and in his

love forget the brief madness that now made her so wretched. From the date of the postcript she discovered that the letter had been delayed *en route*, and, computing the time from Yokohama to San Francisco, she found that unless some unusual detention had occurred, the vessel in which Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay intended to sail should have already reached California.

Mr. Palmer's jest relative to India was explained; and evidently he had not sufficient interest in her decision even to pause and ask it. Knowing the contents, he had with cold indifference carried the letter for two days in his pocket, and handed it to her just as he was departing.

She imagined him sitting beside Mrs. Carew, admiring her beauty, perhaps uttering in her ear tender vows, never breathed by his lips to any other person; while she, the waif, the fatherless, nameless, obscure young girl, sat there alone, desperately fighting the battle of destiny. Bitter as was this suggestion of her aching heart, it brought strength; and rising, she laid aside the handkerchief and quitted the apartment that babbled ceaselessly of its absent master.

Among some precious souvenirs of her mother, she kept the package which had been given to her by Mr. Lindsay, with the request that it should remain unopened until her eighteenth birthday; and now she unlocked the small ebony box that contained her few treasures. The parcel was sealed with red wax, and when she removed the enveloping pasteboard, she found a heavy gold ring, bearing a large beautifully tinted opal, surrounded with small diamonds. On the inside was engraved "Douglas and Regina," with the date of the day on which he had left the parsonage for India.

Kneeling beside her bed, she prayed that God would help her to do right, would guide her into the proper path, would enable her to do her duty first to her mother then to Mr. Lindsay. When she rose, the ring shone on her left hand, and, though her face was worn and pallid, her mournful eyes were undimmed, and she sat down to write her mother frankly concerning the feelings of intense gratitude and perfect confidence which prompted her to accept Mr. Lindsay's offer, provided Mrs. Orme consented to the betrothal.

Mr. Palmer was three weeks absent, when a letter from him stated that he was then returning.

The announcement of his return vividly recalled all that beclouded her future, and she began to dread the morrow that would subject her to his merciless bright eyes, feeling that his presence was dangerous, and must result in an inquiry concerning her answer to Mr. Lindsay's letter. Fearful of her own treacherous heart she was unwilling to discuss her decision, until assured she had grown calm and firm, from continued contemplation of her future lot; moreover her guardian would probably return from Washington an accepted lover, and she shrank from the spectacle of his happiness, as from glowing ploughshares, lying scarlet in her pathway. In her room she would ensconce herself, and should he send for her, various excuses might be devised to delay the unwelcome interview.

As Regina expected, Mr. Palmer on the next day after his return sent for her.

"Ask him to excuse me. I am not very well, and prefer remaining in my own room." From the foot of the stairs Mr. Palmer's voice responded:

"Fresh air will benefit you. I insist upon your coming immediately."

She leaned over the railing.

"Please, Mr. Palmer, excuse me to-day."

"Pardon me, I cannot. The carriage is waiting."

She was tempted to rebel outright, to absolutely refuse obedience to his authority, which threatened her with the dreaded interview, but a moment's reflection taught her that resistance to his stubborn will was useless, and she went reluctantly down stairs, forgetting her gloves in her trepidation. He handed her into the carriage, took a seat beside her, and directed Farley to drive to Central Park. The day, though cold, was very bright, and he partly lowered the silk curtains to shut out the glare of the sun. For a half hour they rolled along the magnificent avenue, and only casual observations upon weather, passing equipages, and similar trivial topics afforded Regina time to compose her perturbed thoughts. With his overcoat buttoned tight across his broad chest, and hat drawn a little low on his brow, Mr. Palmer sat, holding his gloved fingers interlaced; and his brilliant eyes rested now and then very searchingly upon the white face at his side.

They had entered the park, and ordering the driver to await them at a specified spot, Mr. Palmer turned into the Ramble. For some moments they walked in silence, and finally he pointed to a rustic seat somewhat secluded and beyond the observation of

the few persons strolling through the grounds. Regina sat with her muff in her lap, and her bare hands nervously toying with the white silk tassel. Her guardian noticed the tremulousness of her lip, and at that moment the sun smiting the ring on her finger, kindled the tiny diamonds into a circle of fire. Mr. Palmer drew off his gloves, put them in his pocket, and just touched the opal, saying, coldly:

"Is that a recent gift from your mother? I never before saw you wear it."

"No, not from my mother."

Involuntarily she laid her palm over the jewels that were beginning to grow odious in her own sight.

"May I inquire how long it has been in your possession?"

"Since before I left the parsonage. I had it when I came to New York."

"Why then have you never worn it?"

She sat silent.

"Regina."

"I hear you, Mr. Palmer."

"Then show me the courtesy of looking at me when you speak. Circumstances have debarred me until now from referring to a letter from India which I gave you before I went to Washington. I presume you are aware that the writer, in enclosing it to me, acquainted me with its tenor and import. Will you permit me to read it?"

"I sent it to my mother nearly a week ago."

She had raised her eyes and looked at him almost defiantly, nerving herself for the storm that already darkened his countenance.

"Mr. Lindsay very properly informed me that his letter contained an offer of marriage, and though I requested you to defer your answer until my return, I could not of course doubt that it would prove a positive rejection, since you so earnestly assured me he could never be more than a brother to you. At least let me suggest that you clothe the refusal in the kindest possible terms."

Her face whitened, and she compressed her lips, but her beautiful eyes became touchingly mournful in their strained gaze. Mr. Palmer took off his glasses, and, for the first time in her life, she saw the full, fine bright black eyes without the medium of lenses. How they looked down into hers!

She caught her breath, and he smiled: "My ward must be frank with her guardian."

"I have been frank with my mother, and since nothing has been concealed from her no one else has the right to ask me. To her it is incumbent upon me to confide even the sacred details to which you allude, and she knows all; but you can have no real interest in the matter."

"Pardon me, I have a very deep interest in all that concerns my ward; especially when the disposal of her hand is involved. What answer have you given 'Brother Douglas'?" As he spoke he laid his hand firmly on both of hers, but she attempted to rise.

"Oh, Mr. Palmer! Ask me no more, spare me this inquisition. You transcend your authority."

"Sit still. Answer me frankly. You declined Mr. Lindsay's offer?"

"No, sir!"

She felt his hand suddenly clutch hers, and grow cold.

"Lily! Lily!"

The very tone was like a prayer. Presently, he said sternly:

"You must not dare to trifle with me. You cannot intend to accept him?"

"My mother will determine for me."

Mr. Palmer had become very pale, and his glittering teeth gnawed his lower lip. "Is your acceptance of that man contingent only on her consent and approval?"

For a moment she looked away at the blue heavens bending above her, and wondered if the sky would blacken when she had irretrievably committed herself to this union. The thought was hourly growing horrible, and she shivered.

He stooped close to her, and even then she noted how laboured was his breathing, and that his mouth quivered:

"Answer me; do you mean to marry him?"

"I do, if mother gives me permission."

Bravely she met his eyes, but her words were a mere whisper, and she felt that the worst was over; for her, there could be no retraction.

It was the keenest blow, the most bitter disappointment of Edgar Palmer's hitherto successful life, but his face hardened, and he bore it, as was his habit, without any demonstration, save that discoverable in his mortal paleness. During the brief silence that ensued he still held his hand firmly on hers, and when he spoke his tone was cold and stern.

"My opinion of your probable course in this matter was founded entirely upon belief in the truthfulness of your statement that Mr. Lindsay had no claim on your

heart. Only a short time since you assured me of this fact, and my faith in your candour must plead pardon for my present profound surprise. Certainly I was credulous enough to consider you incapable of deceit."

The scorn in his eyes stung her like a lash, and clasping her fingers spasmodically around his hand, she exclaimed: "I never intended to deceive you! Oh, do not despise me!"

"I presume you understand the meaning of the words you employ; and when I asked you if I would be justified in softening your rejection of my cousin, by assuring him that your affections were already engaged, you emphatically negatived that statement, saying it would be untrue."

"Yes, and I thought so then; but I did not know my own heart."

Her shadowy eyes looked appealingly into his, but he smiled contemptuously. "You did not know your affections had travelled to India until the gentleman formally asked for them? Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Believe anything, except that I wilfully deceived you."

The anguish, the hopelessness written in her blanched face, and the trembling of the childishly small hands that had unconsciously tightened round his, touched him.

He put his right hand under her chin and lifted the face.

"Lily, I want the truth. I intend to have it, and all of it. Now look me in the eye and answer me solemnly, remembering that the God you reverence hears your words. Do you really love Mr. Lindsay?"

"Yes, he is so good; how can I help feeling attached to him?"

"You love him next to your mother?"

"I think I do."

The words cost her a great effort, and her eyes wandered from his.

"Look straight at me. You love him so well you wish to be his wife?"

"I want to make him happy if I can."

"No evasions, if you please. Answer yes or no. Is Mr. Lindsay dearer to you than all else in the world?"

"Next to my mother's, his happiness is dearest to me."

"Yes or no this time; is there no one you love better?"

Earth and sky, trees and rocks seemed whirling into chaos, and she shut her eyes.

"You have no right to question me farther. I will answer no more."

Was the world really coming to an end? She heard her guardian laugh, and the next moment he had caught her to his heart. What did it mean? Was she too growing delirious with brain fever? His arm held her pressed close to his bosom, and his cheek leaned on her head, while strangely sweet and low were his words:

"Ah, Lily! Lily! Hush. Be still."

She wished that she could die then and there, for the thought of Mr. Lindsay sickened her soul. But the memory of the ring appalled her, and she struggled to free herself.

"Let me go! Do let us go home. I am sick."

His arm drew her closer still. "Be quiet and let me talk to you, and remember I am your guardian. Lily, I am afraid you are tempted to stray into dangerous paths, and your tender little heart is not a safe counsellor. You are sincerely attached to your old friend, you trust and honour him, you are very grateful to him for years of kindness during your childhood; and now when his health has failed, and he appeals to you to repay the affection he has long given you, gratitude seems to assume the form of duty, and you are trying to persuade yourself that you ought to grant his prayer. Lily, love is the only chrism that sanctifies marriage, and though at present you might consent to become Mr. Lindsay's wife, suppose that in after years you should chance to meet some other man, perhaps not so holy, so purely Christian as this noble young missionary, but a man who seized, possessed your deep, deathless womanly love, and who you knew loved you in return? What then?"

"I would still do my duty to my dear Douglas."

"No doubt you would try. But you would do wrong to marry your friend, feeling as you do; and you ought to wait and fully explain to him the nature of your sentiments. You are almost a child and scarcely know your own heart yet, and I as your guardian cannot consent to see you rashly forge fetters that may possibly gall you in future. The letter to your mother has not yet been forwarded. Hattie, to whom you entrusted it, did not give it to me until this morning, alleging in apology that she put it in her pocket and forgot it. I have reason to believe that in a very short time you will see your mother; let this

matter rest until you can converse fully with her, and if she sanctions your decision, I of course shall have [no right to expostulate. Lily, I want to see you happy, and while I profoundly respect Mr. Lindsay, who, I daresay, is a most estimable gentleman, I should not very cordially give you away to him."

She rose and stood before him, clasping her hands tightly over each other; tearless, tortured, striving to see the path of duty. "Mr. Palmer, if I can only make him happy! I owe him so much. When I remember all that he did so tenderly for years, and especially on that awful night of the storm, I feel that I ought not to refuse what he asks of me."

"If he knew how you felt I think I could safely promise for him that he would not accept your hand. The heart of the woman he loves is the boon that a man holds most precious. Lily, you know your inmost heart does not prompt you to marry Mr. Lindsay."

Did he suspect her secret folly? The blood that had seemed to curdle around her aching heart surged into her cheeks, painting them a vivid rose, and she said, hastily: "Indeed, he is very dear to me. He is the noblest man I ever knew. How could I fail to love him?"

He took her left hand and examined the ring. "You wear this as a pledge of betrothal? Is it not premature when your mother is in ignorance of your purpose? Tell me, my ward, tell me, do you not rather keep it here to stimulate your flagging sense of duty? To strengthen you to adhere to your rash resolve?

"He wrote that if I had faithfully kept my farewell promise to him, he wished me to wear it."

"May I know the nature of that promise?'

"That I would always love him next to my mother."

"But I think you admitted that possibly you might some day meet your ideal, who would be dearer even than mother and Douglas. I do not wish to distress you needlessly, but while you are under my protection I must unflinchingly do all that honour demands of a faithful guardian. I can permit no engagement without your mother's approval; and I honestly confess to you that I am growing impatient to place you in her care. Do you still desire your letter forwarded?"

"If you please."

"Sit down. I have sad news for you."

He unbottoned his coat, took an envelope from his pocket, and she recognised the telegram which had arrived the previous day.

"Regina, many guardians would doubtless withhold this, but fairness and perfect candour have been my rule of life, and I prefer frankness to diplomacy. This telegraphic despatch arrived yesterday, and is intended for you, though addressed to me."

He put it in her hand, and, filled with an undefined terror that chilled her, she read:

"San Francisco.

"MR. EDGAR PALMER:—Tell your ward that Douglas is too ill to travel further. If she wishes to see him alive she must come immediately. Can't you bring her on at once?

"ELISE LINDSAY."

The despatch fluttered to the ground, and the girl moaned and bowed her face in her hands. He waited some minutes and, with a sob, she said:

"Oh, let me go to him! It might be a comfort to him, and if he should die? Oh, do let me go!"

"Do you think your mother would consent to your taking so grave a step?"

"I do not know, but she would not blame me when she learned the circumstances. If I waited to consult her he might, oh! we are wasting time! Mr. Palmer, pity me! Send me to him, to the friend who loves me so truly, so devotedly!"

She started up and wrung her hands as imagination pictured the noble friend ill, perhaps dying, and longing to see her.

"Regina, compose yourself. The telegram has been delayed by an unprecedented fall of snow that interrupts the operation of the wires, and it is dated three days ago. Last night I telegraphed to learn Mr. Lindsay's condition, but up to the time of our leaving home, the wires were not working through to San Francisco; and the trains on the Union Pacific are completely snow-bound. The agent told me this morning that it was uncertain when the cars would run through, as the track is blocked up. Until we ascertain something definite, let me advise you to withhold your letter enclosing his; for I ought to tell you that I am daily expecting a summons to send you to Europe. Come, walk with me, and try to be patient."

He offered her his arm, and they walked for some time in profound silence. At last she exclaimed, passionately:

"Please, let me go home. I want to be alone."

They finally reached the carriage, and Mr. Palmer gave the coachman directions to drive to the telegraph office. During the ride, Regina leaned back with her face pressed against the silken curtain on the side, and her eyes closed. Her companion could see the regular chiselled profile, so delicate and yet so firm, and as he studied the curves of her beautiful mouth, he realised that she had fully resolved to fulfil her promise; that at any cost of personal suffering she would grant the prayer of the devoted young minister.

Neither spoke, and when the carriage stopped at the telegraph office Mr. Palmer went in and remained some time. As he returned, she felt that he held her destiny for all time in his hands, and in after years he often recalled the despairing, terrified expression of the face that leaned forward, with parted quivering lips, and eyes that looked a prayer for pity.

"The wires are not yet working fully, but probably messages will go through during the day. Regina, try to be patient, and believe that you shall learn the nature of Mrs. Lindsay's answer as soon as I receive it. Tell Mrs. Palmer I shall not come home to dine, have pressing business at court, and cannot tell how long I may be detained at my office. Good-bye. The despatch shall be sent to you without delay."

He lifted his hat, closed the carriage door, and motioned to Farley to drive home, where Regina was left to the seclusion of her room. As the day wore slowly away her restlessness increased, and she paced the floor until her limbs trembled from weariness. Deliberately she recalled all the incidents of the long residence at the parsonage, and strove to live again the happy season during which the young minister had contributed so largely to her perfect contentment. The white pets they had tended and caressed together, the books she had read with him, the favourite passages he had italicised, the songs he loved best, the flowers he laid upon her breakfast plate and now and then twined in her hair; above all, his loving, persuasive tone, quiet, gentle words of affectionate counsel, and tender pet name for her—"My white dove." How fervent had been his prayer that when he returned he might find her "unspotted from the world."

Was she? Could she bear to deceive the brave, loyal heart that trusted her so completely?

Once at church she had witnessed a marriage, heard the awfully solemn vows that the bride registered in the sight of God, and to-day the words flamed like the sword of the avenging angel, like a menace, a challenge. Would Douglas take her for his wife if he knew that Mr. Palmer had become dearer to her than all the world beside? Could she deny that his voice and the touch of his hand on hers magnetised, thrilled her as no one else had power to do? She could think without pain of Mr. Lindsay selecting some other lady and learning to love her as his wife, forgetting the child Regina; but when she forced herself to reflect that her guardian would soon be Mrs. Carew's husband, the torture seemed unendurable.

Unlocking a drawer, she spread before her all the little souvenirs Mr. Lindsay had given her. The faded flowers that had once glowed under the fervid sun of India, the seal and pen, the blue and gold Tennyson and Whittier, and the pretty copy of Christina Rossetti's poems he had sent from Liverpool. One by one she read his letters, ending with the last, which Mr. Palmer had laid on her lap when he left the carriage.

Despite her efforts, above the dear, meek, gentle image of the consecrated and devout missionary towered the stately, proud form of the brilliant lawyer, with his chilling smile and haughty marble brow; and she knew that he reigned supreme in her heart. He was not so generous, so nobly self-sacrificing, so holy and pious as Mr. Lindsay, nor did she reverence him so entirely; but above all else she loved him. Conscience, pride, and womanly delicacy all clamoured in behalf of the absent but faithful lover, and the true heart answered, "Away with sophistry and gratitude, pitying affection and sympathy! I am vassal to but one—give me Edgar Palmer, my king!"

If she married Douglas, and he afterwards discovered the truth, could he be happy?—could he ever trust her again? She resolved to go to San Francisco to tell Mr. Lindsay without reservation all that she felt, withholding only the name of the man whom she loved best; and if he could be content with the little she could give in return for his attachment, then, with no deception flitting like a ghoul between them, she would ask her mother's permis-

sion to dedicate the future to Douglas Lindsay. She would never see her guardian again, and when he was married it would be sinful even to think of him, and her duties and new ties must help her to forget him.

Pleading weariness and indisposition, she had absented herself from dinner, and when night came it was upon leaden wings that oppressed her. Feverish and restless she raised the sash, and though the temperature was freezing outside, she leaned heavily on the sill and inhaled the air. A distant clock struck eleven, and she stood looking at the moon that flooded the avenue with splendour, and shone like a sheet of silver on the glass of a window opposite.

Very soon a peculiarly-measured step, slow and firm, rung on the pavement beneath her, and ere the muffled figure paused at the door she recognised her guardian. He entered by means of a latch-key, and closing the window Regina sat down and listened. Her heart beat like a drum, drowning other sounds, and all else was so still that after a little while she supposed no message had been received, and that Mr. Palmer had gone to sleep.

She dreaded to lie down, knowing that her pillow would prove one not of roses, but thorns. She prayed long and fervently that God would help her to do right under all circumstances, would enable her to conquer and govern her wilful, riotous heart, subduing it to the dictates of duty; and in conclusion she begged that the Heavenly Father would spare and strengthen His feeble, suffering, consecrated minister—spare a life she would strive to brighten.

Rising from her knees she opened a little illustrated Testament Mr. Lindsay had given her on her thirteenth birthday, and which she was accustomed to read every night. The fourteenth chapter of St. John happened to meet her eye. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Just then she heard a low, cautious tap upon her door. Her heart stood still; she felt paralysed, but found voice to say, hoarsely:

"Come in."

The door was partly opened, but no one entered, and she went forward to the threshold. Mr. Palmer was standing outside, with his face averted, and in his outstretched hand she saw the well-known telegraphic envelope, which always arouses a thrill of dread, bearing so frequently the bolt of destruction into tranquil households. Shaking like aspens when the west wind blows, she took it.

"Tell me, is he better?"

Mr. Palmer turned, gave one swift, pitying glance at her recognised face, and, as if unable to endure the sight, walked quickly away. She shut the door, stood a moment, spell-bound by dread, then held the sheet to the light.

"San Francisco.

"MR. EDGAR PALMER.—Mr. Douglas died last night. "ELISE LINDSAY."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"YOUR bed is untouched, you did not undress! Why did you sit up all night, and alone?"

"Because I knew it was folly to attempt to sleep; and to watch the bay and the beauty of the night was less wearying than to toss on a pillow staring at the ceiling. Mrs. Waul, what brings you in so early?"

"A package of letters which must have arrived yesterday, but William only received them a few minutes since. Mrs. Orme, will you have your coffee now?"

"After a little while. Have everything in order to leave at a moment's notice, for I may not return here from Pæstum. Give me the letters."

Mrs. Orme tossed back her hair which had been unbound, and as the letters were placed in her hand she seemed almost to forget them, so abstracted was the expression with which her eyes rested on the dancing waves of the Bay of Naples. The noise of the door closing behind Mrs. Waul seemed to arouse her, and, glancing at the letters, she opened one from Mr. Palmer.

The long and harrowing vigil which had lasted from the moment of bidding General Laurance good night on the previous evening had left its weary traces in the beautiful face; but rigid resolution had also set its stern seal on the compressed mouth and the relentless eyes.

The spirit of revenge had effectually banished all the purer, holier emotions of her nature; and the hope of an overwhelming Nemesis beckoned her to a fearful sacrifice of womanly sensibility, but just now nothing seemed too sacred to be immolated upon the altar of her implacable Hate. Originally gentle, loving, yielding in nature, injustice and adversity had gradually

petrified her character; yet beneath the rigid exterior flowed a lava tide that now and then overflowed its stony barriers and threatened irremediable ruin.

Fully resolved upon the revolting scheme which promised punishment to the family of Laurance, she opened the New York letter.

The first few lines riveted her attention. She sat erect, leaned forward, with eyes wide and strained, and gradually rose to her feet, clutching the letter, until her fingers grew purple. As she hurried on, breathing like one whose everlasting destiny is being laid in the balance, a marvellous change overspread her countenance. The blood glowed in lip and cheek, the wild sparkle sank, extinguished in the tears that filled her eyes, the hardness melted away from the resolute features, and at last a cry like that of some doomed spirit suddenly snatched from the horrors of perdition rolled through the room.

After so many years of reckless hopelessness, the transition was overpowering, and the miserable wife and mother, rescued upon the extreme verge of utter lifelong ruin, fell forward upon her knees, sobbing and laughing alternately.

From the hour when she learned of her husband's second marriage she had ceased to pray, abandoning herself completely to the cynicism and vindictiveness that overflowed her soul like a wave of Phlegethon; but now the fountain of gratitude was unsealed, and she poured out a vehement, passionate thanksgiving to God. Alternately praying, weeping, smiling, she knelt there, now and then re-reading portions of the letters, to assure herself that it was not a mere blessed dream, and at length when the strain relaxed, she dropped her head on a chair, and, like a spent feeble child, cried heartily, unrestrainedly.

Mr. Palmer wrote that after years of fruitless effort he had succeeded in obtaining from Peleg Peterson a full retraction of the charges made against her name, whereby General Laurance had prevented a suit against his son. Peterson had made an affidavit of certain facts, which nobly exonerated her from the heinous imputations with which she was threatened, should she attempt legal redress for her wrongs, and which proved that the defence upon which General Laurence relied was the result of perjury and bribery.

In addition to the recantation of Peterson, Mr. Palmer communicated the joyful intelligence that Gerbert Audré, who was believed to have been lost off the Labrador Coast fifteen years before, had been discovered in Washington, where he was occupying a clerical desk in one of the departments; and that he had furnished conclusive testimony as a witness of the marriage, and a friend of Cuthbert Laurance.

The lawyer had carefully gathered all the necessary links of evidence, and was prepared to bring suit against Cuthbert Laurance for desertion and bigamy, assuring the long-suffering wife that her name and life would be nobly vindicated.

Within his letter was one addressed to Mrs. Orme by Peleg Peterson, and a portion of the scrawl was heavily underlined.

"For all that I have revealed to Mr. Palmer, and solemnly sworn to, for this clearing of your reputation, you may thank your child. But for her I should never have declared the truth; would have gone down to the grave leaving a blot upon you; for my conscience is too dead to trouble me, and I hate you, Minnie! Hate you for the wreck you helped to make of me. But that girl's white angel face touched me when she said (and I knew she meant it), 'If I find from my mother that you are indeed my father, then I will do my duty. I will take your hand, I will own you my father, face the world's contempt, and we will bear our disgrace together, as best we may.' She would have done it, at all risk, and I have pitied her. It is to clear her, and give her the name she is entitled to, that at last I have spoken the truth. She is a noble, brave girl, too good for you, too good for her father; far too good to own René Laurance for her grandfather. When he sees the child he paid me to claim, he will not need my oath to satisfy him that in body she is every inch a Laurance; but where she got her white soul God only knows, certainly it is neither Merle nor Laurance. You owe your salvation to your sweet, brave child, and have no cause to thank me, for I shall always hate you."

Had some ministering angel removed from her hand the hemlock of that loathsome vengeance she had contemplated, and substituted the nectar of hope and joy, the renewal of a life unclouded by the dread of disgrace that had hung over her like a pall for seventeen years? When gathering her garments about her to plunge into a dark gulf replete with seething horror, a strong hand had lifted her away from the fatal ledge, and she heard the voice of her

youth calling her to the almost forgotten vale of peace; while supreme among the thronging visions of joy, gleamed the fair face of her blue-eyed daughter.

Adversity in the guise of human injustice and wrong generally indurates and embitters; and the chastisements that chasten, are those which "come directly from the hand of Him "who doeth all things well."

When Mrs. Waul came back Mrs. Orme was still kneeling, with her face hidden in her arms, and the letters lying beside her. Laying her wrinkled hand on the golden hair, the faithful old woman asked—

"Did you hear from your baby?"

"Oh! I have good news that will make me happy as long as I live. I shall soon see my child, and soon, very soon, all will be clear. Just now I cannot explain; but thank God for me that these letters came safely."

She rose, put back her hair, and rapidly glanced over two other letters, then walked to and fro, pondering the contents.

"Ask Mr. Waul to come to me at once."

She went to her desk, and wrote to General Laurance that letters received after their last interview compelled her to hasten to Paris, whither she had been recalled by a summons from the manager of the theatre. She had determined, in accordance with his own earnestly expressed wishes, that from the day when the world knew her as Mrs. Laurance it should behold her no more upon the stage; consequently she would hasten the arrangements for the presentation of her own play, "A Life's Drama," and after he had witnessed her rendition of the new *rôle*, she would confer with him regarding the day appointed for the celebration of their marriage. Until then she positively declined seeing him, but enclosed a tress of her golden hair, and begged to hear from him frequently; adding directions that would insure the reception of his letters. Concluding, she signed, "Odille Orme, hoping, by the grace of God, soon to subscribe myself Laurance."

"Mr. Waul, I have unexpectedly altered my entire programme, and instead of going to Pæstum, must start at once to Paris. The French steamer sails for Marseilles at three o'clock. Go down at once and arrange for our passage, and be careful to let no one know by what route I leave Naples. On your way call at the telegraph office and see that this despatch is forwarded promptly; and send me a close carriage immediately. I wish to avoid an unpleasant engagement, and shall drive to Torre del Greco, returning in time to meet you at the steamer instead of at this house. See that the baggage leaves here only time enough to be put on board by three o'clock, and I shall not fail to join you there. When General Laurance calls Mrs. Waul will instruct the servant to hand him this note, with the information that I have gone for a farewell drive around Naples."

Hurriedly completing her preparations, she entered the carriage, and was soon borne along the incomparably beautiful road that skirts the graceful curves of the Bay of Naples. But the glory of the sky, and the legendary charms of the picturesque scenery that surrounded her, appealed in vain to senses that were wrapped in the light of other days, that listened only to the new canticle which hope long dumb was now singing through all the sunny chambers of her heart.

Returning again and again to the perusal of the letters, to assure herself that no contingency could arise to defraud her of her long-delayed recognition, she felt that the galling load of half her life had suddenly slipped from her weary shoulders; and the world and the future wore that magic radiance which greeted Miriam, as singing she looked back upon the destruction escaped, and on, towards the redeemed inheritance awaiting her.

Reunion with her child, and the triumphant establishment of her unsullied parentage, glowed as the silver stars in her new sky; while a baleful lurid haze surrounded the thought of that dire punishment she was enabled to inflict upon the men who had trampled her prayers beneath their iron heels.

She recalled the image of the swarthy, supercilious, be-diamonded woman who sat that memorable night in the minister's box, claiming as husband the listless, handsome man at her side, and as she pictured the dismay which would follow the sudden rending of the name of Laurance from the banker's daughter, and her hepless child, Mrs. Orme laughed aloud.

Slowly the day wore on, and General Laurance failed to call at the appointed hour to arrange the preliminaries of his marriage. His servant brought a note, which Mrs. Orme read when she reached the steamer, informing her that sudden and

severe indisposition confined him to his bed, and requesting an interview on the ensuing morning. Mrs. Waul had received the note, and despatched in return that given her by her mistress.

In the magical glow of that cloudless golden afternoon, Mrs. Orme saw the outlines of St. Elmo fade away, Capri vanish like a purple mist, Ischia and Procida melt insensibly into the blue of the marvellous bay; and watching the spark which trembled on the distant summit of Vesuvius, like the dying eye of that cruel destiny from which she fled, the rescued, happy woman exulted in the belief that she was at last sailing through serene seas.

Chapter XXV.

Since the memorable day of Regina's visit to Central Park many weeks had elapsed, and one wild stormy evening in March she sat at the library table writing her translation of a portion of "Egmont." Upon a bronze console stood a terra-cotta jar containing a white azalea in full bloom, and the fragrance of the flowers breathed like a benediction on the atmosphere; while in the tall glass beneath Mrs. Orme's portrait were two half-blown snowy camellias.

The keen and prolonged anguish which Regina had endured left its shadow, faint, vague, but unmistakable; and in the eyes lay gloom, and around the mouth patient yet melancholy lines, which hinted of a bitter struggle in which the calm-hearted girl died, and the wiser, sadder woman was born.

Her grief had been silent but deep, for the loss of the dear friend who symbolised for her all that was noble, heroic, and godly in human nature; and her suffering was not assuaged by letters from Mrs. Lindsay, furnishing the sorrowful details of the last illness of the minister, and the dying words of tender devotion to the young girl whom he believed his betrothed bride.

Over these harrowing letters she had wept long and bitterly, accusing herself continually of her unworthiness in allowing another image to usurp the throne where the missionary should have reigned supreme; and the only consolation afforded, was in the reflection that Douglas had died believing her faithful—happy in the perfect trust reposed in her. He had been buried on a sunny slope of the cemetery not far from the blue waves of the Pacific, and his mother remained in San Francisco, with her sister, in whose house Douglas Lindsay had quietly breathed his life away; dying as he had lived, full of hope in Christ, and trust in God.

Mrs. Palmer only knew that Regina had lost a dear friend whom she had not seen for years, and none but her guardian understood the nature of the sacred tie that bound them. Day and night she was haunted by memories of the kind face never more to be seen this side of the City of Peace, and when at length she received a photograph taken after death, in which, wan and emaciated, he seemed sleeping soundly, she felt that her life could never again be quite the same, and that the gray wings of Regret drooped over her future pathway.

Accompanying the photograph was a brief yet loving note written by Mr. Lindsay the evening before his death; and to it were appended the lines from "Jacqueline:"

"Nor shall I leave thee wholly. I shall be—
An evening thought—a morning dream to thee—
A silence in thy life, when through the night,
The bell strikes, or the sun with sinking light,
Smites all the empty windows. As there sprout
Daisies, and dimpling tufts of violets, out
Among the grass where some corpse lies asleep,
So round thy life, where I lie buried deep,
A thousand little tender thoughts shall spring,
A thousand gentle memories wind and cling."

As if the opal were a talisman against the revival of reflections that seemed an insult to the dead, Regina wore the ring constantly; and whenever a thrill warned her of the old madness, her right hand caressed the jewels, seeking from their touch a renewal of strength. Studiously she manœuvred to avoid even casual meetings with her guardian, and except at the table, and in the presence of the family, she had not seen him for several weeks. Business engagements occupied him very closely; he was called away to Albany, to Boston, and once to Philadelphia, but no farewells were exchanged with his ward, and, as if conscious of her sedulous efforts to avoid him, he appeared almost to ignore her presence. During these sad days the girl made no attempt to analyse the estrangement which she felt was hourly increasing between them. She presumed he disapproved of her resolution to accept Mr. Lindsay, because he was poor and offered no brilliant worldly advantages such as her guardian had been trained to regard as paramount inducements in the grave matter of marriage; and,

secluding herself as much as possible, she fought her battle with grief and remorse as best she might, unaided by sympathy. If she could only escape from that house, with her secret undiscovered, she thought that in time she would crush her folly and reinstate herself in her own respect. Unwilling to indulge a reverie so fraught with pain and humiliation, she returned to her "Egmont," resuming her translation. Ere long Hattie knocked at the door:

"Mr. Palmer says, please to come down to the library; he wishes to speak to you."

"Ask him if he will not be so kind as to wait till morning? Say I shall feel very much obliged if he will excuse me to-night."

In a few minutes she returned. "He is sorry he must trouble you to come down this evening, as he leaves home to-morrow."

She went to the drawer that contained all her souvenirs of Mr. Lindsay, and lingered some minutes, looking sorrowfully at the photograph; then pressed her lips to the melancholy image, and as if strengthened by communion with the dead face, went down to the library.

Mr. Palmer was walking slowly up and down the long room, and had paused in front of the snowy azalea. As she approached he put out his hand and took hers, for the first time since they had sat together in the Park.

"How deliciously this perfumes the room, and it must be yours, for no other member of the household cares for flowers, and I see a cluster of the same blossoms in your hair."

"Azaleas were Mr. Lindsay's favourite flowers, and that fact tempted me to make the purchase. We had just such a one as this at the parsonage, and on his birthday we covered the pot with white cambric, fringed the edge with violets, and set it in the centre of the breakfast table; and the bees came in and hovered over it."

She had withdrawn her hand, and, folding her fingers, leaned her face on them, a position which she often assumed when troubled. Her left hand was uppermost, and the opal and diamonds seemed pressed against her lips, though she was unconscious of their close proximity. Mr. Palmer broke off a cluster of three half-expanded flowers, twisted the stem into the button-hole of his coat, and answered, coldly:

"Flowers are always associated in my mind with early recollections of my mother, who had her own greenhouse and conservatories. They appear to link you with the home of your former guardian, and the days that were happier than those you spend here."

"That dear parsonage was my happiest home, and I shall always cherish its precious memories."

"Happier than a residence under my roof has been? Be so good as to look at me; it is the merest courtesy to do so when one is spoken to."

"Pardon me, I was not instituting a comparison; and while I am grateful for the kindness and considerate hospitality shown me by all in this pleasant house, it has never seemed to me quite the home that I found the dear old parsonage."

"Because you prefer country to city life? Love to fondle white rabbits and pigeons, and stand ankle deep in clover blooms?"

"I daresay that is one reason; for my tastes are certainly very childish still."

"Then of course you regret the necessity which brought you to reside here?"

He bent an unusually keen look upon her, but she quietly met his eyes, and answered without hesitation: "You must forgive me, if your questions compel me to sacrifice courtesy to candour. I do regret that I ever came to live in this city; and I believe it would have been better for me if I had remained at V—— with Mr. Hargrove and the Lindsays."

"You mean that you would have been happier with them than with me?"

As she thought of the keen suffering her love for him had entailed upon her, of the dreary days and sleepless nights she had recently passed in that elegant luxurious home, her eyes deepened in tint, saddened in expression, and she said: "You have been very kind and generous to me, and I gratefully appreciate all you have done, but if you insist on an answer, I must confess I was happier two years ago than I am now."

"Thank you. The truth, no matter how unflattering, is always far more agreeable to me than equivocation or disingenuousness. Does my ward believe that it will conduce to her future happiness to leave my roof and find a residence elsewhere?"

"I know I should be happier with my mother."

"Then I congratulate myself as the bearer of delightful tidings. Regina, it gives me pleasure to relieve you from your present disagreeable surroundings, by informing you of the telegram received to-day

from your mother. It was dated two days ago at Naples, and is as follows:—'Send Regina to me by the first steamer to Havre. I will meet her in Paris.'"

Involuntarily the girl exclaimed: "Thank God!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE POLAR PARADISE.

"IT is an idle, quest," he said. The speaker was one of those who received promotion for distinguished services with the sledge parties in the recently-returned Arctic expedition. We were smoking a last cigar together before retiring to bed.

"It is an idle quest," he repeated. "Mark my words, the Pole never will be reached. Those gates of white are for ever shut fast in the face of mortal man."

"You speak as if the Pole were the Earthly Paradise of old," I said.

"I do," he replied. "It seems to me that both Science and Revelation agree in pointing to the Pole as the true site of the Garden of Eden. And that is why, watching before those everlasting doors of white, with the Angel brands of flaming *aurora borealis* in the sky, I felt certain that no man will ever reach that forbidden goal. Do you not see," he continued, "that all the strange hankering of the present century after Arctic exploration is nothing but a development of the old quest for the Terrestrial Paradise, which occupied attention from the time of St. Brandan's fabulous voyage in the sixth century, down to the time Polar discovery became popular? The old seekers for the site of Paradise—Prester John, Gautier de Metz, Lambertus Floridus, Paludanus, Meffreth, Rupert of Duytz, and the rest—looked for Olympian Fields, for some Garden of Avalon, ever sweet with summer airs, with a sky eternally blue, and a sun that went not down, and flowers that never fade, and Water of Life whereof 'thei that drynken semen alle weys yongly, and liven withouten sykenesse.' Most of them fixed its situation in the east, many in Ceylon, though as Rabanus Maurus said, 'whether it be there, or whether it be anywhere else, God knows, but that there *was* such a spot once, and that it was on earth, is certain.' Now it is strange that no sooner did this search of many centuries for the Earthly Paradise die out, than it was succeeded, without a break, yet without conscious connection, by a search for the North Pole. And all this change in the locality of search followed the discovery of that dumb witness, the loadstone, which throughout the ages had ever been steadfastly pointing with its faithful finger to the north.

"From the Bible narrative we find, that if we would seek the site of the Earthly Paradise we must look for a spot fulfilling two conditions:—1. It must be the first inhabited place on earth; and 2. It must be a place for ever shut up against man's return thither, the gates everlastingly locked and guarded by a flaming sword. To take the last condition first, the Poles are the only places in the world to which the access of man is denied. Their icebound doors are made fast against all life—human, animal, and vegetable alike. And none having seen the awful splendour of those swords of golden light upreared in the sky, turning every way, with the blood-red flush upon their blades, can fail to realise the Angel that keeps those shining gates. But the Poles were not always closed against life. We know this by the fossil remains of subtropical vegetation discovered in the Polar circles. Geology teaches that the Poles were once hot, that they have been the first places in the world to cool, and that the cold has been gradually spreading downwards. And when—in order to fulfil the second condition required for the site of an Earthly Paradise—we look for the first inhabited place on the globe, astronomy confirms geological evidence by teaching that the first *habitable* part of any planet must of necessity be at the Poles.

"Mr. Proctor, in his investigations, 'When the Sea was Young,'* tells us that there was a time in the formation of this globe when its centre was a molten nucleus, surrounded by all the volatile principles that fire could bring out of it—its oceans in a state of vapour, forming a huge darkening

* *Cornhill Magazine*, August and October, 1876.

atmosphere thousands of miles thick round about it. The specific gravity of our globe was at that time necessarily the same as at present, but its bulk was enormously distended by these surrounding cloud-layers, so that, seen from another planet, it would have looked a star as large again as it does now. In long ages, as the mass cooled and solidified, the vaporous water settled down into the fire-torn chasms and became the ocean, and then the light broke through upon the seething earth. We know this by observing other bodies in the solar system which are in the various stages of growth which our world has either passed through or has yet to reach. Jupiter has not yet attained the productive stage of our earth. Its bulk is immensely greater in proportion to its specific gravity than that of our planet. Hence it is deduced that Jupiter is still molten, with its future oceans steaming about its surface in cloud-layers. And this is confirmed by telescopic observation of the occasional transparency of Jupiter's outline, since independent observers have recorded the reappearance of one of Jupiter's moons after its disappearance behind the planet's disc—a proof that the planet is surrounded by a transparent cloud-laden atmosphere many thousands of miles thick. Our moon we know to be a burnt-out body, long past the life-bearing stage, and grown cold. Planets, then, in their early formation wheel their course in a state of fierce combustion, and have to undergo an extreme amount of shrinkage before they grow cool enough to develope life, and the life-bearing stage is proportionate in duration to their bulk and their consequent capacity for storing the primal heat.

"Now, accepting that our Earth has been formed on this principle—and geology supports astronomy in proving the earth's crust to bear conclusive marks of shrinkage from gradual cooling—a moment's consideration will show what spots would be first habitable in a slowly-cooling globe *spinning always upon its axis*. The life-bearing would obviously begin at those places which were the *first to cool*. Those would, of course, be the Poles, where the motion is slowest, and the friction least. And we should expect to find in a revolving globe, gradually becoming cool, that the periphery retained the greatest heat to the last, long after the axes had grown cold. And, accordingly, we do find the greatest heat at the Equator, while the Poles are frozen.

"The Poles, then, were the first places on the face of the globe where the germ of life developed—whether vegetable, animal, or human. Those regions, now locked in the Eternal Frost that creeps down, age by age, over the slowly-cooling earth, are the first that could have borne Eden's fruit that was 'pleasant to the sight and good for food,' or brought forth man and beast and creeping thing to multiply in a world whose middle zones still smouldered with the fire. Mark, too, how all the images ever used to describe the first mysterious Garden dwell most upon its *coolness;* as though all the world besides were scorching wilderness, and here alone were cool green leaf-shelter, and cool clear running waters, and the cool undying breeze. But, as time went on, the Poles must have been the first to feel the cold creeping over the planet. Slowly, as the frost shut out the life-bearing, the frost-barriers thrust men down to lower and lower latitudes, where the sun sets every night; and left them the legend of that long Arctic day where *the sun goes not down*, and of that first Garden planted upon earth when the home of the world's first summer was at the Poles.

"And long ages hence, as the cold spreads downwards and upwards from the two Poles, the ice-gates will advance, till meeting, they lock all life from out the world, leaving our Earth an ice-bound cinder like its satellite—to serve perchance as moon to shed its chilly lustre on some new life-bearing planet's Polar Paradise.

"Such was my musing as, sitting wrapped in my duffle-bag in my tent-door, latitude 83 deg. 20 min. 30 sec., I saw the golden sky-brands flame out their solemn warning on the threshold of the lifeless land."

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

A DANGEROUS FRIEND.

BY RE HENRY.

Chapter I.

"ROBERT ETHERIDGE, is it too late? Will nothing I can say now have power to alter this sudden determination?"

"I assure you, sir, it is not sudden. I have thought long and seriously of the project. Mr. Haynes, believe me I would not lightly give up my situation here. I know how much I have to thank you for, although my conduct now may not seem to express a great deal of gratitude."

"My boy," said the elder gentleman, and in his earnestness he laid his hand familiarly on his clerk's shoulder, "I am not complaining. Any kindness I have shown you has been amply repaid by your unremitting attention to my business during four years. I shall miss you, Robert—it would be useless to deny it; but indeed it is no selfish consideration which urges me to dissuade you from this enterprise. I have known men, hopeful and determined as yourself, who have gone abroad resolved to make a fortune as they had heard of others doing, and, Robert, they lived to repent that they had not waited in security until Fortune chose to smile upon them. But there, I am only a fool to try and damp your hopes when I can do no good. One word more; if ever you return to England without the golden store your dreams have pictured, your old stool and your old salary shall be ready for you so long as I am master here."

The young man was too deeply affected to say much. He could only clasp between both his own the hand which Mr. Haynes extended to him, and with a low "God bless you for ever and reward you, my kind master," he hurried from the office to hide the emotion which he could not suppress.

He had need of all his fortitude, for there was another parting to be gone through which wrung his heart even to think of.

It was no base love of money, it was not ambition, nor the need of excitement which had prompted Robert Etheridge to resign his situation in the house of Haynes and Son. His salary, though not large, had been sufficient for his own wants, but it was not sufficient to justify him in taking a wife, and he had been betrothed nearly two years. He did not fear that his promised bride would grow tired of waiting, or would give him up for a richer suitor. Dear, innocent, child-like Alice Morgan! she would have waited for him till they were both old and gray. But it seemed to him so hard that she should waste all her sweet youth in the two dull, dreary rooms where she lived with her invalid mother. Poor Alice's life had not been a very bright one of late years. Mr. Morgan's death had left his widow and only child in extremely straitened circumstances, so that Alice was obliged to add to their little income by getting employment as a daily governess. It was a great grief to Mrs. Morgan that her failing health prevented her contributing her share towards their support. But as all exertion was impossible, she took care to render the only help in her power by never bewailing the inevitable, but preserving a cheerful and contented demeanour under all her trials. They were fortunate in having for their landlady a really pleasant, useful little woman. Mrs. Barker, when not harassed by exacting and disagreeable lodgers, was a very cheerful companion, and, pitying the invalid widow lady, spent many an hour with her during her daughter's enforced absence. It was a great comfort for Alice to know that her mother was well attended to, for she felt truly that to sit in enforced idleness must be much harder than to work for daily bread.

Alice was not at all disposed to repine at her own lot. If teaching were somewhat dreary and monotonous, if trudging through the winter snow and summer heat were rather aggravating to the temper, yet had she not youth, and health, and beauty (she could not help knowing it), and, above all, she had Robert. How dear they were to each other, those two—so poor, so destitute of friends! How happy she had been! Had been! Ah, yes; for it was all over now. From the pleasant past, from the glowing future she had pictured, came Alice's sad thoughts to concentrate themselves on the one idea, "Robert is going away." Going away, and who could tell when and how they would meet again? She dare not grieve—dare not tell him what her life would be without him, for was it not for her sake he was going? Because he

could not bear that she should waste her youth in poverty and hard work when sufficient courage and energy on his part might make everything so different.

She had resolved to be very brave when he came this last evening to bid her adieu; but as soon as he appeared away swam all her good resolutions in a perfect torrent of tears. Robert held her tenderly to him, and soothed her as well as his own emotion would permit.

"Why, Alice, when I come back a rich man in a very few years time, you'll wonder how you could ever have been so silly."

"But the time will seem so long before I can hear from you. And, oh! Robert, the voyage! It is fraught with such dangers—storms and fire. I shall always be dreaming of some such horrors."

"Silly child! Have not many men accomplished the journey in safety, not once but many times? Suppose I were the captain of a ship always sailing to and fro, then you might be uneasy. But now, when I have once reached Australia, and you have letters coming to you regularly, you will hardly think how far I am away."

"Letters," said Alice, "are so unsatisfactory."

"Are they? Then you would prefer, perhaps, that I should not write?"

"Oh, Robert, don't be dreadful!" She raised her head to look at him, and make sure that he was not in earnest. "If any mail comes from Australia without a letter from you I shall think you have ceased to care for me."

"Alice, don't say that!" cried Robert, quickly. "Accidents happen sometimes: a letter might miscarry; a hundred things might prevent me writing. Let us make an arrangement, darling, that if a letter should not come to one or the other of us at the right time we will only think it was a misfortune and not negligence that delayed it. Above all, let us never, under any circumstances, believe anything ill of each other unless we have undeniable proof of it. So much misery, so many fatal separations have occurred through slight accidents and misunderstanding. Alice, swear that when I am far away nothing should ever make you believe I had ceased to love you short of my own written declaration."

Alice's tears were streaming fast at his earnest words; but with her hands clasped in his she gave the required promise, solemnly, as he asked it.

Chapter II.

An interval of nearly four years; a change of scene from London to the wilds of Australia, but still the actor the same. The same! Why, what identity is there between the Robert Etheridge who left England full of health and spirits and confidence and the broken-down, worn-out man who lies here on the ground beneath a canvas tent! How all his dreams of fortune had vanished, until he sometimes wondered whether he could indeed ever have been hopeful and self-reliant. How often he looked back now with regret to his peaceful life in England, when his work had been ready for him day by day, and his salary, if moderate, was at least certain.

Just now his miserable thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a friend, the only one remaining to him, and even the consolation of his presence would soon be denied him. Maurice Elliott was to sail the next day for England. Robert's eyes brightened a little when he saw him.

"I have thought of a commission for you, Elliott," he said. "You asked me if there were nothing you could do for me in England. There is. I want you to take charge of this letter, to deliver it with your own hands, to—to" (he hesitated) "the person whose name it bears, and to say you left me well and happy; that is all."

"I don't understand you, Robert," said Mr. Elliott, as he read the superscription of the letter. "Miss Morgan! You told me you had not written to her for more than a year, on purpose that she might think you had forgotten her, and not hold herself bound to one so unfortunate. What, then, have you told her in this letter?"

"A lie!" answered Robert, suddenly. "I have told her that I am well and prosperous, but have no intention of returning to England; that other ties bind me here; and, in conclusion, have begged her to forget me, and to accept my wishes for her happiness. A specious composition! You should read it, Elliott; you know one grows eloquent in expressing the feelings of the heart."

"Robert, you must be mad to fling away your only chance of happiness. I know your heart is bound up in this girl."

"And it is for that very reason I have written thus. If I told her the truth I might in vain offer to release her from her promise to me. She would never give me up. And I love her far too well to let her waste her whole life for my sake. She is so

lovely, so good! Some one more lucky than I am will woo and win her; and the only consolation I can ever know now is to feel that I have not stood between her and happiness."

"By Heaven, Etheridge!" exclaimed his friend, "if you are not the most noble, incomprehensible, unselfish being I ever heard or dreamed of. You act as if your own feelings in the affair were not of the smallest consideration."

"And why should they be? I am but paying the penalty of my wilful folly. I would take no one's advice in leaving England, and now I would rather die here than return and say I have failed in everything. I come back a far poorer man than I set out; and now I come back to claim the girl I left and the situation I threw up!"

"But why not accept a little help from me? I am not a millionaire, but I have more than enough for my own wants. I *will* help you; you shall not refuse me."

"Nor would I, my kind friend, but that I have had too severe a lesson in borrowing money ever to do so again. When first I found everything going against me, I accepted assistance from a young man with whom I had grown intimate. If anyone had told me I should never repay that money, I would not have believed them. But I never did repay it. In my desperate struggle with fate I still played a losing game; my friend was equally unfortunate, and, worst of all, he was stricken with fever. Day by day he grew worse, and I, his debtor, had not a farthing to procure for him medical assistance or those luxuries which are positive necessaries to the sick. He died, poor boy, with my hand in his, begging me with his latest breath not to reproach myself for the past. Elliott, that night I knelt by his dead body, and, with my hand upon the pulseless heart, swore I would never, under any circumstances, be tempted to borrow money again. You would not have me break my oath?"

"I think I would have you do anything but give up your only chance of happiness, as you are doing. What if I refuse to carry that false letter?"

"Then I should send it by the usual way," answered Etheridge, with a dreary smile, "only I thought perhaps it might break the blow for her if you spoke to her first. I tell you it can do no harm. If it should happen that things out here took a turn, and she has never found anyone to supply my place, why then—but, no, I won't indulge in foolish dreams. I have done with that luxury for ever. Come, Maurice," he added, with his most winning smile, "I know you will do this for me, and not think very badly of me for it when we have parted for ever."

"I think you a noble, wrong-headed, generous, self-sacrificing fool!" burst out the other, impetuously, "and I wish to Heaven I had half your firmness and decision. Give me the letter, and mind, if I can ever be of use to you in any way, a line to this address will always find me."

"Don't leave it with me, Elliott. I shall never write to you, nor must you to me. I don't want to hear any news of—of—you know whom I mean. Well, I will take your address if you insist on it; but don't expect to hear from me. And, now, good-bye. I'm not going to try and thank you for all your kindness, old fellow. Health and prosperity to you wherever you are! Good-bye, good-bye!"

He tried to speak cheerily to the end, and shook his friend's hand heartily. Only when he was out of sight, and the last link which bound Robert Etheridge to all he loved was severed by his own act, he threw himself prostrate on the floor and sobbed like a child.

Chapter III.

Back again to England! back to the little room which witnessed the parting between Alice and her lover four years ago! There had been one sad change in her life since that time. Her mother was dead, and although in her invalid state she had been only a burden on their limited resources, yet her ready sympathy and wise counsel had been of great service to her daughter. Poor Alice was doubly lonely now, for she had no one to care for—nothing to look forward to in the wide world. About a year ago Robert's letters had suddenly and mysteriously ceased. Her last three to him remained unanswered. The uncertainty of his fate appalled her; he might be ill, dying, and how would she ever hear of it? With a shuddering heart, she sometimes thought "if he should be dead!" but that was too horrible to contemplate long. Never for one single instant did it occur to her that he could willingly neglect her. Amongst all the conjectures she hazarded to account for his silence, this thought had no place. Her faith in him was perfect. Yet it was a weary time for

her, and the doubt and anxiety were preying on her health.

She still lived in her old lodgings, for Mrs. Barker was now the only friend she could count on in the world; and the dingy little room was hallowed to her by the memory of Robert. He was, even now, the one bright spot in her existence; the star which, though now involved in doubt and uncertainty, was yet visible to the bright eye of faith. Alas! how cruelly was her trust to be destroyed. The day came when her idol, which she had believed must live for ever in her heart, lay prostrate in the dust.

Faithful to his promise, Mr. Elliott came. He handed the servant a card with the words, "Maurice Elliott, Australia," engraved on it. Alice was sitting by the fire engaged in some needlework. Her heart gave one tremendous bound as she read the card. Here was news of Robert at last! Good or bad, she was about to hear of him, or why should this stranger have sought her? Trembling in every limb she rose, and moved forward a few steps to meet the gentleman who was entering.

"You bring me news!" she said, without waiting for any more formal greeting.

He bowed his head. The sight of Alice had destroyed his self-possession. Her exquisite beauty, childlike still despite her twenty-three years, her grace, and the pleasant home look of her surroundings, surprised and charmed him; and beyond all, the eager, wistful way in which she came forward to hear his tidings, all reserve thrown down before her uncontrollable anxiety.

His silence alarmed her.

"It is bad news. I feel, I am sure," she breathed softly. "Do not fear, I am strong enough to bear it. Anything will be a relief after the suspense I have endured."

She was nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers; and her large brown eyes were fixed on Mr. Elliott's face.

"Promise first to forgive me," said he, while he searched hurriedly for his pocket-book; "promise you will not hate me for the news I bring."

"How could I?" she asked; "how could it be anything but kindness on your part?"

It was evident she had no foreboding of what she was to hear. Her thoughts were busy with death. No other calamity had as yet presented itself.

Mr. Elliott drew out the letter, her innocent, earnest eyes following his every movement.

"A letter for me!" she cried, "why, it is—it is in Robert's handwriting!"

Her tone of joyful surprise, the sudden light and gladness on her face, struck like a blow to her companion's heart. He turned away, and stood with his arms folded on the mantelpiece.

There was a deep silence. Alice had gone to the window to read her letter by the waning light. The clock ticked loudly, two little tongues of flames sparred at each other merrily in the grate. It seemed as if hours passed thus. Maurice Elliott dared not speak, he dared not even turn his head to see the effect of the work to which he had lent a hand. He felt almost like a murderer.

Presently a low, gasping sigh broke the stillness, and then Alice came towards him with the letter in her hand.

"There's nothing more to be said now," she uttered, in a faint, far-off voice. "It's all over and finished. There's nothing more to be said or done."

She murmured the last words to herself, staring vacantly into the fire, as if she had entirely forgotten the presence of a visitor and a stranger.

"At least tell me you forgive me, Miss Morgan!" cried Elliott; "tell me you will not for ever loathe the sight of me because I have been the bearer of such evil tidings?"

"You know what is in this letter?" asked Alice; "but of course I forgot. If you are his friend, as he says, you must know that he is married and well off and happy—he has written to tell me so, with his own hand. That is all."

"How could he write it?" cried Elliott. "How could he ask me to be the bearer of such a letter? Believe me, Miss Morgan, I never executed a friend's commission with deeper or truer regret."

"Regret," repeated Alice, still staring into the fire; "what have you to regret? It seems as if no one in the whole world should regret but me." Then, as if the unintentional pathos of her words had touched some tender hidden chord, she suddenly wailed forth, "Go now; another time I can hear, I can explain, only go now."

As Mr. Elliott obeyed her he saw her cover her face with her hands and burst into a torrent of tears.

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Chapter IV.

It was strange how the little domestic drama in which he had assisted lived in Maurice Elliott's mind. Again and again he went over in imagination all that Alice had said, and looked, and felt. Again and again, as the remembrance of her eager expectation, her grief and pain, rose before him did he feel tempted to go to her and confess the truth. To tell her that the lover she had so trusted was worthy her trust in spite of all, in spite even of his own written words. How beautiful it would be to bring back the colour to her pale cheeks, the light of hope and joy to her lovely eyes. He called again a week after his first visit, and, even in that short absence, he noticed how great was the change in her. The look of childlike trust and sweetness had gone for ever. She was a woman who had stood face to face with trouble. That trouble so terrible to a loving nature, the discovery that its love and trust have been utterly thrown away, abused, and disregarded. The world could never be the same to her again. The very sun which seemed to shine so brightly might be beaming only to wither and destroy. The flowers she had tended might hide a poison in their sweetness, There was no fair or lovely thing which might not turn to ruin and ugliness! Robert was false! She felt as a child might feel who runs for shelter and protection, and instead of outstretched arms it met with a blow. She had heard of violent outbreaks of nature, of horrible and unnatural crimes, but had never heeded much; they belonged to different climes, to lower natures than those amongst which she lived. But now nothing would seem unnatural or impossible. Their first interview after the unhappy disclosure which had ruined her happiness was necessarily somewhat constrained, but this feeling wore off every time they met, and Maurice Elliott was determined no embarrassment should grow up for want of constant intercourse. She never denied herself to him; that was a great point gained. He had feared lest she might, like some wounded animal, hide herself away, and distrust all offers of aid or sympathy. But her disposition was too essentially feminine for that. She needed support. If rudely thrust away from what she had been accustomed to cling to the tendrils of her nature went forth to whatever was nearest, and twined themselves about it. She could not stand alone. When Maurice Elliott begged her to consider him as a friend, and appeal to him whenever she required help, she accepted his proffered kindness with sincere pleasure.

"I have been so much alone," she said, "ever since mamma's death, but I cannot grow accustomed to the feeling. If any change comes in the dull routine of my life, I am quite helpless and lost. Mamma was so different. She was very delicate in health, but her mind was strong and clear. I never knew her hesitate when she had a thing to decide, and she never regretted when it was too late."

"A pleasant frame of mind for the possessor," said Mr. Elliott, "and yet those people, especially women, who are least able to help themselves, usually find friends who are able and willing to help them."

"I have no friends," said poor Alice. Then she put up her hands to hide the gathering tears.

"Don't say that. You know you promised to let me be a friend. You can't think how you will hurt me if you withdraw your favour."

"You are very good to me," said Alice, gently.

"Good! You have no idea what your society is to me. I have been away so long that I return to find my place filled, my friends scattered, everything changed. In fact if it were not for you I should feel inclined to take a passage in the next ship back to Australia."

"Have you no relations here?" asked Alice.

"My parents died while I was away. My only sister is married, and living at her husband's place in Yorkshire. Now Yorkshire is not an impossible journey, and I must say I expected a more cordial invitation than this." He drew a letter from his pocket, and read—

"Dear Maurice.—I am glad to hear of your safe arrival in England. I shall be so glad to introduce you to my husband and children. Will you come down to us for Christmas? We expect some nice people, so it will not be dull for you. — Your affectionate sister, "Julia."

"That, after an absence of fifteen years, does not sound very cordial, does it?"

"Shall you go?" asked Alice.

"Not I; I don't want to go to Yorkshire to meet nice people. I suppose it's only natural that fifteen years' absence should change anyone's feelings. I daresay Julia would shake hands with me and introduce

me to her husband just as she would any of her other guests. I won't test her sisterly feelings. If you will let me, I shall spend my Christmas with you, unless you have any other engagement."

"No," said Alice, with a little sigh; "I thought everyone had some pleasant engagement for that day except myself. My pupils all wished me a merry Christmas, and told me of their various plans for enjoyment, but not one of them asked me how I was going to spend my holidays. I don't know why it is, but a daily governess doesn't seem to form any lasting ties of friendship. Somehow, I appear to be just *outside* my pupil's lives. I belong to the hours of study — hours that must be got through, but the real life is spent far apart from me."

"Poor, little desolate darling!" said Maurice, in his heart; and the longing came upon him to take her in his arms and comfort her. The old desire which had formerly haunted him to reveal all the truth to her, had passed away now. He wished to console her, but it was for himself, not for another. He would willingly give her a new idol to worship, but would not reinstate the old.

Chapter V.

Weeks passed into months; the new year dawned amid frost and snow, and went on its way until its footsteps trod the springing corn and flowers, and still Mr. Elliott had never sought his absent relations, never seemed to feel the need of any other companionship than sweet Alice Morgan's. He surrounded her with those nameless attentions which are so pleasant to all women, but more especially to those who are poor and friendless. He lent her books, assisted her with her studies (for she worked hard to improve herself), and made her little room gay with flowers.

Her landlady smiled and nodded sagaciously, rejoicing to think that the girl, in whom she took quite a motherly interest, had consoled herself instead of pining for her faithless lover.

But never a word of this did pretty Alice suspect. Her heart was still heavy for Robert's sake, although she bore her burden so patiently and sweetly; never dreaming of what others saw so plainly. Innocent and unconscious as a child, she lived her life, accepting thankfully the new and pleasant friendship which had come to her in her need.

At last one evening she was awakened from her tranquility. Maurice Elliott spoke what had been in his mind so long; spoke with fear and trembling, because he dreaded to disturb her calm serenity; dreaded lest he should cut himself adrift from the pleasant past and have no happy future to cling to.

"Be my wife, Alice!" he pleaded. "I have loved you so long and so faithfully. Give up the drudgery of teaching; I have enough to keep you in idleness all your life, and my one wish shall be to make you happy. Only say that you will try to love me."

Alice turned her large soft eyes on him in amazement. Then she said, slowly:—

"How can I love you? You know I loved Robert."

"But that is over," pleaded Maurice. "You cannot care for a man who has given you up."

How eloquent he might have been if only he could have believed what he was saying; but the knowledge of the truth tied his tongue.

"At least you do not dislike me!" he urged.

"Dislike you? Oh, how could I, when you have been so kind and good to me! It is your goodness, your pity for me, that makes you ask me now to be your wife."

"Child, you will drive me mad!" cried Elliott. "Don't you know how lovely and sweet and tender and true you are! Don't you know I have been burning to tell you this almost from the first time I saw you? Oh, don't be cruel now, you who can be so kind and good! I want you for my wife, and I want nothing else in the whole world. Why did you suffer me to love you if you meant to turn from me at the last?"

"What have I done?" asked Alice, nearly crying. "I never knew—I never thought——"

"But you know now," said Elliott, more calmly, for he saw that his vehemence frightened her. "You know that you can make me happy by a word. It is nothing wrong or hurtful that I am asking you, but what is best for us both. It will secure you freedom from work, and is the only way our pleasant intercourse can continue."

"You must not ask me to decide now," murmured Alice.

"No, let me decide for you, as you always do on any important subject."

"No, no, I cannot!" she cried. "It seems so cruel to Robert. Do you know, I

cannot help fancying sometimes that he never wrote that letter at all; that it was only a trick to deceive me."

Elliott stood aghast. He positively trembled at her words. But then the certainty of how very far from the truth any conjecture of hers must be came to calm him.

"You do not disbelieve me, dearest?" he said. "You know, don't you, that I would not hurt or deceive you? I have told you I had that letter from his own hand."

"Yes, yes, I know! Forgive me. It was not you I doubted. How could I? What motive could you have had? Oh, I have hurt you, and you have always been so good to me!"

Mr. Elliott stood apart, and did did not respond immediately to her words. It was so sweet to have her pleading to him for forgiveness; putting her little hand on his coat-sleeve in her earnestness, while the tears trembled in her dark eyes.

"It is foolish of me," he said at length, "but I cannot bear to hear you still speak tenderly of a man who has deceived you."

He chose his words cautiously, adhering to the letter of the truth, while he did his best to keep up a false impression in her mind. Thus he was able to make peace with his conscience, though he had grown so desperate now that he would have hesitated at nothing to win Alice.

If Etheridge had left you any loophole for doubt; if there were the slightest hope that he would one day return to you, do you think I would say, as I now say, forget him."

"No, you are all that is noble and generous;" Maurice winced; "and I will try—indeed, I will—to do as you tell me."

"In all things?" asked Maurice, eagerly. "Will you think over what I have said, and give me just a little hope?"

"I will try," said Alice, softly.

And with this promise he was obliged for the present to be satisfied.

Chapter VI.

The subject of their marriage thus broached, and with as much success as he could have expected, Mr. Elliott did not find any difficulty in following it up. He assailed Alice at all points, and at last his perseverance won from her a reluctant consent that she would be his wife—a consent given amid a torrent of tears, for she felt that she was thus breaking the last link which bound her to the happy past.

But her word once given, she tried hard to be cheerful and contented. She felt that pale cheeks and dim eyes were but a poor reward for all the love and patience Mr. Elliott had shown. And yet, try as she would, she could only feel resigned. Much as she liked and admired Mr. Elliott, her pulse never throbbed responsive to his caresses; her heart never went forth to greet him as it had done to her former lover. Mr. Elliott saw her reluctance, but attributed it to natural shyness and timidity, and loved her all the better for it. Many a time had he wooed, sometimes wholly in jest, sometimes in what he believed to be earnest, but never, as now, with his whole heart. His pursuit was only the more eager because of the reproaches of his conscience. In vain he argued with himself that he was but carrying out in full his friend's wishes. It had been Robert's greatest desire that Alice should marry and forget him. How then could he, in any justice, be blamed? But, in spite of this sophistry, he knew that, by every code of honour, he was doing wrong. Some inward voice once breathed the word "treacherous," and the whisper clung to him. Sometimes he woke from sleep saying the word aloud. Men in talking seemed to introduce it always into their conversation. He could never tell whether it had been actually spoken in his hearing, or if it were only the same inward voice which had first suggested it. Only in Alice's presence was he at peace; her sweet influence calmed him, and allayed his fears.

Weeks passed thus, but as yet Maurice Elliott had not succeeded in persuading Alice to name a time for their marriage. He had frequently tried, but she started away from the subject like a frightened bird, and pleaded piteously, "Oh, not yet!"

"Tiresome little darling," mused Elliott one night after he had left her and regained the solitude of his chambers. "If I insisted perhaps she would yield, but I am so afraid of her, my shy, timid sweetheart; afraid that if I hold her too closely she may struggle to get free, and fly away from me for ever. It is better to proceed cautiously, and yet I am sometimes beset with such horrid fears! I turn cold if I pass a man in the street resembling Etheridge. Pshaw! I am a fool. He is not likely ever to return. Ill, broken down, ruined; he is most probably dead before now."

Mr. Elliot rose, put away his pipe (he

had been smoking, in the pleasant autumn darkness, by the open window), and, striking a match, lighted his lamp. In doing so his eye fell on some unopened letters on the table. He took them up carelessly, and glanced over the contents; as he had suspected, of no importance. He threw them down one by one till he came to the last; it had been forwarded from his club. He opened it with as little interest as he had the others, and took out an enclosed letter bearing the postmark, "*Australia*."

Had the paper stung him, that he dropped it with such a start of horror? The perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he trembled as if struck with ague.

"It has come," he muttered; "something evil, I would swear."

It was evidently no use to stand glaring at the letter. Whatever it contained he must know soon or later. He tore it open and read:

"DEAR ELLIOTT.—When you left me your address I told you I should not require it; that you would never hear from me again in this world. Unlucky fellow that I had been, how could I dream that Fate was tired of persecuting me? You had hardly left before an unprecedented stroke of fortune came to me. I joined a party of diggers who happened to pass my way. We worked together for a little time without any result, and then they nearly all left and proceeded to a new claim. I and one or two others remained, working on patiently and steadily. Elliott, we were rewarded. We struck on a vein of unusual richness. I have gold at last; the earth has yielded up her treasures to me. And now—gold is useless but for one thing. You know what I would ask. Is she living? Is she well? Is she unmarried? You have been so true a friend to me; if there be yet a chance for my happiness, go to her once again, and tell her—what I dare not write, lest it should reach her too late. Can Fortune only have mocked me at the last? I have been wretched so long that the very thought of happiness frightens me. Write to me, for mercy's sake, without delay. You need only put one word; 'Come,' or 'Stay.' If Alice is lost to me I shall never see England again; but if you tell me I may yet hope, no ship shall sail for the Old Country without me. I do not care to remain here another hour, though gold is to be had now almost for the picking up. I have enough to bear me home; enough to help me in establishing a business if—oh, I can write no more, so much hangs on that *if*. In any case, write to me, even if it be to break my heart. I know that you will forgive me the trouble I am causing you. I know you will sympathise with me whichever way it goes. I know that I may trust you as I would myself.

"Yours in expectation too great for words,

"ROBERT HETHERIDGE."

The lamp burned dimly, and finally went out; the dawn stole through the unshaded window, and still Maurice Elliott sat beside the table with the fatal letter in his hand.

CHAPTER VII.

"ALICE, you must not refuse me; I have waited so patiently. I have never said a word to disturb you, but you must listen to me now."

Mr. Elliott was pleading to his betrothed with a vehemence that startled her.

"I am ill, Alice; I am, indeed. This uncertainty is killing me!"

He took her little soft hands and pressed them to his burning forehead in confirmation of his words.

"What can I do?" murmured Alice.

"Everything," he answered. "Rest and change would cure me. I must go abroad at once. You won't let me go alone, Alice, perhaps to die in a foreign land. Let me take my wife with me and then my cure is certain. We have no one to consider but ourselves; let us put aside all idle formalities. Come to me at once, to-morrow, just as you are in your black dress. What does anything matter so long as I have you?"

He spoke wildly, and his eyes burned as if with fever. What could Alice do but yield to such violence; violence which looked so like love, and yet which was as much fear and remorse and a desperate desire not to be baffled after all he had gone through?

A terrible battle had been fought, and evil had come off victorious! With a determination worthy of a better cause, Maurice Elliott had overthrown his honour and sacrificed his friendship. In answer to Robert's piteous appeal he had written to him only a few lines, but sufficient to crush all hope and life out of the exile's breast. He told him that his letter had come too late; that Alice was already married. He wrote and deliberately posted this missive with his own hands. And now, wild with fear, lest at the last moment his treachery should be

discovered, he was urging Alice to become his wife without delay. Before he left her she had so far yielded to his prayers as to name a day, only three weeks distant, for their wedding.

"And I think you were right, my dear," said Mrs. Barker, to whom Alice had gone to tell her news. She felt frightened and upset after Mr. Elliott had left her, and wanted companionship and comfort; "where's the good of waiting when once you've promised a man? It's not as if you both had relations to consult, and grand preparations to make. You and I will soon have everything ready. I don't think much of a lover who stands a girl's shilly-shallying. Now you've nothing to cry about, you silly thing. We're going to be as happy and busy as possible."

But Alice did cry many and many a time during those few weeks. She took a demure leave of her pupils, merely saying that she was going abroad for a time; for she dreaded the excitement and interest caused by news of a wedding.

Mrs. Barker saved her all trouble possible, arranging everything, even to the packing of Alice's bran-new trunk the evening before the all-eventful day.

"And there it is, my dear," she said, getting up off her knees, when the last strap was fastened; "and there it stands till Mr. and Mrs. Elliott come back from church to-morrow morning, and have a nice cup of hot coffee, and a little bit of something which I'll have ready, and then set off on their travels, and good luck go with them."

She ended her little speech by getting upon tiptoe to kiss Alice. The girl tried to smile, and to thank her for all her kindness, but tears were more ready than words just then.

"No, never mind," continued the bustling little woman, "there's nothing to thank me for. I'm going out now to buy a few things I need for to-morrow, but Susan 'll be at home if you want her. What are you going to amuse yourself with till Mr. Elliott comes?"

"He isn't coming to-night," Alice answered; "I asked him, at least I thought I might be busy. I want to look over some old papers, and burn them."

"Yah!" uttered Mrs. Barker, in an accent of supreme contempt; "old letters, I suppose. You take my advice, and let me burn them for you. I know what it is to begin to read such things; on and on you go without thinking, until you've forced back every little incident, and word, and look, just as plain as can be."

"It won't hurt me, indeed it won't," said Alice, as she made her escape into her own sitting-room.

"Well, remember one thing," cried out Mrs. Barker to her over the staircase, "I won't dress a red-eyed bride to-morrow!"

It was a goodly pile of letters that Alice untied and commenced to read. Such closely-written sheets of thin foreign paper, the very outpourings of an honest man's passionate love.

"How like truth it sounds," murmured poor Alice, as she sat supporting her head with one hand, while with the other she turned over the fluttering sheets, "and the strangest thing is that they never seemed to change. Even in this last I could almost swear he loved me still."

She read them all through. The first, written during the voyage, breathing nothing but hope and love; the next, describing the new life in the new country; further on they spoke of failure, of fresh attempts, and fresh disappointments; but always of his deep, ever-increasing love. Then suddenly, without a word of warning, the letters had ceased altogether.

"I suppose he could not help it," sighed Alice. "He found it was no use waiting and hoping, so he married someone who could help him on in life, as I, with all my love, could never have done. But I don't believe he cared for her not as he cared for me."

She had gathered all the letters together, and was just hesitating whether she might give them a farewell kiss before consigning them to the flames, when a hurried knock at the street-door caused her to start violently. A footstep came up the stairs.

"How foolish and nervous I have grown," she thought. "Reading those old letters is like conjuring up spirits. I could almost have sworn that knock, that step"—she stopped, for the door of her room was thrown open, and there on the threshold stood—oh! she was quite sure she was dreaming now, or else those old memories had turned her brain!

"Who—who is this?" she gasped. "Am I mad?"

But the sound of her voice did not dispel the vision; on the contrary, it answered her.

"Alice, don't you know me?"

Then she uttered a cry of terror, and Robert Etheridge sprang forward just in

time to catch her as she fell forward senseless.

Chapter VIII.

When Alice awoke to consciousness her first idea was that the last year and a half had been but a hideous dream—a nightmare; or else how did she come now to be lying on the sofa with Robert's arms around her, her head supported on his breast, his lips sealing hers with passionate kisses. If all had happened which she had fancied, then how were these things possible! If Robert were false, what did his presence here mean, and why was he holding her as he used to do in the old days when he loved her?

She lay quite still as sense and feeling returned, trying to understand, while his tender words sounded in her ear.

"I have been too sudden for you, my darling. Lie still, and don't speak to me yet. I don't deserve it. I was longing so to hold you in my arms once more. I forgot the shock it might be to you. Forgive me, my sweet. Just open your eyes, and look at me once. Don't move. I could hold you like this for ever."

But Alice did move; she freed herself, and sat up. She dared not yield to the delight his presence gave her. Was not to-morrow to be her wedding-day? Had not Robert given her up by his own act?

"What does this mean?" she moaned. "Why did you leave me? and why, oh! why have you returned?"

He tried to draw her again to her former position, but she resisted. Then he put his head down in her lap, as he used to do, ah! how long ago, and drew her hands down round his neck, and pressed them to his eyes and to his lips.

"Don't be angry with me, Alice; don't say you've left loving me; I couldn't bear that; and I have borne so much, all for your sake, my darling. But it's over now, the misery and pain, and I am so happy once more. I was almost afraid to come back to England, for I did not know what news might be awaiting me here. I don't know how I lived through the voyage. I hardly dared once to think of you. And when I was actually in England; when I stood at your very door, oh! Alice, can you imagine what I felt? If the servant had told me you had gone, I think I should have lain down and died; I had no strength for anything more."

"I don't understand," said Alice, bewildered. "Is your wife dead?"

"My wife! Have you believed that lie all the time? I never had a wife! That happiness is to come."

He spoke with almost the old boyish lightheartedness, but Alice still looked pale and grave.

"Darling, I was so unfortunate that I thought it was best to set you free—to cut you adrift from an old broken-down wreck, and leave you to sail into smooth waters. And then, love, as if to reward me for my sacrifice, my luck suddenly changed, and I got rich. Oh, my love, why do you look at me like that? Can't you forgive me? Don't you love me any more? I will not believe anything so horrible. Put your arms round me once again—tell me only once that you are not changed!"

"Robert, Robert, I dare not!"

Her tone of agony, her white face, and the wild look in her eyes frightened him. He sprang to his feet.

"Alice, what do you mean? You are not married?"

"Not yet, not yet—to-morrow."

She could say no more, but it was enough. The change in his face told her he had understood. He sank down on the sofa and buried his face in his hands.

For a few minutes there was utter silence. Then Alice, glancing towards Robert, saw his whole frame heaving with convulsive sobs. She drew a little nearer to him.

"Don't Robert; you frighten me," she said.

He was turned from her, resting his arms on the other end of the sofa. Alice put her hand on his shoulder. Closer and closer she crept, till both her hands were clasped about his neck. Then he turned suddenly and caught her to him with a fierce, hungry grasp, as if he could never let her go.

"Can nothing be done?" sobbed Alice, at length. "He is very good, very generous. Perhaps if he knew—if he understood——"

"Then you don't love him, Alice?" Robert raised her head as it lay upon his breast, to look into her eyes—"not as you used to love me?"

"He knows all about it, Robert," she said; "he knows I had nothing to offer him except gratitude for all his goodness to me."

"Where is he? Let me go to him and explain everything. What is his name?"

"Maurice Elliott," said Alice, never

thinking as she spoke of any connection between him and the man who stood before her. Her intimacy with Elliott had extended so far beyond that first interview, and had changed so much in character since then, that she quite forgot that it was on Robert's account he had first sought her.

"Who?" shouted Robert; "Alice you are dreaming!"

"No," said Alice, quietly, "it is he—the Mr. Elliott who brought me your letter. He was so sorry for me; he has been so very, very kind."

"Good heavens! what is the meaning of this?" Robert suddenly released her from his embrace, and started up. "Maurice Elliott! the man who knew all, in whom I had confided. There is some mistake. Give me his address, I must see him at once."

"But Robert he is not so much to blame," pleaded Alice. "He knew that you had given me up, whatever your motive might have been, and how could he tell you would ever return to claim me?"

"I cannot explain now, Alice. Give me the address. Thank heaven I may yet be in time. Alice, if we never meet again, pray for me and forgive me. But if we do meet, oh, my darling, it will be to part no more in this world!"

He pressed her to him in one hurried embrace, and was gone from the house before Alice had recovered from her bewilderment.

* * * * *

A month has passed, and only to-day has Alice Morgan's wedding-day dawned. She never knew how everything had been arranged since the night of Robert's return. She never knew, and never will know, of that letter he had sent to Maurice Elliott from Australia; nor how his impatience would not allow him to wait for an answer, but compelled him to sail in the very next ship bound for England. She knows nothing of the stormy interview between her two lovers, when Robert charged Elliott with his treachery, and Elliott stood without a rag to defend his honour. Ah! but the shock of that wild upbraiding roused him to his senses, his madness passed away, and the better nature of the man asserted itself. Even Etheridge was sorry for him in his utter self-abasement. And when Alice speaks warmly in his praise, of the generous way he behaved, the man whose happiness he had tried to ruin is able to echo her words, for great as had been his sin he had acted nobly in atonement.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

"A WHOLE volume could be filled with the wonderful doings of working-men, labourers like yourselves; many of them not so well off. I can't tell you the one half of them. Sir Isaac Newton was the son of a small farmer. The learned judge Blackstone was a silk mercer's son. Another celebrated judge was Lord Eldon, noted in his boyish days for orchard-robbing; he was the son of a coal-fitter in Newcastle; so also was his brother, Lord Stowel. The former was about to be apprenticed to a grocer, but circumstances turned out that he became one of our famous judges; yet his first year's earnings as a lawyer amounted to only nine shillings! The founder of Lord Foley's family was in the time of Charles I. only a poor nailmaker, at Stourbridge, who, however, fiddled capitally. His fiddle brought him the opportunity to win his way in the world, and by it to discover the process of nailmaking in Sweden. This discovery was the foundation of a large fortune. His eldest son, in Cromwell's time, became High Sheriff of Worcester. If any of you should go to old Swinford, in Worcestershire, about a mile from Stourbridge, you will see a school founded by him for the free education of children. He knew the value of education and sobriety, if you don't.

"Of all that have risen from the ranks to become rulers and great men, and they are

legion, none that I ever heard of was addicted to the love of liquors. These men are dead; let us look round us and see who are living. Thirty years ago, nay, twenty years since, he that would have said of a certain newsvendor's son in the Strand, "There goes a man who will rule the British navy," would have been laughed at. Yet it is the son of a newsvendor of the present day and a bookseller of the Strand, Mr. W. H. Smith, who is now "First Lord of the Admiralty," with a salary of £4500 a year. Depend upon it this man is no wine-bibber, does not muddle his brains and destroy his intellect by drink, nor have his aristocratic connections helped him. His own intelligence and practical good sense have placed him where he is. Mr. Layard, now British Minister at the Court of Spain, was once articled to a lawyer.

"There is Elihu Burritt, who, while working as a blacksmith, mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages, and understood twenty-two European dialects, and all this by making use of odd moments; and though his name is not enrolled either among the wealthy or the titled, yet it is ennobled by his deeds, and is never mentioned but with the deepest respect. Everywhere in Europe and America he has endeavoured to substitute arbitration in differences instead of the brutalization of men by war. The extinction of slavery in the United States was greatly owing to this man's endeavours, and there is not a civilized nation but respects this man, however contrary their principles are to his advice. As Rowland Hill gave us the boon of a penny postage, so has Elihu Burritt endeavoured to obtain a penny ocean postage. It is said that this noble man, whom I have had the honour to know and now revere, first suggested the idea of an electric telegraph round the world. Elihu Burritt is a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors, whether ale, beer, wine, or spirit. He could not learn languages with muddled brains; though he often found himself necessitated to work hard with his hammer to give his brains rest, he did not rest them with drink.

"I may go on with this kind of history for a year and should not exhaust the story of working men becoming rulers in the nations or influencing those who are destined to become so."

"Sure enough you be got far away from the taxes, Mister Lincoln. We don't seem to be the sort of men that you tell us about. I can't understand it," said one who had been listening attentively; "somehow the will be'ant in us; we must mind our wives and families and can't go for to be grand people."

"Then for you, who have no will to alter the course of your present life, you must just go on as you are. I tell you that high wages and short days have been the ruin of you all. For your children it will be different; they will be educated, thanks to the taxes, and learn self-control and wisdom. Well, now, do you understand that the Queen and her household are not supported out of the taxes?"

"You tell us so, Mister Lincoln, but my father and my grandfather always said as how the King was kept by the taxes, and we thought the Queen was the same."

"Whether king or queen, the allowance comes from the Crown lands, the property of the reigning sovereign, and it can now neither be willed away nor given away, as the property was by the kings before the reign of Henry VII., who resumed all those lands which had been bestowed by Edward IV., the 5th, and Richard the Third—that is termed the line of York; but, nevertheless, under the reign of the Stuarts, the Crown lands became considerably less, by the sovereigns giving them away. It was in the second year of our present Queen's accession to the throne that an Act was passed that all the revenues of the Crown should form part of what is termed the Consolidated Fund, and that her Majesty should be paid £60,000 a year for her private expenditure and the cost of her household beside, and this, I tell you, does not amount to the revenue of the Crown lands. The Queen being also Duchess of Lancaster, receives the income of that Duchy; so in no way are you taxed for her support, and in proportion to the national income of other countries, her Majesty has the lowest allowance, while the late Sultan of Turkey had the highest. The Queen and the King of Italy have incomes of similar amount. The Emperor of Russia has nearly four times as much as our own Queen. But, I repeat this again, the allowance to her Majesty is derived entirely from the revenue of the lands belonging to the Crown, exactly as your income, Farmer White, is obtained from all the broad acres which you own. I can't impress this upon you too often, because I hear a great deal too much of

untrue talk, simply because you do not understand the matter."

"But then you see, Maister, there be the bigwigs and the princes, and all them sort of people. I know they be heavily pensioned."

"True, the Queen's children are all pensioned—right that they should be—but this matter the rents from Crown lands also pay, if not wholly, yet nearly so. There is, I believe, ten thousand pounds last year in excess of the income available, but this is made up from other sources, and not taken from our necessaries."

"Then where do the taxes go?" asked Phil Combes.

"I've told you all this before. Not to support the Queen. The taxes, or customs duties, to the tune of many millions, that are laid on spirits, and malt, and sugar, used by brewers in addition to malt, you need not pay; abstain from them. The taxes on tobacco are nearly seven millions; then don't smoke, it is not necessary to your health; in numberless instances it destroys health. There is still a heavy tax upon tea which I would gladly see taken off, as I would off coffee and cocoa, all wholesome drinks, and which are not very expensive; but in regard to these things a very small portion of our income is paid for these taxes. The cost of one day's drink, when you go in for it, will be as much as you are taxed for such necessaries in a whole year."

"Well, I'm blest if I can see where all the money do go to, and just look round at them big mills yonder, we poor fellows sweat to make the owners rich and roll in their carriages, and——"

"You don't work at the mills, Sam, so you needn't complain."

"No, no! If I did I'd strike, that's what I would."

Mr. Lincoln smiled at the man and said, "You'll know better sometime, Sam, or your children will. You ask where the money goes? I suppose you are glad to be defended from your enemies, who might take it into their heads to be troublesome to us by sea and land—make war against us."

"Why, yes, of course, we got nothing to say against our soldiers and sailors. They be hearty good fellows, most of 'em."

"The cost of the Army is upwards of fifteen millions a year, which includes their pay and clothing. And that of the Navy nearly twelve millions. I am not going into all the particulars of the various ways in which the revenues of the kingdom are expended. I only want to show you that you are, excepting in the matter of alcoholic liquors, scarcely taxed at all, or only in such proportions that it is unfelt. The Civil Service estimates include payments for public works and buildings, for salaries and expenses of public departments—law and justice, education, science and art, colonial, consular service, superanuation and retired allowances, and many other departments, including the expenses of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, which does not occur every year. You have nothing to do with furnishing this money, beyond what you contribute by your excesses in drink and the merest trifle upon your tea and coffee."

"I've heard tell about civil war and civil service, but it always puzzled me to see what there was civil in war; and I don't call that civil service to come to ask for one's money to pay taxes."

"I remember," said Mr. Lincoln, "that when I was young and knew nothing about Latin, I was equally puzzled with yourself, farmer. The word civil in the instances you name comes from the Latin word *civilis*, belonging to a city or cities of any kingdom or state. Thus it was in the Wars of the Roses, four centuries since. Those wars lasted thirty years, one town against another, accordingly as each favoured the claims of the house of York or Lancaster. There was civil war in England between Charles I. and Cromwell, each *civis* or citizen taking one side or the other, and later, and within the recollection of us all, there was civil war between the Northern and Southern States of America. Civil service, or shall we say *civilis* instead of civil, means the service of government in respect of the cities of a state; their management and the expenditure of money required of Government, under the name of Civil Service estimates, for the good of cities, and for all the purposes which I have named to you—education, science, art, public buildings, and many other necessary purposes.

Chapter VI.

Many events happened before Mr. Lincoln gathered the labourers about him again; death swept off some of the old people, and the young were suffering from the epidemic of slow fever which started up

all over the district, it was like the cattle plague. No one could say for certainty how or when it came. "The place was bewitched," was the common opinion.

"Not bewitched, whatever that might be," said Mr. Lincoln, "as long as cats, dogs, and children roam from house to house and your open drains remain a revolting nuisance. You know how it was on the last occasion, the village itself is badly placed, and yet the people swarm in it like bees." In the midst of the dismay and trouble of the sickness, one morning the whole place was terror stricken at the news that Simon Mollet had poisoned his wife! Simon who, for so many years, had been industrious and "such a good father and husband."

"Till when?" asked Mr. Cameron, who had been startled at his breakfast with the news, and who could not believe it to be true. Mollet had been a good workman, a good father and husband for so many years. It was a story he had heard told in the village as "a good joke," one that happened before he lived there, that made him come out to hear the particulars of the atrocious deed. All that was told to him as a "good joke" was that Simon Mollet had been a teetotaller all his life, and for many years after he married, till one night a lot of fellows beset him, poured strong and very sweet whisky and water down his throat, first of all by force; and before they had finished this diabolical work, the man became only too willing to second their efforts, till they led him stupified with drink to his own door, and then left him. This was the tale Mr. Cameron heard mentioned as "a good joke."

The doctor soon came upon the scene. "I knew that man," said he, "to be one of the honestest fellows going; one that turned neither right nor left for evil, sober and well principled, till a ruffianly set of men from Trup's Mill waylaid him and forced the cursed drink down his throat. Then—well the devil tempts us all. And in his case there is the result," pointing to the house. "Not a week since I cautioned his wife that there would be murder if Mollet was not moved, and I offered to get him into the county asylum, but she was up in arms directly and abused me roundly for interfering. What's become of him?"

"Gone off. But how do they know she is poisoned?"

"That's the report brought over to me this morning. I was not at home all day yesterday or at night, had a lingering case over at Duffield. The people here had a doctor from the town, and he reported it a case of poisoning, but, however, that's for the jury to say; she's been ill for a long time, so it may not be poisoning after all. But Mollet must be found."

The inquest proved that poison was administered, not only was it found in the the body, but it was spilled over the bedclothes, showing that some force was used to make the woman swallow it. Truly a grim ending to a joke.

Simon Mollet was not found for many a long year. Mr. Lincoln was away, had gone to his home among the Fens, and did not come back for some months—not indeed till the spring. The changes he found in the village on his return astonished even him, who prided himself upon his incapacity for wonderment. He had read an account of the poisoning case in the papers, but beyond that knew nothing.

His first visit was paid to Mr. Cameron's, who was weighed down with grief. His wife apparently in the last stage of decline, and his eldest girl, a pretty healthy child only last year, was paralysed in all her limbs.

Mrs. Cameron was glad to see him, but felt afraid to meet the questions she knew must follow. She had tried again and again to break herself of the habit of sipping narcotics—in the shape of wine and spirit, falsely termed stimulants. The consequences were that always there was thirst and an intense craving after them.

"If you only could tell me what to take when this overpowering desire comes on, I should be so thankful; I am so depressed if I don't take something," she said.

Very pitifully Mr. Lincoln sympathised with her suffering. He neither blamed nor spoke disparagingly, he felt how little he could do either; drink offered him no temptation, but none could judge of what degradation he himself might fall into if only some other lure crossed his path. Those who think themselves most secure are the first to fall, he thought, and I may be as bad as the worst of others, only I am not tempted. Always this thought was present, even when he did not witness another's fall.

"In the first place," he said to Mrs. Cameron, "you must not live in this dull place, full of damp and fog, where the gnats swarm in myriads and sting viciously. All the tonics in the world won't cure you, and you have no active labour to throw off depression."

"But we cannot leave at once," she said, peevishly.

"Then you can't live; you have only to choose—live or die."

"But my husband likes the fishing, and he is so wedded to this place."

"What are you saying?" asked Mr. Cameron, who just then entered.

"I am saying that if Mrs. Cameron is not removed from here she will die," and Mr. Lincoln looked pitifully down on the wan, drawn face, only so short a time since blooming and fresh.

"Just step into the next room, Lincoln," and he led the way.

"Are you aware that my wife has fallen into a habit of taking more wine and spirits than is good for her?"

"And if she has, my dear fellow, who has helped her to this bad habit but yourself? You brought her from the breezy air of the hill to this fog-beset village, her strength declined, and then I have heard you ask her to take wine repeatedly as a stimulant. Now, you ought to know the opinion of the most eminent doctors, that the effect of alcohol on the brain is to irritate it, and enfeeble the whole nervous system. Mrs. Cameron's temper is certainly not what it was when I first knew her. You must take her to live in the pure atmosphere she was born in, then the depression and desire for stimulants will cease in a measure, if not altogether, and strength will return. There is not a day to be lost, give her strong beef-tea hourly, but with some bread in it—liquids without solids are hurtful—and when the sinking comes on give a teaspoonful of sal-volatile in a wine-glassful of water. Get it at the druggists mixed with a little chloric ether, and this wonderfully revives and soothes the system; or give two drachms of spirits of ammonia in half-a-pint of sugared water; take a little of this every three or four hours."

"Here, write it down, there's a good fellow, and will you tell my wife she must take it?"

"I will see her before I go; but how came that little girl of yours to be paralysed?"

"That stupid blunderhead of a girl of Scotts took her into the fields and let her sleep on the damp grass."

"Whew! Not paralysis it is to be hoped, but something curable. Half the young children are sent out of the world or become cripples through the carelessness of nurses. There are thousands of well-trained daughters of parents, of middle-class, who would gladly help mothers in the nursery, if only mothers would give them places at their own tables and treat them as companions. We shall all be wiser in time. Mrs. Cameron is in the drawing-room, I suppose?"

"Yes, you will find her there, or in the dining-room."

Mr. Lincoln found her asleep, her head hanging over the chair; he threw open the window, but even this did not rouse her; after a while the fresh air did, and she slowly awoke to consciousness, but with a drowsy, half-scared look at seeing Mr. Lincoln standing by the window.

He presently told her in a few words all that he wished she should do; but she quietly interrupted him and said:

"Beef-tea? I am sick of food; don't ask me to take it."

"Well, then, anything else; you must have nourishing food and endeavour to eat it; it is suicide to do as you are doing."

"I will take the sal-volatile and chloric ether, but not the beef-tea."

"Then promise me to abstain from all stimulants, excepting this and a cold infusion of camomile flowers, one of the most grateful bitters and tonics you can have, and without danger in any way. In my mother's day all low-lying villages like this were famous for the bitters, or "setters up," which the wise women of the place made and bottled. All herbs, as horehound, balm, wormwood, camomile, sage, marjoram, and the like, also black-currant leaves, or rather tops of the shoots, all were gathered, washed, and put in tepid water a little at a time, then in cold water, and well rinsed, then put into a large pitcher and boiling water poured over them; after a little cooling, a bladder was tied over and they were left for forty-eight hours. It was then strained first through a sieve, then through fine muslin; left to stand twelve hours longer, then poured off fine as wine, and was bottled and corked well. Half a wine-glassful of this was a famous tonic."

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

ALICE.— *Et ceci les reproduit...* (*Elle*
Alice. — And this them reproduces... (She
exécute un roulement.)
executes a trill.)

JEANNETTE (*tapotant*).—*Ah ! tout ça c'est*
Jeannette (tapping). — Ah ! all that it is
des notes.
some notes.

LOUISE (*à* ALICE).—*Je commence à entre-*
Louise (to Alice). — I begin to per-
voir que la tâche ne sera pas des plus
ceive that the task not will be not of the most
faciles.
easy.

ENGLISH.—I begin to perceive that the task will not be the easiest.

C'est égal, quand ce ne serait que pour profiter
It is equal, when it not will be that for to profit
de l'avantage de l'enseignement, nous aurions
of the advantage of the teaching, we shall have
tort de nous décourager.
wrong to us discourage.

ENGLISH.—What matter if we only profit by teaching her ; we should not be discouraged.

ALICE.—*Cet avis est le mien... Eh, Jean-*
Alice. —That advice is mine... Eh, Jean-
nette ! où es-tu ?
nette ! where art thou ?

JEANNETTE (*qui pendant cet aparté a*
Jeannette (who during this aside has
regardé les choses curieuses du salon,
looked at the things curious of the drawing-room,
en évitant comiquement de se risquer hors
in avoiding comically to herself risk out of
du tapis).—*Me v'là, mamzelle. Je regar-*
the carpet). — Me behold, miss. I was
dions toutes vos belles affaires.
looking at all your beautiful things.

LOUISE.—*Prends ce tabouret...* (JEAN-
Louise. — Take this stool ... (Jean-
NETTE *le prend.*) *Mais non ; prends-le, c'est-*
nette it takes.) But no ; take it, it is
a-dire, assieds-toi dessus. (JEANNETTE *va*
to say, sit thou upon. (Jeannette goes
pour s'asseoir.) *Pas si loin ; là, devant le*
for herself to seat.) Not so far ; there, before the
piano.
piano.

JEANNETTE.—*Ah ! bon ! tiens ! on n'en-*
Jeannette. — Ah ! good ! hold ! one not
fonce pas ici comme la-bas.
inks not here as yonder.

ALICE.—*Et tiens-toi droite.*
Alice. —And hold thee straight.

LOUISE.—*Commencerons-nous enfin. Voy-*
Louise. — Let us begin at last. Let
ons si la nature te destine reellement à
us see if the nature thee destines really to
la musique ;
the music ;

ENGLISH.—Let us see if nature has really given you a talent for music.

tu va dire comme nous.
thou go say like us.

ENGLISH.—You will say as we do.

JEANNETTE.—*Quoi que je dirai ?*
Jeannette. — What that I shall say ?

ALICE.— *Ce que nous aurons dit.*
Alice. —That which we shall have said.

JEANNETTE.—*Je comprends... que je ne*
Jeannette. — I understand... that I not
comprends guère.
understand but little.

LOUISE.— *Là, nous y sommes...* (*On*
Louise. —There, we there are... (They
s'est installé ; JEANNETTE *au milieu ; ces*
are seated ; Jeannette in the middle ; these
demoiselles autour d'elle.)—*Do !*
young girls round her.) — Do !

ALICE (*après un silence, pendant lequel*
Alice (after a silence, during which
JEANNETTE *les regarde*). — *A toi, voyons,*
Jeannette them looks). — To thee, come,
répète.
repeat.

JEANNETTE.—*Quoi ?*
Jeannette. — What ?

LOUISE.—*Dis "Do !"*
Louise. — Say "Do !"

JEANNETTE (*docilement*).—*Dido !*
Jeannette (docilely). — Dido !

ALICE.—*Mais non ; do, tout court.*
Alice. — But no ; do, in one word.

JEANNETTE (*docilement*).—*Do, tout court.*
Jeannette (docilely). — Do, in one word.

ALICE ET LOUISE (*impatientées*).—*Ah !*
Alice and Louise (out of patience).—Ah !

JEANNETTE (*gravement*).—*Ah !*
Jeannette (gravely). — Ah !

LOUISE (*plus calme et le doigt sur le*
Louise (more calm and the finger on the
cahier).—*Do !*
paper). — Do !

JEANNETTE.—*Do !*
Jeannette. — Do !

ALICE (*contente*).—*Pas mal !*
Alice (satisfied). — Not bad !

JEANNETTE.—*Pas mal !... Vous riez ?*
Jeannette. — Not bad !... You laugh ?
Vous êtes contentes then ; tant mieux.
You are satisfied then ; so much the better.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

WITH ALL THY MIGHT.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—Eccles." ix., 10.

With all thy might, not slothfully,
Nor stopping oft to rest;
With firm resolve, unwavering,
Content to do thy best;
No matter if the task be small,
Or trifling in thy sight,
Be diligent, and work with care,
And try to do it right.

It may be hard or profitless
The work thou hast to do;
But strive to finish it before
Thou seekest something new;
Try not to do some wondrous thing,
But simply day by day
Take up the duties one by one
That lie upon thy way.

The weary task that seems so long
Will teach thee many things;
The patience still to overcome,
The skill that practice brings.
'Twill teach the fortitude of soul,
And strength of heart and mind,
That thou in labour's fruitful field
Some nobler work may find.

M. G.

A SONG FOR THE ROAD, AND A RULE FOR THE LIFE.

Professor Blackie, on breaking up his senior class this year, delivered the following admirable lines, which he intended to cheer and assist the students in the difficulties which will be the inevitable lot of all in their life struggle :—

"A song for the road, and a rule for your life,
Receive from a lusty old man, Tom;
Fear God, and march on, and make war to the knife,
When the enemy crosses your plan, Tom.
For life is a journey; then foot it apace,
There are dangers enough in your track, Tom;
Still keep a sharp look-out, and show a bold face,
Or the foe will be soon on your back, Tom!
For this is true wisdom, I wish you to know—
Sail close to the wind when you tack, Tom!
We live, while we live, by the pluck that we show,
And if we don't stand, we must flee from the foe,
And fall with a stab in the back, Tom.

"You see yon huge Ben that runs up to the sky,
So ruggedly grand and sublime, Tom;
A staircase so steep, you think, would defy
The cat o' the mountain to climb, Tom;
But 'tis all a delusion—just wisely survey
With your eye, and then take it aslant, Tom,
And you'll find what they say, that "you can't find a way,"
Is a tissue of cowardly cant, Tom.
For this, &c.

"The worst of all words in the language is—"But,"
For whatever you purpose or plan, Tom,
This weak monosyllable comes in to cut
The sinews that make you a man, Tom.
'Tis noble to dare, *but* not pleasant at all
A lion to meet, where you fare, Tom;
It may suit you to ride, *but* a rider may fall,
So you sit and you rot in your chair, Tom.
For this, &c.

"Some people's devotion delights in this notion
Of heaven, that when we get there, Tom,
We'll have nothing to do but to float in the blue,
And pipe a psalm tune in the air, Tom!
If 'tis so in the sky we shall know by-and-by,
But on earth 'tis much otherwise now, Tom,
Where the battle we fight brings a keener delight
Than the laurels we wear on the brow, Tom.
For this, &c.

"The end of all living is simply to live,
Is what Aristotle would say, Tom;
And form to the formless by labour to give
Is to him the most excellent way, Tom!
A moth in the sunbeam may flutter an hour,
To flutter is all that it can, Tom;
But to fashion great thoughts into deeds is the dower
God gave to high reasoning man, Tom!
For this, &c.

"If you shrink from no danger where valour avails,
There's nothing can stand in your way, Tom;
You may start, like stout Lincoln, a splitter of rails,
And be king of the people some day, Tom.
The Romans were lords of the sea and the land,
And what was the reason of that, Tom?
At the word of command, they marched on sword in hand,
And they laid all their enemies flat, Tom.
For this, &c.

"My sermon is done—still rejoice in the toils
That the travel of life may attend, Tom.
Put foot after foot; never number the miles;
You will know when you come to the end, Tom!
Fear God; every atom takes rank at His call;
For the world is no rope of sand, Tom;
Link hangs upon link; and 'tis profit to all
That each march at the word of command, Tom.
For this, &c."

MISERERE DOMINE.

Hear us when with upward raising
Of our streaming eyes we moan!
Heed us when no voice finds utt'rance
In our broken heart and lone!

Lord, Thou knowest we are bearing
What Thou deemest for our gain;
In that brighter world hereafter
We shall understand our pain.

Thou hast borne in human body
Anguish, misery, and woe;
And Thou feelest all our suff'rings—
Thou, O Lord, in heav'n dost *know*.

Purge us in this fiery furnace
Till as pure as heaven's gold,
We through Thy dear blood are fitted
To find *rest* within Thy fold.

Undine.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

HOWTO EXPLODE A LAMP.—The *Scientific American* gives some of the circumstances which lead to the explosion of kerosene lamps, the philosophy of all of them being that the flame may pass down the wick and ignite the vapour which accumulates in the upper portion of the lamp. This vapour is not an explosive as the term is ordinarily understood; but when it is confined, so that the gases resulting from its combustion cannot escape freely into the open air, the vessel confining it will be shattered. This ignition of the vapour may be brought about as follows:—

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a light puff of air from the open window or door may cause an explosion.

2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel and instantly exploded.

3. A lamp is taken out into the entry where there is a draught, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues.

4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In these cases the mischief is done by the air movement — either by suddenly checking the draught or forcing air down the chimney against the flame.

5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.

6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady.

7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small wick into a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edges of the wick. An old burner, with its air draught clogged up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

STARCHING AND POLISHING SHIRTS AND COLLARS.—Put a little common wax in your starch, say two ounces to the pound; then if you use Glenfield or any other thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise the wax will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease; it is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold: however of that anon. Now then about polishing shirts. Starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. I always starch twice—that is, starch dry, then starch again. Iron your shirt with a box-iron in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at a good finish; don't lift the plaits; your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board same size as a common shirt-board, made of hard wood, and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polishing iron, which is flat and bevelled a little at one end—polish gently with the bevelled part, taking care not to drive the linen up into wave-like blisters; of course this requires a little practice, but if you are careful and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted. To dress collars.—For this purpose use best starch, say 2 lb., and 4 oz. wax, 6½ pints of water; first dissolve the wax in the boiling water, take the goblet off the fire and allow it to set for five minutes; during this time dissolve the starch in the smallest possible quantity of cold water, then pour it gradually into the goblet and boil for twenty-five minutes, keep stirring all the time. This starch can be used quite cold; rub it well into the collars, wring as tight as you can, finish by wringing in a cloth, then iron. Thus you will have them stiff without being hard, and when well dressed will have that beautiful elastic finish so much admired in new collars.—*James Gormly in English Mechanic.*

THE Landore Steel Co. use photography to illustrate the character of the metal manufactured by them. A plate of wrought iron is placed on a hollow anvil and a small guncotton cartridge is exploded on its upper surface, the result being an indentation and fissures all over the surface. A plate of steel is treated in a similar manner, and when photographs are taken of the two plates the quality of the two metals can be estimated by purchasers in all parts of the world as easily as if they had witnessed the experiments.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—(*Sally's inquiry.*)—Pour a quart of boiling milk over a pint of the best fine ("Scotch") oatmeal; let it soak all night; next day beat two eggs, and use a little salt; mix; butter a basin that will just hold it, cover it tightly with a floured cloth, and boil it an hour and a half. Eat it with cold butter and salt. When cold, slice and toast it, and eat it as "oat-cake," buttered.—*Elsie Miers.*

OATMEAL PUDDING (2).—Steep the oatmeal all night in milk. Pour off the superfluous milk, and stir into the meal some cream or butter, melted, currants, spice, sugar or salt, add four eggs; stir well and boil in a basin for an hour; pour melted butter, sweetened, over it.—*Anne Cobbett.*—[Miss Cobbett has not stated the proportions of the ingredients to be used.—*E. W.*]

OAT-CAKES.—Half a pound of oatmeal dried. Rub into it an ounce of butter; mix into a stiff paste with cold water; roll out as thin as possible, and bake on a griddle over a clean fire till quite crisp.—*Cre-Fy ld.*

OATMEAL HASTY PUDDING.—Put in a quart of fast-boiling water an ounce of butter and a teaspoonful of salt, then stir in sufficient best Scotch oatmeal till of sufficient thickness. Let it boil half an hour or longer; then pour it into a broad dish; stick pieces of butter over it. Eat it with new milk or cream and sugar if liked. —*H. G.*

OATMEAL PUDDING, BAKED (3).—Boil a pint of fine oatmeal in three pints of new milk, stir it till thick and soft. Take it off the fire, stir in six ounces of butter and a little nutmeg. Beat four eggs, and stir in half a pound of well-washed sultana raisins, put it in a pie-dish and bake an hour.—*H. G.*

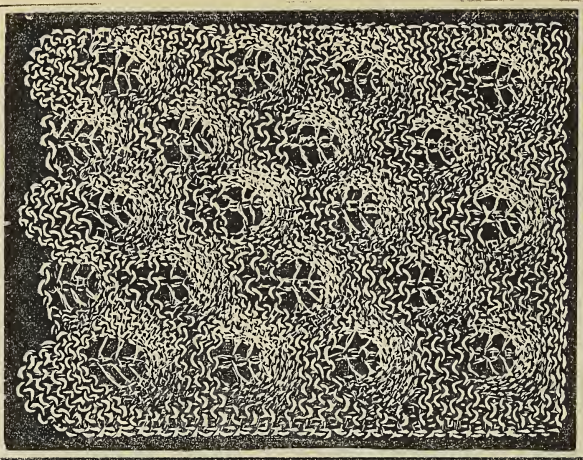
BAKEWELL PUDDING.—*E. A. B.*—Half-a-pint of bread-crumbs tossed in a tablespoonful of butter melted, or cream, two ounces of sugar, a pint of milk, three eggs well-beaten, two ounces of butter, two or three drops of essence of vanille, or two ounces of sweet almonds beaten with a little rose-water to a paste; raspberry jam. Put a layer of bread-crumbs at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a layer of jam, then bread-crumbs, then jam, beat the eggs, milk, and sugar together, and strain them, then add the almonds or vanille flavouring, and pour the mixture over the crumbs and jam. Bake one hour in a moderate oven, not too hot to curdle the milk.

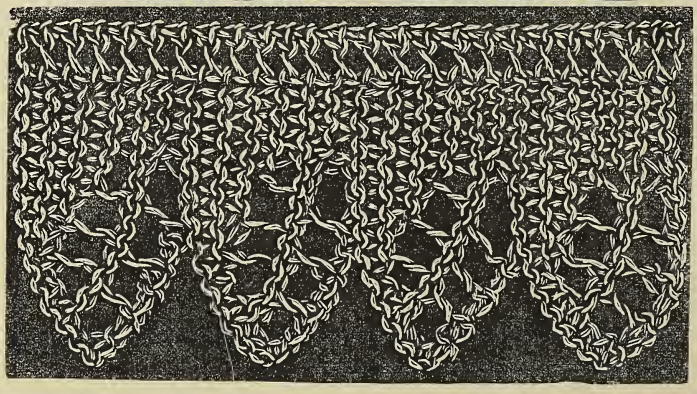
SUET PUDDINGS.—*Josh.*—You must take equal quantities of suet and flour if you wish to make a really good suet pudding, and boil it according to size, always four or six hours. It should be tied rather loosely in a cloth, and be either in a roll or round shape; and if in a basin, it must be filled quite above the rim and the cloth be tied loosely over.

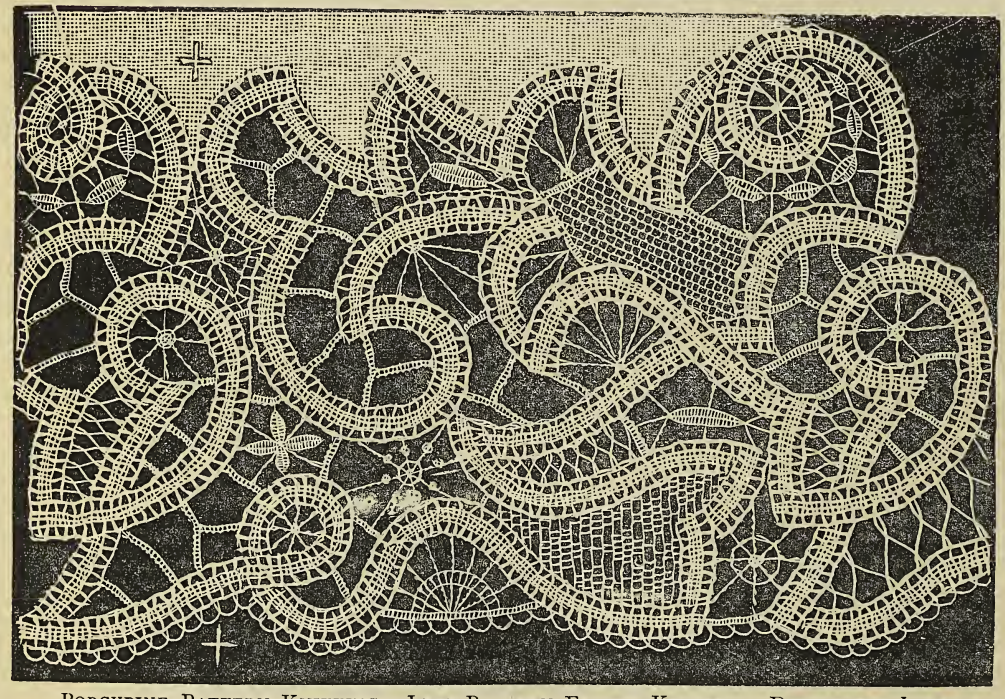
M. L. M.—Wash the artichoke quickly in warm water. Then throw it into cold water for an hour. To boil it, put it in a tolerably large saucepan of fast-boiling water with an ounce of salt and a bit of soda, filbert size, in it; then put in the artichoke, don't let the water stop boiling, and boil it for an hour. Serve it dry in a hot small dish and with butter sauce to eat it. Only a dredge of flour must be used with the butter and a teaspoonful of water. The ends of the leaves of the artichoke only are fit for sucking not for eating.

2. The reason why cabbage disagrees with you is, the cabbage is not cut *thin across the fibre* as it ought to be, and *not* from point to root. It is boiled in too small a saucepan, has not plenty of fast-boiling water to roll about in, or not enough salt and soda have been used, and the cabbage has been boiled too long till it has become a soft brown disagreeable mass, or "mush," in this state it is a poison. Cabbage cut in rounds across the fibre and boiled in plenty of fast-boiling water with two ounces of salt and soda of filbert size, boiled for fifteen minutes, strained, and the water well pressed from it, comes to table bright in colour, a little crisp, and sweet as a nut to taste and smell. In this state it is most wholesome and delicious; but if it has been allowed to stand in the water even for a minute after it is quite done the cabbage loses all its delightful taste and has a strong unpleasant odour.

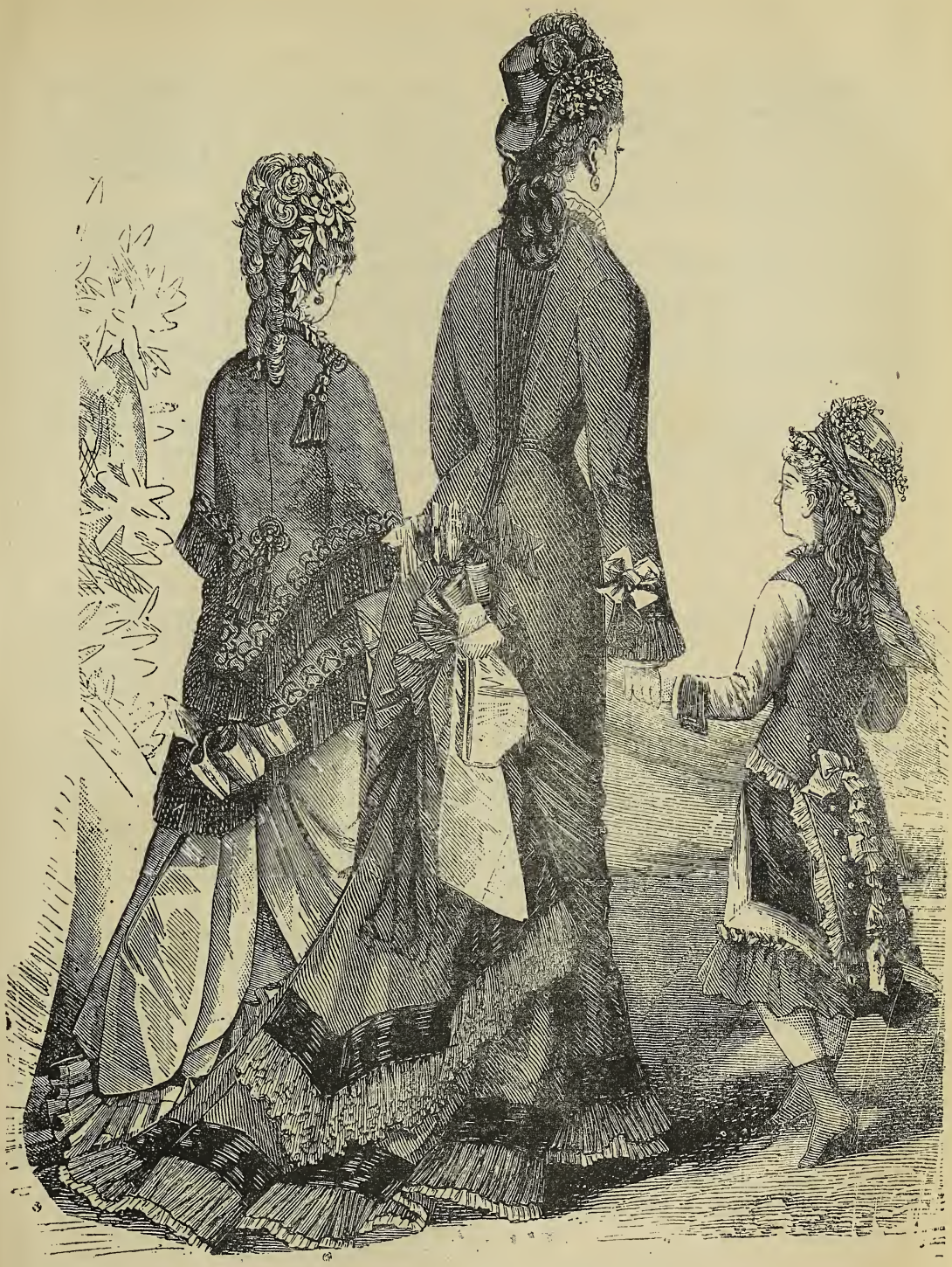
PATTERDALE CUP PUDDING.—*Mrs. J. Conway.*—For two cups, one egg; its weight in flour, half its weight in loaf sugar, half an ounce of butter, a little grated lemon peel or a drop or two of essence of any kind. Mix well together. After beating the eggs well, put into two cups and bake in a quick oven half an hour.







PORCUPINE PATTERN KNITTING.—LEAF-PATTERN EDGING KNITTED.—DESIGN FOR LACE.



PROMENADE COSTUMES.

YOUNG LADIES' DRESS. — Pale blue cambric polonaise, made perfectly plain, with sash ends of the same. Petticoat of black cambric, with two blue flounces edged with black. Black cashmere *pardessus*— that is, the under portion resembles a

deep cuirass bodice, the upper part being a cape, embroidered with jet and blue beads and fringe. Toque with blue feathers, bronze foliage, and garland of foliage crossing the front as *brides*, or strings.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 7d.; pardessus, 2s. 1d.

LADY'S COSTUME of black cashmere. The skirt of black mohair, alpaca, or silk, bordered with a kilted pleating of striped grenadine, edged with a white *balayeuse*, or sweeper, which is the whole width of the flounce, and preserves that from dust. The skirt is bordered with a broad black galon, with threads of gold. Polonaise of black cashmere, trimmed with a flounce of grenadine, scalloped and worked with beads. The front and back are drawn up, and finished with a *coquille* of grenadine and deep orange-coloured ends of ribbon. In this finish there are three shades—light golden brown, orange, and lighter orange. Hats with black feathers and small marigolds of different yellows.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.

CHILD'S DRESS.—Coat of grey cambric, edged with a pleating of lighter tint, bows of red and grey down the centre of *taille*, and red buttons; sleeves of light grey. Dark grey cashmere dress, which opens over a lighter grey petticoat flounced; the dress is edged with a broad grey galon, which goes up the back to the waist. In the front, bows of ribbon to match the back.

Plain paper pattern of coat, 1s. 8d.; of dress, 1s. 8d.

NEEDLEWORK.

THE instructions for the Leaf Edging were given in August number.

LACE DESIGNS.

Materials: Lace braid; Messrs. Walter Evans and Co's Boar's Head Cotton No. 30, or their Mecklenburg Thread No. 12; a strip of tracing cloth, upon which the patterns should be repeated and traced on the whole length of the cloth. The design may be filled in with any fancy stitching, and one edge be run on to good net or muslin, and then, with cotton overcast securely, the net or muslin afterwards be cut away.

LEAF AND TRELLIS PATTERN.—No. 2.

Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by 20.

1st row.—Purl.

2nd.—Knit 5 (*a*), bring the cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times; cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 10; repeat from (*a*).

3rd and all back rows purled.

4th.—Knit 6 (*b*), cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times; cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 5, knit 2 together, knit 2, cotton forward, knit 1; repeat from (*b*).

6th.—Knit 7 (*c*), cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times, cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 2, cotton forward, knit 3; repeat from (*c*).

8th.—Knit 8 (*d*), cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times, cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, cotton forward, knit 5; repeat from (*d*), finish the row with 2 plain stitches.

10th.—Knit 9 (*e*), cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times, cotton forward, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, cast slipped stitch over, knit 2, cotton forward, knit 7; repeat from (*e*), finish with the row with slip 1, knit 2 together, cast slip stitch over.

12th.—Knit 6, knit 2 together, knit 2 cotton forward, knit 2 together, 3 times cotton forward, knit 1, cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together.

14th.—Knit 4 (*g*), knit 2 together, knit 2, cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times, cotton forward, knit 3, cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 3; repeat from *g*.

16th.—Knit 3 (*h*), knit 2 together, knit 2, cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times, cotton forward, knit 5, cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 1; repeat from (*h*).

18th.—Knit 2, knit 2 together (*i*), knit 2, cotton forward, knit 2 together 3 times,

cotton forward, knit 7, cotton forward, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slip stitch over; repeat from *i*, finish the row with cotton forward, knit 8. Commence again at 4th row.

PORCUPINE PATTERN KNITTED.

Materials: For Shawls and Clouds, No. 10 wooden pins and Shetland wool. For other and finer knitting use Andalusian wool-needles, No. 18.

Cast on 2 less than any number that can be divided by 12; this for the pattern; two extra for each edge. Thus, 22 stitches for the work, and 2 on each side for edge-stitches; in all, 26 stitches. A trial of the design can be made with this number. The edge-stitches are *not* included in the directions.

In the engraving the pattern looks flat, but the knitting is considerably raised.

Explanation of letters used as abbreviations: K means *knit;* S, *slip;* T, *together;* M, *make;* P, *purl.*

1*st row.*—* K 4, S 1, K 2 T, draw S over, K 4, M 1, K 1, M 1. Repeat from *; end with K 3.

2*nd.*—P 2 *, P 3 T, P 4, M 1, P 1, M 1, P 4; repeat from *; end with P 3.

3*rd.*—K 2 *, S 1, K 2 T, draw S over, K 4, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 4; repeat from *; end with K 1.

4*th.*—* P 3 T, P 4, M 1, P 1, M 1, P 4; repeat from *; end with P 1.

5*th.*—Plain.

6*th.*—Purled.

7*th.*—K 1 *, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 4, S 1, K 2 T, draw S over, K 4; repeat from *; end with M 1, K 1, M 1.

8*th.*—P 1 *, M 1, P 1, M 1, P 4, P 3 T, P 4; repeat from *; end with M 1, P 1, M 1, P 2.

9*th.*—K 3 *, M 1, K 1, M 1, K 4, S 1, K 2 T, draw S over, K 4; repeat from *; end with M 1, K 1, M 1, K 2.

10*th.*—* P 3, M 1, P 1, M 1, P 4, P 3 T, P 4; repeat from *; end with M 1, P 1, M 1, P 4.

11*th.*—Plain.

12*th.*—Purled.

GRANDMAMMA.

This pattern is an easy pattern, care only is needed to keep the centre stitch both in increasing and decreasing.

The difference at the beginning and ending of the rows is simply to make a straight edge.

KNITTING PATTERNS REQUIRED.—Would any lady kindly oblige with a knitted design named "The Lily of the Nile," also "The Oak Leaf and Acorn" patterns?

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



PROMENADE COSTUME.

PETTICOAT of black cashmere, alpaca, mohair, or silk, with silky grenadine flounces, cut the selvage way of the grenadine. The polonaise of black silk, trimmed with a rich deep fringe, headed by *passementerie*, which forms part of the fringe. Marie Stuart bonnet, with ruche under the brim, flowers and foliage.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 7d.

The use of grenadine for flounces is universal in France, not so in England. The material is desirable for three reasons—it is cheap, effective, does not hold the dust, and in this alone is preferable to silk; only the lowest flounce of grenadine requires a plain underlining to prevent its being frayed, and to this lining a balayeuse can be attached.



ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

ROBE DE CHAMBRE of white French merino, trimmed with robings of dark purple silk, buttoned on one side with purple buttons, with a white design on the top of each. The bow and ends at the neck and that on the pocket are of purple and gold galon. At the back the fulness is set in to a yoke. This robe makes an elegant morning dress. In France this is understood; the customs differ in England, hence a robe de chambre is by some mistaken for what is often termed "a dressing-gown."

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 7d.

The best materials for a dressing-gown or wrapper is naturally, and under all circumstances, a cotton material, underneath which a thin flannel gown may be worn when warmth is necessary. A cotton wrapper, when shaken, is divested of all objectionable particles which cling to a woollen fabric.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

THE question of the day, What is to replace the sheath style of dress, now in its decline? A few ladies of the French aristocracy have tried a Restoration dress, composed of a plain skirt, plain body pointed in front, and plain sleeves. But though some of the greatest *élégantes* have essayed this, the outsiders have cried against it. It is too plain, and has not even style to recommend it. It has thus been doomed to die, although yet scarcely born. It is true that we are not yet in autumn, and that before October a novelty may surge from the depths of the unknown to astonish and to please the great world of fashion. For the moment our greatest artists have quite a little army of correspondents taking notes at the principal watering-places of Europe. When these notes are compared a happy result may ensue. Many of our readers will perhaps visit the Normandy coasts this year; some may go to Dieppe, some to Trouville, some elsewhere; but none will see the same dresses, or even the same style of dresses, at any of these places. Each has its own speciality. At Dieppe ladies dress almost the same as they would in Paris, and Paris summer fashions are "finished" there. Do not take your winter models from Dieppe, then. At Boulogne it is the English who give ideas to the French. Only, as you cannot know which English innovation may have the honour of pleasing our Paris *faiseurs*, nor how the innovations may be renovated to suit Paris taste, you cannot make your choice there. At Trouville you see an accumulation of so many new and eccentric fashions that you are too bewildered to select your own model. Perhaps the very fashion which you may consider the least likely to take will be the one which will take the best. Last year, every voice was loud against the Bretonne costume, yet it has continued until now. This year it is a "shrimp-catcher" costume which is the talk of Trouville. But who will as yet dare say, thereby, that next year we are all to be dressed as "shrimp-catchers." In any case Trouville has now quite usurped the old fame of Longchamps. It is chiefly here that our dressmakers take what they call their "inspirations." One thing appears certain—every kind of outer garment will be provided with a Carrick, or Irish cape of three collars reaching to the shoulders. They are even worn as the sole outer covering with Princess robes and polonaises. I may say that they are in universal favour with Parisian ladies. They take but little material, and are easily made. Moreover, they represent a covering without concealing the waist. They will be worn until heavy jackets become necessary. Valois collars and cuffs are also meeting with great favour. They are formed of a very high pleating of lace or muslin, mounted on an insertion, through which is passed a black velvet or coloured ribbon. You place this round the neck and tie the ribbon in front. The cuffs are made in the same way. The ribbon is tied at the wrists, and the plaiting is turned over the sleeve.

Very dark-coloured cambric dresses are worn. It is a notable fact that whereas cambric dresses are mostly dark shades, cashmere and cloth costumes are either entirely white, or of the lightest cream tints. A very elegant duchess the other day at the Deauville races wore a green cambric dress, striped with open insertion, over a myrtle-green silk. A tunic of the same material had a plastron of white guipure in front. This plastron was carried over the shoulders and formed bretelles at the back, and was fastened to the waist by a long sash of sky-blue faille. Sleeves to the elbow with blue bows on the elbows. A dark-green straw hat, surrounded by a wreath of wild roses, a sky-blue scarf crossing the crown and forming strings in front.

Scarf veils are more worn than ever this year. Sometimes they form a turban round the head, are tied in a knot at the back, and are then crossed over the back of the neck, and are brought forward like a scarf. Others entirely cover the face and hat and then are rolled round the neck. In fact, they are worn in every style, but worn they must be. They are necessary to necks past youth. With cashmere dresses cashmere caps are seen. They are worn over the forehead, like the toque. Toques, by the bye, seem inseparable from us. They are not so completely covered with feathers as they were last year. They have a feather on each side, drooping low over the back, and a bird's-wing in front. The brim and crown are uncovered. The feathers may be of ostrich or of wild-duck. For

travelling, wild-duck is preferred. Gipsy bonnets are worn in two ways, one of which is to let the bonnet rest on the back of the neck, thus showing all the hair in front; the ribbon round the crown forms strings, which are tied under the chin. The second way is to reverse this, and to place the bonnet on the forehead, with the brim shading the eyes. In this case the strings are first drawn back and crossed at the back of the neck, and then are brought forward under the chin. The latter style is the most becoming. The tiny "Quaker" has devolved upon elderly ladies. They are made of crêpe-de-chine, terry-velvet, and silk; and they are literally covered with beads which shine like dew-drops in the sun. They are called "Moonlight Bonnets!" A feather, or a flower, on one side is all the trimming required with these bonnets.

Sailor-hats will always be fashionable with children and young girls. They are, however, worn *on* the head this year and not at the back. A band of narrow ribbon, with streamers at the back, forms the sole trimming to these hats.

Seaside, yachting, and travelling jackets are loose, of a coarse white basket-cloth, lined with dark blue, and a large hood to serve as protection against wind and rain. An Ulster cut short, no more nor less.

Before concluding this letter, I am happy to have a little novelty to tell you; it is but a very little one; nevertheless we must not despise it in these days of scarcity. I have just seen a dress which is to form one of the models for our winter dresses. In front it forms a tight Princess, and at the back a pointed bodice, to which the back of the skirt is sewn. A new Blouse, also, called the *Vestale*, is to take the place of the frock blouse. The *Vestale* is gathered round a neck-band, and is fastened on the shoulders. The sleeves are long and open, to show the arm. Silver and gold belts and armlets are to be worn with *Vestale* tunics. I have already seen one for evening wear. It was of white cashmere and was embroidered round the edge with silk of the same colour. A fringe of silk and worsted was placed round the bottom. Embroidered braid fringed out at the edge is to be one of the trimmings of this autumn.

A new material has also made its appearance for the *demi-saison*. It is of wool. Not so heavy as ordinary cashmere; but thicker than barège, a medium between the two. It is called what it is—cashmere-barège! Another novelty (and I thought I had not one to tell you). This is a new fichu—or rather mantilla-shawl—called the *Sultana*. It is of embroidered gauze or Indian muslin. It envelopes the head as well as the shoulders, and, in Oriental fashion, only allows the eyes to be seen! Will this take? That I cannot say. I only know that it is, and can tell you where to procure it, if so you wish.

Children's dresses are charming this hot weather—always white or coloured percale for out of doors, they can tumble about without fear or check. Some are light-striped, others dark stripe; some drab, others dark blue; but the latter draws the heat. Large Leghorn hats, which shade but do not flap upon the face, are tied on at the back under the brim with narrow ribbon, or preferably a thin muslin scarf, which protects the neck from the sun. These percale dresses are embroidered in Russian embroidery, and in white coarse cotton. This ornamentation is quickly done and will wash well. Some of these seaside dresses for girls of twelve and fourteen have the front breadths of a different pattern of percale from the other portion; for instance, a striped cambric dress opens from the neck to the front, and this open space is filled with pleated cambric the colour of the stripes, and is crossed in front with four bands of striped cambric fastened in the front. This dress opens at the back, and is buttoned to below the waist, at this termination there are bows and ends of the material of the dress.

M. de B.



SORTIE DE BAL.

OPERA MANTELETTE WITH HOOD.—This is merely a comfortable half-square of fine cashmere fringe, a hood and long ends attached at the neck. The fulness of the hood forms the head-dress. The strings which tie the hood and cape are thrown over the left shoulder, over the end of the hood which crosses the shoulder. Plain paper pattern, 2s. 7d.

It is known that a simple opera-cloak is useless for warding off draughts from the head and neck, hence other light wraps are called in requisition, but these are superseded by this style. The fringe must necessarily be rich and soft, to droop well; failing this, the fly-fringe of wool or silk answers. The detail of this fringe was given in April number, 1877.



COSTUME FOR GARDEN PARTY.

Robe of pale pink silk, trimmed with white grenadine, pleatings and flounces of lace. The train, not shown in the engraving, is very long; the bows at the side are of palest blue. The pardessus is of the same, silk trimming and ribbons and lace. It has a simulated long waistcoat fastened closely down the front with patent hooks and eyes; the ribbons are placed to resemble fastenings. The toque is of pale pink feathers, fastened closely on the foundation, and with a small bunch of pale blue forget-me-nots in front. Plain paper pattern of pardessus, 2s. 1d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

WALKING or CARRIAGE COSTUME of steel-coloured cambric, or mohair, or silk. The petticoat has two flat pleatings, one being edged with a pleating of pale drab mohair, the lowest close to the hem having only a *balayeuse* or sweeper. The polonaise, rounded on each side and caught up, is tied back underneath at the back; over this the plain trained skirt falls. It opens on one side of the front to a little below the waist, and is fastened with patent hooks and loops. Mantelette of the same. Straw hat turned up on one side, with a scarlet rose under the brim; grey feathers. Plain pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.; of mantelette, 1s. 8d.

MORNING ROBE of grey cambric or silk, striped with violet. Cuirass bodice. The under-skirt is violet; it has a pleated flounce, headed by a band of embroidery. The over-skirt or tunic is cut on the cross and arranged in folds; a band of violet crosses from the right to the left side, where it is partially open. Both front and one side are fringed. Cuirass bodice, with three seams in the back, is plain, excepting for the band of violet and the muslin embroidery which finishes the front. Plain pattern of tunic, 3s. 1d; bodice, 1s. 7d.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned or tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up*:—

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Plain skirts without bodice	2	1
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band*	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size, measuring across the widest part of the back, under the arms, and over the widest part of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters on dressmaking requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

MRS. J. L. S. (Exeter).—There is absolutely nothing new in the way of fashion. The dresses worn at the seaside will not be seen elsewhere—they are adapted purely for the seaside. Care about fashion is for the time thrown away by the generality of visitors, indeed by all excepting those to whom life offers perpetual opportunities for holiday-making; and it is just those who do not care for the privilege who preserve fashion from going out altogether, and who adopt the most unheard-of costumes, and keep toilers in bread by thus giving them work. Wait till October. The pattern was sent to you on the 17th, with prices for the articles you asked for.

TEGIDA.—Calico, certainly. It does not matter which, if flannel be worn next the skin, as it should always be, even in the hottest weather, for the reason that flannel absorbs perspiration and evaporates it, while linen or cotton absorb it, certainly,

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band with button-holes can be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

and there it remains, a clinging, chilly mass. This checks the perspiration, and sends it into the system. It is far healthier to sleep in blankets than sheets.

EBBIE, F. G.—You may wear a tie-back petticoat in the house, and loop the train over the arms by having a long loop attached to a part of the petticoat which is not seen below the polonaise; or loop it to a string tied round the waist. This is convenient, because a polonaise can in a moment be substituted for the loose short jacket. A Frenchwoman of middle class rarely wears the same dress in the house that she walks out in; hence her costume never looks tumbled or creased. (2.) Bleach the articles. If you don't like making a quart of bleaching liquid for a halfpenny, you can buy Hudson's bleaching liquid, a pint and half bottle for 2s. (3.) Pumice-stone cleans the tips of the fingers by rubbing off the skin, but if you use it for your teeth you rub off the enamel. (4.) Make the polonaise of book-muslin, the petticoat of blue or mauve cambric, with kilted flounces of white muslin, and loop with pale ribbons. The polonaise should have white embroidery round it, or, failing this, kiltings of muslin, with plain net edges, which latter can be bought for a penny the yard. Goffered frillings look quite as pretty as kiltings, is newer, and you can goffer the trimming yourself with straw reeds.

OCTAVE.—Try Madame Vevay's hair-wash. (See advertisement.) Some ladies call it "The Magic," others "The Marvellous"; and several gentlemen declare that of many washes they have tried the "No-Danger Wash" is the very best—"by a long shot" is the expression of one. It can now be sent by post *free* in a concentrated solution; you will only have to add the water necessary.

MRS. JAMES B. (Clifton).—You can have a very simple and pretty chemise pattern sent to you for 1s. 7d. It has no gores, and the sleeve can be cut with the chemise in one piece, yard-wide calico. Messrs. Avis and Co., 213, Upper Street, Islington, can supply you with a package of excellent ready-made samples of under-clothing. Their night-dresses are particularly well-cut—thus you will always have patterns.

EMMA V.—Drape the dress across the front with broché silk, which, however, is expensive for an old dress, or cut the old front breadths into strips four inches wide. Join strips of old black silk between till you have the breadths half as long again as you really require them, then gather the silk on each side, and also down the centre, but gather it by turning down the silk, and, as it were, whipping it. This makes it less flimsy, and does not require covering; only on the inside, a cord should be sewed to prevent the gathering-string from snapping. The back-breadths should be of one colour, the sides different, or the two colours mingled. However, old silk never repays the trouble or fuss expended over it. (2.) Most seams are now corded, and the edges of bands piped with a different colour to the dress. The bands may be straight or cross-way, and be tacked on to thin, stiff muslin, to give firmness, then be piped with a different colour to the dress. You cannot press these bands after they are made. (3.) You will find Mr. Egerton Burnett's Hard-wear Serge the best you can have for boys' wear, or for the seaside for yourself. The patterns are before us, and are really excellent. The prices you can see in the advertisement, on the outside cover of the LADIES' TREASURY.

MRS. MC.—We have not seen the Carlson Binder Belt, but suppose it will answer the purpose. The chief object is to suppress undue stoutness, that is if the requisite pressure can be borne. Eating less of oleaginous food will perhaps have the same effect.

ENQUIRER (Glasgow).—There will be little difference in the shape or material of coats and jackets from those worn last winter. They were comfortable and becoming, but as you remark, not advantageous for very short figures. There is no help for it; no wrap of any kind looks well on such, they must wear what best suits them, and not mind the superabundance of flesh that won't melt. There is a great deal of wisdom in not minding the unalterable. No Parisian *modiste* ever devised graceful-looking robes for elderly or stout ladies.

MADAME Z. O. (London).—The cap is made up on a piece of oval-shaped muslin, pleated slightly in on each side, then gauze and ribbon and flowers are pinned on the top; two ends of tulle or net, bordered with blonde or lace, hang behind, one end shorter than the other. In fact, any arrangement of tulle lace and flowers can be worn, so long as it is becoming. Nothing is prettier for an elderly lady than the Marie Stuart cap.

A MOTHER.—Warm woollen blouses are preferable for children; they are easily

(*Continued on page* 542.)



COSTUME FOR THE SEASIDE.

PETTICOAT of navy-blue barathea cloth, with band of a deep red barathea cloth. Polonaise, open at the back, of dark grey woollen fabric, striped with white, bordered with a red galon. In the front this galon runs from neck to hem on each side of a double row of red buttons. Cuffs and pocket of plain dark red barathea, with grey buttons. Prune-coloured serge, with white band, and prune-coloured woollen bourrette, with red, yellow, and white stripes, answers as well as blue.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 7d.



HOME COSTUME.

SKIRT of alpaca or silk with three kilted and graduated flounces of grenadine. Polonaise of silk, or dull grenadine, with kilted flounce. The panier ends are draped, and are merely lengths of grenadine hemmed at the ends. The bodice has a simulated jacket, the trimming of grenadine. Black straw hat with white ruches in the front, and white band of silk round the crown. Flowers.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 8d.

(*Continued from page* 539.)

washed, and require no getting-up, but should be pulled into shape when hung up to dry, and be dried very quickly. As a rule, children should not be clad in anything that requires constant care to keep in place or free from soil. Uncivilised nature is so inherent in them that to play and be careful of their clothes is a purgatorial penance. Let them wear that which they cannot spoil and which costs but little to replace. Let them have play-clothes as well as more costly dresses.

Mrs. L. T. (Bath).—Children need not wear black crape; there is a crape-cloth which answers very well for deep mourning. Crape only looks well when well kept. (2.) The Dame Durden hats come down close at each side of the temples; the Mother Shipton has a rather broad brim. You may wear hats of any shape, so that the crown be somewhat high.

T. T. B.—Welsh flannel—the real kind, if any is now made—looks like a half-worn fabric, by reason of the irregularity of the hand-spun wool with which it is woven; but it lasts longer than any other. The Lancashire flannel is best for all purposes, and if not had so very fine in texture will not shrink so much. The Saxony flannel is beautiful to look at and to feel, but it is treacherous; it shrinks in the washing, and the fleecy nap rolls into little balls. We never knew scarlet flannel to shrink, and it will clean beautifully. (2.) It is safer to put your curtains into a cleaner's hands than to trust to a laundress; whatever her skill, she has not the appliances of steam, or stretchers, or pressers. (3.) It is well to put a tuck into every flannel petticoat to allow for shrinkage. (4.) Cleaning straw bonnets is not an economical process, when they are to be bought so cheaply, and can be trimmed at any draper's for 9d. or 1s.

Mary H. (Leamington).—Knitted petticoats are cumbersome, heavy things, which none but a thin figure can comfortably wear. You can line your train with *domett* flannel. This is thin, and made of half cotton, but you will not be able to hold it in your hand, it will take too much room. (2) An old black silk petticoat flounced; over this a dull black grenadine polonaise, piped with blue silk, trimmed with black lace and blue ribbons, one side of the front plain, the other slightly caught up. Two rows of buttons down the front, with a narrow ruche of lace on each side of them. No outside wrap is needed during the warm weather, but a Carrick of three rows of pleated lace, forming a cape on the shoulders, and one upstanding frill of lace lined with a pleating of tulle inside. Quite a century since Carrick-on-Suir, Co. Munster, Ireland, was famous for the manufacture of its broad-cloths and a peculiar make of stuff termed Ratine. From this place issued a coat with capes, which was called a Carrick, as "Ulster" might now be understood. The French have revived this fashion of capes, and re-issued its old name "Carrick."

A NOTABLE MARRIAGE.

On August 9, for the first time for 150 years, a marriage took place in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, by special licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Lady Mayoress, Miss Ada Louisa White, daughter of the Lord Mayor, was married on the 9th of August to Mr. Cecil Herbert Thornton Price.

The arrivals began shortly after ten o'clock, though the ceremony was not to commence until after noon, and for nearly two hours a stream of carriages set down their occupants at the great west door of the cathedral. The traffic in the streets adjacent to the church was stopped, and numbers of people lined the pavements and the steps of the cathedral. Conspicuous among the early crowd were the Chinese Ambassadors. A number of aldermen and members of the Court of Common Council also occupied prominent places in the body of the cathedral. The Communion table was handsomely decorated and festooned with roses and jessamine, and on either side pots of plants had been placed for the occasion, the background being large palms. The steps leading up to the Communion table were carpeted. Not only the vast space under the dome was crowded with ladies, but the nave was lined with spectators, and the attendance was equally numerous in the gallery over the south door, and those right and left of the choir over the stalls. Dr. Stainer took his place at the organ at a quarter to twelve, and played a voluntary until the arrival of the bridal party at the west door. This was signalised by a simultaneous rising of the vast assemblage. The bridal party was met at the west door by the choir and the precentor, the Rev. W. C. F. Webber. A procession was formed up the nave, the choir leading the way, and being followed by the Lord Mayor and bride, the bridesmaids, the bridegroom, and a number of the general bridal party who had arrived from the Mansion House, consisting of about fifty persons. As the procession passed down the nave to the entrance to the cathedral the choristers sang unaccompanied, and with beautiful effect, a processional hymn. The procession was met at the choir by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Ely, Canon Liddon, and a number of other clergymen. The bride and bridegroom, having taken their places at the entrance to the choir, the exhortation was read by the Bishop of Ely, the sixteen bridesmaids standing in a double row across the dome. The bride's dress, from Lyons, was a white satin Princesse robe, with a rich white court train

four yards long from the waist, and brocaded down the back with rosebuds and forget-me-nots. The front, as well as the back, was cut all in one, with a row of orange blossoms on either side, from the shoulders, and a large bouquet of the same flower on one side of the petticoat. The veil, handkerchief, and trimming of the bouquet, as well as of the dress, were of Brussels point lace. The shoes, from Paris, were of white satin, hand painted, with a design of orange blossoms and myrtle. The bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Florence White, Miss Curtis, Miss Kate White and Miss Wilson (her cousins), Miss Annie Foy, Miss Mabel Foy, Miss Fairclough, Miss Hadley, Miss Strannack, Miss Hubbuck, Miss Margetson, Miss Kennedy, Miss Tegner, Miss E. Smith, Miss Mills, and Miss A. Mills. Their dresses were petticoats and trains of Rose du Barri silk, with wreaths, and each of them carried a large bouquet. The Lord Mayor gave the bride away, and Mr. Compigne acted as best man. The questions to the bride and bridegroom, for whom kneeling cushions had been placed on the steps, were asked by the Archbishop, who completed this part of the service, and "pronounced them man and wife together" in the solemn formula which includes the congregation as witnesses to the contract. The first part of the service having thus taken place, in accordance with the rubric, "in the body of the church," the officiating clergy walked in procession to the Communion table, followed by the newly-wedded couple, the choir singing Psalm cxxviii., "Blessed are all they that fear the Lord." The scene when the procession had reached the sacrarium was remarkably brilliant. On the north side of the Communion table stood the Archbishop, while behind his grace were his chaplain, Mr. Davidson, Canon Liddon, and the prebendaries. On the south side were the Bishop of Ely and the other clergy; while in the foreground, kneeling on one of the lower steps, were the bride and bridegroom, behind whom stood two little girls, the youngest of the bridesmaids, their companions being ranged on either side. Nor was the picture in the choir itself less noteworthy, the bright dresses of the ladies, in which pink and blue were the prevailing colours, standing out in contrast to the oak of the stalls. The service was then proceeded with, the Subdean singing the versicles with the choir. These ended, Canon Liddon, standing before the altar, said the three succeeding prayers of the group, the last being said by the Archbishop. The long exhortation which follows was divided into the two parts at the point which the text naturally suggests, the first part being read by Mr. Robertson, and the second—on the wife's duty to her husband—by Mr. Meadows. This closes the office in the Prayer Book, but the Primate now took his place before the altar and pronounced a final benediction. After the service the bride and bridegroom left the sacrarium for the signature of the register, and, having returned to their places, the procession made its way to the west door, where the crowd, which had increased in numbers, was waiting to receive it. The invited guests then made their way to the Mansion House, where the breakfast took place in the Egyptian Hall. The seats of honour were of course occupied by the bride and bridegroom. Opposite the newly-married pair stood a couple of giant wedding-cakes, weighing some hundredweight and a half, and adorned with white ornaments. On the left of the Lady Mayoress were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Misses Tait, the Bishop of Ely, Canon Liddon, and Mrs. Ambrose; and on the bridegroom's right were Mrs. Tait, the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Chief Baron and the Misses Kelly. There was a large number of guests, several rooms being utilised for the occasion. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who concluded by wishing "Long life and happiness to the Lady Mayoress and her husband." The toast was drunk standing, with all the honours, and the bridegroom responded, expressing his gratitude for the honour which had been done to the bride and himself, and his deep sense of the trust which the Lord Mayor had committed to his keeping. The Bishop of Ely, in proposing the health of the Lord Mayor, said that there had been an increasing tendency of late years among persons in high official position to make a marked separation between their public and their private life, and never to allow the outer world to sympathise with them in their private joys and sorrows. This, he believed, was a mistake, leading as it did to separate class from class, and to prevent that hearty welding together of the different sections of society on which the happiness of the empire so materially depended, and therefore he considered that not the least of the debts which London owed to its present Lord Mayor was due to him because he had broken through this ice which had encrusted them for so many years, and had called on the citizens of London to rejoice with him in his happiness. The Lord Mayor responded, and subsequently proposed the health of the visitors, which was responded to by the Lord Chief Baron.

The happy pair left the Mansion House at four o'clock to catch the train for Scotland.

The state drawing-room at the Mansion House was appropriated to the display of the bridal presents, and so large was the collection that the temporary benches which had been erected on either side of the large apartment were entirely filled. The magnificent service of silver, weighing 621 ounces, presented by the members of the Corporation, occupied a prominent place in the buffet. This consisted of one large circular tray, on which was engraved the special subject of the presentation, and this was supplemented by a smaller but no less handsome salver, with a set of four corner dishes and some extremely elegant fish-eating knives and forks. On either side of the Corporation plate were rose-water dishes, salvers, and other elegant appliances for the table, together with a large collection of apostle and other dessert spoons, the beautiful bracelet presented by the officers of the Corporation, and jewellery of the most valuable kind.

The presentation was made on the part of the Corporation by Mr. Alderman Finnis. The Vintners' Company, of which the Lord Mayor is a member, handed the Lady Mayoress a handsome gold necklace with a diamond pendant, and the Farriers' Company presented a silver boudoir tea service and tray of Indian work. The officers of the Lord Mayor's household gave the Lady Mayoress a valuable opera glass.

To these must be added the many similar articles presented by the various friends of the family. Not the least important of this valuable display was a magnificent grand pianoforte, and some very pleasing pictures; and lastly may be mentioned some contributions from the officers and servants of the household, notably amongst which was a cut-glass celery vase from the Lord Mayor's gardener, and a tortoise-shell purse from the Lady Mayoress's "own maid." Altogether there were no fewer than two hundred and ten donors.



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

LITTLE GIRL'S BLOUSE of brown holland, white piqué, or coloured cambric. Both front and back are pleated and set in the centre of pleats with Russian-stitchwork; it is done in wool in chain-stitch, the point of each chain being fixed by passing the needle down over the point through the material to where the chain commenced. Three rows of braid or a washable galon is run round the bottom; a sash with broad ends and bows of the material worked on each edge fastens at the back. Round the neck and sleeves Smyrna lace. Plain paper pattern, with specimen of stitch, 2s. 1d.; without stitch, 1s. 7d.

LITTLE BOY'S DRESS of black velvet, with four rows of white and black galon in the back; down the front two rows of black and white buttons, A band of embroidery round the skirt. Sash of deep navy-blue ribbon. Plain paper pattern of dress, 1s. 7d.



2236

Imp. Mme Lefevre Paris

Coloriste Huguet ex Artiste desGobelins Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



INFANT GIRL'S DRESS of dark cambric, trimmed with galon embroidery and buttons. It crosses in the front, with a simulated opening, and opens in the back, which is cut without pleatings. Long netted sleeves of black or white.

Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

YOUNG GIRL'S COAT of black cashmere. Two rows of kilted pleatings round the skirt. The bands are piped with black silk. At the back broad, deep pleats, reaching nearly to the waist, form a skirt. The coat opens in the front. A row of black buttons down each side.

Plaln paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

BOY'S COAT of fine blue serge, trimmed with white galon or braid. The back is plain, without trimmings or pleatings of any kind.

Plain paper pattern, 1s. 7d.

AN unknown correspondent has asked us to recommend to mothers to adopt socks instead of stockings for their children's wear. We have yet to discover why. To assert the superior healthiness of socks is not to prove the fact. For our own children, we infinitely prefer stockings to socks that are always sliding under the boots, galling the heels, or the untidy look of socks falling over the shoes. Stockings secured by strings to the stays or garments are preferable fastenings to garters. Stockings prevent chilblains.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

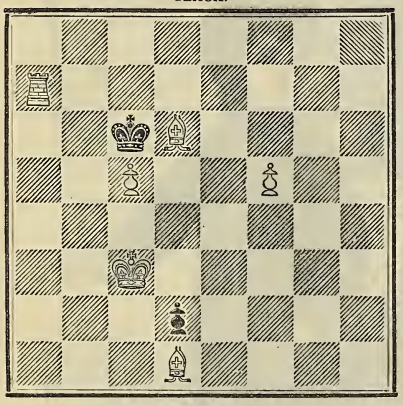
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XX.

By J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. Wellman.—The correct move to Problem XVI. is Kt to B 6.

M. S. A. (Burslem).—See solution below.

C. D. (Camberwell).—The problem has been published before. We have not sufficient space to make the distinction you propose.

L. Tournade.—Too easy. Shall be glad to receive a few more specimens.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XIX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 7.	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Correct solutions of Problem XIX. have been received from C. D. (Camberwell), G. Wellman (Stainland), M. A. Coad.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

1 Form a magic square of the first 225 numbers, comprising 25 magic squares in itself.

2. Plant 24 trees in 28 rows, four in a row.

3. At 0° Centigrade sound travels at the rate of 1090 ft. per second, increasing 2 ft. for every additional rise of one degree on the thermometer mentioned; how far is a thunder-cloud distant, the time elapsing between the flash and the noise being 8 seconds?

4. Four times the cube of a number = 3 times its fourth power; find it.

5. At what time between eight and nine o'clock are the hands of a clock diametrically opposite each other?

6. What sum put out at compound interest at the commencement of the Christian era would just now = one pound?

7. Eggs selling at 16 for a shilling are increased in price by 10 per cent.; what is now the price per 100?

8. A was sister to the reigning king and married B. A was daughter to the same king and married B. Explain this.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

1. Since the first pipe fills the cistern in 3 hours, it must supply $\frac{1}{3}$ of the whole contents in one hour; similarly, the second adds $\frac{1}{4}$ every hour; and the third lets out $\frac{1}{6}$ in an equal time. The balance or resultant supply per hour, when all three pipes are running together, is $\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{3}-\frac{1}{6}=\frac{3+4-2}{12}=\frac{5}{12}$, *i.e.*, the cistern under these conditions receives $\frac{5}{12}$ of the whole every hour. Now, suppose the cistern's contents divided into twelve parts, when will it be full at the rate of five parts per hour? Of course, the answer is $12 \div 5 = 2$ hr. 26 min. SUSIE.

2. If x = no. required, then $2x^3 = 3x^2 \therefore x = 1\frac{1}{2}$. GEORGE WHITE.

3. Clearly the snail requires 10 days to go 10 feet upwards, and on the eleventh day he reaches the top, not necessarily slipping down as usual. MAGGIE.

4. From July 29 to October 10 reckon 73 days. Hence

100	gains	365	days	1	pound.
1	,,	,,	,,	$\frac{1}{100}$	,,
1	,,	1	,,	$\frac{1}{36500}$	,,
500	,,	1	,,	$\frac{500}{36500}$	,,
500	,,	73	,,	$\frac{73\times500}{36500}=$	1.

Hence he receives £501. SUSIE.

5. There is a space of 25 minutes between the hands at five o'clock, and when they are at right angles there must be only 15. Now the minute hand must *gain* 10 minutes on the hour hand, or it must overtake it and gain 15 beyond, *i.e.*, 40 minutes altogether, thus giving two answers. The minute hand goes 12 times as fast as the hour.

11 minutes space are gained in 12 minutes,

1	,,	,,	,,	$\frac{12}{11}$	,,
10	,,	,,	,,	$\frac{120}{11}=10\frac{10}{11}$	,,
40	,,	,,	,,	$\frac{480}{11}=43\frac{7}{11}$	,,

At $10\frac{10}{11}$, and $43\frac{7}{11}$ minutes past, the conditions are fulfilled. R. W. F.

6. Roman gentlemen, it is said, used to indulge in the luxury of costly maple tables (a kind of mania, not without its representative to-day), and the ladies, with their proverbial energy in matters of rivalry, hit upon the equally expensive hobby of wearing profuse jewellery. The gentlemen, with characteristic coolness, complained; the ladies, with not less *nonchalance*, pointed to the tables, and thus "turned the tables" on their "sadder" but "wiser" spouses; hence the phrase in question).

MAGGIE.

7. *Pedlar* (Latin *pes, pedis*), a foot, or petty-dealer.
Few (French *feu*), *p* and *f* being generically the same, *i.e.*, labials or lip-letters.
Coblentz (Latin *confluentes*), flowing together, *i.e.*, Moselle and Rhine. Observe that here *b*, not *p*, takes the place of *f*, following the same law.
Saragossa, built by *Cæsar-Augustus*.
Paper (*Papyrus*), the Egyptian name of a plant whose integument was anciently used for writing on.

GEO. WHITE.

8. The more lustre a metallic surface possesses the less heat-radiation goes on, for of course most of the heat undergoes reflection from the polished surface.

MAGGIE.

9. 7 lb. of course.

R. W. F.

ANSWERS.

E. R. Hensman, 4, 7; C. K. Cope, 4, 7, 9; S. Stephens, 4, 7, 9; A. Newton, 2, 4, 6, 7; T. E. Humphrey, 4, 7; C. R. Boyle, 2, 4, 7, 9; A. Weatherly, 2, 4, 7, 9; E. G. Knights, 2, 4, 6, 7; G. P. Berry, 2, 4, 6, 7; W. E. Newton, 1, 3; J. L. Bonguard, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9; W. Parnell, 2, 4, 7, 9; F. H. Leighfield, 1, 3, 4, 9; W. Griffin, 2, 3, 6, 7; Ben Webster, 2, 3, 4, 9; W. A. Munn, 1, 2, 4, 5, 9; W. H. Pitt, 4, 7; W. Suter, 1, 2, 4, 5, 9; W. Warren, 2; F. Allen, 3, 4, 5; J. Ferguson, 1; A. W. Olver, 1; E. H. Stewardson, 4, 6,9; A. H. Clay, 3, 4; W. Sutcliffe, 3, 4, 5; T. W. Moore, 3, 4, 5; D. Haslett, 4, 5; A. W. Ayton, 3, 4, 5; Geo. White, 1, 2, 4, 7; R. W. F., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9; Susie, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Maggie, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

A SUITE of apartments, costing £2421 inclusive of furniture, to be fitted on board the *Britannia* cadet-ship at Dartmouth, has been prepared at Devonport yard. The apartments are intended for the sons of the Prince of Wales, tutors, and domestics, and when fitted will occupy nearly the whole of the vessel's poop. The erection and furnishing are to be completed by September 2. The Royal Princes are to join early in September.

A NUMEROUSLY-SIGNED address and a handsome service of plate have been presented to the eminent teacher of singing, Señor Manuel Garcia, for the discovery, some years since, of an instrument termed the "larynxscope" (throat to see), and now in general use by medical men. By the use of this instrument the character of any throat disease is at once discovered. Professor Huxley was chairman.

THE *fête* day of the Napoleon family was celebrated at Chislehurst, but so far as Camden House was concerned it was kept in absolute privacy. The Empress received no visitors, nor did the Prince Imperial. Many private congratulations from friends were received, and among them a telegram from the Prince of Wales, with whom the Prince Imperial has lately been at Cowes.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON have sold for the sum of £340 the privately-printed small folio volume, entitled "Collections Concerning the Manor of Marden," by the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl Coningsby (1722). This identical copy produced at Bindley's sale £24 3s., and was sold in 1851 for as little as £12.

A "QUEEN ANNE" farthing, date 1714, was sold on the 13th July for two guineas. It was a proof coin.

A LADY divides her sex into three classes—the giddy butterflies, the busy bees, and the woman's righters. The first are pretty and silly, the second plain and useful, and the third mannish and odious. The first wear long trailing dresses and smile at you while waltzing; the second wear aprons and give you apple dumplings; and the third want your manly prerogatives, your dress coat, your money, and your vote.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.—At a quarterly court of the Fanmakers' Company, held on Thursday last, on the motion of Mr. J. M. Stuart, it was resolved unanimously, "That it is desirable there should be an exhibition of fans in connection with this company."—*City Press*.

CLISSOLD PARK is the spot decided on by the advisers of the Princess of Wales as the home of the young Princes, when the one lately convalescent shall be able to be moved. Sir William Gull highly approves of the mansion selected. It is a delightful old English residence at Stoke Newington, surrounded by tall elms, in a cheerful and open situation, but sheltered from easterly winds.—*Coming Events*.

THE persons employed by Messrs. Copestake, Hughes, and Co., Bow Churchyard, have subscribed a sum sufficient to present a boat to the National Lifeboat Institution, in memory of the late Mr. George Moore.

SIR EDWARD LEE has taken the lease of the Dublin Exhibition Palace for a term of twenty-one years, and it is his intention to open the Exhibition permanently in the course of the approaching Dublin season.

ELEVEN THOUSAND a year is a good sum to make out of "savings," but it is stated to be done by the proprietors of the *Times* by the simple process of using a lighter paper. This has been effected, we are told, by a gradual operation, so judiciously carried on that only sharp-sighted—or, rather, sharp-fingered—people have found it out.

THE recent regulation of the Postmaster-General which is to come into force on October 1 will cause annoyance to many. It is that none of the receiving houses will be permitted to take in letters addressed to initials or to fictitious names.

MADAME NILSSON is to get £280 a night during her Russian engagement, which is to last three months. She is to give two nights a week, exclusive of benefits, for which she will get about £2000 more.

THE expense of the evening party recently given by Mrs. Naylor, which was honoured by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, cost, it is said, upwards of £5000. At another party, where four hundred guests assembled, the cost was only £386.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in October number.

LUCY MARIE.—The best method is to get a French newspaper; this is better than a book for translation. Some friend would perhaps get you one. It is quite the right way to render English into French, but it is most difficult unless you have lived in France.

SOLITAIRE.—All this awkwardness would vanish if you went more into society; it is the natural effects of home-staying. No advice can be given to you but to go into company. Observe and practise the arts that make people desirable. The oftener you mingle with others the less shy you will become. Lines respectfully declined. Poetry is not a stringing together in rhyme of platitudes, but of sensible ideas and thoughts expressed in musical rhythm.

I. R. H.—We know of nothing better than bleaching liquid not strong enough to burn the material. But if the articles be boiled afterwards frequently in soda, the marks will return.

IRÉMA.—It is not necessary to give any extra tea or sugar instead of beer. Water is supposed to be drank. A very good substitute is a quart of treacle-water made slightly acid with twenty drops of sulphuric acid. If you choose to give tea or coffee take half a pound of coffee, or a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar; and this gift includes extra milk.

MARGARET B.—A letter sent to you has been returned by the Postmaster, Cardiff, as not called for.

JAMAICA.—We should be glad to do what you ask, but it would be impossible as our residence is not in London. Thanks for the recipes. Could you say what Venice soap is? We have made inquiry, but cannot ascertain what it is. The white of an egg would simply varnish the face.

URUGUAY.—Your letter, posted 2nd July, received on the 7th of August. One of the letters enclosed has been posted to Miss J. E. Lewin, 12, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn—the only office for Female Middle-class Emigration.

IN answer to several correspondents, we beg to state that the LADIES' TREASURY is published, *at latest*, on the day preceding the 1st of the month. Subscribers having any difficulty in securing its punctual delivery should obtain it direct from the Office. It is sent post-free for 1s. 9d. per quarter, paid in advance.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

IN answer to VIOLA in July number, the author of the lines

"So nigh to grandeur is our dust, &c.,"

is Ralph Waldo Emerson's, an American philosopher, poet, and eminent prose writer. The line—

"And life is never the same again,"

is by George Macdonald, in a volume of his poems called "Phantastis"—(we are not sure if this is the name, as the post-card is obliterated in this part by the stamp). The whole verse is—

"Alas! how easily things go wrong—
A sigh too much or a kiss too long.
And then comes a mist and a blinding rain,
And life is never the same again."

HARMONY informs VIOLA that both words and music of "Children's Voices" are Claribel's. The words are used by permission of the editor of "Odds and Ends."

ENQUIRIES.

CAN anyone tell me where I can ascertain the value of a copper coin of the reign of Harold; also of a shilling and a silver penny of the reign of Anne?—*Toby.*

Will Flory Miers kindly tell me whether the "Black Parliament" is the one which immediately preceded the "Mad Parliament" in the reign of Henry III.?—*Toby.*

I have a manuscript translation of "Cornelius Nepos," is it likely to be of any value? It was written about twenty-two years ago, the object of the translator being to give a translation in good English, as he considered that already published was ungrammatical.

Will any lady give a recipe for the obliteration of marking ink on linen marked in mistake?—*J. R. H.*

Can any reader of THE LADIES' TREASURY recommend a simple and good work on Harmony, by which it may be learnt without the aid of a master?—*Harmony.*

Will anyone kindly tell me why the Sabbath-day was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week?—*A Subscriber.* [The Jews observe the seventh day in memorial of the creation of the world and of their exodus from Egypt. The Christians observe the first day of the week in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Sunday was the day on which, anciently, divine adoration was paid to the sun. Hence Christ is termed the *Sun* of Righteousness, and not the Son.]

EXCHANGE.

I HAVE an excellent and harmless recipe for removing superfluous hairs, and shall be glad to exchange it for gloves, ties, stamps, or anything useful.—*Milly.*



ADDITION AND MULTIPLICATION.

ADDITION AND MULTIPLICATION.

THESE accomplishments rightfully belong to the matter of one of the three "R's," phonetically expressed as "Reading, Riting, and 'Rithmetic;" but there are also two other "R's," "Rite" and "Rong," which, however, are widely divergent, the latter claiming for its own speciality Addition and Multiplication.

These two rules of Arithmetic govern the practices of scandal-mongers, though they have not sense to add or multiply two nnmbers together.

One bright summer afternoon a cosy tea-table was spread for a genuine afternoon tea. Dinner had been the mid-day meal, and was honestly called dinner; and at eight o'clock came the supper, not dinner. Mrs. Bachabit, a lady whose dead husband was of German extraction, had invited her friends to tea and gossip, and among them came later a pale, elderly woman, whose antecedents were unknown, but who had lived quiet and respected till Mrs. Bachabit's advent, who was the half-sister, as everyone knew, of the Rev. J. Myope, of Sleepy Hollow, an upright and most just man, within an inch of "saintship," so just that he never forgave or forgot any insult to himself, or pardoned any dereliction of duty since he had become the spiritual adviser of his parishioners, about six months before this notable "tea-fight," the name always given to this memorable party.

"Did you see our doctor's wife in church on Sunday dressed in that handsome silk dress?" asked Mrs. Bachabit when they were seated round the table.

"I did for one," replied Mrs. Snape; "that woman will ruin him in a year or two. Why, it must have cost twelve shillings a yard, to say nothing of the making."

"The extravagant creature!" exclaimed Miss Perkins, a lady of very mature age, who had angled patiently for the doctor, despite the difference in ages, for he was much under thirty.

"Well, I know for certain that she had the dress on credit from Bead's the draper. I'm told they run a long bill there. Bead says he'll sue the doctor."

"And I know the doctor told Mrs. Simmons that if he didn't stop her extravagance he should have to throw up his practice and go elsewhere; he said that the visiting in this neighbourhood was ruinous," said Miss Kenall.

"Well, now, only to think of that; does anyone know who made the dress?"

"Yes, Matilda Weare made it; she was there a week at three shillings a day, so there went eighteen shillings, besides her food," remarked Mrs. Jetty.

"My goodness! What a shame, and he's the parish doctor, too; better have old Lawton than a man with such an extravagant wife. Old Lawton never did put such charges into his bills as this Doctor Price does all for his new-fangled wife; better he had married one in the village than one to bring him to ruin."

"My, my, eighteen shillings for making, besides the trimmings and linings! Well, they must be well off," said Mrs. Chattaway, folding her hands and uplifting her eyes as though she thought to find in the ceiling a confirmation of her utterance.

Last of all came Miss Danvers, to whom the whole story was narrated. She ventured to say that it could scarcely be true of Mrs. Price to run in debt—she had a horror of it.

"Moreover, it is not a silk dress at all, but one of the lustre-alpacas. It was given to her on her marriage, and I helped her to make it."

Here there was a dreadful commotion. All turned upon the truthful victim with a Babel of tongues. Poor Miss Danvers held her hand to one ear to shut out the clamour, and clasped a locket, which in her agitation sprung open.

"Miss Danvers! what have you there? Why, it's my brother's likeness!" exclaimed Mrs. Bachabit.

Poor Lucy Danvers turned pale as death. Here was a discovery! She had lived till middle age bearing the burden of her sorrow, and having only recently come to the village because it was out of the way, and offered cheap living, she had unwittingly settled down in a nest of humans with the proclivities of hornets. Years ago, when Mrs. Price, "the new doctor's wife," was a baby, Ellen Danvers, a bright and beautiful girl, fond of dress and jewels, was also rich in fortune and friends, and then it was that she met with his saintship of Sleepy Hollow, who, apparently, gave the whole of his devotion to the fair and

thoughtless girl, till one day—"a kiss too long, and life was never the same again."

Retribution followed, but always the woman is the first victim. Desertion, not by one spring, but by slow grades, succeeded, and the poor girl's heart, now hoping, now fearing, now in earth's heaven by a smile, and again sinking into the depths of despair by a cold recognition, Ellen Danvers lost her health, and, when her disgrace was known, her friends also. Some years passed, her father died penniless, leaving to his daughter Ellen only a very small settlement of his wife's money which she brought to him on their marriage, and which was strictly entailed on her children, Ellen being the only issue.

The poor infant, Ellen's child, was removed from her, and to this hour she never knew if it had lived or died; for she was motherless, and her father having sent it away at the moment of its birth, she forbore questioning those around her, as they appeared only to know that the fever which they were called in to nurse was all her disease, and the truths she uttered in her delirium were treated by them as the vagaries of her diseased mind.

What had become of her child? One day, three years after her calamity, she ventured to ask her father what had become of it. He sternly replied, "Dead! Would you have it living?" Soon she lost her safest and best protector, and was indeed an orphan. She felt she never could lift her head and face the world, so for years she had wandered about, living here and there, and fearing to meet anyone who could know her story. Mrs. Price's mother alone knew her secret, but had been dead some years; and her daughter, then a baby, had no knowledge of the disgrace; but by a twisting of the whirligig of time Ellen Danvers had discovered that Mrs. Price's mother had been her own early friend, and that her daughter respected and received her for the "Auld long syne."

Ellen Danvers never suspected for one moment that Mrs. Bachabit was the half-sister of her early betrayer, nor that his saintship of Sleepy Hollow was the man. He was so thoroughly altered in appearance, voice, tone, and manner from the false lover of her early youth, that now he was as a stranger. Her dismay may be imagined when the detestable, malicious old woman, not only told the whole story to her satellites, but, suddenly pointing to the girl, who was placing the coffee-pot on the table, exclaimed with vindictive fury, "There is your child, you most unnatural mother! I never heard your name, though I did your story, and my brother placed the girl in my care; but you shall never have her!"

True indeed did the old sinner say, "You shall never have her," for Ellen Danvers suddenly gasped for breath, and sat with wide open eyes fixed on her traducer, but she was dead, rigid in that stony position—one which haunted her enemy till her death. Night and day did she see the figure ever before her. The last days of her life were spent in a lunatic asylum.

The world is very religious; it prays and preaches, gives alms, is strict in creeds, keeps marvellously to the letter of the law, never forsakes the church on a Sabbath, pays the full "tithe of mint and cummin," distributes tracts; believes that the All-Father is pleased; or the contrary, whether the preacher addresses his audience in a red or white or blue rag, or mounts the tissues of gold and silver, but forgets that the spirit of the law is comprised in the words, "Do to another as if to yourself," and that of all the Christian virtues.

The Greatest of all is Charity.

O fine tongues, O lithe tongues, sharp-pointed to kill
The tenderest heart!
O dark words, O low words, shot swiftly, and still
With delicate art!
Whence come ye? O woman, your guilty cheeks burn—
Against your own sisters the weapons ye turn.
Go ye to the feet of the Master, and learn
That the greatest of all is Charity!

O warm faith, O firm faith, sublime canst thou be
In woman made strong!
O blind eyes, O closed eyes, refusing to see
A lover go wrong!
Believing the son, though he lies to your face,
Believing the husband through darkest disgrace;
Why can ye not rise to a still higher place
In the greatest of all, kind Charity?

O star hope, O far hope, how bright canst thou glow
In mother and wife!
O deaf ears, O closed ears, refusing to know
The wreck of a life!
Ye cheer fallen man with the very last breath,
Ye hope against hope to the gateway of death;
Why can ye not list to the message that saith,
Lo! the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye see not, ye dream not, the torturing grief
Of one at your side!
She suffers in silence, and finds no relief—
Her tears she must hide!
All wounded, all bleeding, the poor maiden heart,
Yet swift as the Indian's pitiless dart
Your keen words are sent to the tenderest part—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye see not, ye feel not, the trials that chill
A wife 'neath her load.
O'ertasked and o'erburdened, she struggles on still
'Neath duty's sharp goad.
Ye know not the length that her daily round makes;
Ye know not the cares that her feeble hand takes;
Ye add your hard words, and the straining heart breaks—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye know not, unruffled, the battle for life
A sister must wage;
Ye know not, untempted, in what deadly strife
Her heart must engage.
She reaches the brink, but the chasm appalls;
She clings with faint clutch to the slippery walls,
Put down come your doubts, like a blow, and she falls—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye heed not, proud hearts, the hopeless condition
Of one who is lost:
It may be in waves of tears and contrition
Her poor soul is tossed.
Your pitiless scorn keeps her back from your door,
Your pitiless hand keeps her down evermore,
Though the Saviour himself said, "Go, sin no more"—
For the greatest of all is Charity!

ANON.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

THE joyful expression of Regina's countenance rendered it impossible to doubt the genuineness of her satisfaction at the intelligence that she was to meet her mother in Paris; and though Mr. Palmer kept close guard over his own features lest they should betray his emotion, an increasing paleness attested the depth of his feelings.

"How soon can I go?"

"In two days a steamer sails for Havre, and I have already engaged the passage for you. Doubtless you are aware that Mrs. Palmer and your friend Mr. Chesley will go over in the same steamer; consequently with so chivalrous an escort you cannot fail to have a pleasant voyage. Since you are so anxious to escape from my guardianship I may be pardoned for emulating your frankness, and acknowledging that I am heartily glad you will soon cease to be my ward. Mr. Chesley is ambitious of succeeding to my authority, and I have relinquished my claim as guardian, and referred him to your mother, to whose hands I joyfully resign you. A residence in Europe will, I hope, soon obliterate the unpleasant associations connected with my house."

"A lifetime will never obliterate the memory of all your kindness to me, or of some hours I have passed in this beautiful library. For all you have done, I now desire, Mr. Palmer, to thank you most sincerely."

She looked up at the grave, composed face, so handsome in its regular, high-bred outlines, and her mouth trembled, while her deep eyes grew misty.

"I desire no thanks for the faithful discharge of my duty as a guardian; my conscience acquits me fully, and that is the reward I value most. If you really indulge any grateful sentiments on the eve of your departure, oblige me by singing something. I bought that organ hoping that now and then when my duties permitted me to spend a quiet evening at home I might enjoy your music; but you sedulously avoid touching it when I am present. This is the last opportunity you will have, for I must meet Mr. Chesley at noon to-morrow in Baltimore, and thence I go on to Cincinnati, where I shall be detained until the steamer has sailed. After to-night I shall not see my ward again."

They were standing near the azalea, and Regina suddenly put her hand on the back of a chair. To see him no more after this evening, to know that the broad ocean rolled between, that she might never again look upon the face that was so inexpressibly dear; all this swept over her like a bitter murderous wave, drowning the sweetness of her life, and she clung to the chair.

She was not prepared for this sudden separation, but though his eyes were riveted upon her, she bore it bravely. A faint numb sensation stole over her, and a dark shadow seemed to float through the room, yet her low voice was steady when she said:

"I am sorry I disappointed any pleasant anticipations you indulged with reference to the organ; which has certainly been a source of much comfort to me. I have felt very timid about singing before you, but if it will afford you the least pleasure, I am willing to do the best of which I am capable."

"You sang quite successfully before a large audience at Mrs. Brompton's, and displayed sufficient self-possession."

"But those were strangers, and the opinion of those with whom we live is more important, their criticism is more embarrassing."

"I believe I was present and heard you on that occasion."

She moved away to the organ and sat down. glad of an excuse, for her limbs trembled."

"Regina, what was that song you sang for little Llora Carew the night before she left us? Indeed there were two, one with, the other without, an accomp niment."

"You were not here at that time."

"No matter; what were they? The child fancies them exceedingly, and I promised to get the words for her."

"Kücken's 'Schlummerlied,' and a little 'Cradle Song' by Wallace."

"Be so good as to let me hear them."

Would Mrs. Carew sing them for him when she was far away utterly forgotten by her guardian? The thought was unutterably bitter, and it goaded her, aided her in the ordeal. With nerves strung to their extreme tension, she sang as he requested, and all the while her rich mellow voice rolled through the room he walked very slowly from one end of the library to the other. She forced herself to sing every verse, and when she concluded, he was standing behind her chair. He put his hands on her shoulders, and prevented her rising, for just then he was unwilling she should see his countenance, which he feared would betray the suffering he was resolved to conceal.

After a moment he said:

"Thank you. I shall buy the music in order to secure the words. Lily——"

He paused, bent down, and rested his chin on a large coil of hair at the back of her head, and, though she never knew it, his proud lips touched the glossy silken mass.

"Lily, if I ask a foolish trifle of you, will you grant it as a farewell gift to your guardian? It is a trivial thing and will cost you nothing. The night on which you sang those songs to Llora is associated with something which I treasure as peculiarly precious; and I merely wish to request that you will never sing them again for any one, unless I give you permission."

Swiftly she recalled the fact that on that particular evening he had escorted Mrs. Carew to a "German" at Mrs. Quimby's, and she explained his request by the supposition that her songs to Mrs. Carew's child, commemorated the date of his betrothal to the grey-eyed mother. Could she bear even to think of them in coming years?

She hastily pushed back the ivory stops, and shaking off his detaining palms, rose: "I am sorry that I cannot do something of more importance to oblige my kind guardian; for this trifle involves not the slightest sacrifice of feeling, and I would gladly have a better opportunity of attesting my gratitude. You may rest assured I shall never sing those words again under any circumstances. Do not buy the music, I will leave my copies for Llora, and you and her mother can easily teach her the words."

"Thanks! You will please place the music on the organ, and when I come back from Cincinnati it will remind me. I hope your mother will be pleased with your progress in French, German, and music. Your teachers furnish very flattering reports, and I have enclosed them, with some receipts, bills, and other valuable papers, in this large sealed envelope, which you must give to your mother as soon as you see her."

He went to his desk, took out the package, and handed it to her. Seating himself at the table where she generally wrote and studied, he pointed to a chair on the opposite side, and mechanically she sat down.

"Perhaps you may recollect that some months ago Mrs. Orme wrote me she was particularly desirous you should be trained to read well. It is a graceful accomplishment, especially for a lady, and I ordered a professor of elocution to give you instruction twice a week. I hope you have derived benefit from his tuition, as he has fitted one or two professional readers for the stage, and I should dislike to have your mother feel disappointed in any of your attainments. Now that I am called upon to render an account of my stewardship, I trust you will pardon me if I examine you a little. Here is Jean Ingelow close at hand, and I must trouble you to allow me an opportunity of testing your proficiency."

The book which she had been reading that day lay on the table, and taking it up, he leisurely turned over the leaves. A premonitory dread seized her, and she wrung her hands, which were lying cold in her lap.

"Ah! here is your mark; three purple pansies crushed in the middle of 'Divided,' staining the delicate cream-tinted paper

with their dark blood. Probably you are familiar with this poem, consequently can interpret it for me without any great effort. Commence at the first and let me see what value Professor Chrysostom's training possesses. Not too fast; recollect Pegasus belongs to poets, never to readers."

He leaned across the marble table and placed the open book before her. Did he intentionally torture her? With those bright eyes reading her unwomanly and foolish heart was he amusing himself, as an entomologist impales a feeble worm, and from its writhing deduces the exact character of its nervous and muscular anatomy?

The thought struck her more severely than the stroke of a lash would have done, and turning the page to the light, she said, quickly: "'Divided' is not at all dramatic, and, as an exercise, is not comparable to 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,' or 'Songs of Seven,' or even that most exquisite of all, 'Afternoon at a Parsonage.'"

"Try, '*Divided.*'"

She dared not refuse lest he should despise her utterly, interpreting correctly her reluctance. For an instant the print danced before her, but the spirit of defiance was fast mastering her trepidation, and she sat erect and obeyed him.

Thrusting one hand inside his vest, where it rested tightly clenched over his heart, Mr. Palmer sat intently watching her, glad of the privilege afforded him to study the delicate features. Her excessive paleness reminded him of the words—

"That white, white face, set in a night of air."

and though the chastening touch of sorrow and continued heartache, that most nimble of all chisellers, had strangely matured the countenance which when it entered that house was as free from lines and shadows as an infant's, it still preserved its almost childlike purity and repose.

The proud, fair face with its firm yet dainty scarlet lips baffled him; and when he reflected that a hundred contingencies might arise to shut it from his view in future years, he suddenly compressed his mouth to suppress a groan. His vanity demanded an assurance that her heart was as entirely his as he hoped, yet he knew that he loved her all the more tenderly and reverently because of the true womanly delicacy that prompted her to shroud her real feelings with such desperate tenacity.

She read the poem with skill and pathos, but no undue tremor of the smooth deliciously sweet voice betrayed aught, save the natural timidity of a tyro essaying her first critical trial. To night she wore a white shawl draped in statuesque folds over her shoulders and bust, and the snowy flowers in her raven hair were scarcely purer than her full forehead, borne up by the airy arched black brows that had always attracted the admiration of her fastidious guardian; and as the soft radiance of the clustered lamps fell upon her, she looked as sweet and lovely a woman as ever man placed upon the sacred hearth of his home, a holy priestess to keep it bright, serene, and warm.

On that same day, but a few hours earlier, she had perused these pages, wondering how the unknown gifted poetess beyond the sea had so accurately etched the suffering in her own young heart, the loneliness and misery that seemed coiled in the future, like serpents in a lair. Now holding that bruised palpitating heart under the steel-clad heel of pride, she was calmly declaiming that portraiture of her own wretchedness, as any elocutionist might a grand passage from the "Antigone" or "Prometheus." Not a throb of pain was permitted to ripple the rich voice that uttered—

"But two are walking apart for ever,
And wave their hands in a mute farewell."

Farther on, nearing the close, Mr. Palmer observed a change in the countenance, a quick gleam in the eyes, a triumphant ring in the deep and almost passionate tone that cried exultantly—

"Only my heart to my heart will show it
As I walk desolate day by day."

He leaned forward and touched the volume. "Thank you. Give me the book. I should render the concluding verses very much as I heard them recently from my fair client, Mrs. Carew—so."

In his remarkably clear, full, musical, and carefully-modulated voice he read the two remaining verses, then closed the volume and looked coolly across the table at the girl.

With what a flash her splendid eyes challenged his, and how proudly her tender lips curled, as with pitiless scorn she answered, "Not so—oh, not so! Jean Ingelow would never recognise her own jewelled handiwork. She meant this, and any earnest woman who prized a faithful lover could not fail to read it aright."

Her eyes sank till they rested on her ring, and slipping it to and fro upon her

slender finger till the diamonds sparkled, she repeated with indescribable power and pathos—

"And yet I know, past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly,
Yea better, e'en better than I love him.
And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say 'Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.'"

"Regina, do you interpret that the River of Death?"

She pointed to the jewels on her hand, and the blue eyes cold as steel met his.

"Only the river of death could have 'divided' Douglas and me."

A frown overshadowed his massive brow, but he merely added composedly:—"I did not suspect until to-night that you were endowed with your mother's histrionic talent. Some day you will rival her as an actress, and at least I may venture to congratulate you upon the fact that she will scarcely be disappointed in your dramatic skill."

For nearly a moment neither spoke.

"Mr. Palmer, you have no objection, I hope, to my carrying my mother's portrait with me?"

"It is undeniably your property, but since you will so soon possess the original, I would suggest the propriety of leaving the picture where it is until your mother decides where she will reside."

"I understood that you had sold this house, and feared that in the removal it might be injured."

"It will be carefully preserved with my own pictures, and if your mother wishes it forwarded, I will comply with her instructions. All the business details of your voyage I have arranged with Mrs. Palmer and Mr. Chesley; and you have only to pack your trunks and bid adieu to such friends as you may deem worthy of a farewell visit. Have you a copy of Jean Ingelow?"

"No, I have not."

"Then oblige me by accepting mine. I have no time for poetry."

He took the book to his desk, wrote upon the fly-leaf—"Lily. March the 10th;" then marked "Divided," and returning to the table held the volume towards her.

"Thank you, but indeed I do not wish to accept it. I much prefer that you should retain it."

He inclined his head and replaced the book on the marble slab. She rose, and he saw the colour slowly ebbing from her lips.

"Mr. Palmer, I hope you will not deny me one great favour. I cannot leave my dog. I must have my Hero."

"Indeed! I thought you had quite forgotten his existence. You have ceased to manifest any interest in him."

"Yes, to manifest, but not to feel. You took him from me, and I was unwilling to annoy you with useless petitions and complaints. You assured me he was well cared for, and that I need not expect to have him while I remained here; now I am going away for ever I want him. You gave him to me once, he is mine; and you have no right to withhold him any longer."

"Circumstances have materially altered. When you were a little girl I sent you a dog to romp with. Now you are a young lady preparing for European conquests, and having had his day, Hero must retire to the rustic shade of your childhood."

"Years have not changed my feelings for all that I love."

"Are you sure, Lily, that you have not changed since you came to live here?"

"Not in my attachment to all that brightened my childhood, and Hero is closely linked with the dear happy time I spent at the parsonage. Mr. Palmer, I want him."

Her guardian smiled and played with his watch chain.

"Officers of the ocean steamers dislike to furnish passage for dogs; and they are generally forwarded by sailing vessels. My ward, I regret to refuse you, particularly when we are about to say good-bye, possibly for ever. Wait six months, and if at the expiration of that time you still desire to have him cross the ocean, I pledge myself to comply with your wishes. You know I never break a promise."

"Where is Hero? May I not at least see him before I go?"

"Just now he is at a farm on Staten Island, and I am sorry I cannot gratify you in such a trivial matter. Trust me to take care of him."

Her heart was slowly sinking, for she saw him glance at the clock and knew that it was very late.

"I will bring you good tidings of your pet when I see you in Europe. If I live I shall probably cross the ocean some time during the summer, and as my business will oblige me to meet your mother, I shall hope to see my ward during my tour, which will be short."

He was watching her very closely, and instead of pleased surprise, discerned the expression of dread, the unmistakable shiver that greeted the announcement of his projected trip. After all, had he utterly mistaken her feeling, flattered himself falsely?

She supposed he referred to his bridal tour, and the thought that when they next met he would be Brunella Carew's husband goaded her to hope that such torture might be averted by seeing him no more. While both stood sorrowful and perplexed, the front door bell rang sharply. Soon after Terry entered, with a large official envelope sealed with red wax.

"From Mr. Rodney, Sir."

Mr. Palmer broke the seals, glancing at the heading of several sheets, and laid the whole on his desk.

"Regina, all the money belonging to you I shall leave in Mrs. Palmer's hands, and she will transmit it to you. Mr. Chesley will take charge of you to-morrow soon after his arrival, and in the chivalric new guardian I presume the former grim custodian will speedily be forgotten. I have some letters to write, and as I shall leave home before you are awake I must bid you good-bye to-night. Is there anything you wish to say to me?"

Twice she attempted to speak, but no sound was audible.

Mr. Palmer came close to her and held out his hand. Silently she placed hers in it, and when he took the other, holding both in a warm tightening clasp, she felt as if the world were crumbling beneath her unsteady feet. Her large soft eyes sought his handsome pale face wistfully, hungrily, almost despairingly, and, oh, how dear he was to her at that moment! If she could only put her arms around his neck and cling to him, feeling as she had once done, the touch of his cheek pressing hers; but there was madness in the thought.

"Although you are so anxious to leave my care and my house, I hope my ward will think kindly of me when far distant. It is my misfortune that you gave your fullest confidence and affection to your guardian, Mr. Hargrove; but since you were committed to my hands I have endeavoured faithfully, conscientiously to do my duty in every respect. In some things it has cost me dear—how dear I think you will never realise. If I should live to see you again, I trust I shall find you the same earnest, true-hearted, pure girl that you leave me, for in your piety and noble nature I have a deep and abiding faith. My dear ward, good-bye."

The beautiful face, with its mournful, tender eyes, told little of the fierce agony that seemed consuming her as she gazed into the beloved countenance for the last time.

"Good-bye, Mr. Palmer. I have no words to thank you for all your care and goodness."

"Is that all, Lily? Years ago when I left you at the parsonage, looking as if your little heart would break, you said, 'I will pray for you every night.' Now you leave me without a tear, and with no promise to remember me."

Tenderly his low voice appealed to her heart, as he bent his head so close that his hair swept across her brow. She raised the hand that held hers, suddenly kissed it with an overwhelming, passionate fervour, and holding it against her cheek, murmured almost in a whisper—

"God knows I have never ceased to pray for you, and as long as I live, come what may to both of us, I shall never fail in my prayers for you."

She dropped his hand and covered her face with her own. He stretched his arms towards her, all his love in his fine eyes, so full of a strange tenderness, a yearning to possess her entirely; but he checked himself, and taking one of the hands led her to the door. Upon the threshold she rallied, and looked up—

"Good-bye, Mr. Palmer."

He drew her close to his side, unconscious that he pressed her fingers so tightly that the small points of the diamonds cut into the flesh.

"God bless you, Lily. Think of me sometimes."

They looked in each other's eyes for an instant, and she walked away. He turned and closed the door, and she heard the click of the lock inside. Blind and tearless, like one staggering from a severe blow, she reached her own room, and fell heavily across the foot of her bed. Through the long hours of that night she lay motionless, striving to hush the moans of her crushed heart and wondering why such anguish as hers was not fatal. Staring at the wall, she could not close her eyes, and the only staff that supported her in the ordeal was the consciousness that she had fought bravely, had not betrayed her humiliating secret. Towards dawn she rose and opened

her window. The sleet had ceased, and the carriage was standing before the door. An impulse she could not resist drove her out into the hall, to catch one more glimpse of the form so precious to her. She heard a door open on the hall beneath and recognised her guardian's step. He paused, and she heard him talking to his stepmother, bidding her adieu. Descending the steps, she saw him distinctly, enveloped in an overcoat buttoned so close that it showed the fine proportions of his tall figure.

Slowly he went down, and leaning over the balustrade to watch the vanishing figure, the withered azaleas slipped from her hair and floated like a snowflake down, down to the lower hall.

Fearful of discovery, she shrank back, but not before he had seen the drifting flowers, and one swift upward glance showed him the blanched suffering face pale as a summer cloud, retreating from observation. Stooping, he snatched the bruised wilted petals that seemed a fit symbol of the drooping flower he was leaving behind him, kissed them tenderly, and thrust them into his bosom.

The blessed assurance so long desired seemed nestling in their perfumed corollas making all his future fragrant; and how little she dreamed of the precious message they breathed from her heart to his!

"What could he do indeed? A weak white girl
Held all his heartstrings in her small white hand;
His hopes, and power, and majesty were hers,
And not his own."

Chapter XXVI.

"No, mother, no. Not less, but more beautiful; not so pale as when you hung over me at the convent, baptising me with hot, fast dripping tears. Oh, mother, mother! Draw me close—hold me tight. Earth has no peace so holy as the blessed rest in a mother's clasping arms. After the long winter of separation, it is so sweet to be with you. I knew I should find joy in the reunion, but how deep, how full—anticipation failed to paint; and only the blessed reality has taught me."

On the carpet, at her mother's feet, with her head in her mother's lap, and her arms folded round her waist, Regina had thrown herself, feasting her eyes with the beauty of the face smiling down upon her. It was the second day after her arrival in Paris, and hour after hour she had poured into eagerly listening ears, the recital of her life at the quiet parsonage, at the stately mansion, and yet the endless stream of talk flowed on, and neither mother nor child took cognisance of the flight of time.

Of her past, the girl withheld only the acknowledgment of her profound interest in Mr. Palmer, and when questioned concerning his opposition to her engagement with Mr. Lindsay, she had briefly announced her belief that he was hastening the preparations for his marriage with Mrs. Carew. Of him she spoke only in quiet terms of respect and gratitude, and her mother never suspected the pain that the bare mention of his name aroused. Thus far no allusion had been hazarded to the long-veiled mystery of her parentage, and Mrs. Orme wondered at the exceeding delicacy with which her daughter avoided every reference, that might have been construed into an inquiry. As the soft motherly hand passed caressingly over the forehead resting so contentedly on her knee, Regina continued—

"In all the splendid imagery that makes 'Aurora Leigh' deathless, nothing affected me half so deeply as the portrait of the motherless child; and often when I could not sleep, I have whispered—

"'I felt a mother want about the world,
And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb
Left out at night, in shutting up the fold—
As restless as a nest-deserted bird—
Grown chill through something being away, though what—
It knows not. So mothers have God's license to be missed.'

"My guardians were noble, kind, high-toned, honourable gentlemen, and I owe them thanks; but, ah! a girl should be ward only to those who gave her being; and mother, brown-eyed mother, sweet and holy, it would have been better for your child had she shared her past with none but you. Do I weary you with my babble? If so, lay your hand upon my mouth and I will watch your dear face and be silent."

In answer the mother stooped and kissed many times the perfect lips that smiled at the pressure; but the likeness to a mouth dangerously sweet, treacherously beautiful mocked her, and Regina saw her turn away her eyes, and felt rather than heard the strangled moan.

"Mother, tell me, are you disappointed in your daughter?"

"No, darling, no. My little blue-eyed child has grown into a woman of whom the

haughtiest mother in the land might be proud. My darling is all I wish her."

"Ah, mother! the flattery is inexpressibly sweet, falling like dew on parched leaves; but the eyes of your idolatrous baby have grown very keen, and I know that the sight of me brings you a terrible pain you cannot hide. Last night, when Mrs. Waul made me shake out my hair to show its length, and praised it and my eyebrows, you dropped my hand and walked away, and in the mirror on the wall I saw your countenance shaken with grief. What is it? We have been apart so long; do take me into your heart fully. Tell me why you look at me and turn aside and shiver?"

Her clasping arms tightened about her mother's waist, and, after a short silence, Mrs. Orme exclaimed, "It is true. It has always been so. From the hour when you were born, and your little round head black with silky locks was first laid upon my arm, your face stabbed me like a dagger, and your eyes are blue steel that murder my peace. My daughter—my daughter, you are the exact counterpart—the beautiful image of your father! It is because I see in your eyes, so wonderfully blue, the reproduction of his, and about your mouth and brows the graceful lines of his, that I shudder while I look at you. Ah, my darling! the very tones of your voice, the carriage of your head, even the peculiar shape of your fingers and nails are his, all his! Oh, my baby! my white lamb! my precious little one! if I had not fed you from my bosom, cradled you in my arms, realised that you were indeed flesh of my flesh, my own unfortunate, unprotected, disowned baby, I believe I should hate you!"

She bowed her head in her hands and groaned aloud.

"Forgive me, mother. If I had imagined the real cause, I would never have inquired. Let it pass. Tell me nothing that will bring such a storm of grief as this. God knows I wish I resembled you—only you."

She covered her mother's hands with kisses, and tears gathered in her eyes."

"No, God knew best, and in His wisdom, His mercy for widowhood and orphanage, He stamped your father's unmistakable likeness indelibly upon you. Providentially a badge of honourable parentage was set upon the deserted infant, which neither fraud, slander, nor perjury can ever remove. No jury could see you side by side with your father and dare to doubt that you were his child! No, bitter as are the memories your countenance recalls, I hold it the keenest weapon in the armoury of my revenge."

"Let us talk of something that grieves and agitates you less. May I sing you a song, always associated with your portrait, an invocation sacred to my lovely mother?"

"No. Some time you must know the history I have carefully hidden from all but Mr. Palmer and your dead guardian; and now that the bitter waves are already roaring over me, why should I delay the narration? It was not my purpose to tell you thus. I thought it would too completely unnerve me, and I wrote the story of my life in the form of a drama. But the recital is in Mr. Chesley's hands for perusal, and I shall feel stronger—less oppressed—when I have talked freely with you."

She strained the girl to her heart, then put her away, and rose. Opening a strong metallic box concealed in a drawer of the dressing-table, she took out several papers, some yellowed with age and blurred with tears, and while Regina still sat with her arms resting on the chair, Mrs. Orme locked the door, and began to walk slowly up and down the room.

"One moment, mother. I want to know why my heart is drawn so steadily and so powerfully towards Mr. Chesley, and why something in his face reminds me tenderly of you? Are you quite willing to tell me why he seems so deeply interested in me?"

"Regina, have you never guessed? Orme Chesley is my uncle, my mother's only brother."

"Oh, how rejoiced I am! I hoped he was in some mysterious way related to us, but I feared to lean too much upon the pleasant thought lest it proved a disappointment. My own uncle? What a blessing! Does Mr. Palmer know it?"

"Mr. Palmer first suspected and traced the relationship, and it was from him that Uncle Orme learned of my existence, for, it appears, he believed me dead. Mr. Palmer has long held all the tangled threads of my miserable history in his skilful hands, and to his prudent, patient care you and I shall owe our salvation. For years he has been to me the truest, wisest, kindest friend a deserted and helpless woman ever found."

Regina sank her head upon the chair, afraid that her radiant face might betray the joy his praises kindled; and while she walked Mrs. Orme began her recital:—

"My grandfather, Hubert Chesley, was

from Alsace; my grandmother originally belonged to the French family of Ormes. They had two children, Orme the eldest, and Minetta who while very young married a travelling musician from Switzerland, named Léon Merle. A year after she became his wife her father died, and the family resolved to emigrate to America. On the voyage, which was upon a crowded emigrant ship, I was born; and a few hours after my mother died. They buried her at sea, and would to God I too had been thrown into the waves, for then this tale of misery would never torture innocent ears. But children who have only a heritage of woe, and ought to die, fight for existence, defying adversity, and thrive strangely; so I lucklessly survived.

"My first recollections are of a pauper quarter in a large city, where my father supported us scantily by teaching music. Subsequently we removed to several villages, and finally settled in one where were located a college for young gentlemen and a seminary for girls. In the latter my father was employed as musical professor, and here we lived very comfortably until he died of congestion of the lungs. Uncle Orme at that time was in feeble health and unable to contribute towards our maintenance, and soon after father's death he went out to California to the mining region. I was about ten years old when he left, and recollect him as a pale, thin, delicate man. In those days it cost a good deal of money to reach the gold mines, and this alone prevented him from taking us with him.

"We were very poor, but my grandmother was foolishly, inconsistently proud, and, though compelled to sew for our daily bread, she dressed me in a style incompatible with our poverty, and contrived to send me to school. Finally her eyes failed, and, with destitution upon us, she reluctantly consented to do the washing and mending for three college boys. She was well educated and inordinately vain of her blood, and how this galling necessity humiliated her! We of course could employ no servant, and once when she was confined to her bed by inflammatory rheumatism, I was sent to the college to carry the clothes washed and ironed that week. It was the only time I was ever permitted to do this; but it sufficed to wreck my life. On that luckless day I first met Cuthbert Laurance, then only nineteen, while I was not yet fifteen. Think of it, my darling, three years younger than you are now, and you a mere child still! While he paid me the money due, he looked at and talked to me. Oh, my daughter! my daughter! As I see you at this instant, with your violet eyes watching me from under those slender black arches, it seems the very same regular, aristocratic, beautiful face that met me that wretched afternoon beneath the branching elms. So courteous, so winning, so chivalric, so indescribably handsome did he present himself to my admiring eyes. I was young, pretty, an innocent, ignorant, foolish child, and I yielded to the fascination he exerted.

"Day by day the charm deepened, and he sought numerous opportunities of seeing me again, gave me books, brought me flowers, became the king of my waking thoughts, the god of my dreams. In a cottage near us lived a widow, Mrs. Peterson, whose only child, Peleg, a rough, overgrown lad was a journeyman carpenter, and quite skilful in carving wooden figures. We had grown up together, and he seemed particularly fond of and kind to me, rendering me many little services which a stalwart man can perform for a delicate, petted young creature such as I was then.

"As my grandmother's infirmity increased, and her strict supervision relaxed, I met Cuthbert more frequently, but as yet without her knowledge, and gradually he won my childish heart completely. His father, General René Laurance, was a haughty, wealthy planter, residing in one of the Middle States, and Cuthbert was his only child, the pride of his heart and home. Those happy days seem a misty dream to me now, I have so utterly outgrown the faith that lent a glory to that early time. Cuthbert assured me of his affection, swore undying allegiance to me, and, like many other silly, trusting, inexperienced, doomed young fools, I believed every syllable that he whispered in my ears.

"One Sabbath when my grandmother supposed I was saying my prayers in the church, I stole away to our trysting-place in a neighbouring wood that bordered a small stream. Oh, the bitter fruits of that filial disobedience! The accursed harvest that ripened for me, that it seems I shall never have done garnering! Clandestine interviews, concealed because I knew prohibition would follow discovery! I am a melancholy monument of the sin of deception; and that child who deliberately snatches the reins of control from the hands where God decrees them, and dares

substitute her will and judgment for those of parents or guardians, drives inevitably on to ruin, and will live to curse her folly. That day Peleg was fishing, and surprised us at the moment when Cuthbert was bending down to kiss me. Having heard all that passed, he waited till evening, and finding me in the little garden attached to our house, he savagely upbraided me for preferring Cuthbert's society to his; claimed me as his by right of devotion, and when I spurned him indignantly and forbade him to speak to me in future, he became infuriated, rushed into the cottage, and disclosed all that he had discovered."

"I knew it! I felt assured you must always have loathed him!" exclaimed Regina, with kindling eyes, and catching her mother's dress as she passed beside her."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because he was coarse, brutal! When he dared to call you 'Minnie;' if I had been a man I would have strangled him!"

Her mother kissed her, and answered, sadly—

"And yet he loved me infinitely better than the man for whom I repulsed—nay, insulted him. He was poor, unpolished; but at that time he would have died to defend me from harm. It was reserved for his courtly, high-bred, elegant rival to betray the trust that he had won! The storm that followed Peleg's revelation was fierce, and availing herself of his jealous surveillance, grandmother allowed me no more stolen interviews. After a fortnight, Cuthbert came one day and demanded permission to see me, alleging that we were betrothed, and that he would give satisfactory explanations of his conduct. My grandmother was obdurate, but unfortunately I ventured in, and seizing me in his arms he swore that all the world should not separate us. To her he explained that his father desired him to marry an heiress who lived not far from the paternal mansion, and possessed immense estates, upon which the covetous eyes of the Laurances had long been fixed; but until he completed his collegiate course matters must be delayed. He protested that he could love no one but me, and solemnly vowed that as soon as freed by his majority from parental control, he would make me his wife. I was sufficiently insane to believe it all, but my grandmother was wiser, and sternly interdicted his visits.

"A month went by, during which Peleg persecuted me with professions of love and offers of marriage. How I detested him, and by contrast how godlike appeared my refined, polished, proud young lover! At length Cuthbert wrote to me, entrusting the letter to a college chum, Gerbert Audré, but Peleg's Argus scrutiny could not be baffled, and again I was detected.

"Meantime my grandmother's strength was evidently failing, and Uncle Orme was far away in Western wilds; who would save me from my own rash folly if she should die and leave me unprotected? This apprehension prayed ceaselessly on her mind, she grew morose, moody, tyrannical; and when finally Cuthbert came once more, forcing an entrance into the little cottage, and asking upon what conditions he might be permitted to visit me, she bluntly told him that she had determined to take me at all hazards to a convent and shut me up for ever, unless within forty-eight hours he married me. The thought of separation made him almost frantic, and after some discussion it was arranged that we should be married very secretly in a distant town, with only grandmother and his room-mate Audré as witnesses. Our union would be concealed rigidly until Cuthbert had left college and attained his majority, which was then nearly two years distant, at which time he would enter upon the possession of a certain amount of property left by his mother. An approaching recess of several days, which would enable him to absent himself without exciting suspicion, was selected as an auspicious occasion for the consummation we all so ardently desired, and very quietly the preliminary steps were taken.

"By what stratagem or fraud a licence was obtained I never learned, and was too ignorant and unsuspicious to question or understand the forms essential to legality. One stormy night we were driven across the country to a railway station, hurried aboard the train, and next morning reached the town of V——. At the parsonage you know so well we found Mr. Hargrove, who appeared very reluctant to accede to our wishes. I was only fifteen, a simple-hearted child, and Cuthbert, though well-grown, was too youthful to assume the duties of the position for which he presented himself as candidate. The faithful, prudent pastor expostulated and declared himself unwilling to bind a pair of children by ties so solemn and indissoluble; but the licence was triumphantly exhibited as a release from ministerial responsibility, and

my grandmother urged in extenuation that in the event of her death I would be thrown helpless upon the world, and she, as my sole surviving protector and guardian, desired to see me entitled to a husband's care and shelter.

"At last, with an earnest protest, the conscientious man consented, and standing before him that sunny morning, in the presence of God, and of grandmother, and Mr. Audré, Cuthbert Laurance and Minnie Merle were solemnly married! Oh, my daughter! when I think of that day and its violated vows, when I remember what I was, and contrast the Minnie Merle of my girlhood with the blasted wretched ruin that I am, my brain reels, my veins run fire!"

She clasped her hands across her forehead and moaned as the deluge of bitter recollections overflowed her.

Tears were stealing down Regina's cheeks as she watched the anguish she felt powerless to relieve, and she began to realise the depth of woe that had blackened all her past.

"He promised to love, honour, cherish me as long as life lasted, and Mr. Hargrove pronounced me his wife and blessed me. How dared we expect a blessing? Cuthbert knew that he was defying, outraging his father's wishes, and I had earned my title by deception and disobedience. God help all those who build their hopes upon the treacherous sands of human constancy. Mr. Hargrove laid his hand upon my head and said in a strangely warning tone I might have known was prophetic: 'Mrs. Laurance, you are the youngest wife I ever saw; you are not fit to be out of the nursery; but I trust this union will not fulfil my forebodings; that the result will sanction my most reluctant performance of this hallowed ceremony.'

"How supremely happy I was! how unutterably proud of my handsome tender husband! I do not know whether even then he truly loved me, or if he merely intended me as a pretty toy to amuse him during the tedium of college sessions; I only remember my delirious delight, my boundless exultation. We returned home, and Cuthbert resumed his college studies, but, through the co-operation of his room-mate, he spent much of his time in our cottage. Peleg became troublesome, and invidious reports were set afloat. I am not aware whether my grandmother had always intended to publish the marriage as soon as consummated, or whether her breach of faith sprang from some facts she subsequently discovered; but certainly she distrusted Cuthbert's sincerity of purpose, and taking Peleg into her confidence, despatched him to inform General Laurence of all that had occurred. From that hour Peleg Peterson became my most implacable and dangerous foe.

"Dreaming of no danger, Cuthbert and I had spent but three weeks of wedded happiness, when, without warning, the sun of my joy was suddenly blotted out. A letter arrived, speedily followed by a telegram, summoning him to the bedside of his father, who was dangerously ill. Oh, fool that I was! I fancied Heaven designed to remove a cruel parent, and thus obliterate all obstacles to the completion of my bliss. What blind dolts young people are! Cuthbert was restless, suspicious, unwilling to leave me, or appeared so, and when we parted he took me in his arms, kissed away my tears, implored Heaven to watch over his bride, his treasure, his wife, and swore that at the earliest possible moment he would hold 'darling Minnie' to his heart once more. Turn away your face, Regina, for it too vividly, too intolerably recalls his image as he stood bidding me farewell; his glossy black hair clinging in rings around his white brow, his magnetic blue eyes gazing tenderly into mine! Oh, the wonderful charm of that beautiful treacherous face! Oh, husband of my life! father of my innocent baby!"

She threw herself into a corner of the sofa, and the dry sob that shook her frame told how keen was the torture. Regina followed, kneeling in front of her, burying her face in her mother's dress.

"I saw him enter the carriage and drive away, and thirteen years passed before I looked upon him again. Of course the reported illness was a mere ruse to lull his apprehensions. His father received him with a hurricane of reproaches, threats, maledictions. He taunted, jeered him with having been hoodwinked, cajoled, outwitted by a 'wily old wash-woman,' who had inveigled him into a disgraceful *mésalliance* in order to betray him, to fasten upon and devour his wealth. One letter only I received from Cuthbert denouncing my grandmother's treachery, and announcing his father's rage and threats to disinherit and disown him if he did not repudiate the marriage, which he stated was invalid, on account of his son's minority. He wrote

that he would be compelled for the present to accede to his father's wishes, since for nearly two years at least he was wholly dependent on his bounty; but assured me that on the day when he could claim his inheritance from his mother, he would acknowledge his marriage at all hazards and proclaim me his wife. That letter, the first and last I ever received from my husband, you can read at your leisure. Three days after it was dated he and his father sailed for Europe, and he has never returned to America.

"Although it was a cruel blow to all my brilliant anticipations, I did not even then dream of the fate designed for me. I loved on, trusted on, hoped, oh, how sanguinely! My pride was piqued at General Laurance's haughty, supercilious scorn of my birth and blood, and I determined to fit myself for the proud niche I would one day fill as Cuthbert's wife. My grandmother spoke French fluently—it was her vernacular; and my father had left some valuable and choice books. To these I turned with avidity, prosecuting my studies with renewed zest. About three months after my husband left me, Uncle Orme sent money to defray our expenses to California. My grandmother, who foreboded the future, told me I had been sacrificed, abandoned, repudiated, and urged me to accompany her. In return I indignantly refused, charging her with having fired the temple of my happiness, by her betrayal of the secret. Recriminations followed, we parted in anger and she left me to join Uncle Orme; but not before acquainting me with the startling fact that Peleg Peterson had declared his determination to annul the marriage by furnishing infamous testimony against my character.

"After her departure, a man who acted as agent for General Laurence called to negotiate for a separation, advising me to make the best terms in my power, as it was useless for me to attempt to cope with General Laurance, who would mercilessly crush me, if necessary, by the publication of disgraceful slanders which my 'old lover Peleg Peterson' had sworn to prove in open court. He offered me five thousand pounds and my passage to San Francisco on condition of my renouncing all claim to the hand and name of Cuthbert Laurance. My husband he assured me had reached his father's house in a state of intoxication; and had since become convinced of my unworthiness, and of the necessity of severing for ever all connection with me. Not for an instant did I credit him. It seemed a vile machination, and I scornfully rejected all overtures for separation, proclaiming my resolution to assert and maintain my rights as a lawful wife. It was open war, and how they derided my proud demand for recognition!

"Mr. Audré left college the week after Cuthbert was called so unexpectedly away, and disappeared; and my grandmother died suddenly with rheumatism of the heart, when only a few miles distant from the harbour of her destination. Peleg audaciously proposed that we should ignore the empty worthless marriage ceremony, accept the Laurance bribe and go away to the far West, where we might begin life anew. He told me my husband believed me unworthy, that he had convinced him I would dishonour his noble name, and that my reputation was at his own mercy. In my amazement and horror I defied him, dared him to do his worst; and recklessly he accepted the rash challenge. Leaving no clue (as I imagined), I secretly quitted the village, where gossip was busy with my name, and went to New York. My scanty means rapidly melted away, and I hired myself as a seamstress in a wealthy family. Not even at this stage of affairs did I lose faith in my husband, and bravely I confronted the knowledge that at no distant period I should be forced to provide for a helpless infant.

"One day, in going down a steep flight of steps, with a heavy waiter in my hands, I missed my footing, fell, and was picked up senseless on the tiled floor at the foot of the stairs. A physician living near was called in, and, as I was only the seamstress, the information he gave my employer induced her to send me immediately to the hospital for pauper women. One of my ankles was fractured, and the day after my admission to the hospital you were born prematurely. In a ward of that hospital, surrounded by strange but kind, sympathetic faces, you, my darling, opened your blue eyes, unwelcomed by a father's love, unnoticed by your wretched mother; for I was delirious for many days, and you were three weeks old when first I knew you were my baby. Ah, my daughter, why did not a merciful God order us both out of the world then, before it persecuted and bruised us so cruelly? I have wished a thousand times that you had died before I ever recognised you as mine!"

"Oh, mother, mother, pity me! Do not reproach me with the life I owe to you."

Regina's features writhed, and pressing her face closer against her mother's knee, she sobbed unrestrainedly.

"My darling, blessings often come so thoroughly disguised that we brand them as curses, learning later that they garner all our earthly hopes, sometimes our heavenly; and when I look at you now my soul yearns over you with a love too deep for utterance. I know that you were born to avenge your wrongs and mine, to aid by your baby fingers in lifting the load of injustice and libel that has so long borne me down. You are the one solitary comfort in all the wide earth, and but for you I should have given up the struggle long ago."

Softly she stroked the silky hair and tearful cheek, and leaning back continued: "While I was still an inmate of the hospital, where I was known as Minnie Merle, Peleg Peterson found me, and proclaimed himself your father. He was partly intoxicated at the time, and was forcibly ejected; but the excitement of that dastardly, horrible charge threw me into a relapse, and I was dangerously ill. Lying beside me on my cot, I watched your little face through the slow hours of convalescence, and your tiny hands seemed to strengthen me for the labour that beckoned me back to life. For your dear sake I must brave the future. To one of the noble-hearted, gentle Sisters of Charity who visited the hospital, and ministered like an angel of mercy to you and me, I told enough of my history to explain my presence there, and through her influence, when I was strong enough to work, I was placed in a position where I was permitted to keep you with me for a year. I knew that my only safety lay in hiding for a time from my enemy, and destroying all trace of my departure from the hospital. I assumed the name of Odille Orphia Orme, which had belonged to a sister of my grandmother.

"I was not sixteen when you were born, and, having had my head shaved during my illness, my hair grew out the bright gold you see it now instead of the dark brown it had hitherto been. A strange freak of nature, but a providential aid to the disguise I wished to maintain. I wrote to Cuthbert, informing him of your birth, praying his speedy return; but no reply came, and again and again I repeated the petition. At length I was answered by the return of all my letters, without a line of comment. Then I began to suspect what was in store for me, but it threatened to drive me wild; and I shut my eyes and refused to think, set my teeth, and hoped, hoped still. The two years had almost expired, and when Cuthbert was of age he would fly to his wife and child, solacing them for all they had endured. I could not afford to doubt; that way lay madness!

"When you were fourteen months old I put you in an orphan asylum, where I could see you often, and took a situation as upper-maid and seamstress in a fashionable family. My duties were light, my employers were considerate and kind, and the young ladies, observing my desire to improve myself, gave me the privileges of the library, which was well-selected and extensive. They were very cultivated, elegant people, and I listened to their conversation, observed their deportment, and modelled my manners after the example they furnished. I was so anxious to astonish Cuthbert by my grace and intelligence when he presented me to his father, and I exulted in the thought that even he might one day be proud of his son's wife.

"How I struggled and toiled, sewing by day, reading, studying by night. Finding Racine, Euripides, and Shakespeare in the library, I perused them carefully, and accidentally I discovered my talent. The ladies of the house on one occasion had private theatricals, and the play was one with which I chanced to be familiar. At the last rehearsal, on the night of the play, one of the young ladies was suddenly seized with such violent giddiness that she was unable to appear in the character she personated, and in the dilemma I was summoned. So successful was my performance that I saw the new path opening before me, and began to fit myself for it. I gave every spare moment to dramatic studies, and was progressing rapidly, when all hope was crushed.

"Cuthbert's birthday came. Days, weeks, months rolled by, and I wrote one more passionate prayer for recognition, pleading that at least he would allow me to see him once again; that he would just once look at the lovely face of his child; then, if he disowned both wife and child, we would ask him no more. How I counted the weeks that crawled away; how fondly I still hoped that now, being of age and free, he would fulfil his promise. You were two years and a-half old, and I went one Sunday to visit you. How well I recollect your appearance on that fatal day. Your bare, pearly feet gleaming on the floor, over which I guided your uncertain steps as you tottered along, clinging to

my finger; your dimpled neck and arms displayed by the white muslin slip my hands had fashioned, your jetty hair curling thick and close over your round head, your small milk-white teeth sparkling through your open lips, as your large soft, violet eyes laughed up in my face, so glad you were to see me! You had never seemed so lovely before, and I knelt down and hugged you, my darling. I kissed your dainty feet and hands, your lips and eyes, so like Cuthbert's, and I know as I caressed you my heart swelled with the fond pride that only mothers can understand and feel, and I whispered, 'Papa's baby! Papa's own darling! Cuthbert's baby!'

"It was harder than usual to quit you that day; you clung to me, nestled close to me, stole your little hand into my bosom, and finally fell asleep. When I laid you softly down in your low truckle-bed, the tears would come and hang on my lashes, and while I lingered, passing my hand over your dear pretty feet, I determined that if Cuthbert did not come, or write very soon, I would take you and go in search of him. What man could shut his arms and heart against such a lovely babe who owed him her being?

"It was late when I got home, and the lady with whom I lived sent for me in great haste. Guests had unexpectedly come from a distance, dinner must be served, and the butler had been called way inopportunely to one of his children, who had been terribly scalded. Could I oblige her by consenting to serve the visitors at table? She was a good mistress to me, and of course I did not hesitate. One of the guests was a nephew of the host, and recently returned from Europe, as I learned from the conversation. When the dessert was being set upon the table, he said, 'No, I rather liked him; none are perfect, and he has sowed his wild oats and settled down. Marriage is a strong social anchor, and his bride is a very heavy-looking woman, though enormously rich, I hear. It is said that his father manœuvred the match, for Cuthbert liked being fancy free.'

"The name startled me, and the master of the house asked, 'Of whom are you speaking?' 'Cuthbert Laurance and his recent marriage with Abbie Ames, the banker's daughter. My mistress pulled my dress and directed me to bring a bottle of champagne from the side-table. I stood like a stone, and she repeated the command. As I lifted the wine and started back, the stranger added, 'Here is an account of the wedding; quite a brilliant affair, and as I witnessed the nuptials I can testify the description is not exaggerated. They were married in Paris, and General Laurance presented the bride with a beautiful set of diamonds.' The bottle fell with a crash, and in the confusion I tottered towards the butler's pantry, and sank down insensible.

"Oh, the awful, intolerable agony that has been my portion ever since! Do you wonder that Laurance is a synonym for all that is cruel, wicked? Is it strange that at times I loathe the sight of your face, which mocks me with the assurance that you are his as well as mine? Oh, most unfortunate child! cursed with the fatal beauty of him who wrecked your mother's life, and denies you even his infamous name!"

She sprang up, broke away from her daughter's arms, and resumed her walk. "After that day I was a different woman, hard, bitter, relentless, desperate. In the room of hope reigned hate, and I dedicated the future to revenge. I had heard Mr. Palmer's name mentioned as the most promising lawyer at the Bar, and though he was a young man then, he inspired all who knew him with confidence and respect. Withholding only my husband's name, I gave him my history, and sought legal advice. A suit would result in the foul and fatal aspersion which Peleg was waiting to pour like an inky stream upon my character, and we ascertained that he was in the pay of the Laurances, and would testify according to their wishes and purposes. There was no proof of my marriage, unless Mr. Hargrove had preserved the licence, the record of which had been destroyed by the burning of the court-house. Where were the witnesses? Grandmother was dead, and it was rumoured Mr. Audré had perished in a fishing excursion off the Labrador coast.

"Mr. Palmer advised me to wait, to patiently watch for an opportunity, pledging himself to do all that legal skill could effect; and nobly he has redeemed his promise to the desolate, friendless, broken-hearted woman who appealed to him for aid.

"I succeeded after several repulses in securing a very humble position in one of the small theatres, where I officiated first with scissors and needle, in fitting costumes and in various other menial employments; studying ceaselessly all the while to prepare myself for the stage. The manager became interested, encouraged me, tested me at

rehearsals, and at last after an arduous struggle, I made my *début* at the benefit of one of the stock actors. My name was adroitly whispered about, one or two mysterious paragraphs were published at the expense of the actor, and so curiosity gave me an audience and an opportunity.

"That night seemed the crisis of my destiny; if I failed, what would become of my baby? Already, my love, you were my supreme thought. But I did not, my face was a great success; my acting was pronounced wonderful by the dramatic critic to whom the beneficiary sent a complimentary ticket, and after that evening I had no difficulty in securing an engagement that proved very successful.

"A year after I learned that Cuthbert had married a second time, I went to V. to see Mr. Hargrove, and obtained possession of my licence. The good man only gave me a copy, to which he added his certificate of the solemnisation of my marriage; but he sympathised very deeply with my unhappy condition, and promised in any emergency to befriend you, my darling. A few hours after I left the parsonage it was entered and robbed, and the licence he refused me was stolen. Long afterwards I learned he suspected me."

Here Regina narrated her discovery of the mysterious facts connected with the loss of the paper, and her first knowledge of Peleg Peterson. As she explained the occurrences that succeeded the storm, Mrs. Orme almost scowled, and resumed:—

"He has been the *bête noire* of my ill-starred life, but even his malice has been satiated at last. Anxious to shield you from the possibility of danger, and from all contaminating influences and association, I carried you to a distant convent; the same with which grandmother had threatened me, and placed you under the sacred shadow of the nuns' protection. Then assured of your safety, and that your education would not be neglected, I devoted myself completely to my profession. From city to city I wandered in quest of fame and money, both so essential to the accomplishment of my scheme—a scheme that goaded me sleeping and waking, leaving no moment of repose.

"One night in Chicago, having overtaxed my strength, I fainted on the street, *en route* from the theatre, and while my servant fled for assistance, I was found by Mr. and Mrs. Waul, and taken to their home. Their kind hearts warmed towards me, and no parents could have been more tenderly watchful than they have proved ever since. They supplied a need of protection, of which I was growing painfully conscious, and I engaged them to travel with me.

"Once I took three days out of my busy life, and visited the old family homestead of General Laurance. The owner was in Europe, the house closed; but standing unnoticed under the venerable oaks that formed the avenue of approach to the ancestral halls of my husband, I looked at the stately pile, and the broad fields that surrounded it, and called upon Heaven to spare me long enough to see my child the regnant heiress of all that proud domain. There I vowed that, cost what it might, I would accomplish my revenge, would place you there as owner of that noble inheritance.

"Through Mr. Palmer's inquiries concerning the records, I ascertained that this property had been settled upon Cuthbert on the week of his second marriage. You were ten years old when I determined to go to Europe and consummate my plan. Peleg had disappeared, and I knew that the other agent of the Laurances had lost all trace of me. You were so grieved because I left for Europe without bidding you good-bye! Ah, my sweet child! You never knew that it was the hardest trial of my life to put the ocean between us, and that I was too cowardly to witness your distress at the separation, that was so uncertain in duration. Could I have gone without the sight of my precious baby? I reached the convent about dusk, and informed the sisters that I deemed it best to transfer you to the guardianship of two gentlemen, one of whom would come and take you away the ensuing week. Through a crevice of the dormitory door, I watched you undress —envied the gentle nun who gathered up your long hair and tied over it the little white ruffled muslin cap; and when you knelt by your small curtained bed, and repeated your evening prayers, adding a special petition that 'Heavenly Father would bless dear mother and keep her safe,' I stifled my sobs in my handkerchief. When you were asleep I crept in on tip-toe, and while Sister Angela held the lamp, I drew aside the curtain and looked at you. How the sweet face of my baby stirred all the tenderness that was left in my embittered nature! As you slumbered, you threw your feet outside the cover, and murmured in your musical childish babble something indistinct about 'mother.'"

"Little remains to be told, but how bitter! Here in Paris, while playing 'Amy Robsart,' I saw once more, after the lapse of thirteen years, the man who had so contemptuously repudiated me. Regina, if ever you are so unfortunate, so deluded, as to deeply and sincerely love any man, and live to know that you are forgotten, that another woman wears the name and receives the caresses that once made heaven in your heart, then, and only then, can you realise what I suffered, while looking at Cuthbert, with that other creature at his side, acknowledged his wife! I thought I had petrified, had ceased to feel aught but loathing and hate, but, ah! the agony of that intolerable, that maddening sight! Ask God for a shroud and coffin rather than endure what I suffered that night!

"At last I began to taste the sweet poison of my revenge. Cuthbert did not suspect my identity, but he was strangely fascinated by my face and acting. Openly indifferent to the woman with whom his father had linked him, and provided with no conscientious scruples, he audaciously expressed his admiration and contrived an interview to commence his advances. He avowed sentiments disloyal to the heiress who wore his name and jewels, and insulting to me had I been what he supposed me, merely Odille Orme, a pretty actress. I repulsed and derided him, forbidding him my presence; and none can appreciate the exquisite delight it afforded me to humiliate and torture him. When it was a crime in the sight of man, he really began to love the woman, who, in God's sight, was his own lawful wife; and his punishment was slowly approaching.

"My health gave way under the unnatural pressure of acting evening after evening with his handsome face watching every feature, every inflection of my voice. I was ordered to rest in Italy, and when I learned I should there meet General Laurance I consented to go. Before leaving Paris, I saw the only child of that hideous iniquitous sham marriage; and, darling, when I contrasted you, my own pure pearl, with the deformed, dwarfish, repulsive daughter—whom the Nemesis of my wrongs gave to Cuthbert, in little Maud Laurance—I almost shouted aloud in my great exultation.

"Thus far, my daughter, I have shown you all your mother's wretched past, and now I shrink from the last blotted pages. Hitherto my record was blameless, but even now take care how you judge the mother, who if she has gone astray did it for you, all for you. For some time I had known that Cuthbert was living in reckless extravagance, that the affairs of the father-in-law were dangerously involved, and that without his own father's knowledge Cuthbert had borrowed large sums in London and Paris, securing the loans by mortgages on his real estate in America; especially the homestead, preserved for several generations in his family. Employing two shrewd Hebrew brokers, I by degrees bought up those mortgages, straining every effort to effect the purchase.

"When I reached Milan, I sat one night pondering what was most expedient. It was apparent that in a suit for and publication of my real title and rights, I should be defeated by the disgrace hurled upon me; and to subject the Laurances to the humiliation of a law scandal would poorly indemnify me for the horrible stain which Peterson's foul claim would entail upon your innocent but premature birth. My health was feeble, consumption threatened my lungs, and Mr. Palmer urged me to attempt no legal redress for my injuries. I could not die without one more struggle to see you righted, clothed with your lawful name.

"My daughter, my darling, let all my love for you plead vehemently in my defence, when I tell you that for your dear sake I made a desperate, an awful, a sickening resolve. General Laurance was infatuated by my beauty, which has been as fatal to his house as his name to me. Like many handsome old men he was inordinately vain, and imagined himself irresistible; and when he persecuted me with attentions that might have compromised a woman less prudent and prudish than I bore myself, I determined to force him to an offer of his hand in marriage."

With a sharp cry Regina sprang up.

"Mother! Not my father's father!"

"Yes, René Laurance, my husband's father."

With a gesture of horror, the girl groaned and covered her white convulsed face.

"Mother! Could my mother commit such an awful crime against God and nature?"

"It was for your sake, my darling," cried Mrs. Orme, wringing her hands as she saw the shudder with which her child repulsed her.

"For my sake that you stained your dear pure hands! For my sake that you steeped

your soul in guilt that even brutal savages abhor, and loaded your name and memory with infamy? In his desertion my father sinned against me, and freely, because he is my father, I could forgive him; but you, the immaculate mother of my lifelong worship, you who have reigned white-souled and angelic over all my hopes, my aspirations, my love and reverence; oh, mother, mother, you have doubly wronged me! The disgrace of your unnatural and heinous crime I can never, never pardon!"

With averted head she stood apart, a pitiable picture of misery that could find no adequate expression.

"My baby, my love, my precious daughter!"

Ah, the pleading pathos of that marvellous voice which had swayed at will the emotions of vast audiences, as soft fitful zephyrs stir and bow the tender grasses in quiet meadows! Slowly the girl turned around, and reluctantly looked at the beloved beautiful face, tearful yet smiling, beaming with such passionate tenderness upon her.

Mrs. Orme opened her arms, and Regina sprang forward, sinking on her knees at her mother's feet, clinging to her dress.

"You could not smile upon me so with that sin soiling your soul! Oh, mother, say you did it not!"

"I did not marry General Laurance, though I entertained the purpose of a merely nominal union, and he acceded to my conditions, signing a marriage contract, to adopt you, give you his name, settle upon you all his remaining fortune, except the real estate which I knew he had transferred to his son. I think my intense hate and thirst for vengeance temporarily maddened me; for certainly had I been quite sane I should never have forced myself to hang upon the verge of such an odious gulf. I was tempted by the prospect of making you the real heiress of the Laurance name and wealth, and of beggaring Cuthbert, his so-called wife and his child, by displaying the mortgage I held; and which will yet sweep them to penury, for the banker has failed, and Abbie Ames is penniless as Minnie Merle once was.

"While I floated down the dark stream to ruin, a blessed interposing hand arrested me. Mr. Palmer wrote that at last a glorious day of hope dawned on my weary starless night. Gerbert Audré was alive and anxious to testify to the validity of my marriage, and the perfect sanity and sobriety of Cuthbert when it was solemnised (his father was prepared to plead that he was insane from intoxication when he was inveigled into the ceremony); and, best of all, my persecutor had relented! Peleg swore that his assertions regarding my character were untrue, were prompted by malice, stimulated by Laurance gold. Having been arrested by Mr. Palmer and carried before a magistrate, he had written and signed a noble vindication of me. To you, he avows, I owe his tardy recantation and complete justification of my past; and you will find among those papers his letter to me upon this subject.

"My daughter, what do we not owe to Mr. Palmer? God bless him now and for ever! And may the dearest, fondest wishes of his heart be fulfilled as completely as have been his promises to me."

Regina's face was shrouded by her mother's dress, but, thinking of Mrs. Carew, she sank lower at Mrs. Orme's feet, knowing that her sad heart could not echo that prayer.

"As yet my identity has not been suspected, but the end is at hand, and I am about to break the vials of wrath upon their heads. Mr. Palmer only waits to hear from me, to bring suit against Cuthbert for desertion and bigamy, and against René Laurance, the arch-demon of my luckless married life, for wilful slander, premeditated defamation of character. My lawful unstained wifehood will be established, your spotless birth and lineage triumphantly proclaimed; and I shall see my own darling, my Regina Laurance, reigning as mistress in the halls of her ancestors. To confront you with your father and grandfather I have called you to Paris, and when I have talked with Uncle Orme, whose step I hear, I shall be able to tell you definitely of the hour when the thunderbolt will be hurled into the camp of our enemies. Kiss me good night. God bless my child."

(To be continued.)

IN NORTH DEVON.

WHAT may be the specific gravity of the river Severn off Portishead I've no idea. It is simply a drab liquid road; a whitey-brown bog—too unsafe to drive a coach over, but powerfully nasty stuff for a steamer to get through, even with wheels. I should say that the man who had to beg Elisha to fish up his axe for him out of the river Jordan would not have bothered the prophet about it here; the thing would have floated, as easily as a limited liability company. The drabness of Bristol poured in from the dirty little Avon infects the river mouth for miles past Portishead, notwithstanding the sweet waters of the Atlantic come scavenging up the Bristol Channel twice a day. On board the steamer *Ely*, reflecting that I had been recommended to try this mud estuary for the benefit of my health, I began to cry with Naaman, Are not Abana and Pharpar—I should say, the Wye and Lugg, rivers of Herefordshire—better than all the rivers of the heathen? But at Keston the water begins to feel the power of Atlantic dilution, and off Watchet it is almost clear. From that point the huge rusty hills of North Devon come looming along on the coast, you can see green sea, can draw a long breath, feel fresh air, and indignantly eject from your lungs (stomach if preferred, as too many of my fellow-pilgrims did) the last reminiscences of Bristol. Lynmouth was my haven; and I was rather disappointed on looking at it from the sea in the gloom of the evening. But it's a place that will stand a deal of looking at, and the more you look at it the more there is to see. The worst of it is it is too popular, and therefore too much over-run. Tourists are as plentiful as wasps. As to lodgings, after a weary search, along with the heavy contingent poured in by the steamer *Ely*, I came to the conclusion, on reliable information, that there was only one bed-room and sitting-room available for me in the place, which of course I secured—for the hotel had long given up indoor maintenance, and was at its wits' end even to provide outdoor relief for applicants. It was Saturday night when I arrived; there was not a scrap of meat in the village, and the butcher had shut up shop. He was, however, ultimately coaxed to come out and kill another sheep expressly for me and my fellow immigrants. The great feature of Lynmouth is that it combines hill, river, and sea, all within hand-reach. The hills, though poor after North Wales, are not to be winked at, and what they lack in height they make up in steepness; the boisterous river Lyn is a little gem in its way; and the sea—well, it certainly is sea, but it is so sheltered from every wind but a south-wester that it possesses a rather unnatural air of balminess which makes Lynmouth rather a refuge for invalids than a bracing station for the tired. Lynmouth may be taken as the working model from which the scenery of the Pyrenees was constructed. It is a little Swiss village which must have got floated up to North Devon somehow in a storm. It has no business there. There is the street up the hill, with the river racing down the midst of it, and chalets (of a sort) at all heights up the huge gorge formed by the winding dale of the noisy little river Lyn which here delivers its tribute to its suzerain the sea. I have called it a noisy river. Unceasingly it races through bowery shades deep down at the roots of the hills which it taps along its course; and all the way the impetuous, rock-strewn current everlastingly murmurs "Hush-sh-sh—" (as if there could be any other noise but its own to quell in Lynmouth!) just like the (h)usher of a court shouting "Silence!" when his is the only voice to be heard. In this sort of way the absurd little river bullies you to sleep at night, and bullies you awake again, only to send you off the sounder with that long lullaby of "Hush-sh-sh," from which you can't get out of hearing anywhere up the mouth of the miniature mountain gorge, called, after the name of the singer, Lyn. When the river wakes you at night and frets you with its noise, you say, "Well, babbler, and what have you so incessantly to prate about?" Go and see. Search him out through all his windings down in that sheltered bottom, where he dances in cascades and freshets from the hills, and you will find why he is garrulous. The walk up to the "Waters' Meet" is like the Fairy Glen at Bettws-y-coed, all the way. You are down in a cool bottom, tree sheltered, alone with the river; and through the glimmer of the trees you can see a broad river of sky above—all the rest being shut in by the hill sides. The merriment of the water—as when, for instance, it dashes down, always a very steep gradient, flecked with sunshine, now dodging some of the more

solemn-sided rocks, now playfully washing the faces of the good-humoured ones, and now pausing a moment in some deep pool to reflect if it hasn't compromised its respectability, only to fling off all self-restraint the next moment and rush headlong down a rocky bank, in a burst of reckless laughter—is very marked. And to hear this merriment down in the deep green gloom where the river runs, to reflect how little this ungodly stream avails itself of its privileges in refusing to be glum and miserable, even on a Sunday, is extremely edifying. But when you come to the Waters' Meet it is all explained. The Lyn is celebrating a perpetual wedding-day. The wedding bower is shadowed with dense trees in the silence of a three-cornered chasm in the great cleft which forms the river's bed. Demurely as a girl, and with no sound beyond the faintest whisper, yet in a flutter of self-consciousness, the East Lyn winds her feminine course. Tumbling fiercely down the steeper hill, bounding headlong over a couple of cascades, the robust little river Brendon rushes furiously to claim his love—but at the very point, as though awed by her quietly coy demeanour, there is a pause—till, neck or nothing, through the smallest of channels, the Brendon pours its waters into the arms of the Lyn. Thence forward they go on for a bit, singing hand-in-hand, and hushing all the rest of the world to silence. But it is in vain; for they are pursued. At the river's very mouth who should come angrily tumbling in upon the fugitives, but West Lyn—foaming and fuming and frothing in his fury! Whatever West Lyn's suit is—it may be for a breach of promise or for a divorce, or for a restitution of conjugal rights, or for bigamy, for aught I know or care—it is a noisy one. But after a moment or two of blusterous recrimination the music of the river ceases, and the whole blessed trio go blundering down sullenly together into the great Atlantic divorce court, where I sincerely hope justice will be done between the parties, and that no first-class misdemeanants will be allowed.

Lynmouth hasn't got a beach worthy the name, and the bathing is done under rubbly difficulties. As to the air, the place, which would otherwise be a bay, is so shut in by a great knee of hill interposing between it and the sea, that it is by no means bracing. Too many people make the mistake of stopping down in bowery Lynmouth, and scrambling for the first lodgings to be got there, instead of getting up top of the hills to Lynton, which commands a magnificent sea view, and gets the pick of such sea-breezes as are about. In this respect the Valley of the Rocks Hotel is the best union hereabouts; but I found indoor and outdoor relief both suspended by the "guardians," owing to the pressure on their arrangements caused by the autumn strike in Parliament and other industrial occupations. I could only get "casual" entertainment there; while the stone-breaking to be done for it—getting up the hill with a Devonshire pony and trap—was worth it. The Valley of Rocks (a stony basin just inside the cliff line) is like some scene in a great slate pencil pantomime, where all the giants have flung their slates and slate pencils in a heap for the holidays, and Time has smashed them up. Not that they are actually slate, but the colour and laminations of the limestone suggest the idea. The huge valley has on its heights three principal piles of these *débris*, which litter their fragments all about, tumbling them down the green valley sides, as well as down the dizzy abyss whose feet the sea washes—for the lowest point of the valley is hundreds of yards above the sea-level. One of these piles, named Castle Rock, is a landmark to mariners; so is another much finer one (which, however, is classed second in all guide-books), named Ragged Jack—and Ragged Jack's rags are all over the place. Ragged Jack makes a splendid cliff from the sea; and so he does from the long winding walk cut three parts up the cliff sides, called the North Walk, which affords a fine view midway between cliff-tops and water. A third pile is called The Devil's Cheese-press—but it is all ivy-grown, and so useless for practical purposes that it seems likely the devil abandoned the rock cheese business about the time he met with such cold encouragement in his spirited attempt to get bread made out of stones—which probably accounts for his still going about roaring and seeking whom he may devour. But one almost pities the Devil up here—it is such an awful place to get hungry in; and with the Valley of Rocks Hotel full, it is painful to see machinery, like that cheese-press, infernally idle for want of a little satanic enterprise and public spirit.

The "prettiest" bit of Lynmouth is Glen Lyn, which Mr. Riddell has laid out in the Swiss style into some charming private grounds about his house—all up a densely

wooded hill side which terminates in an inaccessible and bare little Alp. It is here that the West Lyn first gets upon the track of the co-respondent Brendon, crying "Hush-sh-sh!" as he flies along with that lightsome jade East Lyn. It is a sight to see West Lyn when from the hill-top he catches a glimpse of the fugitives. He leaps down twenty and thirty feet at a time, swirling and swearing his way head foremost down the glen side, till he comes upon them. And it is this act of the little drama, done upon a stage darkened by the most closely woven of green foliage, which Mr. Riddell has incessantly performing in his own private theatre, with Nature as sole acting manager—and he admits the public gratis to witness the performance twice a week.

The steep shady lanes, exquisitely hedged with tiny ivy, and moss and fern about the low grey stone walls, are another characteristic feature of the bower in the dale by the sea named Lynmouth.

I accidentally said that Mr. Riddell's exhibition of the performances of West Lyn was shown gratis. It is professedly so; but for all that a charge is made for the performance, just the same as if it were under the management of Mr. Chatterton or Mr. Hollingshead. That this is quite fair, and worth the money, I don't dispute—but when the Guide-book tells me that the beautiful grounds of Glen Lyn are "generously laid open to the public," I must dispute the generosity. The grounds are not laid opon to the public, but only the fall of the West Lyn. Then there's a cross old woman at the gate, who makes visitors inscribe their names, and deposit something in a contribution box, before entering. These contributions, I am told, the generous owner divides among his servants once a year. Good. Only that quite squares the generosity. It is practically so much charged for admission, and the admission money goes to the owner. Whether he distributes it among his servants, or gives it to the missionaries, or spends it in brandies and sodas, is nothing to the public—he takes the money and gets the credit for expending it—and, I should say, it pays him very well, considered strictly as interest on the capital invested in the particular bit of natural panorama he makes a show of. I should be sorry to depreciate Mr. Riddell's charming waterfalls; but I must say that, pretty as his show is, I much prefer for my own part the river-side walk from Lynmouth to Waters Meet, where there is no affectation of generosity, no charge, and no obligation; but where there is a series of finer natural views which have not been tailored or shoemakered into smugness by louts of gardeners.

Lynmouth is remarkably rich in ferns and wild flowers, which grow with the tenderest luxuriance; in fact the very sting nettles are dainty in their habit. Oddly enough, however, the sweet-scented violet and the cowslip are hardly ever found in North Devon, and the mistletoe never. The place abounds with the rarer sorts of butterflies; the splendid admiral, the large yellow brimstone, and the gaudy peacock are common in Lynmouth Street.

Exmoor Forest is a joke. There isn't any forest. Indeed, there isn't a single tree. While driving through it I recklessly offered to pay my companion a shilling for every tree he could see. He had me, however—he asked me four shillings for the four axle-trees! I paid him two; granting that the trap had four axles, but denying that it had more than two axle-*trees*. Exmoor is an immense waste moor of long, slow, boggy slopes, amid which the river Ex takes its rise. A breed of large-eyed and very intelligent sheep, and a population of sturdy wild ponies, the latter very trustworthy and sure-footed when broken into harness, inhabit it. The whole place belongs to Mr. Winn-Knight, M.P. for Worcestershire, whose father, I am told, bought it for a whim, and began to build a house there, which now remains an unfinished stone ruin. He was going to drain it, and goodness knows what else; but Exmoor proved too big for him—much the same as the Malverns did for the late Mr. Johnson, who spent his last sovereign in digging them down—and there it is, as it was in the beginning, is now, and—well, perhaps a limited liability company will ultimately decide what it shall be. There is a fine scope here for building leases, and I should say a healthy place that won't grow anything is the very likeliest site for a huge manufacturing town of the future. It rains in Exmoor sometimes; not to say mostly. Of course it rained when I was there. And the rain is rainy. When it is going to set about raining seriously there first comes up a mist that wets you to the skin before you think of a waterproof and umbrella—and when the rain does begin, no waterproof and no umbrella is any good, for it rains upwards as well as downwards.

It comes up from the bogs as well as down from the skies; nay, it seems that even you rain—anyway, you drip.

The fishing about Lynmouth is good, and the river sides are much frequented by the disciples of old Izaak Walton. There is also some sea-fishing, but chiefly for rock-whiting, and not very exciting, except in the spring-tides, when I am told conger and cod are to be heard of. Moreover, there is good shooting. But the principal excitement is the pack of stag-hounds. They ran a hart the other day for twenty miles, until at last it led them right down through the precipitous street of Lynmouth, and tried to take the sea at its foot—but there cried his Ave Cæsar! and the dogs had him. They blew the "mort" upon the beach, as Sir Tristrem might have done when hunting for King Mark upon the Cornish shores — not, however, that they now "cut up the deer" according to Tristrem's "Book of Venery," or even reserve the portion for the dogs and for the eagle upon the tree.

The best society I found at Lynmouth was that of the coastguardmen—a fine set of fellows, as everybody knows, who all belong to the Naval Reserve. And for a sturdy, intelligent, hearty lot of men it would be difficult to find their equals, if the specimens I met at Lynmouth may be taken as a fair sample. They are good enough for any new *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* experience; they do credit to the jolly old blue uniform, and we may well be proud of them.

About Lynmouth beach are lots of "fishermen"—none of whom ever fish, at any rate, for a livelihood; but who do boating jobs, put passengers aboard the steamers, and generally potter about for a living in connection with the sea. One of them, surnamed by his comrades "the Ancient Mariner," is quite a character. To hear him talk of his sea-experiences, and his knowledge of everything connected with the craft, from the duties of a quarter-master up to those of admiral of the fleet, and to listen to his disquisitions on foreign seas and the precautions which would have saved every ship which has been wrecked within human memory, one would suppose he had sailed round the world some scores of times, and knew every nook and corner in its four quarters—whereas, truth to tell, his world is bounded by a circle described by a bee-line carried twenty miles out from Lynmouth as a centre, and the Bristol Channel is the only "ocean" with which he is even partially acquainted.

As there is no parade, no pier, and no band at Lynmouth, it is amusing to see what swelldom is reduced to by way of substitute. A cargo of oak-timber sticks, deposited on the beach, served, while I was there, as the dais of fashion. Enthroned upon the sticks, surrounded by their admiring male attendants, some of the lady visitors contrived to improvise an "upper circle," while waiting for the two events of the day, the arrival of the boat from Ilfracombe and the arrival of the boat from Portishead.

Ilfracombe was to me a pleasant change after Lynmouth. It is a shade stronger air, and there's a little more of it. The barer cliffs, though lower than those of Lynmouth, were, however, more agreeable as a contrast to the green hills of Herefordshire. The bathing too is remarkably good, and the sea clear and bright. There *is* a parade here; for a walk, of pier-y and promenad-y character, has been chopped out of Capstone Hill, to the manifest disfigurement of the rock of which it is made. It is in reality as artificial as the promenade at Scarborough, though it must be conceded that the huge rocks strewn about the hill—which have not been blasted and chiselled and filed, and sand-papered into watering-place architecture—are still extremely fine. The dull red rocks, near about the colour of the Devonshire breed of cattle, are curiously spread here and there with quartz, which looks for all the world like spatterings of that impalpably lightsome luxury Devonshire cream. In Capstone Hill the people of Ilfracombe have a promenade of the orthodox length for a "crawl," wound round a hill snail-shell fashion instead of going right ahead. Indeed if it were only straightened out it would make a very respectable pier. But its circular shape has great advantages—you can get breeze or shelter as you choose, walk to windward or to leeward, get down among the rocks around its base, or climb the windy summit up by the flag-staff—and the place being so quickly accessible from every part of the town, it is accepted with one accord as the fashionable resort of eye-glasses and high-heeled boots. And, speaking of accessibility, one great feature of Ilfracombe is that its sights are all within sight, and consequently within the easiest reach.

Seen from the top of Hillsborough, a fine bit of hill which bars out the east wind from

the town, Ilfracombe presents a very quaint and picturesque appearance drooped in the arms of the stooping land. At this corner of England five or six lofty ridges of hill run together, and crowd down to seek the sea at the same point. The hills above are all arable and pasture land, and extremely fertile; but their feet have been washed bare by the tide, showing to their knees the red Devonian rock on which they stand. Sturdy rocks they are too. They only offer their heels to the sea; for they fight it "end on"—in other words they present the endways of their grain to the waves—and are consequently as strong as battering rams. Looking down on Ilfracombe from Hillsborough, the hills appear to end seawards in an ace of clubs, of which Capstone Hill forms the centre knot; Lantern Hill with the quay and landing-stage about it, the eastern; and the Torrs Hill the western knob of the trefoil; while Ilfracombe nestles above them in the gorge formed by the mingling ridges. That Ilfracombe is a rapidly-growing place there can be no doubt, and the speculations in land in the direction of its future extension appear to have attracted people from a considerable distance. The High Street, with its tall raised causeway on one side, its clock tower, and some very good shops, presents a queer mixture of the modern and the ancient, which, however, is by no means unpleasant, the only fault of the street being that it is rather narrow. The market is a capital one, and well supplied. Taken altogether, although very unlike Scarborough, Ilfracombe is more suggestive of that rather over-rated Yorkshire watering-place in miniature than any other I know; though the comparison is perhaps hardly fair as yet to Ilfracombe. But that is what Ilfracombe is coming to; and the townspeople, to do them justice, appear by no means deficient in the sort of a public spirit calculated to hurry on the fates. If they would only keep their files and spokeshaves off the rocks, and abandon the idea of turning them into the accessories of villa architecture, I for one would not complain. I know that all the artificiality is done on the very soundest of commercial principles, and I've no doubt the townspeople find it pays them to round up their rocks, to asphalte them a bit here, put ornamental palisading there, and wind artificial terraces all about them for the lazy convenience of "crawlers" and fashionable cripples generally. Being, however, neither a crawler nor a cripple, but only a very ordinary sort of pilgrim, I am generally well content to come upon Nature in her native aspect; and I have my own opinion about people who trick her out with tawdry artificial finery, let her out for hire, and live upon the proceeds.

The Torrs Hill has undoubtedly been a very fine hill in its day. It is a fine hill now, but the penny walks round it detract from its grandeur, as well as from the excitement of its ascent, while it is perfectly shocking to see how the rocks have been hewn about in order to render the hill an easy attraction to the idlest and most listless stroller. The blow from the top is a fine one, and so is the view. As from Ragged Jack at Lynton, you can see the Welsh hills on the opposite coast of the Bristol Channel very distinctly in clear weather, distant rather farther than Calais from Dover. You can see Lundy Island in addition, about as far away—a cloudy outline of rock and hill. I was very anxious to get there, because, as the Ilfracombe people call it a wild place, and say there's nothing to see but big rocks, I know that its beauties have not been traded on. The only landing-place (on the east side) is fortunately too difficult for that (or the Ilfracombe Corporation would "popularise" it in a twelvemonth), and, with a strong easterly gale blowing, the steamer advertised to go there didn't go. Moreover, I didn't wish merely to excursionise the place, and come away "to wonce," as they say in Devonshire, but to stay there a few days. The said easterly wind, added to the speedy prospect of the equinoctial gales, so strongly suggested the possibility of being weather-bound in Lundy longer than I bargained for that I reluctantly abandoned that part of my pilgrimage for the present. At the same time I have a great belief in Lundy Island. It is a sea-bird island; and the sea-birds you may trust against any guide-book as competent judges of wild rock-scenery. The best time to go, I am told, is in the spring or early summer, before the birds fly northwards. Woodcocks and snipes make Lundy Island their earliest halting-place; gulls are netted from the cliffs in the summer for the sake of their feathers. The place, which only contains two thousand acres, swarms with rabbits, and some two hundred and fifty people live there.

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

THE MISSIONARY'S CHOICE.

Miss Mehitabel Grey was a blooming young girl,
Without the least atom of folly—
Neither frizzes nor crimps,
Nor any such primps—
The sight made her quite melancholy.

For this young woman thought—as a great many do—
Such things are the curse of our nation,
They just pander to pride
And all that reside
Defrauding our "foreign relation."

So Mehitabel saved, and she scrimped, and she sold—
Beside what she begged—for the heathen,
Till the good people said,
With a nod of the head,
"A blesseder creater ain't breathin'."

Josephina Adair was a cousin of hers,
Unlike her in form and in motion;
She would frizzle and curl,
Would that silly young girl—
She hadn't a spark of devotion.

If the truth I must tell, "a regular flirt"
Was the name that the good people gave her;
She would flirt with her fan
At the very first man
Who happened to be her next neighbour.

With dancing and dressing her hours were all spent,
At theatre, opera, shopping;
She hated all books,
You would know from her looks,
And had no intention of stopping.

Her mind was intent on the styles of the day;
On ribbons, and jewels, and laces;
No moment to spare
To affliction or care,
No smile for the grief-stricken faces.

John Theophilus Judd was an ancient divine,
Just returned from a far-away land
Where the dwellers in sin
Go in clothes very thin,
And they roast fellow-men in the sand.

He had toiled many years, and his hair had grown grey,
While his life with good works had been filled;
He had talked, and had prayed,
In sunshine and shade,
And his flock with pure thoughts was instilled.

In that far heathen clime he had hoped to remain
Till the call of the great Judgment Day;
But the air of that land—
Neither healthful nor bland—
Had taken his partner away.

And the dear man had mourned—as so many men do—
Till at last the thought came to his mind:
"If I labour alone
Little good will be done;
For my field other help I must find."

For the good of the cause, then, so dear to his heart,
He crossed o'er the wide rolling main;
Here he sought for a wife,
To return to that life,
And to take up its burdens again.

Perhaps you may think, you dear innocent soul,
That Mehitabel caught the old preacher!
It was Josie Adair,
Ever giddy and fair,
He chose for his colleague and teacher.

Anon.

MISS GREENFIELD'S REWARD.

Pope tells us that "the noblest study of mankind is man;" and I believe Pope, with an addition. I have always been convinced that the study of mankind, when supplemented by the study of womankind, is the legitimate occupation of gifted souls like my own, and consequently I have shaped my life upon this conviction.

To be sure, I have not had large opportunities for prosecuting my studies; yet when was true genius ever fettered by the narrowness of its surroundings? Although I

was compelled to pass the first forty years of my life in one street, in one house in that street, yet I flatter myself that I made the most of my limited field of observation in every way, and that what I did not know about the men and women and children—yes, and even the cats and dogs—of the neighbourhood was not worth knowing.

Last year, however, circumstances unconnected with my present story made it necessary for me to change my residence; and all the inconveniences of removal were overbalanced by the prospect of new subjects for study, and wider opportunities of knowledge.

By the 1st of May I was comfortably settled in my new home, and my small household (consisting of two servants and myself) was growing accustomed to the new surroundings.

Of course my opposite neighbours attracted my first regards, and kept me almost constantly at the window. The two houses directly across the street were so entirely different. One was a well-built, spacious mansion, with ample drapery of lace and damask at every window. A staff of servants, and where grocers' and butchers' carts delivered daily their orders, where well-dressed guests came and went continually, where lights shone brilliantly every evening, and where everything indicated the possession of ample means. The other house was small, mean-looking, too narrow for its height, and apparently overcrowded, if one might judge from the swarm of children it held. No curtains at those windows, no visitors to speak of, and only one servant, who brought home the slender purchases in a dilapidated basket, and who certainly looked overworked. Evidently the Barretts were as poor as the Browns were wealthy.

A few more days satisfied me as to the occupants of these houses. Mrs. Brown was a widow, with an only son, to whom she was quite devoted, and who was certainly an estimable young man. Mrs. Barrett was also a widow, with an aged father and eight children, of whom the oldest was a girl of twenty, uncommonly pretty, who assisted her mother by teaching. A brother, two years younger, was a clerk; and Mrs. Barrett sometimes did sewing by way of eking out their scanty resources.

These details satisfactorily gathered, I began to turn my attention in other directions, when a mysterious circumstance made it impossible for me to think of anything else than the Browns and Barretts.

It happened in this wise. I was sitting by my parlour window after dark, with no lights in the room—as I am fond of doing, because the dimness is favourable to meditation—when I chanced to see young Mr. Brown come out of his own house and ascend the Barretts' steps.

One of the children admitted him, and he went into the parlour, where immediately a light appeared. Some one drew down the blinds, but I could see the shadows of the inmates so clearly that there was no mistaking them as they were thrown upon the linen.

There sat Mrs. Barrett on one side of the centre table, sewing diligently, and opposite her, with their chairs close together and their heads almost touching, sat Lucy Barrett and Mr. Brown.

This discovery—for I felt it was nothing less—amazed and excited me beyond expression. Here was evidently a love affair, and how angry Mrs. Brown would be if she knew it! To be sure, the diligent use of my opera-glass enabled me to see some books on the table, from which the young couple *pretended* to be reading, but that amounted to nothing. Poetry most likely; and was not poetry always the natural language of love-making?

Well, my sympathy with Mrs. Brown kept me on the watch for nearly two hours, and during all that time Mrs. Barrett sat quietly sewing, and apparently unconscious of the way in which those two heads came together over the book before them.

But at last Mr. Brown rose to go, and then the mother seemed to wake up, for she went with him to the door, instead of letting her daughter go, as I quite expected she would. But the moment his back was turned, what does that girl do? Drops her head down on her folded arms on the table, and seems to be having a good cry, as if she couldn't bear to part with him even then. Presently her mother returned to the room, and stood by, stroking the girl's hair as if she was consoling her. Then the light was extinguished, and I suppose they went to bed, but I was wakeful all that night.

From that time forward I kept a close watch on Leslie Brown, and I soon found that he spent four evenings out of six with pretty Lucy Barrett.

Always the programme was the same: he sat close beside her, reading or listening to

the love-sick verses such occasions always demand, while Mrs. Barrett sewed near by, or the old grandfather sometimes took her place and played propriety, though the poor old man always fell asleep.

On the evenings when Mr. Brown did not appear, Lucy occupied the parlour alone, and wrote interminable letters, over which she sometimes cried.

At other times she might be seen in her little bedroom, standing at the window in an attitude of deep dejection. Little cause had she for dejection, however, for Leslie Brown was as devoted as he could be without exciting his mother's suspicions. He, too, wrote long letters (I could see *him* plainly enough, for he occupied the second story front-room, and he almost always left his windows wide open during the first part of the evening), but he seemed to be very fastidious about the composition of his epistles. Sometimes he would fill and tear up half-a-dozen sheets of paper before he was suited. Then he would put his letter in a large yellow envelope—such an unromantic colour, too!—and send it to his young neighbour when he could not go himself, and then I was sure to see her eagerly perusing the well-filled pages afterwards.

What he could have found to write about so continually was a mystery to me, as they met so often; but I suppose lovers' nonsense always was and always will be endless.

Just about this time I made another and a most significant discovery. I was selecting some Berlin wools for a new footstool, when Lucy Barrett entered the shop and asked if she could get some handkerchiefs marked for embroidering.

"Ladies' or gentlemen's handkerchiefs?" asked the girl. I pricked up my ears and listened.

"Gentlemen's," was the answer. Of course! The book of patterns was taken down, and the letters selected. By dint of strict attention, while I appeared to be looking for a shade of crimson, I heard the girl say, "L. B.—all right, miss; you can have them to-morrow," and then Lucy left, without observing me.

"L. B.," that was just what I expected—that meant Leslie Brown, beyond a doubt; and, oh! what *would* his mother say? I began to feel that I had a duty to perform in this matter, for only the day before I had heard from a friend of my own, who knew the Browns slightly, that Leslie was supposed to be engaged to a young lady who was at present in Paris, but who was soon expected to return. My duty began to look very plain, in view of this last fact, and I was not long in coming to a determination.

I must notify Mrs. Brown without delay, but how? Should I seek an interview or write a letter? On the whole, I inclined to the letter, and before I retired to rest that night I had despatched the following:—

"If Mrs. Brown will take the advice of a sincere friend, and look about her closely, she will find that her amiable and unsuspecting son is in danger. An unscrupulous family will use every possible means to entrap him into a *mésalliance*. Accept this warning from one who shall be nameless."

That was certainly comprehensive and explicit without being compromising for me, if my agency in the matter should leak out. I posted my note with my own hands, for Rosa, my maid, although an excellent woman, has an unfortunate curiosity which sometimes prompts her to take undue liberties with my letters, and I knew the address on this one would attract her attention at once.

The next morning I was on the watch for the effect of my warning, and, sure enough, the explosion came. The postman delivered his budget at the Browns, and Mrs. Brown, leisurely snipping the dead leaves of her geraniums at the parlour window, took the letters and began reading them at once.

Suddenly she started, crumpled the one she had read in her hand, and vanished from the parlour, to reappear, in another moment, in her son's room above. *My* letter, beyond a doubt.

Breathlessly watching, I saw her seize the young man by the arm and point to the just-read page. He caught it from her hand and studied it attentively, and then they talked excitedly together for some moments.

What would I not have given to *hear* as well as *see* for the next half hour! But as that was impossible, I was forced to content myself with double vigilance. Finally, the conference ended—Leslie went to town, while his mother returned to her plants. How had it ended? I felt sure that Mrs. Brown was indignant, and the young man, of course, was wretched. In less than an hour something new happened—Mrs. Brown came out of her own house, looked up and down the street, as if hesitating over her course, and then took her way into the Barretts'.

My excitement at this stage of the little drama became painfully intense—evidently my warning *had* opened her eyes, and that talk with her son had made her aware of his infatuation. How grateful she must be to her unknown correspondent! And how cordially she would receive me some day, when I could avow my authorship, and explain the seemingly unimportant circumstances which had pointed me to the truth!

I remained at my post of observation, of course, until the close of the interview, which was just fifty minutes long. Nothing more happened; Mrs. Brown returned to her own house, and the day wore on quietly; but that evening Leslie did not pay his accustomed visit. I was sure of this, for I waited and watched until after nine o'clock, and should not have given up my surveillance even then if I had not seen the dim light in the Barretts' parlour extinguished, and the outer door closed for the night.

A whole week passed, and not once had the lovers met. Leslie kept away, and Lucy looked almost broken-hearted as she went and came daily in the performance of her duties.

Once or twice I had detected the young man looking up anxiously at her window as he passed the house, but he made no effort to enter, and, stranger still, he seemed to have given up writing to her. No more long and carefully prepared letters occupied his leisure hours, and I was just beginning to think that the whole affair had been safely nipped in the bud, when one unlucky day Mrs. Brown went to make a brief visit to her sister in the country (so Rosa learned from her maid), and within an hour from the time of her departure a bulky letter in one of Leslie's horrid yellow envelopes was handed to Lucy Barrett by a messenger who had doubtless been bribed to secrecy.

That evening witnessed the lovers' reunion, and poor Mrs. Brown's remonstrances were utterly disregarded, if not forgotten, as I felt certain when I saw once more the mingling shadows reflected on the window-shade.

That was a very unfortunate evening for *me*. It was raining heavily, and I had a slight cold at the time; but my sense of duty made me forgetful of all risks, and a thought of the poor, deluded mother determined me to watch over the son. So, when Leslie rose to go, and, contrary to her usual custom, Mrs. Barrett suffered Lucy to see him out, I could not help raising my window, *very* softly, you know, just to be certain that they were not talking too loud. Perhaps you may have noticed that when the street is quiet, and the noises of the day are hushed, ordinary voices are singularly audible. They conversed for nearly ten minutes, and, just as I expected, I caught several words and parts of sentences, which I will set down in the order in which they occurred.

"A good, true wife," said the young man, as he took her hand in his own.

Lucy's reply was almost inaudible, but I caught "happiness in the future," and "more than I can ever deserve."

Then Leslie finished a long speech with "an excellent time for the wedding;" and I heard no more. No need, you will doubtless say.

But the next morning I found myself really ill; my throat was sore, my head ached, and a violent chill was soon followed by a high fever. My cold had been aggravated by my imprudence in opening the window, and a week's illness and confinement to my bed was the result. I was really suffering so much that I forgot my neighbours, and it was not until the tenth day after my seizure that my interest in my fellow-creatures revived sufficiently to prompt me to ask Rosa a single question.

"Well, indeed, mum, I've had so little time to spare since you've been ill, that I can't tell you what's going on even next door. But cook says that she thinks they've had a wedding this morning over at the Barretts', for the young lady went away in a carriage two hours ago, all dressed in a new travelling dress, and young Mr. Brown and another gentleman went with her, and all the children was a-standing on the steps a-throwing old shoes after them, and Mrs. Barrett was half laughing, half crying at the parlour window."

"Married!" I exclaimed—"the designing girl! Then my warning was useless. But she'll never be happy, that's one comfort. Do you know whether Mrs. Brown is expected this week, Rosa?"

"Mrs. Brown! Why, there she comes now, mum, just getting out of her carriage, I do declare," answered Rosa, gazing from my window.

In a moment my resolution was taken. "Help me to get up, Rosa. I'll go right over there and break the news gently to the poor woman myself," I said, as I sat up, suddenly forgetting my ailments in my

compassion for poor Mrs. Brown. In fifteen minutes more I was standing on the steps, and had rung the bell. I was ushered into the parlour, and my card taken; and before I had time to collect my thoughts, Mrs. Brown entered, with my card still in her hand.

"Miss—Greenfield" she began, as if she found my name too much trouble to pronounce, "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am sure; but if it is a charitable errand——"

Here I cut her short at once. "No, indeed, my dear madam, I am not come on an errand of charity, although my motives are benevolent. The fact is, I bring you bad news."

She started violently. "Bad news!" she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am, bad news. Your excellent son——"

But she turned deathly pale; then clutching my arm as we still stood (for she had not yet had the politeness to ask me to sit down), she gasped—

"What is it? Is he ill or hurt? Do, for Heaven's sake, speak! Don't keep me waiting, woman!"

"No, no; he's safe—safe and well," I said. But she fairly pinched my arm as she ordered me to tell her what I meant without delay.

I never saw a more haughty, imperious woman than that Mrs. Brown, and I must confess she conquered me. I meant to tell my story in my own way, but she forced me right to the point.

"He's *married!*" I answered. Then, seeing her look of incredulous amazement, I added, "Yes, married this very morning, not two hours ago, in your absence, and to that artful little neighbour of yours, in spite of all my efforts to open your eyes."

Mrs. Brown's face was a study. She looked by turns puzzled, astonished, angry, and scornful; then, with a very disagreeable smile, she asked—

"Are you in the habit of writing anonymous letters, Miss Greenfield? What you have just said would seem to connect you with a contemptible epistle of that sort, received some weeks ago, which I burned, half read." (Just as if she could make a woman believe *that!*) "Now, since you are so interested in my son, let me assure you that he is *not* married; that a little more than two hours ago he assisted as best man at the wedding of his friend, Lyman Bertrand, who returned from Germany three days ago to claim his promised wife, Lucy Barrett, after an absence of nearly two years."

She said all this very slowly, with her eyes on my face, and, I can tell you, I was not comfortable. Still, I would not give up yet. I replied, "But you must allow that your son has been very attentive to an engaged girl; or perhaps you don't know that he has been spending most of his evenings there—writing such long letters, too, when he didn't go himself."

Mrs. Brown's smile was more supercilious than ever when she said, "Mrs. Barrett, as you have doubtless discovered, is poor. Lucy is an admirable German scholar, and my son expects to spend the next three years of his life in Germany. Consequently she has been instructing him for months past, at my urgent request."

"But the morning you received my letter, I saw you rush up to your son's room, and hold an earnest conference with him. Then for days he avoided going next door. Was not that in consequence of my warning?" I asked, anxiously.

"On the contrary, I never told my son of your letter; but I had received intelligence from a relative in Germany of young Bertrand's serious illness, and I went to comfort Lucy that same day by Leslie's advice. Poor girl! she was so distressed that the German lessons were discontinued until news of her lover's complete recovery gave her courage to go on. I think now that I have fully satisfied your curiosity, Miss Greenfield; but let me assure you that I never would have condescended to these explanations if I had not been afraid that you would injure Lucy by your imperfect and garbled version of all you have seen. Talk, then, since it seems you cannot help it, but be truthful if you can. Good-morning!" and with that she swept out of the room like an empress, leaving me standing there like a fool.

Well, I must say she had made a very plausible story, but I always had my doubts about it.

STEENIE AND HER FORTUNES.

NOT a gentleman you might have said, scanning his hands labour-hardened, his coarse workman's suit, his sun-browned face. And yet there was no truer type of Nature's nobleman than Nathan Calcroft personated. He was a handsome man, with large brown eyes, soft as a woman's; waving brown hair, that would have made curls, had he permitted it to grow to the requisite length; a tall, well-knit figure, easily graceful in every movement. A well-read man, although earning his bread as a paper-hanger, but seizing every leisure hour for self-culture, reading only solid literature, and thinking over in his day's work what he had perused in his evening's rest. His mother, old and feeble, could recall, in the twenty-two years of Nathan's life, no tears shed for him, no heartaches caused by him, only tender care for her widowed life, gentle affection at all times.

"He is as strong as an ox and as gentle as a baby," the old lady would say, with happy tears in her eyes.

This was the man who, walking home from his day's work in the gathering gloom of a winter's evening, heard first a curse in a man's harsh voice, then a blow, and then a weak, wailing cry, and the words, pitifully sobbed, "I can't walk any further. If you beat me to death, I cannot go on."

"Stay there then, and freeze!" was the brutal reply, and heavy steps retreated on the hard pavement.

Nathan had been approaching rapidly, and stood soon near a bundle of rags crouched upon the hard ground, from which came weak sobs. He stooped and touched a ragged shawl, and then a little white, pinched face looked up.

"I can't," was the shivering cry, "I can't stand up."

Nathan lifted her then, and strode homeward, not knowing that the dead weight he felt, the cessation of the quivering sobs, were caused by total insensibility in his living burden. Into the cosy little sitting-room, where Mrs. Calcroft was knitting, he passed quickly from the keen air, and only then saw plainly what he carried. A child, a little girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, emaciated, white, evidently almost dying, hugging a violin in her sticks of arms, barefooted, ragged, utterly forlorn. But her features were cut as delicately as a cameo; her tangled mass of curls was like burnished gold; her hands and feet of fairy-like proportions. Under the heavy white lids were eyes like twin violets, but Nathan did not see them, as he put the child upon a wide lounge and gently chafed her feet and hands.

Mrs. Calcroft lost no time in questions. The state of affairs was plainly visible, and the little old lady bustled about, bringing brandy, a large shawl, a bottle of perfume, as if the advent of frozen, starved street-waifs was of daily occurrence. Brandy forced between the blue lips, an atmosphere of pleasant warmth and strong perfume under the nostrils, restored animation after a time, and the great blue eyes opened wonderingly.

"Are you better, my dear?" Mrs. Calcroft asked, gently, taking the little wasted hand.

But her answer was only quivering lips, great tears rolling down silently, and piteous shrinking.

"No one will hurt you here," Nathan said, stroking back the tangled curls. "Presently, when you are stronger, you shall have some supper with us, and tell us where your home is."

"Don't take me back! Put me in the street, but don't take me back."

"I will not."

A rash promise, but Nathan spoke resolutely, and the wan little face lost its expression of terror.

But the supper was barely tasted, and before morning the child was raving in delirious fever. Faithfully Mrs. Calcroft nursed and tended her, and by the time health was coming slowly back a strong bond of affection united the three. The story the child told was a strange one, and yet she believed it firmly. She remembered a superb home, a mother, and an old man she called papa. She remembered her papa being very sick, and a great bustle of packing, a ride to the river, and a great ship. On the ship was a man who talked to her, gave her candies, and coaxed her away from her nurse. He promised her a beautiful toy if she would step to the wharf again, and then he put her in a covered cart. After that her life was that of a street minstrel, following a hand-organ, playing a violin. Starvation, beating, brutal training in the use of the violin, exposure to cold, all the hideous suffering of a delicately-nurtured child suddenly thrust into poverty's rudest clutch, made up the pitiful story. Time was very

vague to her, only she was sure it was long, long ago she remembered her pretty mamma and her home. Her name she insisted was Steenie, and there was no memory whatever of a surname.

Four years later, if you had asked Nathan Calcroft when he first began to love Steenie, I think he would have told you on the night when he rescued her from the fate of freezing to death. It is certain that at whatever date his love commenced, it never wavered or faded in those seven years that followed. He was not a rich man, but being a good workman, without vice or extravagance, neither was he a poor one. His little house was his own property, well furnished, thoroughly comfortable, and he had a nest-egg in the bank. Mrs. Calcroft could wear black silk and a Paisley shawl on Sunday, and keep a servant to do her housework.

But the old lady did make a feeble protest over the money expended for Steenie's education. The best school, the best masters for music and languages, a good piano, and every facility for study were provided with a liberal hand, and Steenie availed herself of all with eagerness.

The years glided by swiftly, till a slender, beautiful maiden moved about the small house, holding in her gentle sway the full devotion of Nathan's honest, tender heart. He loved her utterly. Not one throb of his heart had ever before been quickened by the voice or face of woman; not one tender emotion had he ever felt for one of the girls of his own class who smiled upon him. As a painter loves Nature, as a poet loves beauty, as a musician loves harmony, Nathan loved Steenie. Her helpless dependence upon him roused all the protective tenderness of his great loving heart, her exquisite beauty excited a sort of worship, and her dainty, refined voice and manner wakened his reverence. Visions of a home ever brightened by Steenie's presence as his wife began to fill Nathan's brain; and yet, with the modesty of true love, he feared to lose the sweet, child-like affection already gained, by seeking deeper love.

And Steenie? Out of the horrors of those years of slavery and martyrdom she had endured, did Steenie call up her gratitude for her peaceful home, the love so freely lavished upon her, the care bestowed upon her. She strove to repay it all, as her heart told her would be most acceptable, by happy smiles; by a display of her accomplishments to her small, loving audience; by little girlish trifles of needle-work. She was fond of sewing, tasty in dressmaking and millinery, and spoke often of the day when her little shining needle should be her bread-winner; and Nathan only smiled, knowing that while he had a loaf Steenie should never earn another one.

And the memory of her grand home, of her mother richly robed, of her feeble father, that Steenie had nursed in her misery, faded almost entirely in her happy life. For she was happy. Nathan knew that; Mrs. Calcroft never doubted it. It was to both the natural sequence of events that Steenie would one day be Nathan's wife, and neither mother nor son doubted that it would be for Steenie's own happiness it should be so.

It had been the custom in the family to celebrate the anniversary of Steenie's coming to their home as her birthday, and it was when the seventh year was complete that Nathan resolved to ask his little adopted sister to become his wife. By his own love he measured hers; by his own dependence upon Steenie for all happiness in his future he judged of hers; and he did not doubt her answer. There was no coquetry in the little maiden, but her heart was not capable of the noble devotion of Nathan's. As far as she read its secret, she gave it to Nathan; but it was untried love, the affection of habit, the devotion of gratitude.

The winter day was crisp but clear, and Nathan on his way purchased a bracelet for his birthday offering. Mrs. Calcroft would be sure, he knew, to have a little feast at supper-time, and afterwards—his heart beat thick and fast as he thought of the words he meant to say afterwards. But there was no fear of Steenie's answer to trouble him.

His day's work took him to a splendid house, which had been closed for some thirteen years, but was to be occupied again by its owner, a wealthy widow lady.

"Every room now is finished but the drawing-room and boudoir," said Nathan's employer, "and Mrs. Arnold has taken possession. We can't put anyone but you, Calcroft, on the finest work."

This being an old compliment, Nathan only bowed gravely, and went to his destination, thinking but little of the order or the people, still less of any danger to threaten his happiness in the stately house he entered, paste-pot in hand, a workman every inch of him, but none the less a true Christian gentleman. The drawing-room first were

the orders, and he put his tables and superintended the work of cutting, while two men under him worked busily. Luncheon time he resolved to devote to his task, and to leave an hour sooner to be with Steenie early upon her birthday. He was alone in the wide drawing-room, busy upon his work, when two ladies sauntered across the floor, and opened the door leading to a small extension-room.

"Come in here," one said; "it is really the only place in the house in order."

But through the open door Nathan saw a face smiling upon him, only a portrait, but a portrait of Steenie. The blue eyes, the golden hair, the exquisite oval and delicate features were all Steenie's. There was no drapery, no ornament, only the lovely face and shoulders rising from a bank of fleecy clouds. The two ladies had entered the room, leaving the door open, heeding Nathan no more than the chairs and tables.

"You must be rejoiced to be at home," said one, whose dress was of costly silk, making a strong contrast with the deep widow's mourning of her companion.

"Rejoiced! Lilian, nothing can make me rejoice."

"But you should not grieve so for your loss. Mr. Arnold was very old, and you were a good, faithful wife."

"I do not grieve for him, Lilian. He has long been only a care to me; dearly loved, tenderly nursed, but incapable of giving me either sympathy or protection. I am glad he rests. It is for my child I mourn—my only child, my little Steenie."

"Steenie! What a singular name!"

A singular name, indeed. Nathan shook as with an ague fit as he leaned heavily upon his table, incapable of work, utterly unconscious of eavesdropping, his whole being seeming to wait for the next words.

"Her name was Stephanie."

"When did she die?"

"Ah, if I could be sure she was dead!"

"But——"

"She was lost or stolen thirteen years ago. We were ordered away for Mr. Arnold's health, and he was so very ill, so dependent upon me, that I was obliged to trust Steenie to a nurse. The drive to the steamer was so exhausting to my husband that for hours I could not leave him for one moment. We were already far out from the city when we discovered that Steenie and her nurse were not on board. Lilian, I can never describe that voyage. Our own physician, who was with us, assured me that it would be certain, instant death to Mr. Arnold to tell him the truth, and he would not allow me to leave him for one moment. Our doctor left us, promising to do all to find the child. We continued on our way. My poor husband lived for years, gradually losing his reason, but never willing to allow me out of his sight. In all these years my lawyer, doctor, and friends spared no effort to find my child, but in vain was every search."

There was a moment of deep silence. Mrs. Arnold's voice had fallen into a tone of hopeless despondency, and her friend was silent from very weight of sympathy.

In the drawing-room a man ghastly pale, with great beads of agony upon his brow, fought his heart with his conscience, every nerve thrilling, every pulse fainting with the violence of the struggle.

Give her up! Steenie, his Steenie! To what? Luxury, high position, gentle birth. Never could he reclaim her if once he spoke. He knew too well the bar that would be placed between them to have one ray of false hope. But could he who loved her so deprive his darling of her birthright? Dared he face the future of remorse he must endure if he kept Steenie in his poor home when her place was—and his woeful, haggard eyes looked around him—here?

Brief, deadly was the conflict, and then Nathan stepped to the open doorway.

"Pardon me," he said, and there was a gentle dignity, born of sorrow, in his tone and air; "I overheard what you said. Mrs. Arnold, I can tell you where to find your child!"

It was spoken; but it was hard to keep the groan in his heart from breaking forth at his lips.

Mrs. Arnold's face was white as his own, but her tone was haughty.

"My good man," she said, "why do you suppose you can find a child lost thirteen years ago?"

Simply Nathan told his story, touching but lightly upon what he had done, but dwelling with pathetic force upon the treasure Steenie had been to himself and his mother.

"Be careful!" said Mrs. Arnold's friend; "this may be a trick to palm off some low-born girl upon you."

"If you will send for Steenie," Nathan said, very quietly, "you can question her yourself. I will not see her first. It may be," and his voice was touched by the ray of hope, "that I am mistaken."

"You speak as if that would please you!"

"It would give me the deepest happiness of my life."

"And yet you would give her up?"

"To her mother I would."

There was some further talk, and then Mrs. Arnold said—

"I will send for the girl. But understand me, if she is indeed my child you must cease to see her. She is young yet, and I may be able to eradicate the effect of these years lost in her education and training; but you must see——"

"I understand," replied Nathan, gravely, as the haughty tone faltered and hesitated; "you need not fear intrusion upon—Miss Arnold."

The name came from parched lips. Never would Miss Arnold be his little Steenie, his wife. He wrote her a brief note at Mrs. Arnold's request, and waited as patiently as he could till the carriage went and returned, and Steenie, in her simple, tasteful dress, stood wonderingly in the drawing-room.

"Why, Nathan!" she said, coming quickly to put her little hands in his, "how you frightened me! I was sure you were ill!"

Then she stopped speaking, looking with dilated eyes at the open doorway. The ladies had withdrawn to a sofa, where they could hear all that passed unseen. Presently they heard a low voice, speaking with strange, thrilling notes.

"Nathan, tell me whose picture is that?"

"I do not know, dear."

"I wish it would come back. Was it a dream I had—a picture like that—an old man, my papa, lifting me up to kiss my pretty mamma?"

"Wait!" whispered Lilian, as Mrs. Arnold would have started forward.

"And this room," Steenie said, still in the same low tone, every word slow and distinct; "I seem to remember this room. Only, over there there was a little white figure they called 'Steenie's Cupid,' because I played with it; and I dropped it one day and broke it."

"Lilian! Lilian! no one could teach a strange child that!" Mrs. Arnold sobbed.

"And mamma, my pretty mamma, used to sit here; there was a little table here then, just where your paper is—Nathan! Nathan!" with a wild, wailing cry, "why have you sent for me to come here?"

But Nathan could not trust his voice to speak.

In the open doorway there came a tall, black-robed figure, and a low, quivering voice said, "Steenie, I am your mother!"

But the girl made no glad rush forward; the shock stunned her, and she stood, white and trembling. Mrs. Arnold came forward, shaking in every limb.

"One more test," she said to Nathan. "Steenie, if indeed you remember your old home, tell me what is in that cabinet in the corner?"

"Shells," said Steenie, promptly; "and—and—what was the pretty baby?"

"Your own reflection in the door-mirrors, my child."

Then, while mother and child clung together in one long embrace, Nathan staggered to the hall, and fell helpless upon the wide stairway. His head dropped upon his folded arms, his breath came in choking gasps, while the murmur of voices from the room he had left told him he was utterly forgotten in the first ecstacy of that meeting between the long-severed parent and daughter.

They recollected him at last. And then the last bitter blow fell like a two-edged sword upon his faithful heart. For Steenie came to seek him, Steenie's little hand fell lightly, and Steenie's voice said, "Why, Nathan, what are you doing here?"

And in her voice, all unconscious to herself, was that fine thread of superiority that was not pity, was not patronage, but clearly as lightning cleaves space defined their relative positions.

"I am the young lady of this house, you are a mechanic employed here."

That was what the tone said, and Nathan understood it. He rose to his feet, and there was a quiet dignity in his manner as he stretched out his hand. "We must part now, Steenie," he said, and there was nothing of his heart's agony in his tone.

"You will come to see me?" she said, knowing, and ashamed to know, her relief as he said, "It will be better not. If your mother will allow you to bid my mother farewell, it will please her; if not, I will explain it all to her."

Then he passed once more into the drawing-room. "You are satisfied, Mrs. Arnold?" he asked. "I have no trinket to show you, no letters to prove my story; only Steenie's memory, and her likeness to that picture guided me as they convinced you. You need not fear that we will annoy you or your daughter."

"But you must allow me to replace what you have expended for Miss Arnold?"

A hasty, passionate answer trembled upon Nathan's lips, but he forced it back.

"I will send her school-bills to you if you desire it," he said; and feeling that his endurance was strained to its utmost tension, he bowed gravely to both ladies and went from the house.

"Mother," he said, after his story was told, "we will not speak of Steenie."

And Mrs. Calcroft, weeping bitterly, guessed something of the suffering that silence was to cover. She knew how the gravity upon her son's face deepened day after day, while his great noble heart never soured or hardened. She saw the silver threads come prematurely amongst the dark waving hair, the lines on the broad brow grow deeper. But they never spoke of Steenie.

Twice a gaily-dressed little butterfly came to visit Mrs. Calcroft, effusive in speech, tenderly caressing in manner; and then Steenie agreed with her "dear mamma" that it was better to sponge out those seven years of her life as far as possible.

"They were very kind to me, mamma," she said, "but as you say, they are not of our own class, and it would only be embarrassing to keep up the friendship."

Heartless? Well, yes; but heartless only from want of true appreciation of natures deeper than her own shallow one.

There was a grand marriage two years later, the son of a millionaire wedding the beautiful Stephanie Arnold. No one noticed a grave, quietly-dressed man in the side aisle near the door, who sat with white lips and haggard eyes listening to the solemn words that gave Steenie to be the wife of Charles Donelson. No one saw him steal out after all others had left the church and stagger home, to lie for hours motionless as death, stilling the anguish of his heart by placing its idol still higher upon her altar.

He did not die, he did not marry. Long after Mrs. Calcroft died Nathan lived on in the old house, where Steenie's room was never touched save when he entered it as if it were a sanctuary to pray for his darling's welfare.

He never knew her for the frivolous, selfish slave of fashion she became, the careless wife, the negligent mother. He never saw how luxury dimmed what was pure and noble in her shallow nature, how self-indulgence made her haughty and utterly selfish.

In her exquisite beauty, something far above his grasp, an idol whose best claims to worship exist only in her lover's imagination, Steenie lives and will live till death stills its pulsations in Nathan Calcroft's heart.

S. A. FROST.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

MRS. CAMERON appeared greatly interested in the recital. "But would bitters keep without brandy?" she asked.

"No spirit was put in. I have been told that the sage prevented fermentation, and it was possibly true; for I have made an infusion of sage and left it open for two years, when no mould appeared on it, nor did it alter the least in flavour. More than this, red-sage tea is an excellent remedy in debility of the nervous system. Not a bad thing for you to try, if only there is the will to try it. The Chinese, it is said, marvel that we should come to them for tea, having such an excellent substitute ourselves."

"But about the camomile, Mr. Lincoln, how should I take that?"

"Put a dozen of the dried flowers into a tumbler and pour upon them a glass of cold boiled water, cover the glass and let the infusion stay twelve hours; then strain it, add a little boiling water to take off the chill, and drink a portion an hour before breakfast, and again an hour before dinner. A raw egg beaten in with a little warm milk, sugar and nutmeg, may be substituted occasionally. All this, I know, will not be half so pleasant as a glass of wine or a 'nip' of spirits; but the one brings you life, and the latter death."

For a moment neither spoke. Mr. Lincoln's tone was very solemn. Presently he

said, "When you feel depressed take the sal-volatile and chloric ether; but as you can't be always taking this, don't forget that the infusion of camomile will give you strength, and if you want a pleasant and wholesome drink with your meals, just take it in this way:—On eight ounces of loaf-sugar pour a pint of boiling water, when cold decant it. In a half-pint bottle put half an ounce of bicarbonate of potash. In a second bottle put half an ounce of citric acid, pour cold boiled water on both; shake the bottles well and cork them. When you want to drink, fill a tumbler three parts full of cold boiled water, put a tablespoonful of each of the other ingredients—that is, sugar and potash—and the citric acid last, and drink it while effervescing or otherwise."

"You may leave out the sugar and put fruit syrup instead. Put half a pint of boiling water into a tin saucepan, and half a pound of loaf sugar, when the latter is dissolved, and the syrup boils, put in a quart of good flavoured plums, and boil the whole for three minutes, or perhaps five, according to the size of the fruit. Then take up the latter and the skins will readily peel off. Put the plums into a dish with a little syrup over them. These will serve for dessert. And there will be plenty of syrup left to use for your drink instead of the sugar-water. Raspberry and black currant syrups are excellent, and instead of the citric acid you may use four to five drops of diluted sulphuric acid in the water, and you have one of the most powerful tonics.

"Again, a cup of good coffee made in the manner of tea is an excellent stimulant; be sure you have only a pinch of chicory in it, if more you decrease its stimulating properties though not its wholesomeness. All this I have told to the people of the village often, but never to you, and indeed no repetition is too much if any good results.

"Above all things you must force yourself to take good nourishing food. This the poor people cannot always get, hence they seek to stupify themselves with drink, and they are not so blamable as those who, having good food, turn from it to alcohol."

"I promise to try to discard the habit, but am quite sure that the place is killing me. I never was like this at Hill-top; but here, as soon as the fog comes on the river, I am chilled, depressed, and so weary."

"Yes, you can be here no otherwise. Go away from it; and whenever you hear of people taking immoderately to alcohol, just think if the place they live in, or the absence of or inability to get good food has not been the cause. In the Fens of Lincolnshire it is a fact that even laudanum drank in quantities, which in other places would kill ten times over, is there swallowed with impunity. Places destroy life as much as drink does."

It will suffice here to say that Mrs. Cameron was removed to a healthier region, in light stimulating air, and, in following Mr. Lincoln's advice, she lost all desire for narcotics, bearing the false character of stimulants.

Chapter VI.

It was not long after Mrs. Cameron's removal that both gentlemen meeting in the street, sauntered through the village. Mr. Cameron said, "Some of the people here are healthy enough, though they drink hard from day to day."

"The men find companionship and amusement in it. Their wives may be clean and good-tempered, but they do not make cheerful and inspiriting homes, do not cultivate their own intelligence. They know not a single game of any kind, and feel no interest in anything but gossip, which most men hate as often untruthful. Again, the women have never been taught to read well, and this, equally with cookery, each child should learn to do. Go into any house in the valley you will find no amusing books, the Bible and the weekly tracts are rarely read, for the Bible precept and the daily practice are in all classes at variance, and thus the working people see and form their own conclusions as to the efficacy of reading good books. Thousands of excel-works rich in information to a cultured mind are to poor people like unknown tongues; they can't understand them, and simply because the words used are so learned that they have to think what the meaning can be. A better state of things will probably exist hereafter. Technical education is opening up for the young——"

"Just tell me what you mean by that word."

"Why, a knowledge of names as applied to things, to the fabrication or manufacture of things, and of the meaning of the terms applied to art and science. Do you ask for information, which I can scarcely believe, or for curiosity as to my reply?"

"Positively, I never understood the term, and am ashamed to say so, but I don't exactly see the way clear now."

"Look yonder," said Mr. Lincoln, "there is a 'locomotive.'"

"Where? I only see a steam-engine."

"The steam-engine is invisible, but you see a locomotive—there's a technical term for you. *Loco* means a place. We say 'local,' by which is understood of a *place*—a locality, a place. The Americans say 'locate,' to fix in a place; 'location,' a settled place; and 'locomotive' means a faculty which produces the motive power of moving from one place to another. Steam being the moving or motive power, the term locomotive is to an engineer suggestive of matters connected with railroads, while to others it is but a barren sound."

"Well, the old Saxon tongue is the best after all," said Mr. Cameron.

"It is a matter of taste, I prefer the present English mongrel, and rich in consequence though it be. The Saxon would have ordered his men to mow the grass somewhat in this imperative fashion: 'Mow ye the grass, sow ye the seed.' This afterwards was corrupted into sowe and mowe. The corruptions of any languages are not pleasant. The words 'do ye,' and 'thank ye' are still prevalent in Dorset and Somerset, and erroneously written as 'do ee' and 'thank ee.'"

"Have you heard the rumour that the factory is to close after six weeks?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"Not yonder shoe factory?"

"Yes, that; the men have struck for higher wages and shorter hours, and I hear there is no hope of retaining the men, for not one would agree to work 'piece-work,' and for the interests of the trade this was necessary, as so many idlers were clamorous for pay, and hated work."

"Ah! well, there's a remedy for that if the firm will go to the expense; but how do you know this to be true?"

"Mr. Hassett, the senior partner, told me of it, and he attributed the mischief to Joseph Lag; who is sent by the Trades' Union Society, and is well paid by it to come here and incite the men to mischief. What's your remedy, Lincoln? For the firm see no chance of bringing the men to reason."

"It is not my remedy, I have no claim to it, but I have been lately reading a pamphlet with the title of 'Look Out for Yourselves,' written by Herr Bally, the proprietor of the great boot and shoe factory at Schoenenwerth, in German Switzerland, who found himself with regard to his men in much the same state as the Hassetts. The men struck for more wages, and his trade left him. Like thousands of others, Herr Bally went to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and not only there but visited other places in the States, including that of the small town of Stoneham, in Massachusetts, where he found a large shoe factory. It's a long story to tell, and you had better read it for yourself. Come round with me, and I'll give it to you; or will you drop in at the Barn to-night? It will be my first appearance there since my return. Some of Hassett's men will probably come, and then you will hear what Herr Bally has written upon the matter. There is no doubt at all but that high wages and short hours have demoralised many a hitherto good workman and good father. Drinking places are at every turn in villages and cities, and there the money goes. I shall see you at the Barn to-night?"

"Yes; but I'll go with you now round the place. I want to hear more about this impending strike."

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

LOUISE.—*Ca promet; allons, Jeannette...*
Louise.—That promises; come, Jeannette...
do!
do!

JEANNETTE.—*Je l'ous* déjà dit?*
Jeannette. — I it have already said?

* Correct the verb.

LOUISE.—*Encore...do!*
Louise. — Again ... do!

JEANNETTE.—*Do!*
Jeannette. — Do!

LOUISE.—*Bien; mais ce n'est pas assez*
Louise. — Well; but it not is not enough
de le dire, il faut (1) *l'exécuter.*
to it say { it / you } must it execute.

JEANNETTE.—*Qui ça?*
Jeannette — Who that?

ALICE.—*La note que tu viens de solfier* (2).
Alice. —The note that thou comest to sol-fa.

JEANNETTE.—*J'ai solfié quelque chose,*
Jeannette. —I have sol-fa'd some- thing
moi?
I?

Oh, mamzelle! je pense que vous vous
Oh, miss! I think that you you
trompez.
deceive.

ENGLISH.—Oh, miss! I think you are mistaken.

LOUISE.—*C'est bien, c'est bien; donne tou*
Louise. — It is well, it is well; give thy
doigt... le pouce de la main droite... J'ai
finger .. the thumb of the hand right... I have
dit droite...
said right...

JEANNETTE *(qui avait présenté la main*
Jeannette (who had presented the hand
gauche présente son index).—Pas celui-là...
left presents her forefinger).—Not that there...

ENGLISH.—Not that one.

(Elle présente celui du milieu.)
(She presents that of the middle.)

ENGLISH.—The middle one.

ALICE.—*Mais non, l'autre... (jeu des*
Alice. — But no, the other.. (play of the
doigts). L'autre... Ah! quelle!...
fingers). The other... Ah! what!...

LOUISE.—*Patience, patience! Les arts*
Louise. — Patience, patience! The arts
sont difficiles.
are difficult.

JEANNETTE (*frémissant*).— *Des lézards, à*
Jeannette (trembling). —Some lizards, at
présent; vous avez ici des lizards? Je
present; you have here some lizards? I
m'en vais.
myself of it go.

ENGLISH.—I shall go away.

(Alice rit comme une folle) (3).
(Alice laughs like a silly.)

(1) See verb *falloir.*
(2) To learn the gamut.
(3) Also mad, foolish, very fond.

LITERARY NOTICES.

INDUSTRIAL ART: A MONTHLY REVIEW OF TECHNICAL AND SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD. (Hardwicke and Bogue, Piccadilly.) Nos. 2 and 3 for August and September. —This useful work, in shilling monthly numbers, gives descriptions, with beautiful illustrations, of many notable objects of art in metal, glass, and fictile productions, in fine-art needlework, tapestry, and wood-carving, with also notes and reviews of books and pamphlets treating on these special subjects. The lovers of fine-art needlework will be astonished to see the beauty of a casket cover of the sixteenth century in applique and gold embroidery, nothing richer can now be produced. The engraving of this is exquisite. In the article on "Flemish-Italian Tapestry-weaving and the Collection of the House of Este" there is a fine illustration of lace designed by Matteo Florimi, Siena, in 1593. This style we know as "Greek lace."* Both numbers have the finest engravings illustrative of the subjects treated of—in fact, they are gems of art. The porcelain vases by Minton are as beautifully engraved as are the shapes and designs of the vases. The Industrial Art Magazine should be a success, inasmuch as at very moderate cost it worthily fills a place long waiting for this or a similar production.

THE BUILDING WORLD (3d.) (London: Marshall and Sons, Fleet Street.)—Matters connected with buildings, materials for building, patents, new inventions, and other kindred subjects, are brought prominently into notice.

THE FLORAL WORLD, GARDEN GUIDE, AND COUNTRY COMPANION (6d.). (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—Among many excellent articles is one on the "Ripening of Fruit," which fruit-growers will do well to read; another on the "Formation of a Greenhouse Fernery." And in the article on "The Cultivation of Cacti," we learn for the first time why the plants should be kept dark and dry in the winter. The August number has a beautiful coloured plate of the Hibiscus Cooperii.

THE IRISH TEACHER'S ASSISTANT AND MAGAZINE (2d.) will be useful to those engaged in teaching, published at 17, Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin.

THE GARDENER'S MAGAZINE. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, F.R.H.S.—Mr. Hibberd still continues to mark and note all new matters pertaining to gardening and to plants and flowers, but he also observes things foreign to these subjects, such as "A Method of taking Impressions of Plants;" the scenery of the Thames, illustrated with full-page engravings; and some matters of domestic cookery.

THE WOMAN'S GAZETTE; OR, NEWS ABOUT WORK (2d.), and FRIENDLY LESSONS (1d.), both published by Messrs. Hatchard, Piccadilly.—The articles running in the *Woman's Gazette,* entitled "What is There that I can Do?" are sensible and very much to the purpose. Women or girls who say, "They are able to do anything," are generally very ignorant. The writer insists that those who can do plain needlework thoroughly, exhibit always great abilities in mental occupation. We heartily recommend both these serials to the notice of mothers and daughters.

OLD JONATHAN: THE DISTRICT PARISH HELPER (1d.) is well edited and illustrated, and in every way adapted for distribution in cities and villages. Published by Messrs. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

* A design for this description of lace is given in this number on Needlework page.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

LOVE'S VIGIL.

I WILL keep the solemn vigil,
  Kneeling where thy form was laid,
Waiting for the last sad honours
  Which by hands of love are paid.

Here I kissed that brow whose coldness
  Sent a thrill from lip to heart,
Chilling every quick pulsation—
  Bidding Hope's last throb depart.

Here the soft bright curl was severed,
  That was to my bosom pressed—
Knowing thy dear head no longer
  Here in peace and love might rest.

Here I stood, while shadowy phantoms
  Of the coming lonely years,
Slowly, slowly, passed before me,
  Mocking the relief of tears.

Oh, the burden of that anguish!
  Weighing down both thought and prayer,
Till I recognised the meaning
  Of that bitter word *despair!*

Now as then the moonlight streameth
  Coldly through the silent room,
Serving but to mark more plainly
  Darkness merged in deeper gloom.

And a tracery of shadows—
  Floating, waving fitfully—
Seem most like a living presence
  With a dumb, deep sympathy.

Well I know the moonlight falleth
  On the grave whose narrow bound
Gave the form so dearly cherished
  To the dull, unconscious ground.

And the foliage fluttering faintly
  To the night wind's solemn strain
Throws like shadows on the marble
  Marking where thou long hast lain.

Yet, though life and death divide us,
  Friend of friends! thou nearer art
Than when I stood in silence still
  Folded closely to thy heart.

Now, thou see'st how human frailty
  Struggles with an inner life—
How resolves and aims are wrested
  From me in the spirit strife.

For my soul is all before thee;
  Doubts—repentance—murmurings
Sweep by turns, with wail and discord,
  O'er the shuddering, trembling strings.

And thou knowest how slowly—slowly—
  Undertones of harmony,
To this vexed, perturbed music,
  Ever come with thoughts of thee;

Of thy patient, loving spirit,
  Self-renouncing, self-sustained;
Ever with a thought for others,
  In thy darkest hours retained.

But the first grey light of morning
  Hath its fairer sister kissed;
And the moonbeams slowly fading
  Warn me from the solemn tryst—

Till another year has drawn me
  Closer to the grave and Heaven,
And I kneel once more, beloved,
  Where that last cold kiss was given.

—ALICE B. NEAL.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

SWEET peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave
  Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
  And asked if peace were there;
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!
  Go seek elsewhere."

I did; and going, did a rainbow note.
  Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of peace's coat;
  I will search out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
  Did break and scatter.

Then I went to a garden, and did spy
  A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
  "Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
  What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;
  With whom for peace
I did demand, he thus began:
  "There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
  Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
  His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
  There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
  To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
  Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse,
  That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
  By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain which in my garden grows,
  And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
  And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
  Is only there." GEORGE HERBERT.*

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* *Died*, 1635.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

SOLE-LEATHER CLIPPINGS, from the workshops of large manufacturers, instead of being thrown away as useless, are now collected, and after being stamped into lozenge-shaped discs in which two holes are punched, are set edgeways and strung upon wires in regular order, so as to form open-work mats for cleaning shoes upon when muddy from the street. These mats are of a most permanent character, and in every way suit the purpose for which they are intended. They are quite inexpensive.—*Industrial Art.*

STRIKING CAMELLIAS FROM LEAVES.—It would be hard, indeed, to pronounce with absolute certainty what exogenous plant exists which will not grow from a cutting, provided the cutting be a portion of the axis, and that it be planted under favourable conditions. That numbers of the same great division of the vegetable kingdom may be propagated even from leaves is an interesting fact, which of late years has been still more abundantly established by the skilful operators of our time. It is not so very long since leaf propagation was a thing scarcely dreamed of, and when the only instance familiar or known to the craft was that afforded by the so-called Life Plant, Bryophyllum calycinum, the leaves of which, if laid upon a surface of soil, sand, or tan, produced a young plant from each of the crenatures. This, however, could scarcely be with strictness called a leaf cutting. The gloxina was, perhaps, the first plant which showed the capacity for emitting roots from every cut or fractured portion of the stalk and framework of the leaf. Then the succulent section of begonias, of which B. Rex is the type, showed themselves to be so accommodating in this respect that a leaf might be cut up piecemeal, and the least fragment would emit leaves and produce a plant. Zonal pelargoniums were then found to be quite amenable to leaf propagation; and, later still, ingenious manipulators have discovered that even the fuchsia and small Melastomads are no churls in this respect. Further examples might be given, but the foregoing are sufficient to show that at all events in the case of plants of a soft, succulent character, even the leaf may be calculated upon to grow a plant from. In the case of hard-wooded plants the matter is very different, and one would scarcely expect to find a hopeful subject for propagation in the leaf of any of them. And yet we are about to bring before our readers a very remarkable if not altogether novel instance of it. One would scarcely expect that in the camellia we could have a subject for leaf propagation. Yet such is a fact, of which only a few days since we had ocular demonstration in the propagating house at Glasnevin, where we saw several camellia leaves with quite a brushwood of roots from their foot stalks luxuriating in the cocoa refuse which formed the striking medium. To Mr. Buckley, who has charge of this department, and who is a most successful and intelligent manipulator, is due the credit of being the first (so far as we are aware) to demonstrate that camellias may be struck from a leaf.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette.*

MILK kept at a low temperature is best for making butter. Numerous experiments have been made by exposing milk to different temperatures, varying from thirty-two to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and the following facts have been elicited:—1. The rise of cream is the more rapid as the temperature to which the milk is exposed approaches thirty-two degrees. 2. The volume of cream is greater when the milk has been efficiently cooled. 3. The yield of butter is also greater when the milk has been exposed to a very low temperature. 4. Finally, the skimmed milk, the butter, and the cheese are of better quality when prepared under the above circumstances. The practice of warming the dairy in the winter time, so as to maintain its atmosphere at a constant temperature of about sixty degrees, is therefore objectionable; the pans should stand in running water at as low a temperature as can be practically obtained. It is further suggested that the foregoing facts should be brought prominently before the notice of those who are engaged in the manufacture of dairy products, in order that the many erroneous notices on this subject may be gradually eliminated.—*American Paper.*

RATS AND MICE.—A correspondent writes:—"I do not think it is generally known that rats and mice will go into a trap much more readily if a piece of looking-glass is put in any part of the trap where they can see themselves. They are social little creatures, and where they see any of their tribe there they will go. I am quite sure of the effect the looking-glass

has, as I properly 'baited' my trap for a whole week without being able to coax one of the depredators in; but the first night after putting in the looking-glass I caught two—one very large and one small rat; and every night since this device has made one or more prisoners."—*Hereford Times.*

Epileptics should not marry. Animals born of parents that have been rendered epileptic by the drying of the sciatic nerve are themselves distinctly epileptic.—*Popular Science Review*, July, 1876. [The sciatic nerve is the terminal nerve of the hip-joint nerves, and the largest of the nerves of the body.]

Why Fir Trees Should be Planted in Sandy Districts.—The influence of the presence or absence of luxuriantly leafy woods and forests on the rainfall of a country has long been recognised. We now read in Biedermann's "Centralblatt" of some experiments that have been undertaken to ascertain to what extent the same effect may be produced by firs and pines. Two observations were established for purposes of comparison—the one over a clump of pinus sylvestris some forty feet feet high, and the other over a bare sandy plain three hundred metres (328 yards) distant from the wood, and at the same height above the level of the ground. Twelve months' observations showed that of the total rainfall within that period, ten per cent. more fell over the trees than over the bare sand three hundred metres distant from them. This result is regarded as all the more surprising since experiments of a precisely similar nature in the case of oak and beech woods had given an access of five per cent. only in favour of the wooded site of observation. Further, the mean state of saturation of the air over the wood was found to be ten per cent. higher than of that over the bare expanse of sand, the former holding much more water in suspension than the latter. The ground, too, under the trees retained far more water than the exposed earth, the evaporation from the surface—thanks to its shade of trees and moss—being only one-sixth of that outside their friendly shelter. All these points forcibly suggest the utility of planting pine forests in sandy and chalky plains, which must otherwise remain unproductive for want of water. In times of heavy rainfall, such as we have recently experienced, their value can scarcely be over-estimated, absorbing, as they do, much water, and retarding the escape of more, which, but for such checks, must inevitably have assumed the form of devastating inundations.—*The Farmer.*

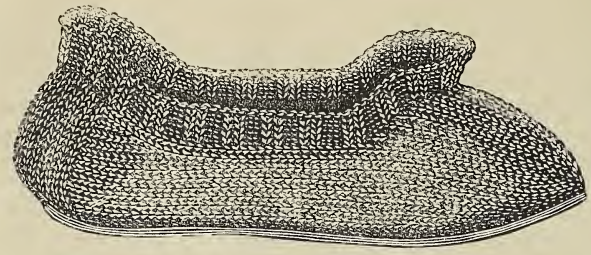
COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

Oatmeal Pudding.—*Swashbuckler* will see that his recipe appeared in September number.

Oat Cakes.—Quarter of a pound of butter to two pounds of oatmeal, then add as much hot water as will *just* work them together; roll them out with a rolling-pin as thin as possible. One side should be done on the griddle and the other on the toaster.—*Swashbuckler.*

A Substitute for Red Currant Jelly.—A very excellent substitute for red currant jelly may be made from the juice of the stalks of a red rhubarb—such as Guava or Red Currant. The jelly must be made in the autumn, as the stalks are much too watery in the spring. First select nice stalks and then cut them into small pieces, and put them into a large jar. Add half the rind of one lemon, and place in a moderate oven until the rhubarb is quite soft; but it is most important not to leave it in the oven until over-cooked. As soon as sufficiently cooked pour off the clear juice into an enamelled saucepan, and add the juice of a lemon or a small quantity of citric acid. Let it simmer gently for about half an hour, and then strain through a jelly bag. After it has been strained, add to each pint of juice one and a half pounds of loaf sugar, and when the sugar is dissolved put it into the preserving-pan, and again boil gently for thirty or forty minutes, and keep it stirred and well skimmed until it is quite clear. Pour into pots or glasses of the usual description, and when cold tie down with white paper. Both in colour and flavour this jelly so exactly resembles that made from red currants that no one can tell the difference. A very good preserve may be made with the pulp if it is so desired. If it is determined to utilise the pulp put it into a stew-pan after the juice has been poured off, and to each pound of the

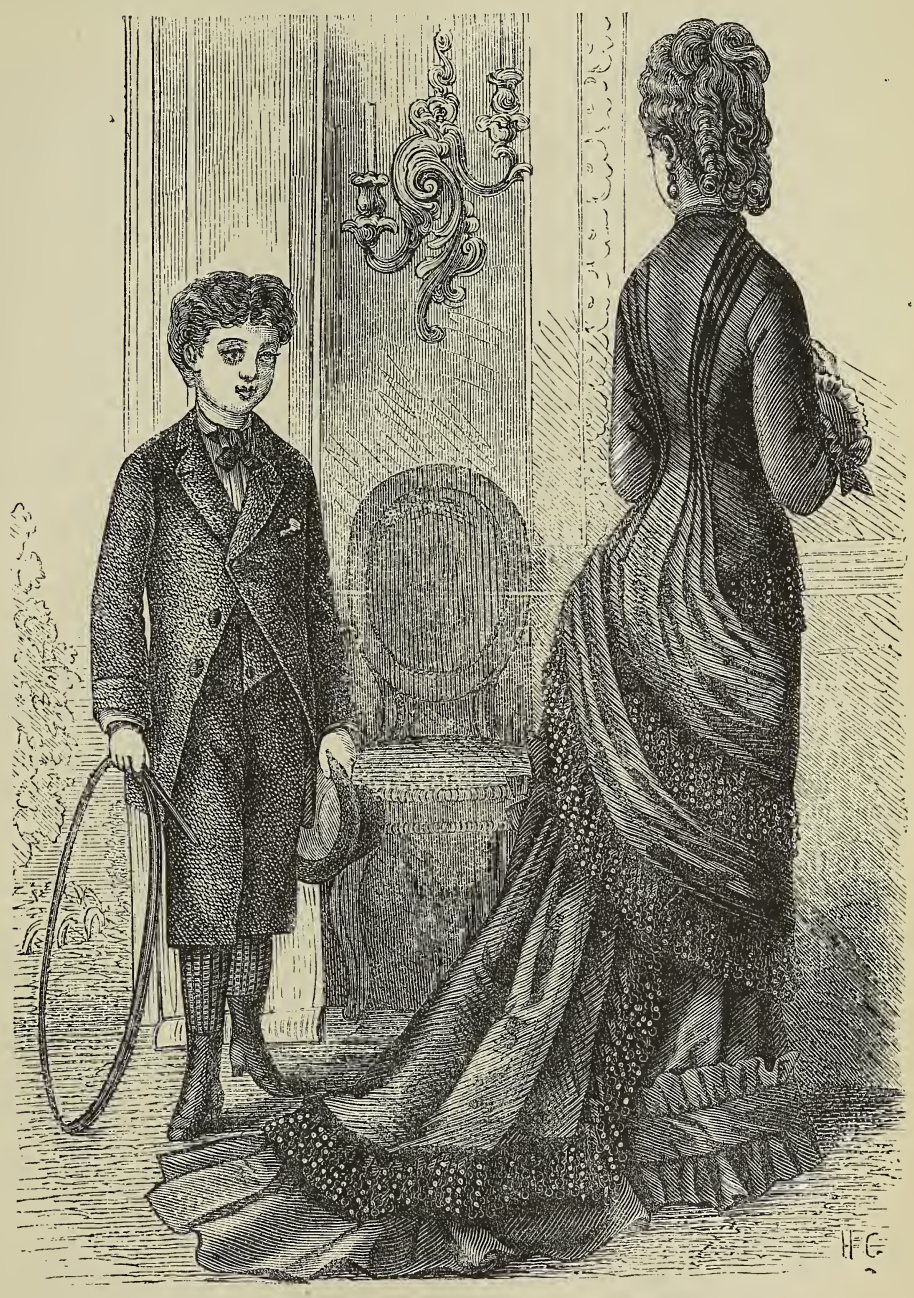


A KNITTED OVERSHOE.





DETAIL OF GREEK LACE.



LADY'S HOME COSTUME. BOY'S DRESS.

HOME COSTUME.—Petticoat of black alpaca. At the back a very deep flounce. In the front a narrower and centre-gathered flounce, divided by a cross-cut band. Polonaise of diagonal stripe laine, trimmed with a deep worsted fringe, and black lustre beads.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.

(*Continued from page* 587.)

pulp put three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and well boil. The addition of a few bitter almonds blanched and pounded is a great improvement, or candied lemon peel may be added.—*M. P.*, in the *Gardener's Magazine.*

Tomatoes.—The best way of preparing these for the table is to choose them ripe and soft, put them into a bason, pour boiling water over and cover them with a plate for ten minutes. The skin comes off readily in a moment. Then cut them in slices across the fruit — *not from top to stem*, put moist sugar and a little salt over, then a very few drops of vinegar, or this may be omitted. A few drops of salad oil may be added or omitted, but is preferable.

This delicious semi-fruit is most agreeable eaten in this way with cold or hot meat.

Tapioca Pudding—*C. I.*—Pour boiling water on the tapioca, which dissolves it. It will not dissolve in milk. A dessert spoonful of corn-flour mixed in while the water and tapioca are hot will thicken it without eggs.

M. Jamieson, N.B.—Let the grouse be picked and cleaned, lard all over them with mild bacon dripping—lard a little salted—observe that no part is left unlarded or buttered, flour them well. You will find baking them a cleaner process than roasting, unless your cook is careful to have a clear fire, and no possibility of dust or ashes entering the dripping-pan. But in baking, the oven must be nearly burning hot, and the latch not be shut close, so as to leave the oven-door ajar. Bake for half an hour, breast downwards first, and then turn them, breast upwards. For gravy, pour off the fat, if any. Rub half a teaspoonful of flour into the dripping-pan with the gravy of the birds, then a few drops of chicory colouring, and two or three spoonfuls of boiling water. If needful, set it over the fire for an instant, stirring all the time.

NEEDLEWORK.

Knitted Over-shoe.

Materials: Six ounces of brown Berlin wool. Four knitting-needles, No. 14.

Begin at the top part of the back of heel. Cast on 26 stitches. Work with 2 needles, knitting and purling alternately for 32 rows.

33*rd row.*—Knit 8. Take a third needle, and knit 10 (leave the 8 stitches on the other needle for the present), purl and knit the 10 stitches alternately for 10 rows.

After these rows (which must be finished as begun, by a knitted row), knit off the 8 stitches that were left before working the heel.

44*th.*—Purl 8, pick up the 10 side stitches of the heel, purl 10, pick up the 10 stitches on the other side of heel, purl 8. You will now have 46 stitches.

In the next 4 rows decrease 1 in every knitted row by knitting 2 together after the 1st stitch. Continue for 50 rows without increase or decrease, alternately knitting and purling.

In the 97*th row* cast on 24 more stitches, knit 6 rows plain in the round. You will need 4 pins for this.

In the 104*th row*, * knit 6, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from * all round.

Work 6 rows without decrease in plain knitting.

111*th.*—* Knit 5, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from * all round.

Work 4 rows plain knitting without decrease.

116*th.*—* Knit 4, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from *.

Work 3 rows plain knitting.

120*th.*—Knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from *.

Work 2 rows plain knitting.

123*rd.*—Knit 2, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat.

124*th.*—Plain knitting.

125*th.*—Knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat.

In the next rows knit 2 together until reduced to 1 stitch; fasten off on the wrong side.

With the 4 needles pick up all the stitches on the top of shoe with black wool. Knit as follows:—

1*st row.*—Knit 2, purl 2. Repeat all round.

2*nd*, 3*rd*, 4*th*, 5*th*, and 6*th.*—The same as 1st.

7*th* and 8*th.*—Plain knitting. Cast off.

This shoe is intended to be worn over the boot in cold and frosty weather. It is fastened around the ankle with a bow of ribbon, and has a cork sole, covered on the

outside with a piece of waterproof cloth, stitched to it.

Greek Lace.

Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton No. 24, or their Mecklenburgh thread No. 10; a piece of tracing-cloth; and a piece of stiff but supple leather or of stout American cloth; an ordinary sewing needle and a pointless lace needle; a piece of lace braid or fine tape.

With pen and ink trace the pattern on the tracing-cloth, and when it is dry tack it on to the American cloth. This makes a firm foundation. Now tack on the tape as firmly as possible, as if it were not to be taken off, mark the centre by a dot. The guiding threads are taken from each corner of the braid across to the opposite corner, then twist the thread over the cotton to the centre, and make a little stitch in the centre (*but through the cloth only*), fix it firmly, always the stitches must be made in the cloth.

When the whole star is formed by the sixteen guide threads, work a wheel in the centre. Then, about the distance as in the engraving, run a circle of cotton round, taking up here and there a stitch; but this circle is worked in divisions from space to space, the two threads forming each leaf on each side of the guide thread being sewed on to the cloth, and afterwards separated (see detail) from this point. It will be best to consult the detail of pattern, which will be found less confusing than by description. Lace borders can be made precisely in the same manner, taking care to have the guiding threads straight from edge to edge.* No other materials are necessary than cotton and a good foundation, which may be, and indeed should be, of stout white linen, as being stronger than the tracing cloth, but by the latter the pattern is more easily transferred. A piece of carbonised paper similar to that used by attendants in draper's shops will answer every purpose. The linen should be fixed by pins on a board, the carbon paper fixed on this, the design again on this, and be traced with a stiletto or blunt instrument. The lace work is afterwards separated from the pattern by cutting the threads of the cloth.

Some beautiful specimens of this work will be found in shops where old lace is purchased, and also at the South Kensington Museum.

* The most beautiful lace of this description we have ever seen is a design of the sixteenth century shown in "Industrial Art" for September, 1877. Published in shilling numbers by Messrs. Hardwicke and Bogue, Piccadilly, London.

Replies.

White Rose.—The helping or second thread in tatting is used after drawing up the cotton into a "tat," take up a second straight thread and work tatting stitch over it, this second thread will not draw, inasmuch as it is not tatted on a ring of cotton over the fingers.

Mrs. J. W. (Exeter).—In the "Home Knitter" (6d.), published by Messrs. Johnson and Hunter, Edinburgh, you will find four sets of instructions for ladies' knitted petticoats. A plain pattern, one with pattern throughout, one with pattern insertion, and the last with graduated stripe. There is also a good pattern for a gentleman's under shirt.

We are requested to insert the following notice, but what its aim may be, or the result in view, we are unable to say. The rules do not indicate either in any way:—

The next term for the Fancy Work Society begins October 10th. Rules, 4d., to be obtained from Miss M. A. Jennings, Watton Vicarage, Hull.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing of hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

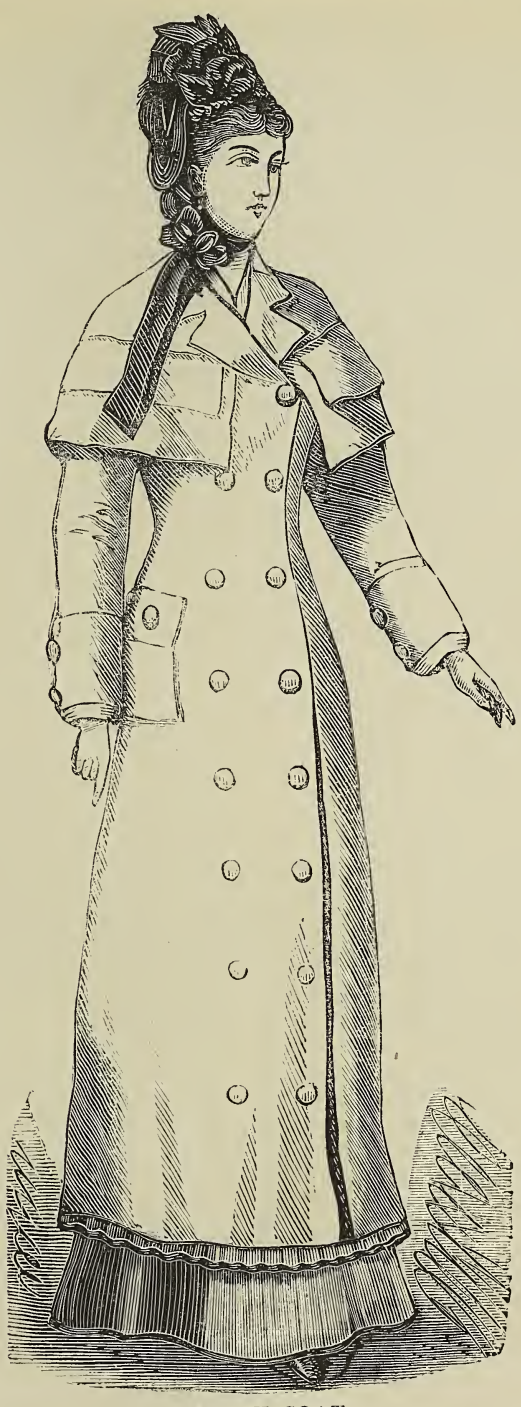
Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.



THE CIRCASSIAN COAT.

COAT of brown rough beaver cloth, trimmed with broad brown braid, two rows laid close together. The coat is double-breasted, therefore warm, and it is lined with brown silk. One front crosses to the right side. The sleeves are rather wide, but are lined nearly to the elbow with fur, hence a muff is not needed. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with brown velvet, lighter brown silk. White feathers.

Plain paper pattern of coat, 2s. 1d.



CARRICK COAT.

THIS was the same style of coat worn in 1792 ; the same style, but not exactly the same design. It is intended for travelling ; is made of thin dark-coloured cloth, made waterproof. At the back are two pockets, and at the hem edge, in the centre of the back, is a split twelve inches high, and on one side is a facing, with four large buttons to conceal the opening.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

HOW long it takes to change a fashion when once it has firmly rooted itself into taste! I may say that, for years before a fashion dies, we cry "It is dead!" How often did we not cry "La crinoline est morte!" before it really disappeared from our eyes. And now how often may we not have to cry "Le fourreau est mort!" before it, in its turn, is buried in the cemetery of dead fashions. Every French chronicler of fashion tells us tight dresses are no longer to be worn by any lady who claims herself an *élégant*. Yet, wherever we go, we see nought but tight dresses. No, we may cry as loudly as we like, "Le fourreau est mort!" but when it is seen in street, bois, theatre, society, &c., we are forced to admit that the ghost, if it be one, looks very like the reported defunct. Again, no; the *fourreau* is not dead, and, if you wish for a proof of this assertion, study the underclothing of any fashionable wardrobe of the moment. Why is *foulard* so much employed for drawers, chemises, and first skirts? Because it is both warmer and more clinging than linen for winter wear. Ladies who do not wear *foulard* wear drawers of flannel under their cambric drawers. And this is in order to dispense with an extra skirt. The flannel drawers take the place of the flannel petticoat, which is no longer admitted into a fashionable lady's wardrobe. A short skirt of white *piqué*, or even calico, embroidered in Vandykes at the edge or trimmed with lace, alone is worn, over the stays—or rather at the edge of the stays; for the skirt is fastened to the lower edge of the corset, in order to leave the hips plain and without a crease over them, under the dress. The dress itself is provided with a movable undertrain of white muslin or calico, which is buttoned to each side-width of the dress. In front, nothing. The under white train is made and trimmed like underskirts in general. Forming one with the dress, it can be held up with it, or thrown over the arm, as it is the fashion for ladies now to do. You see, therefore, that we are far from increasing the bulk of our figures; on the contrary. For English ladies, however, who who have to live in a colder climate than Paris, I advise a short quilted satin underskirt instead of the short white one; and under this, again, a narrow skirt of the softest of Swiss muslin, which is as warm as ordinary calico, and takes less space, since we are to consider this. Floss-silk stockings are warmer than cotton, and some ladies join them to the edge of the short under-flannel drawers, making thus one garment of the two, and also avoiding garters. The idea is not bad, and is worthy of imitation.

In general fashion there is still no great visible change. Bonnets (to jump from the feet to the head) are exactly of the same shape now as they were during the summer. Only, instead of being made of straw, they are of China crape, or cashmere, or silk, or velvet, to match the dress, and are entirely covered with beads of the same colour. Black bonnets are covered with "moonlight" beads; a fringe of the beads edges the curtain at the back, and surrounds the front brim. These bead bonnets are to be had, like mere shapes. You have only to add a bunch of flowers or feathers at the side, and strings at the sides, and the bonnet is made. Bonnets which have no strings must be called hats. These are as numerous and as various in shape as ever. But the two reigning favourites are—firstly, the *toque*, which is still to be worn all through this winter. This year, however, it has a much higher brim than last year. The brim is as high as the crown. It is called the "Cossack," and is excessively becoming. It is of felt, of the same colour as the dress, and needs no trimming save a puff-aigrette, like a ball of wool, on one side, or a water-fowl's wing. Other *toques* are still composed entirely of brilliant birds. These may never go out of fashion; they are so beautiful and so becoming, and also so expensive.

The second form in vogue is a very wide-brimmed sailor hat. The brim is covered with black velvet, and the crown is encircled by a gauze scarf, or two feathers joined together on one side by an aigrette, or bow of black velvet. White feathers are preferred to black, or coloured. Then there is the short chimney-pot, with aigrette, or bird's wing, in front. But I have seen some with an ostrich feather covering the crown, and velvet bow to fasten the feather in front. The "Casque" hat is quite plain, only a braid round the crown. This is of the same colour as the dress. An eccentric 1830 bonnet is trying to show itself, but as yet no one has adopted it. In a carriage it might be worn, on foot impossible.

For shoulder coverings tight coats and jackets to, and below, the knees. Direc-

toire coats also, to match the dresses. These may be buttoned all down the front, like an Ulster, or they may be fastened only by one button over the chest. In which case the back is looped up, like a polonaise; then the front of the under-dress is quite seen. It is more dressy this way, and it is convenient, as it forms two kinds of coats or over-dresses. The old Ulster has entirely given place to the coat, which is close fitting and neater in appearance. Most coats or jackets are provided with three movable collars or capes, which only look well on thin figures. There is a great luxury in buttons this season. For dresses we see beautiful scarabæ, which, till now, had been only employed in jewellery, For jewellery they did not take, but as buttons they seem likely to obtain much vogue. I have seen some dresses and polonaises trimmed with them for buttons, which looked lovely.

For over-jackets the most *chic* of buttons are of knotted wood, looking as if they had just been cut out of the rugged bark of an old tree.

Sleeveless cuirasses of black velvet or rich poplin are again in fashion, both for indoors and out of doors. Indoors they may be worn by ladies of any age; out of doors, however, they are the exclusive right of the young. They are covered with jet, or coloured beads. Young girls may bead these cuirasses themselves, even after they are made. But beaded velvets and silks, &c., are being manufactured expressly for them. Next to the moonlight beads, the "burning lava" beads are the most fashionable. These reflect every shade of fire, and therefore are they called "burning lava." Their effect at night is wonderfully bright, though somewhat too much so.

A very pretty old fashion is also coming back to us for indoor wear; that is, pretty little bib-aprons. Every fancy and taste are here permitted. There is the black silk apron trimmed with white lace and coloured ribbons at the corners of the bib and round the waist; then satin ones and velvet ones, and white muslin ones, edged with a plaiting of ruched lace all round and embroidery.

An extraordinary *luxe* is displayed in gloves, now embroidered on the back of the hand or wrist with the monogram, coronet, and crest of the wearer. The colours of the crest and coat-of-arms must be faithfully retained. Gloves must also, to be *chic*, be perfumed with amber or iris. When the gloves themselves are not perfumed, a little perfume sachet, not larger than a filbert, is inserted into the glove at the palm of the hand. Mittens, like gloves, are embroidered and perfumed.

Neck or throat scarves of silk, satin, or plush are worn instead of muslin or lace cravats. They are edged all round with a feather ruching, or a trimming of flossy silk imitating feathers. At the bottom is an embroidered flower or bird, placed sideways, or corner-ways—any way, in fact, excepting straightways. They are not very pretty, but they are new and fashionable. Though what, indeed, is *not* fashionable? If we look over our dresses to day what do we not find? Middle-age cuirasses, Oriental jewellery, Henry IV. (of France) collars, doublets, toques, slashings, puffings, ribbons, hats, feathers, &c. Then Anne of Austria's square lace collars, her embroideries and golden braids, and even her long-pointed, be-ribboned bodices. Louis IV. reign also is imitated. We have its brocades and golden cloths, its laces, its colours, and the shape of its costumes, which are all called after one of the celebrated beauties of that celebrated Court. Louis XV. gives us our modern "Pompadour" dresses and our "Dubarry" *négligés*, and our "Marquise" costume, with its lace apron and open train, our high-heeled shoes, and our shoe-buckles, and our new coats, and our waistcoats, &c. Marie Antoinette gives us the high, turned-up, Trianon hat and flounced dresses, and fichus, and looped-up tunics, &c. And, finally, the *Directoire* gives us its shoulder-tippets, its turned-back collars and coats, its high collarets, its clinging skirts, and every type of dress worn by the *Merveilleuses* of that time. And *all* these fashions are now worn. We have but to choose which best suits ourselves, and if we are not all pretty and becomingly dressed it is our own fault, not Fashion's.

Having said which, I conclude my letter by a description of a dinner dress of the "Baby" fashion. The dress is of blue silk, and is covered with flounces alternately of blue silk and white muslin. The bodice is composed of box plaits, and descends midway down the skirt, where it is surrounded by a wide ribbon sash of strawberry-coloured silk. This dress would be prettier in white silk and muslin combined. The sleeves are plaited downwards to the elbows.

M. DE B.



AUTUMN PALETOT. LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

Black silk skirt and paletot. The latter has two bands of wide plain galon, and a second band with its edge. The paletot is plain in the back, fitted to the figure by the centre seam. There are no side seams. The cuff is trimmed with straight bands of narrow braid, with a bow on the top. A deep fringe, with black lustre beads, round the paletot.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

Little Girl's Dress.—Skirt and bodice of pink silk, trimmed with bands of lace across the front and to the neck. The dress is of pink lama, edged with a band of pink silk and white lace. Scarf draped of silk, finished with bows and ends. Whi straw hat, with white feathers.

Plain paper pattern, 3s. 1d.



RUSSIAN CLOTH COAT.

TIGHT-FITTING COAT, of raised basket-cloth, trimmed with fur. The split at the back is simulated, so also the button-holes. The fronts are straight, and have wide simulated button-holes—wide at the neck, narrow at the waist, and increasing in width to the bottom of the coat. Black felt hat. Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

VISITING TOILETTE of silk of three colours, Havana or light brown, dark maroon (chestnut colour), and rose. The front of the skirt is light brown—the back of maroon. The *Coquille* flounce lined and edged with rose. The train is thirty inches long. The tunic is formed by two irregular puffs of light brown at the back and a broad end of maroon silk, having three bands of rose. Cuirass bodice with narrow simulated waistcoat. A Carrick—the three capes simulated by pleatings of maroon silk. Brown felt hat with pink and brown feathers.

HOME DINNER TOILETTE composed of mauve faille and silk damasse of two shades of colours. Princesse polonaise of damasse, open at the bust, trimmed with a draped fichu encircled with narrow pleatings of silk. Down each side of a line of buttons is a graduated coquille of kilted silk. Round the tablier a narrow pleating. Trained skirt; one dark and one light flounce above the hem. The back of the polonaise being short, it shows a fulness of maroon and mauve silk which is set in at the back of the skirt and is caught in two places at the back.

Plain paper pattern of skirt, 2s. 7d.; of polonaise, 2s. 7d.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS.

THE definite rule for costumes to be adopted through the winter is the following:—Two materials, sometimes three, of good contrasting colours, or to match, will be used in all dresses—damasse, woollen, or silk, and Broché as trimming, the former understood as a damask or Damascene design of arabesques. By Broché is understood brocaded, or as if worked by the needle. The damask, or damasse, is woven like the damask table-cloths, but it is the fashion in England to give this name to cloths woven in raised patterns and to cloths embossed or impressed with a pattern. Bourrettes must have a mixture of silk, and silk be combined with figured velvet, and extremely rich they look. In England it is probable that these velvets will not be so expensive, as border velvets nearly two inches wide are sold at about fourpence the yard in London. Satins mingled with silks in the way of facings and pipings are to be largely used.

TRIMMINGS. — Galons embroidered in coloured silks, or beaded; fringes mingled with lustre beads; feather trimming for Polonaises; lace and furs on silk mantles. The greatest novelty are the lustre beads, sewed in patterns on coarse, stiff black net, and then transferred in bands to the material. Some modistes term these beads "rainbow," others, when blue-grey and green-black, "moonlight." They are made of white glass, reflecting the prismatic hues, and are filled inside the bead with some colour, as blue-black, black and blue, or pink, or bright coral. A very beautiful costume, made by one of the first makers in Paris, was so profusely ornamented with these beads that the trimming alone cost £25. It is said that even on mantles, wraps, and cloaks these trimmings will be worn. The effect is very beautiful, but certainly too conspicuous for out-of-door wear. Marabout-feather trimming alternating with spaces of galon is worn. Further on in the winter furs will properly take the place of bead trimming. Kilted pleatings as trimmings are worn as much as ever.

COLOURS are no longer seen exclusively of bronze and tilleul, the most unbecoming tints that could have been united, making even the freshness of youth look dull. Now many colours are mingled and worn so judiciously that they do not appear otherwise than becomingly bright. Thus a deep orange tint is woven in with black and dark blue or mauve; dead-leaf, lime-blossom, and the rich salmon-tinted coral mingle; a dull olive green, turquoise blue, and cardinal red, and many other combinations. In damasse always there will be two or more colours—in this resembling the old damask silk.

POLONAISES of Princess form, whether cut up in the breadths or plain or looped, show no sign of retiring; indeed, they are more general than any other form. This and the Cuirass are indeed the only two shapes seen, the plainly cut and looped being the most fashionable.

SKIRTS have the fan train and the gathers all drawn to the back, where they are much flounced and trimmed—the front slightly so, often without trimming. Round and short skirts are to be worn in the streets, but trained skirts are reserved for home wear, the promenade, and carriage.

SLEEVES have principally two pleated frills at the wrist, or one upturned and a band dividing the two; but to accommodate the

broad cuffs now worn to match the Anne of Austria collars, the sleeves are required to be very tight at the wrist—too tight for the hand to slip through. They are therefore left partly open, and either buttoned with buttons and loops or hooked with the patent hooks and eyes.

COLLARS.—All the most fashionable are large, and bear various names. They are made of lace, or velvet and lace, silk and lace, linen and lace. The Carrick and Anne of Austria are much the same. In the Carrick the form is like a round cape; in the latter the ends are pointed, and are made thus:—A foundation of net, insertion laid on in three rows, with space between, for three or two frillings of narrow lace; a narrow lace is sewed on all round. The Cromwell is of linen and lace only, the collar pointed in the back, also the two ends in front; old point narrow border. The Velasquez is flat and pointed, and entirely of old lace. The Charles I. a narrow band of linen, with square ends, and deeply cut out in the neck, so that the ends show well in front, old point-lace border. The styles for collars will bring lace very much into fashion—as, indeed, it now is in France, Italy, and Austria—and therefore the late *furore* for making lace with braids must inevitably reappear. A French paper, the *Sport*, gives the following account of lace:—"In France, since its introduction at the time of the Renaissance, the rage for lace, which is now again beginning to re-assert itself, continued unabated throughout the reigns of Louis XIII. and his two successors. The most favourite sorts in the reign of the first-mentioned king were the guipure, or vellum lace, and the point de Venise. Soon, however, a manufactory for point de France lace was established in Paris by a company, upon which extensive privileges were bestowed by the Royal favour. Strict rules were imposed upon the sellers of lace, and only professed lace-dealers were permitted to deal in the finer sorts of work—those, for instance, which were enriched with gold and silver embroidery. Linendrapers might sell only quite the inferior sorts, which, however, were apparently much sought after by the humbler classes of society. As for foreign laces, they were only allowed to be imported *viâ* Peronne, where the importers were all bound to pay the stipulated tax or else pay a fine of no less than 3000 livres. The taste for lace was kept up to the time of the Revolution, but in the time immediately preceding the Directory it is said that Robespierre alone continued to wear his powder and his lace. The Revolutionists had before that time seized upon most of the lace in the country and disposed of it to the Jews, who no doubt made good use of the opportunity. Many of the wealthier classes buried their lace, together with their jewels and money, and it was only the other day that a lady who was making some alterations in her park discovered very deep in the ground a solid casket, containing some splendid lace hidden during the Reign of Terror. In more modern times lace has been much patronised by royal personages in Europe, especially on the occasion of grand marriages. Thus the wedding dress of the Duchesse de Berri was of English point, while that of Queen Victoria was of point de Malines. The Duchess of Orleans was married in a dress of point d'Alençon, valued at £1200. Finally, Queen Isabella of Spain is credited with having the finest collection of lace now extant, a collection which is supposed to be worth several hundred thousand francs."

WINTER COATS, PALETOTS, JACKETS.—All the materials fashionable last winter will also be adopted in this; some few varieties of fabrics are seen, but none of any importance. In shape there will be nothing new; fewer short jackets than were worn last winter. The long coats, therefore, necessitate no puffings on the polonaise, which can be so draped and tied with strings, or be hooked, so as to be readily let down when needful. There is a new kind of rough-looking material, soft and warm, which is used for coats, but it is not so desirable as the basket-cloth or even a finer make of cloth, as all rough fabrics materially alter in appearance the fine outlines of the human figure.

HATS AND BONNETS are precisely the same shapes as have long been worn—any picturesque or becoming form may be adopted. The felt hat is very fashionable, but unless it be perforated or gashed under the trimming, and on two sides of the crown, those wearing them will soon lament a loss of hair, and they will attribute it to anything but the right cause. Men are bald because they wear hats that have rarely any orifices left in them for ventilation. Felt hats are desirable, as they seldom get out of shape.

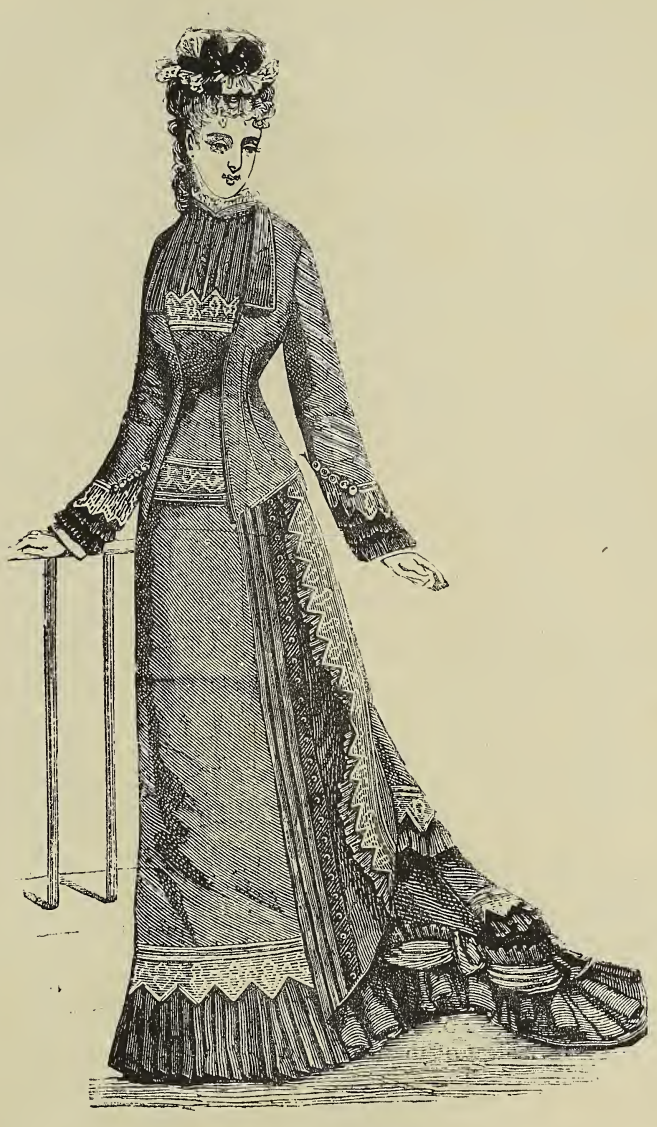
Furs of all descriptions will be generally worn.



WINTER DOLMAN.

DOLMAN of black cloth or black silk, lined with domett flannel or of a thicker kind. It buttons down the front, and the sleeve drapes well over the arm. A broad passementerie of lustre beads is worked on bands of black net, and then sewed on to the material. The broad fringe is also mixed with lustre beads. These beads are made of iridiscent glass, and inside they are black. They have a most lovely appearance.

Paper pattern, 2s. 1d.



MORNING DRESS.

MORNING DRESS, of Breton shape. Materials: Dark blue serge, the embroidery of white chain-stitch. The skirt has kiltings of silk or alpaca in front, at the back pleated; flounce with festoons of silk. The robing at the side has the embroidered edge turned to the front; at the back three rows of trimming placed in points down the centre seam of the back. Guimpe of a lighter blue silk. Mob cap, of lace, with dark blue velvet trimming.

Plain paper pattern of tunic, 3s. 7d.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned and tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up :—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Do. with different sides	3	1
Plain skirts without bodice	2	1
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses	1s. 8d. to 2	6
Under Linen, each article	1s. 6d. to 2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7
Carrick Collars (Ladies)	0	7
Carrick of three capes	1	1
Winter Coats (long)	2	1

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size, measuring across the widest part of the back, under the arms, and over the widest part of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

Children's measurement according to the above, as well as age to be mentioned.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters on dressmaking requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

J. H. (Co. Cork), OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We could not say how you should make your dress, beyond the description given in the fashions for this month. A Princess polonaise, plainly draped and with kilted trimming; skirt must be trimmed and trained at the back. Black lustre-kilted flounces of the same, on the selvage-way of material, piped with deep gold-colour where the flounces are set in. It is requisite, when information on making a dress is needed, to say the height, and size of waist, as a very stout, short figure could not wear much trimming, while very tall figures may wear a great deal. (2.) Basket-cloth or stamped damasse—literally, embossed cloth—would be the cheapest. There is a wide black cloth, fine on the surface and shaggy on the wrong side, which is most inexpensive, and it wears well. If you send a stamped envelope, a pattern could be sent to you, with the price and the name of the firm where a piece was bought.

ADA.—See "Beauty Column" for information about No. 1 and 2. (3.) You will find an eider-down petticoat warm, but the down must be removed from the upper part of the petticoat, or a Bath coating flannel, a deep calico band in front, and about half a yard of the coating to come under the stays. All flannel petticoats should be gored, and not wider than two yards at the widest. A deep corset band is best. You could cover it at the back with flannel, and then take no cold. (4.) You may wear your dress high, low, or half-high, in the evening, according to requirements. You say "plain dress for ordinary wear at home." Certainly you may do as you like there; but if you are entertaining grand company, the dress should be according to custom—high in the back and low and square or pointed in the front. See coloured fashion plate for this month. (5.) You could wear a white Japanese silk skirt under a pink grenadine, but the latter must have white and black trimmings of ruches and ribbons. You may then wear black gloves, black stockings, "clocked" with pink, and black silk or kid shoes with pink rosettes. (6.) All letters in reply to exchanges must be enclosed in a blank stamped envelope, but the envelope not

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band with button-holes can be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

fastened down. You will have to write to Milly, and enclose the note in a stamped blank envelope, which will then be forwarded to her.

MRS. A. O.—There is a talk of crinolines being again fashionable, but certainly not yet. (2.) You can buy good black cotton stockings, with coloured or black "clocks," at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. (3.) Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., Hampstead Road, London, will furnish, on moderate terms, every article needed for any house, and you may depend on the quality of their goods. Get their list and estimate for carriage.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—The child should wear thin Welsh flannel to its throat and wrists, and not be made too tight to its body. Drawers and vest in one is an undesirable make of garment, inconvenient and troublesome.

MISS L., MISS F., AND MRS. J. T.—The "No-Danger Hair Wash" is infallible in satisfactory result and instant in its effect, and it does not give a dark, black, heavy look to the hair. It is made in two kinds, to suit hair only just turning grey one may be used; but for very grey hair both kinds are needed, and in using *both* the effect is instantaneous. It can be sent post free, in a concentrated form, at 2s. 9d. each kind. The thousands who have used it for many years have never made a single complaint of its failure. A trial need not be feared. The success is certain.

ELSIE (Black Rock).—A fine alpaca is better for kilting pleats to trim a medium cashmere than silk. Make the polonaise so that it can be draped at the side instead of in the centre of the back; the simpler the better. The bodice with no trimming; only buttons down the front. Many are made without buttons, the fastening hidden by an over-lap of the material, to which the patent hooks are secured, and the eyes to the edge of the left front.

MRS. W. S. (Yorkshire). — Hold the wrong side of the velvet over the steam from the spout of a tea-kettle. This will restore the pile. Across the back where the train is lengthened, drape with the crimson China-crape shawl, one corner coming on one side, and the other corner nearly to the back, the ends looped at the back. (2.) For a child's coat no shape is better than the boy's coat in September number. A scarf is requisite round the neck, and to be fastened down to fill the space in front between the collar and neck. (3.) Should be fine cloth—that is, fine on one side, and shaggy on the reverse side. Very rough cloths do not look well on children. The coat for a boy of eleven should be trimmed with the broad Hercules braid, and set on with a sewing-machine. (4.) Willcox and Gibbs' machine; we have had one for ten years, and it has not been out of repair. The price is lower now, but we cannot tell you the cost. Write to Messrs. Willcox and Gibbs, Cheapside, London.

BEAUTY COLUMN.

ADA.—You should use Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which we know from several ladies to be very excellent for the skin, or Howard's Tar and Sulphur Soap, which, however, we have not tried. Walton's Kaloderma gives a beautiful whiteness to the hands. (2.) Rouges are more or less injurious, but not if used only for a short time. The Alloxan rouge is quite white and imperceptible when first put on, but changes after a time to a rose-colour. This Alloxan, derived not from a pleasant source, was discovered in uric acid by Liebig. Mr. Piesse, in his "Art of Perfumery," says that "if judiciously used it creates the most perfect delusion perpetrated by the toilette of fashions." Alloxan is made by gradually adding four parts of nitric acid of a specific gravity to one part of dry uric acid. The resulting liquid soon crystallises into a mass of Alloxan. Its solution in water or alcohol stains the skin purple (Bernays). You will use your own discretion in using it. Uric acid is a constituent of urinary and gouty concretions, and exists largely in the excrements of serpents and birds. Probably men know the source of the roseate hue to be seen often on pale cheeks, and if they do are not attracted by it. Pink samee is perhaps the most innocent of rouges, but is apt to stain the skin yellow, it being made from safflower, which gives a yellow tinge.

FRECKLE REMEDY.—The following recipe has been sent to us as infallible:—Venice soap 1 oz., lemon juice ½ oz., oil of bitter almonds ¼ oz., oil of tartar ¼ oz., oil of rhodium 3 drops. This is said to have been made for the use of Madame Maintenon. Mr. Piesse, in his "Art of Perfumery," says that rhodium is a distillate from the root of rosewood, particularly the Canary rosewood, but is now gone out of use, geranium oil being substituted. Will anyone kindly say what is Venice soap? also, oil of tartar? We do not believe there is any remedy for freckles, the cause being in the blood.



THE UNIQUE POLONAISE.

POLONAISE of dark iron grey silk over a black velvet petticoat. The polonaise is very long on one side and short on the left side. It is folded high on the hips, the folds confined by loops and ends of ribbon. It is trimmed with a headed pleating of silk, and finished by a deep fringe mingled with jet beads. Plain paper pattern, 3s. 1d.

October 1877.



Gloriste, Huguet, ex Artiste des Gobelins. Paris

Imp. Wm Lefèvre. Paris

2337

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



MORNING COSTUME FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

PLAIN CAMBRIC DRESS, with kilted flounces of striped cambric. All the fullness of the skirt is gathered under a bow and long ends at the back. The paletot is worn instead of bodice, and is finished by a row of embroidery. Rustic straw hat. This costume may be made in serge or any woollen material, or in French merino. The style is simple, but thoroughly comfortable.

Plain pattern of paletot, 2s. 1d.; of skirt, 2s. 7d.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

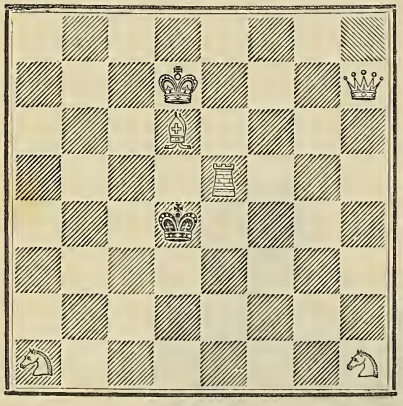
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XXI.

By R. H. SEYMOUR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. C.—A piece, though unable to move, retains its defensive power. In your position, therefore, you are checkmated.

K. Y. Z. (Finsbury).—If in Problem XX. you play 1 P to B 6 the Black King escapes by 1 K to Q 4.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to R 8.	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Correct solutions of Problem XX. have been received from A. A. Jackson (Manchester), Geo. Wellman (Stainland), C. D. (Camberwell), M. A. C.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

1. A can row three times as fast as B, who rows twice as fast as C, who rows half as fast again as D, who rows $1\frac{1}{3}$ miles per hour; find the respective rates.

2. A bought a horse and used it for six months; B bought it of A and used it for nine months, and sold it to C for £50, each one losing 20 per cent. on sale. What is the original cost of the horse?

3. When will the minute-hand of a clock be exactly halfway between the starting-point and the hour-hand between five and six o'clock?

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

2. Describe *very accurately* an octagon, and inscribe in it two equal squares, so that the angular points of the latter may be in the eight angular points of the octagon; draw the diagonals of the squares; and through the points of intersection of the squares draw lines parallel to the sides terminating in the points referred to; form isosceles triangles with the side of a square as base, and each angular point of the octagon as apex. The intersection of these lines will satisfy the conditions.

3. As no temperature is mentioned, suppose 15 deg. Centigrade.

$(1090 + 15 \times 2)\ 8 = 8 \times 1120 =$ 8960 ft. = 2986 yds. 2 ft. = 1 m. 1226 yds. 2 ft.

4. Let x = number required; then $4x^3 = 3x^4$, $3x = 4$, and $x = 1\frac{1}{3}$

GEO. WHITE.

5. The minute-hand has to gain 10 minutes (space), therefore, as

11 is gained in 12 minutes (time).

1 is gained in $\frac{12}{11}$,,

10 is gained in $\frac{120}{11} = 10\frac{10}{11}$ minutes.

The time required is 8 hours $10\frac{10}{11}$ minutes.

MAGGIE.

6. If R = amount of *one* pound for *one* year, P the principal, and M the amount, we have always

$M = PR^n$, n being the number of years.

$$\therefore P = \frac{M}{R^n} = \frac{1}{1.05^{1877}}$$

The log. of 1.05 is .0211893, and this multiplied by 1877 gives .39.7723161, the number corresponding to which contains 40 figures; hence the required sum is indefinitely small.

MAGGIE.

7. 16 cost 12 pence
1 cost $\frac{3}{4}$ farthings
100 cost 75 pence
Add $\frac{1}{10}$, *i.e.*, $7\frac{1}{2}$d.

8. A very doubtful sort of "catch" on the confusion of names in the case of the sister and daughter of James II. being Marys, and married to Williams of Orange, father and son, respectively.

ANSWERS.

M. H. Weingott, 3, 7; C. R. Boyle, 3, 5, 7, 8; A. Weatherley, 3, 5, 7, 8; M. H. Hyam, 3, 7; W. Munn, 3, 4, 8; E. K. Knights, 3, 7, 8; B. Webster, 3, 5, 7; J. L. Bongard, 3, 5, 7; W. S. Parnell, 3, 5, 7: E. E. A. R. Roche, 3, 5, 7; W. H. Pitt, 3, 5; J. Ferguson, 7; S. Levy, 7; W. Levy, 7; W. G. Sutcliffe, 4; E. R. Hensman, 5, 8; D. Haslett, 4; F. H. Leighfield, 3, 5, 7; G. White, 3, 4, 5, 7.

Answer to No. 1 will appear next month.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

QUININE is scarce, both in England and elsewhere. A merchant captain, recently arrived from Mauritius, states that when he left the island, some three months since, there was great difficulty in obtaining the drug, which was then selling at a guinea an ounce.

THE Grosvenor Gallery is to be opened early in November, with a representative exhibition of water-colour drawings and studies by deceased masters. As far as possible the collection is to be completely illustrative of the rise and growth of this branch of art in the English school.

A LADY in Buffalo has a Sunday-school class of seventy-five young men. Thirteen years ago she began with a class of seven wild boys. She gave her class weekly receptions in her parlours, and played the piano and led the singing for them. Now her class of seventy-five have a band of music whose instruments cost 700 dollars, a boat club, and a literary society which publishes a small newspaper. She was only eighteen years old when she started this work.

MDLLE. TIETENS still remains in a state to cause great anxiety to her friends and admirers. Kind messages of inquiry have been sent by her Majesty and other members of the Royal family.

THE Viceroy of India has sent a telegram to the India Office stating that there has been a good fall of rain throughout the greater portion of Madras, and that the general prospect shows improvement; that the improvement in Bombay continues; that the distress in Mysore is very severe; and that in Bengal, Burmah, the Central Provinces, and Assam the prospects are on the whole favourable. The Mansion House Indian Famine Fund has reached £220,000, over £10,000 of which was received in one day. The Committee resolved to send a further sum of £40,000 to Madras, making a total of £200,000 which has been devoted to the object of the fund.

THE Board of Trade report on the railway accidents of 1876 states that the journeys of season-ticket holders in that year have been estimated at 101,000,000, which number adds nearly a fifth to the 538,287,295 ordinary passengers who travelled on the railways of the United Kingdom, and makes the total number in the year no less than 639,287,295, or not far from equal to the number of pounds sterling of the paid-up capital of the railway companies. In every sixty-four passengers in a railway train in 1876 there were, upon an average, ten season-ticket holders.

MR. MECHI, in 1846, placed a Visitor's Book on the bailiff's table at Tiptree, and this work, in two volumes, completed and compiled by thousands of contributors, has now been "presented, on public grounds, to the British Museum by J. J. Mechi."

GLASS slippers have been produced by the artificers of Vienna. The slippers are woven of fine flexible threads of glass. The novelty is quite as much in the effect as in the material. Not only do lines of coloured light in different hues and distinctly definable traverse the body of the slipper, but with the motion of the foot of the wearer these hues so blend and intermingle as to produce a magical and beautiful effect, particularly when seen by gas-light.

THE models employed for the picture which Mr. Holman Hunt has in hand at Jerusalem took it into their heads that they suffered from effects of the "evil eye," and, pending recovery, declined to sit again. A new set of models has been engaged, and the work goes on without much delay. Mr. Hunt has suffered from attacks of fever. These incidents have delayed his return to England for a few weeks.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has, the *Whitehall Review* states, generously offered to present his collection of Trojan curiosities to the South Kensington Museum. The objects belong to the pre-historic period, and consist of reliefs taken from the five cities on the Hill or Plateau of Hassarlik.

THERE are only 450 square miles of anthracite coal in the whole United States. The Reading Company owns no less than one-third of the whole. Of bituminous coal land there are in America 200,000 square miles, and 8000 square miles in Great Britain.

SIGNOR MASOTTI, Secretary of the Commission for the Dissolution of Religious Corporations at Rome, whose function it has been to take possession of the suppressed monasteries, has been married civilly, the Cardinal-Vicar having refused the nuptial benediction.

MR. JOHN BRONTË, of Dromore, county Down, is a grandson of the father of the Brontës, and he denies with some asperity the statement contained in Mr. Wemyss Reid's recent "Monograph on Charlotte Brontë," that the incumbent of Haworth in early life bore the name of Prunty, which he exchanged, at the request of his patron, Mr. Tighe, for the more euphonious appellation of Brontë.

IN a letter to Mr. Potter, M.P., acknowledging his election as an honorary member of the Cobden Club, Mr. John Gorrie, Chief Justice of Fiji, gives some particulars as to the condition and prospects of that colony. Mr. Gorrie wishes that he could interest some of the rich men of London and Manchester in this young colony, and remarks that the people of England have not the slightest idea what a magnificent country it is. The climate is beautiful, and the soil is capable of producing any tropical plant and fruit. The natives are a fine race; they live in primitive communities, and the policy of the governor at present is to keep up those communities and turn them to the most profitable account, lest any sudden change should lead to the deterioration and destruction of the race. As to the laws, a code for the natives and the Europeans is in course of preparation. It is proposed to make them as liberal as possible. A land law and a bankruptcy law have been passed, and Mr. Gorrie is now engaged in the codification of the laws of partnership.

ABOUT the year 1810 there were published two little volumes of "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, and not far from the same time "Prince Dorus; or, Flattery put out of Countenance," a poem by Charles Lamb. For many years both of these works have so utterly disappeared that the most earnest collectors have been unable to obtain a copy. Yet so much interest encircles everything pertaining to Charles Lamb that much search has been made for these books, which were known to have existed nearly seventy years ago. Recently a copy of "Poetry for Children" has come to light. A gentleman of Adelaide, South Australia, has sent the long-lost volumes to the publishers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, placing them at their disposal. He purchased them at a book sale in Plymouth, England, in 1866. These little volumes contain eighty-four poems, over fifty of them having never appeared elsewhere. They were designed for children, but for the most part are quite above the comprehension of the average

child. Probably because they were ill adapted to their purpose, no new edition was issued, and thus they disappeared. In one of Lamb's letters he alludes to the "Poetry for Children," and says only one-third of the work is his own, the remainder being his sister's.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in November number.

T. N.—There is no effective remedy for the pest in bedsteads but carbolic acid. There is no need to use it freely, or so as to render a room uninhabitable—a piece of flannel or linen saturated with it is sufficient, *it is said*, to destroy them if placed *on* the bedstead. In travelling you would have to get accustomed to the odour, and take a bottle with you. We believe the remedy to be effectual, cleanly, and healthy.

MRS. EALEY.—You will find in "The Lady-Help," by Mrs. Warren, published by Messrs. Houlston and Co., Paternoster Buildings, all that you need to study; but surely the cookery cards will serve the purpose as well as a book.

E. J. Z. V.—Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and other sacred tunes, may well be like dance tunes, since a correspondent in the *Surrey Advertiser* claims for the popular tune of "Helmsley" that it is an adaptation from Miss Catley's hornpipe in "The Golden Pippin," performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1744. Another correspondent, "Kingston," says that "New Sabbath" is stolen from Handel's song in "Hercules," "There the brisk sparkling nectar drain;" "Sound the loud timbrel," is almost wholly taken from a concerto in "Avison;" "Cranbrook" is from "Come all my jolly sailors, all;" "Portsmouth New" is from "Thursday on the morn;" "Lydia" is from the "Light Guitar;" and another is partly from the "Devil among the Tailors."

MARY G. D.—You can have your silver filigree broach electro-plated with gold. Ask any jeweller. We cannot give you any information about the oroide gold beyond this, that it wears well.

MONTE VIDEO, South America.—We have tried, but unsuccessfully, two professing agents, and have just heard of a third. If successful, particulars will be sent by post.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

CORRESPONDENTS will oblige by writing on one side of the paper only.

TOBY (September number) had better take his (or her) ancient coins to some dealer in those articles.

THE MS. translation of "Cornelius Nepos" is of little or no value, as there is a very good and cheap edition now in publication.—*Swashbuckler.*

QUEEN ANNE'S farthings. The common patterns of 1713 and 1714 are worth 20s. The two patterns, with Britannia under a canopy and Peace in a Car, R.R.R., are worth two guineas each, that with Peace on a Car is worth £5. This information is given by Pinkerton, who died in 1826. A Queen Anne's proof farthing was sold at a recent sale for £2 10s.

ENQUIRIES.

All Enquiries, and information respecting Enquiries, must be written on one side of the paper only.

WILL someone be good enough to tell me the meaning of the letters A. E. I., so generally used on lockets, &c.? I have been told they are the initial letters of Greek words, signifying "Constancy." Would be glad to know what the Greek words are.

Is there an English version of "No che il morir non e" and "Regna il terror nella citta!" from Rossini's opera "Tancredi;" are they songs suitable for a lady, and where may they be had? On which hand and which finger is it the latest fashion to wear the engaged ring?—*Viola.*

CAN any of your subscribers tell me where are the words "Though lost to sight to memory dear."—*Swashbuckler.*

I SHOULD be much obliged for information as to who is the author of the following:—

"What is the feast outspread
Without a woman at its head?"

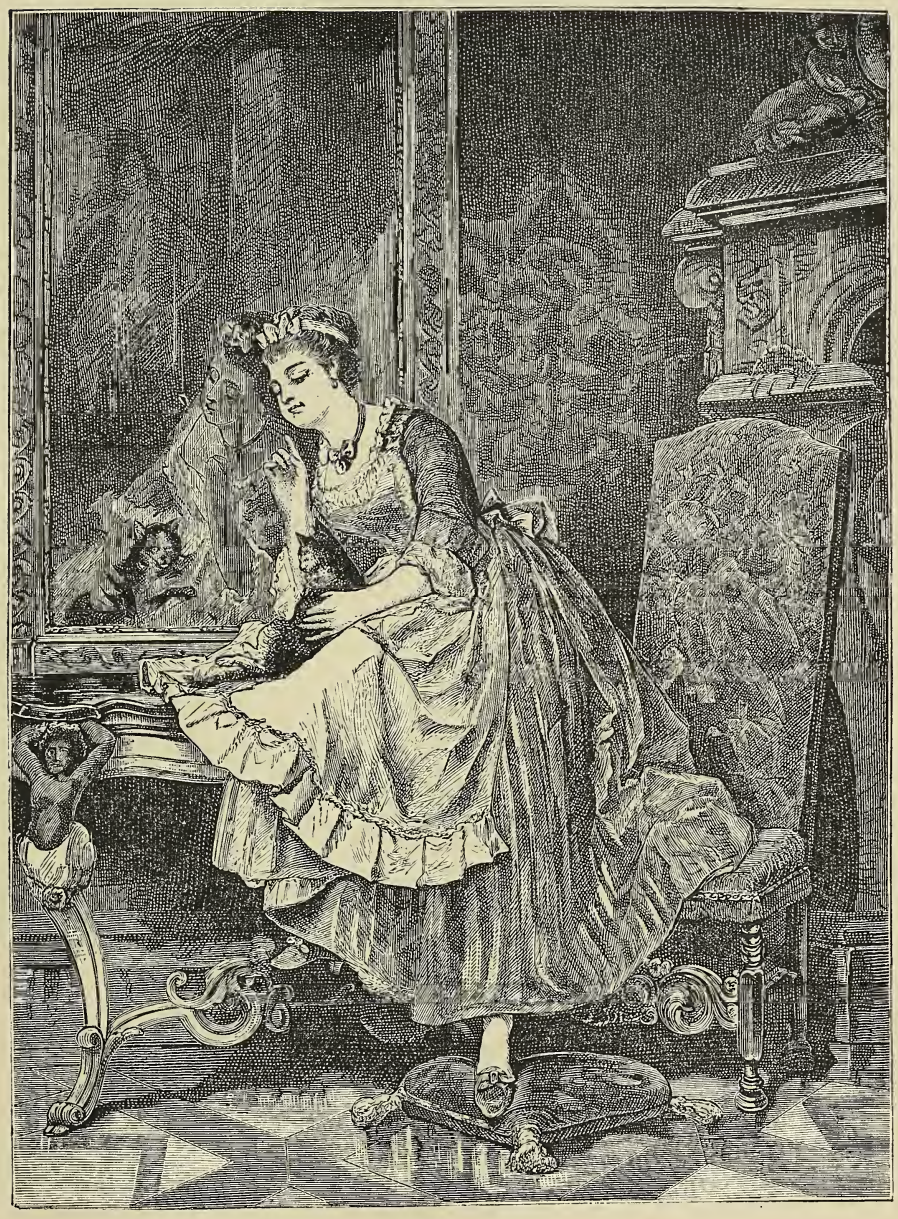
—*Senga.*

COULD anyone inform me where an old nigger song, entitled "Sally, come up," may be purchased, new or second-hand?—*E. J. L.*

LUCIE MARIE.—Hall's First and Second Course on Ahn's System for Grammatical Exercises, a reading-book by Delisle, and for picking up "tours de phrases," nothing can be better than some of Scribe's comedies, also the French newspapers and Olldendorf.

EXCHANGE.

THREE stamps for insertion of thirty words, and a blank stamped envelope to be also sent for forwarding replies.



A LADY-HELP OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IN BYGONE DAYS.

A LADY-HELP OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IT is greatly the custom to ridicule that which one cannot understand, thus "The Modern Lady-Help" comes in for a share of it quite undeserved. One forgets that if time confers honour, then the lady-help is a position worthy of all respect, if only from the grace of olden custom. We will say nothing of the "handmaids" of Biblical history. Four centuries ago and previously these lady-helps were in request; moreover, there were then gentlemen-helps. In the Middle Ages (constituting the period dating from A.D. 470 to the fifteenth century, 1497), say in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, "it was the practice of men of good families to send their sons to take honourable service in the families of men of higher rank or greater wealth. Noblemen also sought to place their sons in the households of princes. These two classes were the young squires who served at table, and performed a great number of what we should now call menial offices to the lord and ladies of the household, and in every amusement and recreation of which they took part, and at the same time were instructed in all gentlemanly manners and exercises, it being a kind of apprenticeship introductory to knighthood. Youths of good family easily found service, and the service itself was not considered dishonourable because lords and gentlemen admitted nobody to immediate attendance on their persons but sons of gentlemen—persons of as good blood as themselves. To be a good servant was a gentlemanly accomplishment, and the payment these gentlemanly servants received consisted ordinarily in their clothing and gifts of various kinds, rarely in money." (Wright's.)

The knightly families also sent their daughters to serve under the ladies of the greater or lesser feudal chieftains, and they formed the class of *chambrieres* mentioned in the old French romances. Thus they were chamber attendants and maidens, who brought much profit to their employers. Ladies of rank were proud of having a great number of these "bower-women," a pretty-sounding name to English ears; but rightly spelled it was not bower, but *boure*, Saxon for bed-chamber. These daughters of knightly families were thoroughly "lady-helps;" they not only attended to the bed-chamber of the ladies, but they filled up their time in spinning, weaving, in millinery and dressmaking, in embroidery and in making liveries for the men-servants, and when all these were supplied the handy-work of these "bower women" was sold for money. These maidens were often very beautiful, and for the honour and ostentation of the family were kept well and handsomely dressed. They attended the lady in all her walks and interviews with other noblewomen, just as the Queen's maids of honour, one or more, now attend her Majesty.

It was a merry time with these young knights and *boure* maidens, who lived in great familiarity with each other as they were necessarily thrown much together; and in the present day of severe morality their doings were without doubt extremely censurable.

The household servants were then often treated with great rigour. A century later, in the family of Sir John Harrington, to whose son Queen Elizabeth stood sponsor, the following is said to have been the fines and regulations for the management of his domestics:—

"A servant absent from prayers to be fined 2d.; for uttering an oath, 1d.; and the same sum for leaving a door open; a fine of 2d., from Lady-day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine; a fine of 1d. for any beds unmade, fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after eight; a fine of 4d. for any man detected teaching the children obscene words; a fine of 1d. for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal; a fine of 2d. for anyone who has not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten, or the supper by six; a fine of 4d. for anyone absent a day without leave; for any man striking another a fine of 1d.; for any follower visiting the cook, 1d.; a fine of 1d. for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet; a fine of 1d. for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed; a fine of 1d. if the hall be not cleansed by eight in winter and seven in summer; the porter to be fined 1d. if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of 3d. if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All

these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages."

There came a time when the term "boure-maiden" fell into disuse, and "woman" took its place; it meant much the same thing. Then came the lady's-maid, the "companion," and finally the "lady-help." Samuel Pepys, in his diary, gives a very pretty specimen of a would-be lady-help:—

"Nov. 12, 1662.—By my wife's appointment came two young ladies, sisters, acquaintances of my wife's brother's, who are desirous to wait upon some ladies and proffer their services to my wife. The youngest, indeed, hath a good voice, and sings very well, besides other good qualities; but I fear hath been bred up with too great liberty for my family, and I fear greater inconveniences of expense, and my wife's liberty will follow, which I must study to avoid till I have a better purse; though, I confess, the gentlewoman, being pretty handsome, and singing, makes me have a good mind to her.

"Nov. 14.—My wife began talking in the morning and relating the reason of her desiring a woman, &c., and I resolve, when the house is ready, she shall try her for awhile; the truth is, I having a mind to have her come for her musique and dancing.

"Nov. 17.—At home I found my wife dressing by appointment by her woman (Gosnell) that I think is to be, and her other sister being here to-day with her, I took Mr. Creed, that came to dine, to an ordinary, and after dinner home and spent an hour or two till almost dark talking to my wife and making Gosnell sing; and then, there being no coach to be got, by water to White Hall; but Gosnell, not being willing to go through bridge, we were forced to land and take water again, and put her and her sister ashore at the Temple. I am mightily pleased with her humour and singing.

"Nov. 22.—This day I bought the book of country dances against my wife's woman Gosnell comes, who dances finely.

"Nov. 29.—My wife and I pretty pleasant, for that her brother brings word that Gosnell, which my wife and I in discourse do pleasantly call our 'Marmotte,' will certainly come next week without fail, which God grant may be for the best!

"Dec. 5.—Home, and there I find Gosnell come, who, my wife tells me, is like to prove a pretty companion, of which I am glad, and in the evening do entertain myself with my wife and her, who sings exceedingly well, and I shall take great delight in her.

"Dec. 6.—Up and to the office. Dined at home with my wife and Gosnell, my mind much pleased with her, and after dinner sat with them a good while, till my wife seemed to take notice of my living at home now more than at other times. I went to the office, and there till late, and after a song by Gosnell, go to bed.

"Dec. 8.—Up and carrying Gosnell by coach, set her down at Temple Bar. By the way she was telling me how Batty (my wife's brother) did tell her that my wife did go every day in the weeke to Court and plays, and that she should have liberty of going abroad as often as she pleased, and many other lies that I am vexed at, and I doubt the wench did come in some expectation of, which troubles me. Home by coach, where I find my wife troubled about Gosnell, who brings word that her uncle Justice Joggins requires her to come three times a week to him to follow some business that her mother instructs her withall, and that unless she may have that leisure given her, he will not have her take any place; for which we are both troubled, but there is no help for it, and believing it to be a good providence of God to prevent my running behindhand in the world, I am somewhat contented therewith, and shall make my wife so, who, poor wretch, I know will consider of things, tho' in good earnest the privacy of her life must needs be irksome to her.

"Dec. 9.—After dinner staid within all the afternoon, being vexed in my mind about the going away of Sarah this afternoon, who cried mightily, and so was I ready to do and Jane did also, and then anon went Gosnell away, which did trouble me too: though, upon many considerations, it is better that I am rid of the charge, all together makes my house appear to me very lonely. My wife and I melancholy to bed. December 26.—Went myself to the Duke's House to see 'The Villaine,' which I ought not to do without my wife, &c. There I saw Gosnell and her sister at a distance, and could have found it in my heart to have accosted them, but thought it not prudent. May 28.—And so to the Duke's House: and there saw 'Hamlett' done, giving me fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid; but

neither spoke, danced, nor sung: which I was sorry for. But she becomes the stage very well. May 29.—To the Duke's House, and there saw 'The Slighted Maid,' wherein Gosnell acted Pyramena, a great part, and did it very well, and I believe will do it better and better, and prove a good actor."

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

Chapter XXVII.

After a sleepless night, Cuthbert Laurance sat in dressing gown and slippers, before the table, on which was arranged his breakfast. In his right hand he held partly lifted, the cup of coffee; upon the left he rested his head, oblivious of the dainty dishes that invited his attention.

The graceful *insouciance* of the Sybarite had vanished, and though the thirty-seven years of his life had dealt very gently with his manly beauty, leaving few lines about his womanishly fair brow, he seemed to day gravely preoccupied, anxious and depressed. Pushing back his chair, he sat for some time in a profound and evidently painful reverie, and when his father came in, and closed the door behind him, the cloud of apprehension deepened.

"Good morning, Cuthbert, I must compliment you on your early hours. How is Maud?"

"I have not seen her this morning. Victorine usually takes her out at this time of day. I hope, after a night's reflection and rest, you feel disposed to afford me more comfort than you extended last evening. The fact is, unless you come forward and help me, I shall be utterly ruined."

General Laurance lighted his cigar, and standing before his son answered coldly:

"I beg you to recollect that my resources are not quite inexhaustible, and last year, when I gave that Chicago property to you, I explained the necessity of curbing your reckless extravagance. Were I possessed of Rothschild's income, it would not suffice to keep upon his feet a man who sells himself to the gaming table, and entertains with the prodigality of a crown prince. I never dreamed until last night that the real estate at home is encumbered by mortgages, and it will be an everlasting shame if the homestead should be sacrificed; but I can do no more for you. This failure of Ames is a disgraceful affair, and I understand soils his reputation past all hope of purification. How long does Abbie expect to remain in Nice? It does not look well, I can tell you, that she should go off and leave Maud with her *bonne*."

"Oh! for that matter Maud is better off here, where she can be seen regularly by the physician, and Victorine knows much better what to do for her, than her mother. Abbie is perfectly acquainted with the change in her father's and in my own affairs, and I should suppose she would return immediately after the receipt of the intelligence, especially as I informed her that we should be compelled to return to America."

"I shall telegraph her to come back at once, for I hear that she is leading a very gay life at Nice, and that her conduct is not wholly compatible with her duties as a wife and mother."

An expression of subdued scorn passed over Cuthbert's face as he answered sarcastically:

"Probably your influence may avail to hasten her return. As for her peculiar views and way of conducting herself, I imagine it is rather too late for you to indulge in fastidious carpings, as you selected and presented her to me as a suitable bride, particularly acceptable to you for a daughter-in-law."

"When men live as you have done since your marriage, it is scarcely surprising that wives should emulate their lax example, You have never disguised your indifference as a husband."

"No, not so. When I made merchandise of my hand, I deemed that sacrifice sufficient, and have never pretended to include my heart in the bargain. But why deal in recrimination? Past mistakes are irremediable, and it behoves me to consider only the future. Were it not for poor Maud, I really should care very little, but her helplessness appeals to me now more forcibly than all other considerations. You say, Sir, that you cannot help me; why not? At this crisis a few shares of stock, and some of those sterling bonds would enable me to pay off my pressing personal debts; and I

could get away from Paris, with less annoying notoriety and scandal. I only ask the means of retiring from my associations here, without disgrace, and once safely out of France, I shall care little for the future. You certainly cannot consent to see me stranded here, where my position and *menage* have been so proud?"

General Laurance puffed vigorously at his cigar for some seconds, then tossed it down, put his hands in his pockets, and said abruptly: "When I told you last night that I could not help you, I meant it. The stocks and bonds you require have already been otherwise appropriated. I daresay, Cuthbert, you will be astonished at what I am about to communicate, but whatever your opinion of the step I have determined to take, I request in advance that you will refrain from any disagreeable comments. For thirty-seven years I have devoted myself to the promotion of your interest and happiness, and you must admit, you have often sorely tried my patience. If you have at last made shipwreck of your favourable financial prospects, it is no longer in my power to set you afloat again. Cuthbert, I am on the eve of assuming new responsibilities that require all the means your luxurious mode of living has left me. I am going to marry again."

"To marry again! Are you approaching your dotage?"

The son had risen, and his handsome face was full of undisguised scorn, as his eyes rested on his father's haughty and offended countenance.

"Whatever your dissatisfaction, you will be wise in repressing it at least in your remarks to me. I am no longer young, but am very far from senility; and finding no harmony in your household, no peaceful fireside where I can spend the residue of my days in quiet, I have finally consulted the dictates of my own heart, and am prompted by the hope of great happiness with the woman whom I sincerely love, to marry her. Under these circumstances you can readily appreciate my inability to transfer the stocks, which it appears you have relied upon to float you out of this financial storm."

Cuthbert bowed profoundly, and answered contemptuously: "They have, I presume, already been transferred in the form of a marriage contract? Pardon me, Sir, but may I enquire whom you design to fill my mother's place?"

"I expect within a few days to present to you as my wife the loveliest woman in all Europe, one as noble, refined, modest, and delicate as she is everywhere conceded to be beautiful, the celebrated Madame Odille Orme."

An unconquerable embarrassment caused his eyes to wander from his son's face as he pronounced the name, else he would have discovered the start, the pallor with which the intelligence was received. Cuthbert turned and stood at the window, with his back to his father, and the convulsive movement of his features attested the profound pain which the announcement caused.

"Madame Orme is not an ordinary actress, and has always maintained a reputation quite rare among those of her profession. I have carefully studied her character, think I have seen it sufficiently tested to satisfy even my fastidious standard of female propriety and decorum; and knowing how proudly and jealously I guard my honour and my name, you may rest assured I have not risked anything in committing both to the keeping of this woman, to whom I am very deeply and tenderly attached. She told me she had met you once. How did she impress you?"

It cost him a strong effort to answer composedly: "She certainly is the most beautiful woman I have seen in Europe."

"Ah! and sweet as she is lovely! My son, do not diminish my happiness by unkind thoughts and expressions, which would result in our estrangement. No father could have devoted himself more assiduously to a child than I have done to you, and in my old age, if this marriage brings me so much delight and comfort, have I not earned the right to consider my own happiness? It is quite natural that you should be surprised, and to some extent chagrined, at my determination to settle a portion of my property upon a new claimant for my love and protection; but I hope, for the sake of all concerned, you will at least indulge in no harsh or disrespectful remarks. I have been requested to invite you to accompany me to the theatre to-night, to witness Madame Orme's farewell to the Stage, in a drama of her own composition. After this evening she appears no more in public, and at the close of the play she desires that we shall meet her at her hotel. I trust you will courteously fulfil the engagement I have made for you, as I assured her she might expect us both."

He lighted a fresh cigar, and drew on his gloves. Cuthbert hastily snatched a glass

of water from the stand near him, and laying his hand on the bolt of a door leading to his sleeping-room, looked over his shoulder at his father. The face of the son was whitened and sharpened by acute suffering, and his blue eyes flashed with a peculiarly cold sarcastic light as he exclaimed bitterly:—

"That General Laurance should so far forget the aristocratic associations and memories of the past, as to wrap his ambitious name around the person and character of a pretty *coulisse* queen, certainly surprises his son, in whom he would never have forgiven such a *mésalliance;* but *chacun à son gout!* Permit me, Sir, to hope that my father may display the same infallible judgment in selecting a bride for himself, that he so successfully manifested in the choice of one for his son; and the sincere wish of my heart is, that your wedded life may prove quite as rose-coloured and blissful as mine."

He bowed low and disappeared; and after a few turns up and down the room, during which he smoothed his ruffled brow, rejoicing that the announcement had been made, General Laurance went down to his carriage, and was driven to the hotel where he hoped to find Mrs. Orme.

For several days after the narration of her history to Regina, the mother had seen comparatively little of her child, her time being engrossed by numerous rehearsals, and the supervision of some scene painting, which she considered essential to the success of the play.

Only on the morning of the day appointed for its presentation did Regina learn that in "A Life's Drama" her mother had merely written and dramatically arranged an accurate history of her own eventful life. By this startling method she had long designed to acquaint General Laurance and his son with her real name, and the play had been very carefully cast and prepared; but Regina heard with deep pain and humiliation of the vindictive nature of the surprise arranged, and eloquently pleaded that the sacred past should not be profaned by casting it before the public for criticism. Mr. Chesley earnestly seconded her entreaties that even now a change of programme might be effected, but Mrs. Orme sternly adhered to her purpose, declared it was too late for alteration, and that she would not consent to forfeit the delight of the vengeance, which alone sweetened the future, neither would she permit her daughter to absent herself. A box had been secured, where screened from observation Regina and Mr. Chesley could not only witness the play, but watch the two men whose box was opposite.

When General Laurance called and sent up a basket of choice and costly flowers, begging for a moment's interview, Mrs. Orme sent down in reply a tiny perfumed note, stating that she was then hurrying to the last rehearsal, which it was absolutely necessary she should attend; and requesting that after the close of the play, General Laurance and his son would do her the honour to take supper at her hotel, where she would give him a final and very definite answer with regard to their nuptials. While he read the *billet* and was pencilling a second appeal, for the privilege of escorting her to the rehearsal, she ran lightly down stairs, sprang into a carriage, and eluded him.

Left in possession of all the records relative to her mother's history, and furnished for the first time with a printed copy of the drama, Regina spent a melancholy day in her own room. Among the papers she found her father's letter, promising to claim his wife as soon as he attained his majority; and as she noted this, and glanced from the letter to the photograph which represented Cuthbert as he looked at the period of his marriage, a strangely tender new feeling welled up in her heart, dimming her eyes with unshed tears. It was her father's face upon which she looked, and something in those proud, high-bred features pleaded for him to the soul of his child. True he had disowned them, but could that face deliberately hide premeditated treachery? Might there not be some defence, some extenuating circumstance, that would lessen his crime? Suddenly she sprang up and began to array herself for walking. She would go and see her father, learn what had induced his cruel course, and perhaps some mistake might be discovered and corrected. She knew that this step would subject her to her mother's displeasure, but just then the girl's heart was hardened against her, in consequence of her persistency in dramatising a record which the daughter deemed too mournfully solemn and sacred for the desecration of the boards and footlights.

Grieved and mortified by this resolution over which her passionate invective and persuasion exerted not the slightest influence, she availed herself of the absence of her mother and Mrs. Waul to leave the hotel and get into a carriage.

The Directory supplied her with the address she sought, and ere many moments she found herself in front of the stately pile in which Cuthbert Laurance had long dwelt. Desiring to see Mr. Laurance on business, she was shown into the elegant salon, and when the servant returned to say that he had left the house but a few minutes before she entered, she still lingered.

"Can I see Mrs. Laurance?"

"Madame is at Nice. Only Mademoiselle Maud is at home."

At that instant a side door opened, and a stout middle-aged aged woman pushed before her into the room a low chair placed on wheels, in which sat Maud. At sight of the stranger, Victorine turned to retreat with her charge, but Regina made a quick gesture to detain her, and went to the spot where the chair rested. Maud sat with her lap full of violets and mignonette, which she was trying to weave into a bouquet, but arrested in her occupation, her weird black eyes looked wonderingly on the visitor. How vividly they contrasted, the slender symmetrical figure of Regina, her perfect face and graceful bearing, with the swarthy, sallow, dwarfed and helpless Maud? As the former looked at the melancholy features, prematurely aged by suffering, a well of pity gushed in her heart, and she bent down and took one of the thin hands from which the flowers were slipping unnoticed. "Is this little Maud?"

"My name is Maud Ames Laurance, What is your name? Why, you are just like papa! Do you know my papa?"

"No, dear, but I sh ll some day, I should very much like to know you."

"You look so much like papa. You may kiss me if you like."

She turned her sallow cheek for the salute, and Victorine said: "Is Mademoiselle a relative? You are quite the image of Mr. Laurance."

"Do you think so? Where can I find General Laurance? Does he reside here?"

"Oh, no! He never has lived with us. Grandpapa was here this morning, but we were out in the park. Will you have some flowers? Your eyes just match my violets! So like papa's."

Regina gazed sorrowfully at the afflicted figure, and holding those thin hot fingers in hers, she silently determined that, if possible, the impending blow should be warded off from this pitiable little sufferer.

"Did you come to see me?" queried Maud.

"No, I called to see your papa on some business, and I am sorry he is absent. Before long I shall come and see you, and we will make bouquets and have a pleasant time. Good-bye, Maud."

Remembering that she was her half-sister, Regina lightly kissed the hollow cheek of the invalid.

"Good-bye. I shall ask papa where you got his eyes; for they are my papa's lovely eyes."

"Has Mademoiselle left her card with Jean?" asked Victorine, whose curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"I have not one with me."

"Then be pleased to give me your name."

"No matter now. I will come again, and then you and Maud shall learn my name."

She hastened out of the room, and when she reached her mother's lodgings, met her uncle pacing the floor of the reception room.

"Regina, where have you been? You are too total a stranger here to venture out alone, and I beg that you will not repeat the imprudence. I have been really uneasy about your mysterious absence."

"Uncle Orme, I wanted to see my father, and I went to his home."

She threw her hat upon the sofa, and sighed heavily.

"My dear child, Minnie will never forgive your premature disclosure!"

"I made none, because he was not at home. Oh, uncle, I saw something that made my heart turn sick with pity. I saw that poor little deformed girl, Maud Laurance, and it seems to me her haggard face, her utter wretchedness and helplessness would melt a heart of steel! I longed to take the poor forlorn creature in my arms and cry over her; and I tell you, Uncle Orme, I will not be a party to her ruin and disgrace! I will not, I will not! I am strong and healthy, and God has given me many talents, and raised up dear friends, you uncle the dearest of all, after my mother; but what has that unfortunate cripple? Nothing but her father (for she has been deserted by her mother), and only her father's name. Do you think I could see her beggared, reduced to poverty that really pinched, in order that I might usurp her place as the Laurance heiress? Never!"

"My dear girl, the usurpation is on their part, not yours. The name and inheritance is lawfully yours, and the attainment of

these rights for you has sustained poor Minnie through her sad, arduous career."

Right is not the only thing to be considered at such a juncture as this. Suppose I could change places with that poor little deformed creature, would you not think it cruel, nay, wicked, to turn me, all helpless and forlorn, out of a comfortable home, into the cold world of want, a nameless waif? Uncle, I know what it is to be fatherless and nameless! All of that bitterness and humiliation has been mine for years, but now that my heart is at rest concerning my parentage, now that I know there is no blemish on my mother's past record, I care little for what the world may think, and much, much more, what that poor girl would suffer. To-day when I looked at her useless feet, and shrunken hands, and deep hollow eyes, I seemed to hear a voice: 'Bear ye one another's burdens;' and, Uncle Orme, I am willing to bear Maud's burden to the end of my life. My shoulders have become accustomed to the load they have carried for over seventeen years, and I will not shift it to poor Maud's. I am strong, she is pitiably feeble. I have never known the blessing of a father's love, have learned to do without it; she has no other comfort, no other balm, and I will not rob her of the little God has left her. I understand how my mother feels, I cannot blame her; and while I know that her care and anxiety in this matter are chiefly on my account, I could never respect, never forgive myself, if to promote my own importance or interest I selfishly consented to beggar poor Maud. She cannot live long; death has set a shadowy mark already upon her weird eyes, and until they close in the peace of the grave, let us leave her the name she seems so proud of. She pronounced it, Maud Ames Laurance, as though it were a royal title. Let her bear it. I can wait."

As Mr. Chesley watched the pale gem like face, with its soft holy eyes full of a resolution which he knew all the world could not shake, a sudden mist blurred her image, and, taking her hand, he kissed her forehead.

"My noble child, if the golden rule you seek to practise were in universal acceptation and actualisation, injustice, fraud, and crime would overturn the bulwarks of morality and decency. When men violate the laws of God and man as Cuthbert Laurance certainly has done, even religion as well as justice requires that his crime should be punished; although in nearly all such instances the innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty. Your mother owes it to you, to me, to herself, to society, to demand recognition of her legal rights; and though I do not approve all that she proposes (at least the manner of its accomplishment), I cannot censure her; and you, dear child, for whose sake she has borne so much, should pause before you judge her harshly."

"God forbid that I should! But, oh, uncle! it seems to me something dreadful, sacrilegious to act over before a multitude of strangers those mournful, miserable events that ought to be kept sacred. The thought of being present is very painful to me."

"None but General Laurance and his son will dream that it is more than a mere romance. None but they can possibly recognise the scenes, and the audience cannot suspect that Minnie is acting her own history. When a suit is instituted, it will probably result in a recognition of the marriage, and thereupon a large alimony will be granted to your mother, who will at once apply for a divorce. In the present condition of their financial affairs this cannot fail to beggar the Laurances, for I had a cable despatch this morning from Mr. Palmer intimating that the stock panic had grievously crippled several of General Laurance's best investments. This news will be delightful to Minnie, but I see it distresses you. Now, Regina, listen to me. Have no controversy with your mother; she is just now in no mood to bear it, and I want no distrust to grow up between you. Whether you wish it or not, she will establish her claim, and she is right in doing so. Now I wish to make a contract with you. Keep quiet, and if we find that the Laurances will really be reduced to want, I will supply you with the funds necessary to provide a comfortable home for them, and you shall give it to your father and little Maud. Minnie must not know of the matter, she would never forgive us, and neither can I consent that your father should consider me as his friend. But all that I have, my sweet girl, is yours, and Laurance may feel indebted to his own repudiated child for the gift. Is it a bargain?"

"Oh, Uncle Orme, how good and generous you are! No wonder my heart warmed to you the first time I ever saw you! How I love and thank you, my own noble uncle! You have no idea how earnestly I long for the time when you,

my mother, and I can settle down together in a quiet home somewhere; shut out from the world that has used us all so hardly, and safe in our love, and confidence for and in each other." She had thrown her arms around his neck, and pressing her head against his shoulder, looked at him with eyes full of hope and happiness.

"I am afraid, my dear girl, that as soon as our imaginary Eden is arranged satisfactorily, the dove that gives it peace and purity will be enticed away, caged in a more brilliant mansion. You will love Minnie and me very much I daresay, until some lover steals between us and lures you away."

She hid her countenance against his shoulder, and her words impressed him as singularly solemn and mournful. "I shall have no lover. I shall make it the aim and study of all my future life to love only God, mother, and you. My hope of happiness centres in the one word Home! We all three have felt the bitter want of one, and I desire to make ours that serene, holy ideal Home of which I have so long dreamed. Such a home, dear uncle, let us fashion somewhere in sight of the blue Pacific; and into its sacred rest no lover shall come."

Chapter XXVIII.

Mrs. Orme had carefully instructed Mrs. Waul concerning the details of her daughter's toilette, and selected certain articles which she desired her to wear; but Regina saw her mother no more that day, and late in the afternoon, when she knocked at the door, soliciting admission, for a moment only, the mother answered from within:

"No, my child would only unnerve me now, and there is too much at stake. Uncle Orme understands all that I wish done to-night."

Regina heard the quick restless tread across the floor, betraying the extreme agitation that prevailed in her mind and heart; and sorrowfully the girl went back to her uncle, in whose society she daily found increasing balm and comfort.

The theatre was crowded when Mr. Chesley and Regina entered their box; and though the latter had several times attended the opera in New York, the elegance and brilliance of the surrounding scene surpassed all that she had hitherto witnessed. Mrs. Orme had created a profound impression by her earlier *rôles* at this theatre, and the sudden termination of her engagement by the illness that succeeded her extraordinarily pathetic and touching "Katharine," had aroused much sympathy, stimulated curiosity and interest; consequently her reappearance in a new play, of whose plot no hint had yet been made public, sufficed to fill the house at an early hour.

Soon after their entrance, Mr. Chesley laid his hand on his companion's and whispered: "Will you promise to be very calm and self-controlled if I show you your father?" He felt her hand grow cold, and in reply, she merely pressed his fingers.

"When I hold the curtain slightly aside, look into the second box immediately opposite, where two gentlemen are sitting. They are your father and grandfather.

She leaned and looked, and how eagerly, how yearningly her eyes dwelt upon the handsome face, which still closely resembled the Cuthbert of college days, and the photograph she had studied so carefully since her arrival in Paris.

As she watched, her breathing became rapid, laboured, her eyes filled, her face quivered uncontrollably, and she half rose from her seat, but Mr. Chesley held her back, and dropped the curtain. "Oh, uncle! How handsome, how refined, how noble-looking! Poor darling mother! how could she help giving him her heart? In all my dreams and fancies I never even hoped to find him such a man! My father, my father!"

She trembled so violently that Mr. Chesley said hastily:

"Compose yourself, or I shall be forced to take you home, and your mother will be displeased; for she particularly desired that I would watch the effect of the play on those two men opposite.

She leaned back, shut her eyes, and bravely endeavoured to conquer her agitation, and luckily at this moment the stage curtain rose. By the aid of photographs procured in America, and by dint of personal supervision and suggestions, Mrs. Orme had successfully arranged the exact reproduction of certain localities; the college, the campus, the humble cottage of old Mrs. Chesley with its peculiar porch, whose column caps were carved to represent dogs' head. The interior of a hospital, of an orphan asylum, and of the library at the parsonage. Leaning far back, in his chair, a prey to gloomy and indescribably bitter reflections, as he accustomed himself to the contemplation of the fact that the beautiful

woman in whom his own fickle wayward heart had become earnestly interested, would sell herself to the gray-bearded man beside him, Cuthbert gnawed his silky moustache; while his father watched with feverish impatience for the opening of the play, and the sight of his enchantress. The curtain rose upon a group sitting on the sward before the cottage door. Minnie Merle in the costume of a very young girl, with her golden hair all hidden under a thick wig of dark curling locks, that straggled in childish disorder around her neck and shoulders, while her sun-bonnet, the veritable green and white gingham of other days, lay at her feet. Beside her a tall youth, who represented Peleg Peterson, in the garb of a carpenter, with a tool box on the ground, and in his hands a wooden doll, which he was carving for the child.

In the door of the cottage sat the grandmother knitting and nodding, with white hair shining under her snowy cap border; and while the carpenter carved and whistled an old fashioned ditty, "Meet me by moonlight alone," the girl in a quavering voice attempted to accompany him.

Minnie sat with her countenance turned fully to the audience, and when Cuthbert Laurance's eyes fell on the cottage front, and upon the face under that cloud of dark elfish locks, he caught his breath, and his eyes seemed almost starting from their sockets. His hand fell heavily on his father's knee, and he groaned audibly.

General Laurance turned and whispered: "For God's sake, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

There was no answer from the son, who tightened his clutch upon the old man's knee, and watched breathlessly what was passing on the stage. The scene was shifted, and now the whole façade of the college rose before him, with a pretty picture in the foreground; a tall handsome student, leaning against the trunk of an ancient elm, and talking to the girl, who sat on the turf, with a basket of freshly-ironed shirts resting on the grass beside her. The identical straw hat which Cuthbert had left behind him when summoned home was upon the student's head, and as the timid shrinking girl glanced up shyly at her companion, Cuthbert Laurance almost hissed in his father's ear.

"Great God! It is Minnie herself!"

"General Laurance loosened the curtain next the audience, and as the folds swept down, concealing somewhat the figure of his son, he whispered:

"What do you mean? Are you drunk or mad?"

Cuthbert grasped his father's hand, and murmured; "Don't you know the college? That is Minnie yonder!"

"Minnie? My son what ails you? Go home you are ill."

I tell you that is Minnie Merle, so surely as there is a God above us. Mrs. Orme is Minnie, my Minnie! My wife! She has dramatised her own life!"

"Impossible, Cuthbert! You are delirious, insane. You are——"

"That woman yonder is my wife! Now I understand why such strange sweet memories thrilled me when I saw her first in 'Amy Robsart.' The golden hair disguised her. Oh, father!"

The blank dismay in General Laurance's countenance was succeeded by an expression of dread, and as he looked from his son's blanched convulsed face to that of the actress under the arching elms of the campus, the horrible truth flashed upon him, like a lurid glimpse of Hades. He struck his hand against his forehead, and his grizzled head sank on his bosom. All that had formerly perplexed him was hideously apparent, startlingly clear; and he saw the abyss to which she had lured him, and understood the motives that had prompted her.

After some moments, he pushed his seat back beyond the range of observation from the audience, and beckoned his son to follow his example, but Cuthbert stood, leaning upon the back of his chair, with eyes riveted on the play.

The courtship, the clandestine meetings, the interview in which Peleg intruded upon the lovers, the revelation to the grandmother, were accurately delineated, and in each scene the girl grew taller, by some arrangement of the skirts, which were at first very short, while she appeared in a sitting posture.

When the secret marriage was decided upon, and the party left the cottage by night, Cuthbert turned, rested one hand on his father's shoulder, and as the scene changed to the quiet parsonage, he pressed heavily, and muttered:

"Even the very dress that she wore that day! And there is the black agate! On her hand where I put it! Don't you know it? How she turns it!"

In the tableau of the marriage ceremony,

she had taken her position with reference to the locality of the box, and as near it as possible, and in the glare of the footlights the ring was clearly revealed. Lifting his lorgnette General Laurance inspected the white hand he had once kissed so rapturously, and by the aid of the lenses he recognised the costly ring, the valued heirloom, for the recovery of which he had offered five hundred dollars. Had he still cherished a shadowy hope that Cuthbert was suffering from some fearful delusion, the sight of that singular and fatal ring, utterly overthrew the last lingering vestige of doubt. Stunned, miserable, dimly foreboding some overwhelming *dénouement*, he sat in stony stillness, knowing that this was but the prelude to some dire catastrophe.

When the telegram arrived and the young husband took his bride in his arms, the girlish face was lifted, and the passionate gleam of the dilating brown eyes sent a strange thrill to the hearts of both father and son. Vowing to return very soon and claim her, the husband tore himself away, and as he vanished through a side door near the box, Minnie followed, stretched out her arms, and looking up full at its two tenants, she breathed her wild passionate prayer which rang with indescribable pathos through that vast building:

"My husband! My husband, do not forsake me!"

Cuthbert put his hand over his eyes, and but for the voices on the stage his shuddering groan would have been heard outside the box. In the scene where Peleg's advances were indignantly repulsed, and his threats to unleash the bloodhounds of slander, hunting her to infamy, were fully developed, Cuthbert seemed to rouse himself from his stupor, and a different expression crossed his features. Skilfully the part played by General Laurance in bribing Peleg and returning the letters of the wretched wife, the disgraceful threats, the offers to buy up and cancel her conjugal claims were all presented. When the grandmother departed, and the child-wife secretly made her way to New York, seeking service that would secure her bread, and still hopeful of her husband's return, Cuthbert grasped his father's arm and hissed in his ear:

"You deceived me! You told me she went with that villain to California to hide her disgrace!"

Cowed and powerless, the old man sat recognising the faithful portraiture of his own dark schemes in those early days of the trouble, and growing numb with a vague prophetic dread that the foundations of the world were crumbling away. His son suddenly drew his chair a little forward and sat down, his elbow on his knee, his head on his hand; his gaze fixed on the woman who had contrived to reproduce even the fall that caused her removal to the hospital.

The ensuing scene represented the young mother sitting on a cot in the hospital, with a babe lying across her knees, and the storm of horror, hate, and defiance with which she spurned Peleg from her, calling on heaven to defend her and her baby, and denouncing the treachery of General Laurance who had bribed Peterson to insult and defame her.

As he was dragged from the apartment, vowing that neither she nor her child should be permitted to enjoy the name to which they were entitled, the feeble woman shorn of her brown locks, and wearing a close cap, lifted her infant, and with streaming eyes implored heaven to defend it and its hapless mother from cruel persecution.

In the wonderful power with which she proclaimed her deathless loyalty to the husband of her love, and her conviction that God would interpose to shield his helpless child, the audience recognised the fervour and pathos of the rendition, and the applause that greeted her, as she bowed sobbing over her baby, told how the hearts of her hearers thrilled.

The curtain fell, and Cuthbert's eyes, gleaming like steel, turned to his father's countenance. "Is that true? Dare you deny it?"

The old man only stared blankly at the carpet on the floor, and his son's fingers closed like a vice around his arm. "You have practised an infernal imposture upon me! You told me she followed him, and that the child was his."

"He said so."

General Laurance's voice was husky, and a grey hue had settled upon his features.

"You paid him to proclaim that base falsehood! You whom I trusted so fully. Father, where is my child?"

No answer; and the curtain rose on the fair young mother, who came forward with her own golden hair in full splendour.

Involuntarily the audience testified their recognition of the beautiful actress who now appeared for the first time looking as when she made her *début* long ago in Paris. She was at the asylum, with a young child clinging to her finger, tottering at her side, and

as she guided its steps, and hushed it in her arms, many mothers among the spectators felt the tears rush to their eyes.

Walking with the infant cradled on her bosom, she passed twice across the stage, then paused beneath the box, and murmured—

"Papa's baby. Papa's own precious baby!" and her splendid eyes, humid with tears, looked full, straight into those of her husband.

It was the first time they had met during the evening, and something she saw in that quivering face made her heart ache with the old numbing agony. Cuthbert could scarcely restrain himself from leaping down upon the stage and clasping her in his arms; but she moved away, and the sorely smitten husband bowed his face in his hand, luckily shielded from public view by the position in which he sat.

The dinner scene ensued, and the abrupt announcement of the second marriage. The anguish and despair of the repudiated wife were portrayed with a vividness, a marvellous eloquence, and passionate fervour that surpassed all former exhibitions of her genius, and the people rose and applauded, as audiences sometimes do when a magnetic wave rolls from the heart and brain on the stage to those of the men and women who watch and listen — completely *en rapport*.

The life of the actress began, the struggle to provide for her child, the constant care to elude discovery, the application for legal advice, the statement of her helplessness, the attempt to secure the license; all were represented, and at last the meeting with her husband in a theatre.

Gradually the pathos melted away, she was the stern, relentless outraged wife, intent only upon revenge. She spared not even the interview in which the faithless husband sought her presence; and as Cuthbert watched her, repeating the sentences that had so galled his pride, he asked himself how he had failed to recognise his own wife?

In the meeting with the child of the second marriage, her wild exultation, her impassioned invocation of Nemesis, was one of the most effective passages in the drama; and it caused a shiver to creep like a serpent over the body of the father, who pitied so tenderly his afflicted Maud. As the scheme of saving her own daughter, by sacrificing herself in a nominal marriage with the man whom she hated and loathed so intensely, developed itself, a perceptible chill fell upon the audience; the unnaturalness of the crime asserted itself.

While she rendered almost literally the interviews at Pozzuoli and at Naples, Cuthbert glanced at his father, and saw a purplish flush steal from neck to forehead, but the old man's eyes never quitted the floor. He seemed incapable of moving, Gorgonised by the beautiful Medusa whose invectives against him were scathing, terrible.

As the play approached its close and the preparation for the marriage, even the details of the settlement were narrated, suspense reached its acme. Then came the letters of reprieve, the deliverance from the bondage of Peterson's vindictive malice, the power of establishing her claim; and when she wept her thanksgiving for salvation, many wept in sympathy; while Regina, borne away in breathless admiration of her mother's wonderful genius, sobbed unrestrainedly.

When the letters of Peterson, and of the lawyer were read, mapping the line of prosecution for the recovery of the wife's rights, the father slowly raised his eyes, and looking drearily at his son muttered—

"It is all over with us, Cuthbert. She has won, we are ruined. Let us go home."

He attempted to rise, but with a glare of mingled wrath and scorn his son held him back. The last scene was reached; the triumphant vindication of wife and child, the condemnation of the two who had conspired to defraud them, the foreclosure of the mortgages, the penury of the proud aristocrats, and the disgrace that overwhelmed them. Finally, the second wife and afflicted child came to crave leniency, and the husband and the father pleaded for pardon; but with a malediction upon the house that caused her wretchedness, the broken-hearted woman retreated to the palatial home she had at last secured, and under its upas shadow died in the arms of her daughter.

Her play contained many passages which afforded her scope for the manifestation of her extraordinary power, and at its close the people would not depart until she had appeared in acknowledgment of their plaudits. Brilliantly beautiful she looked, with the glittering light of triumph in her large mesmeric eyes, a rich glow mantling her cheeks and rouging her lips, while in heavy folds the black velvet robe swept around her queenly figure. How stately, elegant, unapproachable she seemed to the

man who leaned forward, gazing with all his heart in his eyes, upon the wife of his youth, the only woman he had every really loved; now his most implacable foe.

The audience dispersed, and Cuthbert and his father sat like those old Roman senators awaiting the breaking of the wave of savage vengeance that was rolling in upon them.

At length General Laurance struggled to his feet, and mechanically quitted the theatre, followed by his son. Reaching the carriage they entered, and Cuthbert ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. Orme's hotel.

"Not now! For God's sake not to-night," groaned the old man.

"To-night, before another hour, this awful imposture must be confessed and reparation offered. I sinned against Minnie, but not premeditatedly. You deceived me. You made me believe her the foul guilty thing you wished her. You intercepted her letters, you never let me know that I had a child neglected and forsaken, and, father, God may forgive you, but I never can. My proud, lovely Minnie! My own wife!"

Cuthbert buried his face in his hands, and his strong frame shook as he pictured what might have been, contrasting it with the hideous reality of his loveless and miserable marriage, with the banker's daughter who threatened him with social disgrace.

During that drive General Laurance felt that he was approaching some offended and avenging fury, that he was drifting down to ruin, powerless to lift his hand and stay even for an instant the fatal descent, that he was gradually petrifying, and things seemed vague and intangible.

When they reached the hotel, they were ushered into the salon already brilliantly lighted as if in expectation of their arrival. Cuthbert paced the floor, his father sank into a chair, resting his hands on the top of his cane.

After a little while, a silk curtain at the lower end of the room was lifted, and Mrs. Orme came slowly forward. How her lustrous eyes gleamed, as she stood in the centre of the apartment, scorn, triumph, hate, all struggling for mastery in her lovely face.

"Gentlemen, you have read the handwriting on the wall. Do you come for defiance, or capitulation?"

General Laurance lifted his head, but instantly dropped it on his bosom; he seemed to have aged suddenly, prematurely. Cuthbert advanced, stood close beside the woman whose gaze intensified as he drew near her, and said, brokenly—

"Minnie, I come merely to exonerate myself before God and man. Heaven is my witness that I never knew I had a child in America until to-night, that until to-night I believed you were in California living as the wife of that base villain Peterson, who wrote announcing himself your accepted lover. From the day I kissed you good-bye at the cottage I never received a line, a word, a message from you. When I doubted my father's and Peterson's statements concerning you, and wrote two letters, one to the president of the college, one to a resident professor, seeking some information of your whereabouts, in order at least to visit you once more when I became twenty-one, both answered me that you had forfeited your fair name, had been forsaken by your grandmother, and had gone away from the village accompanied by Peterson, who was regarded as your favoured lover. I ceased to doubt, I believed you false. I knew no better until to-night. Father, my honour demands that the truth be spoken at last. Will you corroborate my statement?"

Pale and proud he stood erect, and she saw that a consciousness of rectitude at least in purpose sustained him.

"Mrs. Orme," began General Laurance.

"Away with such shams and masks! Mrs. Orme died on the theatrical boards to-night, and henceforth the world knows me as Minnie Laurance. Ah! by the grace of God! Minnie Laurance!"

She laughed derisively, and held up her fair slender hand, exhibiting the black agate with its grinning skull lighted by the glow of the large radiant diamonds.

"Minnie, I never dreamed you were his wife. Oh, my God! how horrible it all is!"

He seemed bewildered, and his son asked: "Who is responsible for the separation from my wife? You father, or I?"

"I did it, my son. I meant it for the best. I naturally believed you had been entrapped into a shameful alliance, and, as any other father would have done, I was ready to credit the unfavourable estimate derived from the man Peterson. He told me that Minnie had belonged to him until she and her grandmother conceived the scheme of inveigling you into a secret marriage; and afterwards he informed me of the birth of his child. I did not pay

him to claim it, but when he pronounced it his I gave him money to pay the expenses of the two whom he claimed to California, and I supposed until to-night that both had accompanied him. I did not manufacture statements, I only gladly credited them; and believing all that man told me, I felt justified in intercepting letters addressed to you by the woman whom he claimed as mother of his child. Madame, do not blame Cuthbert. I did it all."

The abject wretchedness of his mien disconcerted her, robbed her of half her anticipated triumph. How could she exult in trampling upon a bruised worm which made no attempt to crawl from beneath her heel? He sat, the image of hopeless dejection, his hands crossed on the gold head of his cane.

Mrs. Orme walked to the end of the room, lifted the curtain, and at a signal Regina joined her. Clasping the girl's fingers firmly she led her forward, and when in front of the old man, she exclaimed:—

"René Laurance, blood triumphs over malice, perjury, and bribery; whose is this child? Is she Merle, Peterson, or Laurance?"

Standing before them in a dress of some soft snowy shining fabric, neither silk nor crape, with white starry jasmines in her raven hair and upon her bosom, Regina seemed some angelic visitant sent to still the strife of human passions, so lovely and pure was her colourless face; and as General Laurance looked up at her, he rose suddenly.

"Pauline Laurance, my sister; the exact, the wonderful image! Laurance, all Laurance, from head to foot."

He dropped back into the chair, and smiled vacantly. Cuthbert sprang forward, his face all a glow, his eyes radiant and eloquent.

"Minnie, is this indeed *our child?* Your daughter—and mine?"

He extended his arms, but she waved him back.

"Do not touch her! How dare you? This is my daughter, my darling, my treasure. This is the helpless little one whose wails echoed in a hospital ward; who came into the world cursed with the likeness of her father. This is the child you disowned, persecuted; this is the baby God gave to you and to me; but you forfeited your claim long years ago, and she has no father, only his name henceforth. She is wholly, entirely her mother's. You have poor Maud."

As she spoke, a wealth of proud tenderness shone in her eyes, which rested on the lily face of her child, and at that moment how she gloried in her perfect loveliness. Her husband groaned, and clasped his hand over his face to conceal the agony that was intolerable, and, in an instant, ere the mother could suspect or frustrate her design, the girl broke from her hand, sprang forward and threw herself on Cuthbert's bosom, clasping her arms around his neck, and sobbing:

"My father! Take me just once to your heart! Call me daughter; let me once in my life hear the blessed words from my own father's lips!"

He strained her to his bosom and kissed the pure face, while tears trickled over his cheeks, and dripped down on hers. Her mother made a step forward to snatch her back, but at sight of his tears, of the close embrace in which he held her, the wife turned away, unable to look upon the spectacle and preserve her composure.

A heavy fall startled all present, and a glance showed them General Laurance lying insensible on the carpet.

Chapter XXVIII.

When the father's eyes closed upon the spectacle of his son folding in his arms his firstborn, they shut out for ever the things of time and sense, and consciousness that forsook him then never reoccupied its throne. General Laurance was carried from the brilliant *salon* to the home of his son; medical skill exhausted its ingenuity, and though forty-eight hours elapsed before the weary heart ceased its slow, feeble pulsations, General Laurance's soul passed away without even a shadowy farewell recognition of the son for whom he had hoped, suffered, dared so much.

During the week that succeeded his temporary entombment in the sacred repose of Père la Chaise, Mrs. Orme completed her brief engagement at the theatre where she had so dearly earned her freshest laurels; and though her tragic career closed in undimmed splendour, when she voluntarily abdicated the throne she had justly won, bidding adieu for ever to the scene of former triumphs, she heard above the plaudits of the multitude the stern whisper, "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, I will repay."

The man whom she most intensely hated and most ardently longed to humiliate and

abase in public estimation had escaped the punishment; housed from reproach by the stony walls of the tomb, mocking her efforts to requite the suffering he had inflicted, and the keenest anticipations of her vindictive purpose were foiled, vanquished.

One morning, ten days after the presentation of "Life's Drama," Mrs. Orme sat listening to her daughter, who, observing her restless, dissatisfied manner, proposed to read aloud. Between the two had fallen an utter silence with reference to the past, and not an allusion had been made to Cuthbert Laurence since the night he had first held his daughter to his heart. Death had dropped like a sacred seal upon its memorable incidents, which all avoided; but mother and child seemed hourly to cling more closely to each other.

To-day sitting on a low ottoman, with her arm thrown across her mother's knee, while the white hand wearing the black agate wandered now and then over the drooping head, Regina read the "Madonna Mia."

She had not concluded the perusal, when a card was brought in, and a glance at her mother's countenance left her no room to doubt the name it bore.

"After five minutes show him in."

Mrs. Orme closed her eyes and her lips trembled.

"My daughter, do you desire to be present at this last earthly interview?"

"No, mother. My wrongs I freely forgive; I told him so; but yours I can never forget, and I would prefer in future not to meet him. God pity and comfort you both!"

She kissed her mother's cheeks, lips, even her hands, and hastily retreated. As she vanished Mrs. Orme threw herself on her knees, and her lips moved rapidly, while she wrung her fingers; but the petition was inaudible, known only to the Searcher of hearts. Was it for strength to prosecute to the bitter end, or for grace to forgive?

She placed a strong metal box on the ormolu stand near her chair, and had just resumed her seat when Mr. Laurance entered and approached her. He was in deep mourning, and his intensely pale but composed face bore the chastening lines of a profound and hopeless sorrow, but retained the proud, unflinching regard peculiar to his family.

Of the two, he was most calm and self-possessed. Bowing in answer to the inclination of her head, he drew a chair in front of her, and when he sat down she saw a package of papers in his hand. "I am glad, Mrs. Laurance, that you grant me this opportunity of saying a few words, which after to-day I shall seek no occasion to repeat, for with this interview ends all intercourse between us, at least in this world. These papers I found in my poor father's private desk, and I have read them. They are your notes and the marriage contract, which only awaited the signature he intended to affix."

She held out her hand, and a burning blush dyed her cheek as she reflected on the loathsome purpose which had framed that carefully-worded instrument.

"To-day I leave Paris for America, to front, as best I may, the changed aspect of life. I have not yet told Abbie of the cloud of sorrow and humiliation that will soon break over our family circle, for poor little Maud has been very ill, and I deferred my bitter revelation until her mother's mind is composed and clear enough to grasp the mournful truth. In the suit, which I presume you will commence as soon as I land in America, you need apprehend no effort on my part to elude the consequences of my own criminal folly and rashness. I shall attempt no defence beyond requiring my counsel to state that no communication ever reached me from you; that I believed you the wife of another; and I shall also insist upon the reading of the two letters in answer to those I wrote requesting the president and professor to ascertain where you were. I was assured that a marriage contracted during my minority was invalid, and, without due investigation of the statutes of the State in which it was performed, and which had, unfortunately, undergone a change, I believed it. Your right as a wife is clear, indisputable, inalienable, and cannot be withheld, and the divorce you desire will inevitably be granted. I cannot censure your resolution; it is due to yourself, doubly due to your child—our child! My child! Oh, that I had known the truth seventeen years ago! How different your fate and mine!"

She leaned back, closed her eyes against the eloquent pleading of that mesmeric countenance, which was slowly robbing her of her stern purposes; renewing the spell she had never been able to fully resist.

He saw the spasm of pain that wrinkled her brow, blanched her lips, and, gazing into the lovely face so dear to him, he exclaimed—

"Minnie! Minnie! Oh, my wife! My own wife!"

He sank on his knees before her, and his head fell upon the arm of her chair. She covered her face with her hands, and a smothered sob broke from her.

"I have sinned, but not intentionally, against you. God is my witness, had I known all, twenty oceans could not have kept me from my wife and my baby. When you lived it all over again that night; when I saw you ill, deserted, in a charity hospital, with the child you say is mine cradled in your arms, oh! then indeed I suffered what all the pangs of perdition cannot surpass. When you and I were married we were but children, but I loved you; afterwards, when I was a man, I madly renewed those vows to one whom I was urged, persuaded to wed. I am not a villain, and I know my duties to the mother of my afflicted Maud, to the child of my loveless union, and I intend rigidly to discharge them. But, Minnie, God knows that you are my true lawful wife, and I want here upon my knees, before we part for ever, to tell you that no other woman ever possessed my heart. I have tried to be a patient, kind, indulgent husband to Abbie; but, when I look at you, and think of her, remembering that my own rash blindness shut me from the Eden that now seems so deliciously alluring, when I realise what might have been for you and me, my punishment indeed appears unendurable. Ah, no language can describe my feelings as I looked at that noble, lovely girl. Oh, the fond pride of knowing that she is mine as well as yours! My wife! my wife! let the holy blue eyes and pure lips of our daughter plead her father's forgiveness——"

His voice faltered. There was a deep silence. Although kneeling so near, he made no attempt to touch her. For fifteen years she had struggled against all tender memories, and every softening recollection had been harshly banished. She had trained herself to despise and hate the man who had so blackened her life at its dewy threshold; but the mysterious workings of a woman's heart baffle experience, analysis, and conjecture. Listening to the low cadence of the beloved voice that first waked her from the magic realm of childhood, and unsealed the fountain of affection, the days of their courtship stole back; the blissful hours of the brief honeymoon. He was her lover, her noble young husband, above all, he was the father of her baby, and, yielding to the old irresistible infatuation, she suddenly laid her hand upon his head. As yet she had not uttered a syllable since his entrance, but the floodgates were lifted, and he heard the despairing cry of her famished heart:—

"Oh, my husband! my husband! my own husband!"

He threw his arms around her as she leaned toward him, and drew the head to his shoulder. So in silence they rested, and he felt that one arm tightened round him as he knelt holding her to his heart.

"Minnie, your true heart forgives your unworthy husband. Tell me so, and it will enable me to bear all that the future may contain. Say, Cuthbert, I forgive you."

She struggled up, gazed into his eyes, and exclaimed, "No, I loved you too well, too insanely, ever to forgive. If I had loved you less I might have forgiven more. There is no meekness in my soul, but an intolerable bitterness that mocks and maddens me. I ought to despise myself, and I certainly shall, for this unpardonable weakness. But very precious memories unnerved me just then, and I clung, not to you, not to Abbie Ames' husband, but to the phantom of the Cuthbert, whom long ago I loved so well, to the vision of the young bridegroom I worshipped so blindly. Let me go. Our interview is ended."

She withdrew from his arms, and rose.

"Before I go let me see our child once more. Let me tell her that her father is inexpressibly proud of the daughter, who will honour his unworthy name."

"She declines meeting you again."

"Minnie, don't teach her to hate me!"

"I gave her the opportunity, and she made her own choice, saying, she freely forgave the wrongs committed against her, but her mother's she could never forget. If I had asked of Heaven the keenest punishment within the range of vengeance, it seems to me none could exceed the wretchedness of the man who, owning my darling for his child, is yet debarred from her love, her reverence, her confidence, and the precious charm of her continual presence. My sweet, tender, perfect daughter! The one true heart in all the wide world that loves and clings to me! You forsook and disowned me, repudiated your vows, offered them elsewhere, making unto yourself strange new gods, profaning the altar where other images should have stood. The banker's daughter, and the Laurance heiress she bore you, are entitled to what remains

of your fickle, selfish heart, and I trust that the two who supplanted my baby and me, will suffice for your happiness in the future as in the past. Into my own and my darling's life you can enter no more. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.' You deem me relentless and vindictive? Think of all the gray, sunless, woful existence I showed you behind the footlights, not many nights since, and censure me if you can. There is no pious resignation in my proud soul; for, indeed, 'There are chastisements that do not chasten; there are trials that do not purify, and sorrows that do not elevate; there are pains and privations that harden the tender heart without softening the stubborn will.' Of such are the sombre warp and woof of my ill-starred life. When you reach New York, Mr. Edgar Palmer, who is my counsel, will acquaint you with the course he deems it best to pursue."

She looked calm and stately and lovely in her pale pride.

"Minnie, do not part from me in anger. Oh, my wife, let me fold you in my arms once more! And once, just once, I pray you let me kiss you! Are you not my own?"

She recoiled a step, her brown eyes lightened, and her words fell crisp as icicles: "Since I was a bride, three weeks a wife, since you pressed them last, no man's lips have touched mine. I hold them too sacred to that dear buried past, to be submitted to a pressure less holy, to be profaned by those of another woman's husband. Only my daughter kisses my lips. Yours are soiled with perjury, and belong to the wife and child of your choice. Go pay your vows, be true at last to something. Good-bye."

He came closer, but her pitiless chill face repulsed him. Seizing her beautiful hand, white and cold as marble, he lifted it, but the flash of the diamonds smote his heart like a heavy flail.

"The death's head, that you gave me as a bridal token! Is there not a fatality even in symbols? Upon my wedding ring stands the cinerary urn, that soon sepulchred my peace, my hopes. A mockery so exquisite could not have been accidental, and faithfully that grinning skeleton has walked with me. The ghastly coat-of-arms of Laurence.

She had thrown off his clasp, raised her hand, and turned the ring over, till the jewels glowed, then it fell back nerveless at her side.

"Minnie." His voice was broken, but her lustrous eyes betrayed no hint of pity. "My wife has no pardon for her erring husband. I have merited none, still I hoped for one kind farewell word from lips that are strangely dear to me. So be it. Tell my daughter, if her unhappy father dared to pray, he would invoke Heaven's choicest blessings on her young innocent head. And Minnie, love, let her eyes and lips successfully plead pardon for her father's unintentional sins against the wife he never ceased to love."

He caught the hand once more, kissed the ring he had placed there eighteen years before, and feeling his hot trembling lips upon her icy fingers, she shut her eyes. When she opened them—she was alone.

Chapter XXIX.

From the window of one of those beautiful villas that encrust the shores of Como, nestling like white birds at the base of the laurel and vine-clad hills that lave their verdant feet in the blue waters, Regina watched the sunshine falling across the placid bosom of the lake. Far away, on the sky-line opposite, and towering above the intervening mountains, glittered the white fire of the snowy Alps, as if they longed to quench their dazzling lustre in the peaceful blue sleeping beneath.

Luxuriant vines clambered along the hillsides, and where the latter had been cut in terraces, orange, lemon, myrtle, and olive trees showed all their tender green and soft grey tints, and long-haired acacias waved in the evening air, that was redolent of the faint delicious vesper incense swung from the pink chalices of climbing roses.

Never weary of studying the wonderful beauty of the surrounding scenery, Regina surrendered herself to an enjoyment that would have been unalloyed, had not a lurking shadow cast its unwelcome chill on all. Mr. and Mrs. Waul had returned to America, and for a month Mrs. Laurance, accompanied by Mr. Chesley and Regina, had been quietly esconced in this lovely villa, whose terraces and balconies projected almost into the water, and commanded some of the finest views of the lake.

But anxiety had followed, taking up its dreary watch in the midst of that witchery which might have exorcised the haunting gray ghost of care; and though shrouded by every imaginable veil and garland of beauty its grim presence was fully felt.

The steamer in which Mr. Laurance

embarked with his family for America had been lost in mid Atlantic, and only one boat, filled with a portion of the passengers and crew, had been rescued by a West Indian ship bound for Liverpool. Among the published names of the few survivors that of Laurance did not appear.

When Mrs. Laurance received the first intimation that Cuthbert had probably perished with his wife and child she vehemently and stubbornly refused her credence. It seemed impossible that envious death could have so utterly snatched from her grasp the triumph upon which her eager fingers were already closing. Causing advertisements to be inserted in various journals, and offering therein a reward for information of the missing passengers, she forbade the discussion of the topic in her presence, and, quitting Paris, retired for a season to Lake Como, vainly seeking that coveted tranquillity which everywhere her own harrowing thoughts and ceaseless forebodings effectually murdered.

As time wore on she grew gloomy, taciturn, almost morose, and a restlessness beyond the remedy of medicine robbed her of the power of sleep. To-day she clung convulsively to her daughter, unwilling that she should leave her even for an instant; to-morrow she would lock herself in, and for hours refuse admittance to any human being. The rich bloom forsook her cheek, deep shadows underlined her large melancholy eyes, and her dimpled hands became so thin that the black agate ring with difficulty held its place upon the wasted fingers.

With patient, loving care Regina anticipated her wishes, indulged all her varying caprices, devoted herself assiduously to the task of diverting her mind, and comforting her heart by the tender ministrations of her own intense filial affection. By day she read, talked, sang to her. When in the tormentingly still hours of night her mother refused the thorns of a sleepless pillow, the daughter drew her out upon the terrace, against which the wavelets broke in a silvery monologue, and directed her thoughts to the glowing stars that clustered in the blue dome above, and shimmered in the azure beneath, or, with an arm around the mother's waist, led her into the flowery garden, and up the winding walks that climbed the eminence behind the villa, where oleanders whitened the gloom, and passionate jasmines broke their rich hearts upon the dewy air; so, pacing to and fro, until the moon went down behind myrtle groves, and the bald brow of distant Alps flushed under the first kiss of day. For Mrs. Laurance nepenthe was indeed a fable, and while she abstained from even an indirect allusion to the subject that absorbed her, the nameless anxiety that seemed consuming her, Regina and her uncle watched her with increasing apprehension.

This afternoon she had complained of headache, and throwing herself on a couch in the recess of the window that overlooked the lake, desired to be left alone, in the hope of falling asleep. Stooping to kiss her, Regina said, "Mother, let me sit by you, and, while I fan you gently, read 'The Lotos Eaters.' The drowsy rhythm will lull you into a realm of rest. May I?"

"No. To-day your blue eyes would stab my sleep. I will ring when I want you."

Dropping the filmy lace curtains in order to lessen the reflection from the water, Regina softly stole away and sat down at the window of the salon, where satin-leaved arums and dainty pearly orchids embellished the consoles, and fragrant heliotrope and geraniums were blooming in pots clustered upon the stone balcony outside. Each day the favourite view of the lake and bending shore line, upon which she gazed from this spot, developed some new beauty, hidden hitherto under leafy laurel shadows, or behind the snowy sail of some fishing-boat, rocking idly upon the azure waves.

Now the burden of her reflections was—"If we could only spend our lives in this marble haven, away from the turmoil and feverish confusion of the outside world; forgetting the past, contented with the society of each other, and shut in with God and nature how peaceful the future would be, nay, how happy all might yet become?"

Sympathy with her mother had forced her to put temporarily aside the contemplation of her own sorrow, but in secret it preyed upon her heart; and whenever a letter arrived, she dreaded the announcement of Mr. Palmer's marriage.

His parting allusion to a brief European visit, she had, by the aid of her fears, interpreted to mean a bridal tour, curtailed by his business engagements, and though she never mentioned his name when it could be avoided, she could not hear it casually pronounced by her uncle or mother without feeling her heart bound suddenly.

(*To be concluded.*)

FROM LLANBERIS TO CÓNWAY.

THE coach-ride from Llanberis to Beddgelert is a very lovely one. It lies through the Pass of Llanberis. Leaving the stern precipices of broken rock, the road branches away along "Nant Gwynant," the Vale of Waters. The road follows the course of a stream midway up the side of a mountain; mountains above, the great green valley below, and mountains on the farther side. The bottom of the valley is all green pastures and still waters. At one end are two large tranquil lakes; at the other is a large tract of meadow land, as flat as the lakes, and exquisitely green by contrast with the rusty bronze mountain sides. Rivulets foam down the rugged steeps; seen from afar they are hardly distinguishable from the seams of basalt which streak so many of the rock-sides. The Peak of Snowdon peeps up continually during the journey, crowning the range on the other side of the valley. Small as he is by comparison with the giant hills whereon he is perched, the sun pays him a homage which it accords to none of the others. Watching the sun set behind the mountain one sees a distinct line of shadow start from Snowdon's Peak, and shade the whole sky. As the sun descends, the line rises at its eastern extremity, making a huge sun-dial in the air. Along the way the coachman points out a great lonely rock called "Dinas Emrys," Merlin's Fort, which tradition assigns as the place where Merlin delivered many of his prophecies.

Towards Beddgelert the way becomes greener, and is shadowed by rich trees. The trees are strangely welcome after the immense bare stretches of mountain relieved by no vegetation larger than heather. The hills here are lower than those we have passed, and nearly all of them are clothed with trees for three parts of their height. Beddgelert is finely situated at a place where three valleys join; the broad, shallow river Glaslyn flows through it, and it is overhung by the frowning mountain, "Moel Hebog."

The whole neighbourhood swarmed with artists. There was scarcely a hill or a streamlet but the white umbrellas of two or three of the fraternity were pitched over against it, while in some places they dotted the green sward as thick as mushrooms. One can hardly wonder at it, for the hills about here are so lovely and so exquisitely wooded; they are small enough, moreover, to be manageable, and to group themselves from almost any point of view into a procession, whilst the mightier mountains form everywhere a soft grey background. Each group of hills has its own lake; some of the more fortunate have one apiece; but they all use them for the same feminine purpose, seeming never tired of gazing into these smooth mirrors to behold in how becoming a manner the kindly seasons array them from day to day—how the spring clothes them, the summer jewels them with flowers, and the autumn gilds their leafy dresses. When winter comes, and the envious wind ruffles the mirrors, the hills grow sullen, and no longer don their raiment, as though out of pure vexation at being deprived of the luxury of seeing themselves.

Beddgelert, or the Grave of Gelert, professes to be so called in allusion to the well-known story of the hound Gelert, which is claimed to be localised here. Indeed the actual sight of his grave, in an enclosure opposite to that capitally-managed hotel, the Royal Goat, is sufficient to convince many people of the actual occurrence of the incident in this locality, and to induce them to shed tears on the spot. Llewelyn the Great, so the story runs, used to hunt here; and going out one day to the chase he left his favourite hound Gelert in charge of his infant's cradle. During his absence a wolf came to attack the child. The courageous dog fought him and killed him, but in the struggle the cradle became overturned and covered with blood, though the child lay unharmed beneath it. Having despatched his opponent, Gelert mounted on the upturned cradle to keep guard over his charge. His jaws were bloody from the contest, and blood trickled along the floor from a wound the wolf had given him. When Llewelyn returned and saw the upturned cradle and the blood, he immediately concluded that the hound had killed his child, and drawing his sword he ran the faithful creature through. Removing the cradle he found the infant safe, saw the wolf's dead body in the corner of the room, and bitterly repenting his rash act, caressed his dying hound, who licked his hand and died. It is a pretty story, but the same thing is told in the Parables of Sandabar, written three centuries before the Christian era, and subsequently

translated and adapted into all European languages, under the title of "The Seven Wise Masters." The important difference in the narrative is that the Oriental version says it was a "serpent," while the European version says it was a "wolf" which the hound slew, a clear proof of its being a Sun-myth, the serpent Vritra being the emblem of darkness in Oriental mythology, whilst the wolf Fenrir is the emblem of the same thing in Teutonic mythology. In this sense it becomes only a version of the old story of the sun slaying the darkness, and dying after his victory against the blood-stained horizon which surrounds the "up-turned cradle" of our race.

Beddgelert has many other attractions, chief of them the wild Pass of Aberglaslyn, which I had no time to see in the brief interval between the arrival of one coach and the departure of the next. The neighbourhood of Gelert's Grave is, however, one of the most delightful places to stay at which I have come across. Beddgelert is one panorama of beauties. I had, however, a fancy for a night's location in one of the wilder places, and accordingly betook myself back to Pen-y-Gwryd, a lonely little inn among the bleak mountains, between Llanberis Pass and the Vale of Gwynant. Except for two or three little fir-trees which stand against the inn, the view is treeless; it is all the bare grandeur of mountain and sky. This homely little inn seems a favourite resort of thoughtful people who want to be alone. Among many names well-known in the world of letters which are inscribed in its Visitors' Book, I noticed that of Charles Kingsley.

After a brief sojourn here (and making friends with a real Gelert, in the person of a fine hound named "Cyl," who, though only understanding Welsh, contrived to make himself far more intelligible to me than any of the rest of the Welsh-speaking population) I took the coach for Bettws-y-Coed, by way of Capel Curig. The latter place (called Kappel Kerrig), though only a tiny little hamlet, is greatly frequented by artists, anglers, and geologists. The scenery immediately about here is composed of a great variety of miniature mountains with little lakes of their own, and many of them either fringed or capped with firs, while Snowdon forms the background—as indeed it seems to do everywhere within a radius of seven or eight miles. As we approached Bettws-y-Coed the coachman gave us half an hour's pause to see the Swallow Waterfall (*Rhayadr-y-Wennol*), which is hidden from the road by rocks and trees. Here, in a deep glen, the river Llugwy takes three huge leaps down a chasm sixty feet wide, overshadowed by splendid trees. The fall is a very grand one, the cataract being broken up by the masses of rock amongst which it swirls and rages. Amid the roar of the waters strange wailing sounds are heard, which appear to proceed from the lower fall. Natives explain beneath their breath that these are the cries of the restless soul of the wicked and unjust John Wynn of Gwydir, who died in 1626, and whose spirit is doomed to inquietude beneath the waters till the Judgment Day. A young lady who visited the Fall with her two sisters one summer, ventured too near the edge of one of the precipitous sides, and falling over, was swept away, and the life beaten out of her by the fierce waters against the cruel rocks.

After the bare mountain scenery, Bettws-y-Coed (or, as some of my fellow-pilgrims pleasantly termed it, Betty C. Koyd), comes upon one like a garden of Eden, a bower among the hills. Beddgelert had seemed tender after the naked mountain sides, but Bettws-y-Coed impressed me like a view of the Vale of Avalon. For this reason I was glad to have taken it at last. Here every hill-side is clothed with the richest wood from base to summit, and the verdure assumes almost tropical luxuriance. Hills shelter it on every hand, and trees shut it off from the rest of the world. It is well named the Station, or Chapel by the Wood, the Retreat among the Trees. The view up the valley where the mountain river Lledr comes down to join the rivers Llugwy and Conway, is one which dwells on the eye long after leaving the place. The river scenery in the locality is superb, and the fishing they say is very good.

Within a mile is one of the daintiest bits of drawing-room scenery that can be conceived of. They call it *Ffosnoddyn*, the Fairies' Glen. I am quite sure that this is a modern appellation—I would almost say an advertising epithet to commend it to the attention of tourists. I will tell you why. It need scarcely be said that there is no fairy legend in connection with the place, for this reason—"the belief in fairies is confined in Wales to the southern counties of Glamorgan, Caermarthen, and Pembroke, the parts into which the Saxons had penetrated farthest."* Moreover, the "Fairy

* Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," p. 411.

Glen" is a *waterfall*, as charming a one in truth as if it had been made by enchantment; but if our friends in North Wales *had* ever believed in fairies, they would not have made the blunder of assigning them a glen where there is nothing but water under foot, in place of the soft greensward which has always been considered indispensable to fairy gambols. Shakespeare knew better when he wrote "like a fairy trip upon the green." But it is plain that a nymph and a fairy is all the same thing to a Welshman.

However, let me try and give an idea of what this exquisite little waterfall is like.

At the entrance a blind Welsh harper was toying upon his harp. Hearing a stranger approach, and feeling sure he was a Sassenach, he began to play, to my disgust, some of the latest music of the Alhambra. A shilling, and a request that he would play some Welsh music, produced a half-hearted recital of "The Men of Harlech." The harper, however, played tolerably well; and much worse playing would prove attractive at the entrance to so romantic a nook among the trees. The Fairy Glen consists of a winding waterfall, which comes down the sweetest of mossy green vistas, made of rock and underwood and the roots of weeping birches, tiny-leaved oaks of drooping habit, hazels, and weeping beeches, by which it is over-shadowed. The arrangement of the vista makes the long soft green perspective appear half veiled in mist. And the stream, a mere tiny rill, which seems to take its rise among the moss and ferns, grows in its descent, one can scarcely tell how, till at the place where you stand, you find yourself surrounded by a swirling, dancing torrent, foaming about the cool rocks which impede its course far down in the shade of a grotto made by a great cleft in the hill-side. One huge rock in the centre (the highest of a pile whereon people stand to get the view) has a fine hazel tree growing on it which gets bedewed with the spray of the torrent. Its roots emboss the stone all about, and enfold it like snakes. The fairy hazel tree, which, by the way, abounds here, is about the only thing suggestive of *Y Dynion Bach Têg*, the Little Fairy Folk. The beauty of the place is made up by the exquisite arrangement of rocks and water down in a little abyss, so jealously sheltered by dainty trees that the sun never sees the waterfall, which abides in the coolest of green shades. The torrent rushes grandly past the grey rock and the hazel tree; and the black deeps are quaintly patterned over with a lacework of foam before the stream sweeps round the corner, over the huge stones which form its bed, and away singing to join the river. Anything more picturesque than the small-leafed trees, the grey rocks covered with bronze mosses, and that tender green solitude where one is shut in with the murmuring of the waters, can hardly be imagined.

But notwithstanding the rare beauty of the scene, I had no sooner taken in the whole of it than I was struck with something like disappointment at remembering I had seen it before. I could not at first think where, but I was positive of having seen the identical thing. I began to look reproachfully at *Ffosnoddyn* as a base plagiarism of some other view. Where had I seen it? I knew. It was at Drury Lane. It was in the pantomime of "Hop o' my Thumb," where Mr. Beverley reproduced this very glen—aye, and under the same name too, the "Fairy Glen"—only he gave the fairies a green sward to "trip" upon. Oddly enough, there is a little pay-place at the entrance to *Ffosnoddyn* exactly like the one at the pit-entrance to Drury Lane, whilst the "box-keeper" unlocks the door and pockets the key precisely as they do at the dress-circle.

The valley of Bettws-y-Coed, with its rivers, its woods, and its hills (clothed so thickly that one would think no tree ever died here), impressed me so delightfully that I could only feel aggrieved at leaving such a "Retreat," after a stay far too brief to master its beauties. I grudged to believe that Bettws-y-Coed meant a "*station* by the woods"—that is, a railway station. But for this and the post-office I could have fancied it that happy valley spoken of in all fairy lore—

> "Where life's for ever sweet, and sorrow comes
> No more, nor winter-storm, nor any rain."

But my time was out, and there was nothing for it but to take the train. Will you believe me when I say that the very engine gave a piercing shriek at leaving the happy valley?

While waiting for a couple of hours at Llandudno Junction I had a look at the town of Conway, the most perfectly preserved specimen of an ancient walled town which modern improvements have left us. It is built on a steep slope on the left bank of the river Conway, in shape like a harp; and the walls, which are entire, measure from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and are

fortified at frequent intervals with towers and battlements. The town is no more than a mile and a quarter round, and it looks narrow enough to shoot an arrow across. Its population is under two thousand. The Castle, another of Edward's, is built upon a rock, and though much smaller than Caernarvon Castle, it must in its prime have been a very noble fortress. In pattern it is exactly like the stereotyped form of castle which schoolboys delight to draw upon their slates. It is made up of eight great circular towers, connected by walls; four of the towers are surmounted by slender turrets. Standing as it does against the sea, the castle could be entirely surrounded by water by means of a wide moat on the land side. A handsome suspension bridge, by Telford, of the same pattern as that which spans the Menai Straits, crosses the river Conway to the castle, and its chains are fixed to the castle rock. Beside it is another tubular bridge to carry the train over; so that both railway and road traffic pass right through the castle where Edward I. and Queen Eleanor once kept court. Both bridges, however, harmonise remarkably well with the fierce old fortress, and look like parts of the structure.

Your pilgrim re-entered the train and was carried along the coast, to watch how the far-off shores of the estuary of the Dee grew nearer, till what seemed like sea dwindled to a river, and the river to a stream, and the stream gave place to the bustle of Chester railway station.

Your pilgrim's cockle and staff and sandals are now laid aside; but in returning to the duties of his cell he finds himself amply compensated in health and pleasant memories for the expenditure of his scrip. EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

FINDING A WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SAM BURROUGHS walked in front of the Morristown Hotel, up and down, up and down. He looked about him with the nearest approach to ill-humour of which he was capable. Everything was so different from the neat, thriving village where he lived, and where the neatest house, as well as handsomest, was his own. The hotel here was flanked on either side by wooden shanties, over which were hoisted boards, whereon was daubed, in tar-letters, "Bar-Room." On the other side of the way another shanty offered for sale bonnets, confectionery, and emigrant-tickets. Mr. Sam Borroughs' big, slow-moving body, his well-shaven face, mild blue eyes, neat kid gloves, and natty glazed cap, made an oddly-contrasting picture to these surroundings.

The truth was Mr. Burroughs was out of his accustomed groove of life, which was, you may be sure, a very straight, clean groove. He began to regret that he had left this groove. He had just begun an adventure. If things were to be like this, after one day, what would be the sum total of a whole summer spent in these mountains camping out, bear-shooting, trout-fishing? Bridge's proposal had sounded alluring enough beside a roaring fire at Christmas, but it looked very different now that it was near at hand. Where, too, was Dr. Bridges? Had he not come to meet him?

Just then Dr. Bridges came, and seized him by both hands. "I thought I had missed you, Sam! Where are your traps? Bring your dog? That's right! I tell you we're in for a holiday that will be worth the name! The game never was plentier. And we'll find *her*," laughing significantly. "We'll bring down different game, eh, Sam?"

"I think I do remember some joke of yours, last winter," he said, carelessly. "You proposed to marry me to some maiden of blushing sixteen! No, no, Doc.! After my thirty-six years of freedom, I am not easily lured into slavery. And, besides, what pretty girl would forgive that?" He lifted his cap, to show a bald spot on the crown. "Where are we to meet your children?"

"At Wolf's Gap. And, by the way, the train will be due in half an hour. We must see to our tickets."

Mr. Burroughs followed his friend, as he walked quick, nervous, alert, along the path. He would be very sorry, he thought, if Bridges should know how entirely that silly joke had taken possession of his mind; how it had, in fact, determined him to make this journey. Not that he had the slightest intention of marrying anyone, even if precisely suited to him, but he was a

little tired of the women's faces in Burroughsville society. And, besides, he had a curiosity to see what kind of wife the Doctor would pick out for him. Bridges would know that he did not care for money; he had enough of that, thank God, and to spare. He had formed a pretty clear idea of this girl whom they were to meet, a daughter of some friend of the Doctor's. He always pictured her as a large, slow-moving blonde, an idealised likeness of himself. She would be white, and soft, and pink-tinted as a peach blossom; her hair curly and yellow; her eyes blue—eyes lighted with tenderness and mirth. All the winter, as he had walked through one large empty room after another of his house, and had looked at the luxurious beauty of their furnishings, he could not help wondering how this fair creature would look, moving softly about in gauzy robes of blue, or paled rose colour.

Now, before this month's journey was over, he was going to meet her!

"You'll get a good supper at Wolf's Gap," said the Doctor. "My children are waiting for us there, with Mrs. Bute."

"Their governess?"

"No! A neighbour of ours, with a sickly boy—dying, I fear. Mountain air was the only chance for him. So he has joined us for the journey."

"Her husband is to be of the party?"

The Doctor's face changed oddly at this simple question, and he hesitated for a moment.

"No," he said, at length. "He is left behind;" adding, with some embarrassment, "it is very pleasant for my daughter Florence to be under Mrs. Bute's care."

Mr. Burroughs heard of this daughter, Florence, with uneasiness. He had really forgotten the child's age. Could it be possible that she was his destined wife?

But when they arrived his fears were set at rest, for Florence proved to be only a saucy girl of twelve. He felt sorry for the child, too, as Mrs. Bute, who was a little, dark woman, did not impress him as an agreeable companion. He did not like insignificant, dark women, especially when they were restless, as was this one; and he wished Bute himself had been of the party to attend to his wife, though, no doubt, the fellow was glad of a little respite. What could induce any man to take into his house an uneasy, busy wasp of a woman? Your large, soft, fair blondes, now, would be a different matter.

Chapter II.

Before dawn, the next morning, the jolting stage deposited the unfortunate Bute's wife and the children at the Springs. The Doctor and Mr. Burroughs followed on horseback. The moon was still shining on the little watering-place, which was nestled among the mountains; the unquiet waters of the river circling it with a belt of foam and deepening with their complaining murmur the silence of the night.

"A queer, quiet little resort," said the Doctor.

Burroughs did not answer. He quite understood that *she* was to be here. The silence, the moonlight had quieted and lifted his mood. They were all in a fitting, tranquillising strain of music, to usher her into his life. He wondered how Bridges could go off, in such a crisis, to take a nap before breakfast. For his part he wandered down to the little bridge, hung over the roaring torrent, loitered up the road, under grey, beetling crags, his hands clasped behind him. Something of the doctor's nervousness and excitability had inoculated his calmer blood. He had had his little *tendresses* and flirtations in his day, and scores of marriageable girls were annually presented to his consideration by all of his male friends. Why, then, should his pulses beat furiously and his brain be filled with fantastic visions at the mere idea of this woman, whom he had never seen?

He had been pacing along with his head down; but, when he lifted it suddenly, he stopped short, with an exclamation. Mother Nature and he had had little intercourse, but she had at last set a scene before him which wrung absolute homage from him. There was the river, awed and silenced. In its midst a gray crag shot upward to the sky, hoary with age. Beyond rose range after range of melancholy heights, their summits just touched with the pink of dawn.

Burroughs drew a long breath. If she would appear here, and now, "like some fair vestal throned in the west," he thought; but stopped there, coughing, for he was not apt in quotation. Surely there was a figure yonder, wrapped in the mist? He hurried up, hat in hand.

"Mrs. Bute!" he cried, in accents of unmistakable disappointment, as that disagreeable person turned toward him, "I—I did not expect to find you here!"

"The place is an old resort of mine," she said, as if excusing her presence. "I

used to come here when I was young." She wrapped her cloak about her, and, nodding good-bye, turned back to the house.

"She is suffering remorse for nagging that poor devil, Bute," Burroughs said to himself, his eyes following her; for he had made up his mind to her powers of nagging someone. But it had not been so long ago since she was young, after all, he thought. She had still an elastic step, and her figure was undeniably fine. Her face, caught off guard, really was that of a girl.

She had destroyed the charm of the landscape, however. A shrewd idea struck him. He hurried after her, and said, "I presume you know most of the frequenters of the Springs, Mrs. Bute? There is a young lady of whom the doctor has spoken to me, and of whom I fancy I should like to know something before we meet. I cannot give you her name, but she is young. A large gentle woman, slow both of speech and action."

Mrs. Bute's eyes had been fixed on his at first as if trying to bring her thoughts from some far-off quarter. She had succeeded, apparently, and answered him with interest. "You must mean Miss Latouche, the daughter of an old friend of the Doctor's?"

"Yes, yes; precisely." He spoke eagerly.

"It is she, no doubt. She looks"—she paused and laughed, struck by some fancy —"she looks as you might, Mr. Burroughs, if you were a woman, and a beautiful woman. I should think"—still looking at him speculatively—"you and Mary Latouche would be good friends."

Sam felt his heart thrill. Here was a pleasant sort of prophecy. His fate must be plain when all sorts of people could see it. He must go to the house and shave and dress, to be ready for it. He walked on, however, beside Mrs. Bute, talking civilly to her. It was very good-natured in the woman to take so ready an interest in his affairs. Indeed, she seemed to have an exceptional quality of mind, rather trifling, as he thought, which made her ready to be interested in everything and everybody, and her voice was curiously low and pleasant in inflection. Bute ought not to find the nagging so unbearable in those tones.

Chapter III.

Mrs. Bute certainly possessed the habit of mind, trifling or not, which forced her to take a keen interest in people about her and their affairs. She met the Doctor near the house, who stopped her to consult about his boy Tom's weak eyes. She went to Florence's room after that, to see if the nurse had curled her hair properly. Then Tom and Bob waylaid her to tie their cravats. Then the little woman, at last, reached her own room, and sat down beside the lounge, where her boy Benny was still asleep after the night's journey. The morning was the time when his sleep was always soundest, and she had a habit of sitting beside him, to keep him undisturbed. Outside, the sun was shining, the wind blowing the branches of the pines to and fro. Two or three minstrels had brought their violins under a tree in the lower part of the lawn, and were playing lively airs, while some of the children, gay in their bright dresses and flying ribbons, were dancing to the music on the grass. Mrs. Bute turned suddenly away to the bed beside her, and passed her hand over the child's thin little body and legs, bent and distorted, and but half-hidden by the white night-shirt.

She was too genial, friendly a soul to feel any bitterness to the happy people below, rich in money and in health. But one-tenth of their wealth would place her boy beside those others. She could not forget that. Ben wakened. She turned quickly away, stood by the window a minute, and came back, smiling.

"Is it time to dress, mother?" hurrying to scramble out of bed. "Breakfast is over, and you have missed it. Too bad! Florry told me what lovely dresses the ladies and little girls wore."

"I did not care to see their dresses, Ben." She was on her knees, bandaging his leg.

"Did you hear what Mr. Burroughs told the doctor last night, mother? They thought I was asleep. About physicians who cure hip diseases worse than mine?" He waited a minute, and then in a lower voice hesitated, "It costs a great deal of money to go to them, mother?"

"Not more than we will find, Ben," holding the poor little foot to her cheek, and looking up at him with the most cheerful and resolute of faces.

He patted her on the head, nodding gravely, and answered,

"We mostly find money for what I want. When do you think we can go, mother?"

"I can't tell, precisely, dear. The first

thing to do is to grow strong in the mountain air."

"Oh, of course, of course. But I'd like to be able to run and jump with the other boys as soon as I can. I'm a little impatient about that," with the queer smile with which Ben always used a long word.

Mrs. Bute stooped over his shoe, lacing it, gulping down the weight in her throat, which choked her. She knew that this month of expense would exhaust nearly all their means, and that if this chance failed there was no hope that she could keep her boy alive. In a little while she would not trace even this shrivelled little body to hold in her arms at night. Oh, God! *He* was too merciful to take him from her! There would be some way—some miracle. She would see the stunted little body stand erect yet. Her boy would have his chance in life with the others.

Ben, dimly groping at her trouble, guessed it was the lack of money; for the little fellow had a suspicion of the desperate fight his mother made for him, in spite of all her efforts to hide it.

"It does not matter what you think of him, mother; my father had no right to rob us of the farm. You need not say hush! I've heard it. I know it all."

"Silence, child! You shall not speak so of your father. Poor Philip!"

Mrs. Bute was very quiet and pale after that. Not all her effort could bring the laugh and merry talk which so seldom failed Ben.

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Chapter IV.

She was a hopeful little body, however; and when she led Ben downstairs, and felt his hand warm in hers; when her old friends crowded about her, making him laugh at every step, she would begin to seem exceedingly warm and pleasant, and the miserable little home which she had left suddenly disappeared out of it.

Dr. Bridges came in, and lifted Ben up on a chair.

"Mr. Burroughs has found Miss Latouche at last," she said, glancing at Sam, who, in faultless morning costume, was making small talk for a large beautiful girl, lazily reclining. "An odd likeness between those two! I should think one would be the complement of the other, if they should chance to marry."

"Marry! That would never answer," said the Doctor, reflectively. "Not at all. Mary Latouche is one of the poorest women I know, and Burroughs is a man who woul draw heavily on his wife."

Mrs. Bute looked puzzled for a minute. She was a practical little woman, however, not given to figures of speech, and she concluded that he meant Burroughs was a man in need of money, and with spendthrift habits. This knowledge of his poverty really pleased her, as it gave her a sense of kinship to him on one score, and she wanted to talk to him about the chances for Ben. She welcomed him warmly, and made room for him beside her, when he came up after a while excited and radiant.

"She is all that you told me, Mrs. Bute. Never saw more exquisite colouring! She reminds me of a matchless pink cameo. Her eyes, too, have that rare liquid brilliancy which argues a profound intellect. Ah, my little man! I have not seen you before to-day."

Ben held out his hand as to an old acquaintance. All children made a friend of Sam Burroughs. The next minute he had the boy on his knee. He was of the age when the fatherly instinct is developed in men. This child, too, had a peculiar appealing look, before which Sam's tender soul melted. He silently resolved to look up its father, and advise him how to treat the boy to test the chances of cure; and if Bute was not a man of means, why—well, it should be managed somehow.

Mr. Burroughs sought out the doctor that evening. He had hung all day, like a great grey moth about a candle, over Miss Latouche. He was fervid, nervous, loquacious about her. Had the doctor observed the colouring of her hair? or had he noticed the back of her neck? Nothing could be more delicate than its outline. She had sung "Oh, Summer Night!" to him, too, and it was a rare pleasure to hear her. To be sure, her notes in the upper register were false, but who would find fault with the cooing of a dove?

"It's not possible you are talking of Mary Latouche!" ejaculated the doctor.

"N—no; though, no doubt, she is the same. I think it was Mrs. Bute, probably, who impressed me in that way. She does not seem as nervous a person as I at first supposed. It is only when she looks at her boy that she becomes restless. I imagined that she was given to nagging. But Bute probably has not much trouble with her temper."

"Not much." And again the anxious expression came upon the doctor's face.

Chapter V.

In a week's time everybody recognised Mr. Burroughs as the lover of Miss Latouche. Morning and night she lay half reclining on a sofa, the light falling at just the right angle on her yellow hair, or the outline of her lovely neck. Mr. Burroughs bent over her, essayed all topic of conversation, caught deferentially her murmured "Yes" or "No," or stood guard over the piano, holding her gloves, while, in a little higher key, she cooed "Oh, Summer Night!" As soon as she went to take her afternoon siesta, he hurried to put on a comfortable loose coat, and took Ben for a drive, Mrs. Bute going along to take care of the boy. They were very jolly, merry drives, for Sam told all manner of absurd adventures of his own to amuse the boy; and, owing to his mother's habit of attentive interest in them, fell into the way of continuing his reminiscences when Ben was asleep, until they included his whole history, and that of all Burroughville. After he returned from one of these drives, one day, he stood flicking his whip thoughtfully:—

"That Bute must be a queer fellow to leave his wife here so long unattended," he broke out to the Doctor. "Dresses her shabbily, too. If she were tastefully dressed, do you know, I think she'd be an exceedingly attractive person. Exceedingly. But she thinks so little of herself, people are apt to think little of her—ordinary people, that is. It needs a man of delicate perception to appreciate her."

"The Butes are poor," said the Doctor, guardedly, and after a pause. "I would not speak of her husband to her, if I were you. It—it is an unpleasant subject."

"No doubt," Sam thought to himself, going upstairs to dress. "No doubt Bute is one of those hard drinking, careless men. There never was a woman who could make a snug little home happier for a man."

His pity for Mrs. Bute, as the victim of an unhappy marriage, set the soft-hearted fellow into contriving perpetual devices to give pleasure to her and Ben. As she was married, too, he felt safe in making her his confidant in all his likings and prejudices towards the people about him. Sam's repartees and clever sayings, of every kind, were of slow growth, occurring to him usually after the occasion for them was long past; for the most part, indeed, when he was in bed. He would store them up to tell to Mrs. Bute and Ben, chuckling, whenever he wakened, to think how they would enjoy them, which it is certain they did. They had had but few tastes of fun or frolic in their lives, and in their eyes Mr. Burroughs was a man of rare art and the finest fancy.

The fortnight allotted to the Springs was over. "To-morrow," said the Doctor, "we must be off to Asheville, and from there to the hills and camp life. We'll have a jolly time, Burroughs!"

"I hope so," said Sam, dubiously. "But—well the truth is, Doc., Miss Latouche and her father are going with us, as you know, and Mary Latouche is not the kind of person to have with us. She does not even smile at a joke, and I've wasted some confoundedly good ones on her, I can tell you."

"She will make a lovely picture, Burroughs."

"Yes, I've no doubt she will."

"Just think of the colouring of her hair and the outline of the back of her neck."

"Oh, very fine! I ought to know. I've been looking at them for two weeks."

"And she will sing 'Oh, Summer Night!' for us. Why, Burroughs, I thought you were in love with the girl?"

"So I am. Certainly. But a steady stretch of 'Oh, Summer Night!' for a fortnight is a little too much linked sweetness. However—— Of course, I'm in love with her. I've almost told her so," gravely.

He grew more grave as the day wore on, and finally settled into an anxious sobriety. The next morning, when they started off, he was placed beside Miss Latouche, her father, Mrs. Bute, and Ben occupying the other seat. This tacit recognition of him as an accepted lover forced Sam to face facts. How would the lovely blonde fit into Burroughsville and everyday wear?

He noticed that Mrs. Bute's face was unusually worn and pale; the boy was languid and feverish, and lay with his head on his mother's lap. What an easy task that fellow Bute had before him to bring health and colour to those two faces! It only needed the skill money could buy, and a little care and love. He found his eyes hungrily fixed on the wan little woman in shabby dress, and his heart thumping hotly under his new hunting-jacket. But what condition of mind was this? Such excess of sympathy for another man's wife was hardly expedient, to use the mildest term; and he turned his back on her, and began a conversation with Miss Latouche, conscious only of a most unchristian wrath and venom against this unknown fellow, Bute.

The conversation might have ended in a proposal but for an accident which occurred, and the accident was this. The road for miles runs along the bank of the river; a rugged range of precipices on one side, the foaming torrent on the other. The mountain streams which empty into the river are crossed by rough bridges of logs. The driver on this morning was too lazy to use this precaution, and, whipping up his horses when they reached the first bridge, dashed on to it. Night was coming on. Sam, startled, had only time to see the foaming, angry stream below, and Ben's white face, before he was hurled down, passengers, carriage, and horses crashing into the flood together. Burroughs fell straight into the water. In an emergency he was a practical fellow, with his wits about him: he scrambled on to a boulder, and brought his head above water. Mr. Latouche was near him, struggling to bring a mass of yellow hair out of the muddy water.

"Save Mary, for God's sake, Burroughs!" shouted the Doctor, from the shore.

But Sam plunged into a black pool on the other side, dived, came up empty-handed, with a face ghastly as death; dived again, and brought up Ben and Ben's mother, clasped in each other's arms, and dead, as he thought. The Doctor, seeing that Mr. Latouche and his daughter were safe, ran to the rock where Burroughs had dragged the others out, and sat beside them, motionless, his face rigid with despair.

"She is dead!" he cried. "Her head must have struck the rocks in the fall."

"No, no! We'll hope not," said the Doctor, bending over her, breathlessly.

The Doctor looked up at last.

"She breathes! They are both alive!"

"Thank God for that!"

Burroughs sat down a little space apart, and buried his face in his hands. The other half-drowned members of the party were out of sight, down the bank.

When Mrs. Bute opened her eyes, she drew in her arms. Benny was still clasped in them, and they smiled into each other's face. Then she looked wildly about.

"Was he hurt?" she cried.

"Mr. Latouche" replied the Doctor. "No. Quite safe."

"No, Mr. Burroughs." The blood rushed over her face and neck. "He—he has been very kind to Ben and me," she said, apologetically.

Dr. Bridges went to Burroughs, who was sitting alone, dripping, and in deep depression.

"Mrs. Bute is quite well," he said, cheerfully.

"Better she had died," he answered, vehemently, dragging his wet hat on his head.

"Halloo! What do you mean?" cried the Doctor.

"I mean that I'd rather see her dead than give her up to a life of misery again. I did not know what she was to me until I saw her dying yonder. I believe if she had been free she would have loved me. And now to give her up to that fellow, Bute — —"

The Doctor calmly looked at him.

"My dear Burroughs," he said, at last, "that fellow, Bute, has been dead these six years, and Mrs. Bute is the wife whom I prophesied would precisely suit you."

Every summer the Doctor visits Burroughsville, to boast of his triumph in match-making, and to quiz Burroughs and his happy little wife with praises of Miss Latouche, who is fatter, and fairer, and duller than ever, and still unmarried. The pleasantest sight to him in the pleasant country house, is Ben, now a straight and sturdy lad, who hardly knows which he loves best—father or mother.

R. H. DAVIS.

WAIT AND SEE.

WHEN my boy, with eager questions,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking o'er and o'er again
Questions oft to which the answers
Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
"Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling
Taught to me a lesson sweet;
Once when all the world seemed darkened
And the storm about me beat,
In the "children's room" I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby brother's questions
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiding
Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden,
Bidding me still wait and see.
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be?
And the Father, in His wisdom,
Gently bids us "Wait and see." ANON.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

As Mr. Lincoln anticipated, there were many discontented and sulky-looking faces that came to the Barn that night—obstinate and even daring some of them looked, and the pale faces of the wives showed what they thought of the matter. The tea, the coffee, and the cake were distributed with lavish hand. Mr. Lincoln wisely made them comfortable as a better preparation for what he had to tell them. A stranger also was there whose name he did not know, but whom he rightly suspected to be Joseph Lag.

After a good deal of chat about different matters and things which had transpired in his somewhat long absence, he spoke of having had a run over to the Centennial Exhibition, and what he saw there, and whom he met, and whom he had heard of. He spoke of America as a great country, and worthy to be a teacher to the mother country—just in the same way that an experienced young physician is more reliable than one old and experienced, for the reason that science is making fresh discoveries every day, and the young know and study these while the old have neither time nor inclination to spare.

"'Merica's been in a bad way lately, Mister Lincoln. Why, I've heard there's been fifty thousand men out of employ in New York at one time."

"Quite true, Job; and whose the fault?"

"I dunno nothing about that."

"Look here, all of you. There must be some bad sheep in every flock, but the worst of it is that even one will taint a large number. Is it not so?"

"Yes, you be right."

"Now there's always one or more idle, lazy loons everywhere hating to see men get their bread honestly and soberly, but yet possessed with mischief enough to make any number of them discontented, and the result is a strike, and then in nine cases out of ten starvation or pinching misery for their wives and little ones, and this terrible suffering is a very small part of the calamity, for far and near it is felt, just according to the kind of manufacture. That is impeded, and the capital existing to meet the loss."

"The masters grind the men to the lowest point, and paying them by piece-work is unjust and not a general mode of payment," replied Joseph Lag.

Mr. Lincoln only looked at him and went on.

"I believe there is some trade protection necessary for masters and men, and will be as long as human nature is as it is; by-and-by, in some long-off future, perhaps, there will be an evolution of good spirit, when it will be a disgrace to do otherwise then as one should do another. Then there will be no need of 'trades' unions,' but until then we may go on with moderation; mind you, not by bad advice, to work the matter to destruction as it has been done in America."

"I think you needn't talk about America," said Joseph Lag.

"It is the very thing I intend to talk about; so, my friend, should the subject not be to your taste, it remains with yourself to listen or leave.

"Down in this far-away village, soon to be a town, for a railway is planned to cross yonder fields, you may not have considered what an unchecked irresponsible tyrant you all of you create for yourselves in a 'trade-union.' No monarch in the world is more tyrannical, not even the Ashantee King, who cuts off his people's heads without fear of judge or jury. The tyrant of 'trades' union' is not half so merciful to you. He gives you short commons, starvation, and disease, not only for yourselves, but for your wives and children. There is scarcely a year unmarked by 'strikes' among the men at signals from a 'trade-union.' Are any of you the better men or the richer in goods for these strikes? If you are, go on and prosper; but if by these mad acts you send the trade out of the country, which some have done, why who suffers the most, master or men? You need not be told which. I tell you that you have carried the thing too far, look out for ruin.

"It was in July, 1874, that the exactions of their men induced the ironmasters and colliery owners of South Wales to join in a

general lock-out against those who refused to work on fair wages, and at once a hundred and twenty thousand men were locked out. This was the beginning of the end. The wives, the children, the small shopkeepers were 'clemmed,' it is an old word descriptive of cold, hunger, disease, and death."

"You needn't tell us what that be," said one of the wives; "we do know it too well; go on Mister Lincoln, you be right."

"Shut up! Women got no business here."

"I deny that; women have place, or should have place, everywhere that their husbands can go to, and here especially," remarked Mr. Lincoln.

"However, I wish that one woman had never been born if it be true what is recorded of her by the ancient historian, Herodotus, who lived four hundred years before Christ, that the art of brewing barley wine was first discovered by the wife of Nimrod. In Egypt she was called Iris, but bore the name of Semiramis in Assyria. I can't answer for the truth of this unimportant matter; but to starve as dogs or live as men is within your own choice; for, depend upon it, masters will not bear with the indecent robbery of time and money, and of upsetting all contracts and losing trade, through the commands of 'trades' unions.'"

"Perhaps among all the 'strikes' that have occurred, the memorable Railway 'strike' in America will be the longest remembered for its disastrous consequences. The rulers of 'The Locomotive Brotherhood' ordered the immediate strike of the drivers and stokers of all the engines on the two great trunk lines which run through the State of New York, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. The men obeyed orders, and for one week—at the end of which the men surrendered—the extent of the calamity is indescribable. All business was paralysed, manufacturers could neither receive their supplies nor transport their completed orders. Travellers were detained in places where there was only a limited supply of food and lodging; in fact, you may imagine better than I describe all the misery that ensued. But by the lack of foresight, always missing in an evil deed, when the men struck they omitted to consider that there existed no stores of bread-stuffs, no corn for bread, no meat, and no fodder for cattle, and in their one act of striking on these great trunk lines they cut off their own supplies and could get no more food than their victims. As a consequence of this deficiency, bread riots speedily rose, not only in towns and cities, but in the districts of the coal and other mines. All Pennsylvania was in arms. Those who had stores were compelled to surrender them to a lawless mob, or, failing this, the people, infuriated by hunger, tore down the granaries and store-houses, and so great was the damage done that many cities were compelled to increase the local taxation to repair the destruction.

"Just now very little is heard in the States of 'trades' unions.' The masters are combining to protect themselves against the decrees of men calling themselves a society, who by a word make the men belonging to it upset all business arrangements and transactions, involving thereby severe losses, which must in the end return upon the men themselves.

"The Printers', or 'Typographical Union'—one of the two largest of trade societies—at one time tyrannised over all the newspapers issued in New York and other large cities in the States. In one office in St. Louis the men were ordered to strike at midnight. The proprietors of the papers said not a word, but immediately filled the vacated places with men from Chicago, who were, however, deluded to follow their bad advisers; but, in fact, as the men went others filled their places. Then the building was fired by some of the discontents and burned to the ground. It was, however, soon rebuilt, but the proprietors of this and other printing-offices refused to take union men, who ultimately went to New York, and flourished there till this very summer, when the proprietors of one of the largest papers insisted upon a reduction in the prices of composition to take place at the end of the current week. The union ordered a strike, when the whole staff of about eighty men put on their coats and walked out. The paper, however, appeared the next morning as if nothing had happened. But that there was trouble and vexations to the proprietors is certain; but it is too long a story to tell. No society man has since been employed in the office, and so great a saving has been made in the expenses that other proprietors of papers are following the same plan.

"In the States 'trades' unions' are dying out. The City of Troy, about a hundred and fifty miles from New York, is the city of the iron moulders or casters. The union has fallen into such disrepute

among its members that they work in any shop, and at any price offered. Then, again, 'The Tailors' Society' now numbers only less than eight hundred, whereas formerly there were more than twelve thousand members. A few more such strikes as that in America which happened in June of this year, and the whole system will explode. Look before you leap is my advice to you. Don't throw away good and sufficient wages for the alternative of starvation.

"We dunno what to say about it, nor if England be like the States; but 'tis very hard to be paid only by piecework. We be ill sometimes, and can't do as much one time as another; and by piecework ill or well we must work," said one.

"Yes, that's it," replied several of the men.

"Is day work fair, then, for the masters?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Suppose an order has to be promptly executed, and several of you are bilious, cross, and careless from over-drink, what then? Hear what the experience of Herr Bally in his own country has made us acquainted with as regards day or weekly pay.

"'What sort of success,' he asks, 'can you expect in a business like watchmaking (for instance), which has to be so organised that one man shall take the work from the hand of another, and then pass it on to a third in steady and exact succession, when one keeps his Sunday holiday over into Monday, and Tuesday is laid up with a headache; Wednesday is another man's turn for the same. On Thursday a third man leaves for military service; Friday a fourth has an engagement with a lawyer to settle affairs with a creditor; and so work is broken up by endless irregularities.'

"Now, under these circumstances, how can masters prosper? If the time admits, I should like to give you an account of how Herr Bally and his friend visited a boot and shoe manufactory at Stoneham in the State of Massachusetts, and you will bear in mind that Herr Bally was the master of the largest boot and shoe factory is Switzerland, paying men at a weekly wage, while in the factory he visited, pay was by piecework. But he observes:—

"'The American works like a clock. His soda-water and his tea don't give him the headache. He does not brutalise his mind with brandy. He is healthy and contented, his home is pleasant and attractive. Saturday afternoon he has free, and devotes it to getting the house and family ready for Sunday.'"

"Here is Herr Bally's description of work in an American shoe factory:—

"'After a longish trip by railroad, we arrived, feeling thirsty with the tropical heat. The proprietor invited me to dinner at the best hotel of the little town, which had been built by himself. At table he asked me what I would drink. There was neither wine, beer, nor any spirituous liquor to be had in the hotel, nor even in the town. I was not embarrassed, and called for cold tea, for the same thing had occurred to me before, especially on one occasion four years before. That time a friend had asked me to spend three days with him, from Saturday till Monday, at Stoneham, and it was impossible to find in the whole town a drop of the juice of the vine, even of the hop-vine. . . . A thorough exploration of the factory brought us first to the department where the leather is prepared for the soles. Five stamping-machines furnish all the soles required for a maximum production of 9000 pair a day. At my factory one machine of the same sort cannot turn out more than 400 pair of soles a day.

"'In this department, as well as in that for cutting the uppers, it is a settled principle to employ none but American workmen. The men are paid by the day; but an account is kept with each, in which he is debited with the amount of leather delivered to him, and credited with the amount of work which he accomplishes. If he falls short of a certain amount of work, or if he wastes too much stock he is discharged. In shops of the same dimensions with mine, they turn out six times the amount of work. But it should be remarked that in America each manufacturing concern devotes itself to a speciality, while the European houses are under the necessity of executing more or less everything in their general line of business.

"'With us, for the crimping of boots the workman is paid about fifty centimes (ten pence) a pair. In this American factory, by means of a crimping-machine and a little stretching apparatus, one man can crimp a pair in eight minutes. By reckoning what we ordinarily pay for a day's work, it is easy to calculate how much quicker the American works than the European. To crimp 3000 pair of boots a day, like the concern of which I am speaking, we should have to keep, with our present methods, not less than 200 workmen for this alone.

"'In the sewing shop the feed of the

sewing-machine communicates with a pedal. The thread cuts itself the moment the right hand takes away one shoe upper or boot leg, while the left hand brings on the next, the foot still resting on the pedal. So the machine keeps sewing for hours, without cessation, at the rate of 800 stitches a minute.

"'The eyelet machine, of which I brought a model home with me, cuts the hole and sets the eyelet at the rate of 175 in a minute.

"'With the pegging-machine I have seen, in one minute, two pair of soles pegged to large men's shoes with a double row of pegs. In this space of time, then, the machine has driven 800 pegs, without allowing for the time of fixing the four shoes to the machine and taking them off.

"'With us it takes not less than an hour for a country shoemaker to finish and polish a pair of common working-men's shoes. In this factory, the seven different operations that go to this work are easily despatched in ten minutes. . . .

"'The proprietor complained of the high rate of wages. He could not get hands at less than two dollars a day; and so long as this continued, he could not think of doing an export business. I footed up, from his own factory books, the amount he was paying *by the piece*, and found that I was paying double what he was, and yet my men are always grumbling. They work with American machines, and use the same sort of tools, but they are far inferior to the Americans in productive capacity. The same remark has been made by manufacturers who have set up German shoe factories on the American plan, but find that they cannot succeed with German workmen.'"

"This be all new to me, Mr. Lincoln," said one of the men; "and whatever is done in America we Englishmen don't care."

"That 'don't care' is a feeling to be guarded against—it was a fable in my days realised in the present. The Manchester cotton-spinners didn't care when they sent into India calico thickened with size and clay. They thought this was a very clever trick of theirs. For the time—yes; but afterwards cotton mills were erected in Bombay. The cotton was close at hand, grown in the district, and workmen were willing to work on what was good pay to them, men who had neither inclination nor means to spend their money in 'publics;' a people who did not, and do not, understand the meaning of 'trades' unions' and 'strikes,' and now there are no less than twenty-four cotton mills in the Bombay district, and others up the country, making altogether a million of spindles going; and all this through the 'don't care' of Manchester. Now, should the strikes and trades' unions increase in this country, and cotton mills continue to be erected in India, they will supply the whole Indian demand for cotton fabrics even for so large a population as India—two hundred and fifty millions of people—and we only about thirty-two millions."

"Then if the trade be so good in Indee what be they all starving for, I should like to know, and such a power of money, which ought to go to our poor, be sent out to them?" asked one of the men.

"Starvation, and its follower pestilence, in some districts, is the consequence of the people knowing no trade, no industries, no means of existence but by sowing rice and maize, their chief food; and then if a dry season comes instead of a wet one, the crops perish and the people starve. India now is in much the same state as regards food as it was before the days of Free Trade. Famines through similar causes have often occurred in England. Now, we may pay sometimes higher or lower prices, and yet in England they are perhaps not things of the past. You men make your families suffer from famine. Now, just think, my men, what these strikes and trades' unions, what these trade agitators are leading you to, or perhaps your children, for evil and good are both of slow growth. As regards India, both coal and iron abound there; in course of time, with the capabilities of this enormous possession of ours, what of the future, of employment in England? What did the strike do for the shipbuilding trade in 1868? Men who were getting good wages struck for higher pay, and the consequences were in many instances starvation and death to their wives and families. You workmen forget that contracts made under existing prices will not bear a pressure of higher wages. It may seem very little to you all to demand a penny an hour increase, and an hour a day shorter work, but when it comes to a total in a large contract, like that of the Law Courts, to a sum of £40,000 loss——"

"My——! why, you're gammoning on us, Mister Lincoln!"

"I'm telling you truth. Masters can't live by loss, and you men, with your

trades' unions and strikes are ruining all anufactures. You are raising up competitions where none would have been thought of. If masters cannot fulfil their contracts with a reasonable return for the interest of their capital, time, and materials, what is the use of carrying on business in England? Other places, with other men not tyrannised over and crippled by trades' unions, will take first a certain amount of trade from England, and lastly all of it that is profitable.

"You must see all this or you will be made to see it through hunger. Masters won't take contracts, and will invest their money with some certainty of its returns. Then men, unable to find work, can't add their threepence a day to the trades' unions of which they are members.

"A strike cripples a trade and the trade sinks; then what of the men?"

"But then you see, master, that some firms do give in and the men get their own."

"Truly there are honourable men who will stake all they have to carry out a contract once made. Besides, there are penalties connected with the failure of contracts which induces most business men to concede the demands of the workmen however unjust; but, afterwards, what comes?"

"You see, Mr. Lincoln, what you tell us our union do say different."

"Your perdition or your salvation depends upon yourselves. There are thousands of you would gladly throw off the burden of the trades' unions, and if you left them singly I know you would be marked men; but leave them in a body, and turn a deaf ear to their suggestions thrown out to you, that the men constituting the unions may live upon your earnings. Now, do you think the being out of work and "clemming" upon union allowance—shameful to receive as parish relief is to a hale and sturdy man—makes better workmen, or better members of society? Certainly not! Just listen to the experience of a writer, 'Senex,' in the *English Mechanic*. He says, 'that the highest class of work of which comparatively little is done better than in less scientific times, but to the difficulties of getting any lower kind of work decently done is yearly increasing. And this from sheer clumsiness and inability to do better, because men were never properly taught; apprenticeships being abhorred by trades' unions, and young men do as little work as they can for their wages, and they are not allowed by the unions to receive less for bad work than for good. Thus a trade in which the higher branches have advanced, the lower have gone to destruction, and the work, which should have been done by English workmen, is got from abroad and imported into the country. In this instance, you see workmen are nowhere—they are not wanted—and whose the fault but their own?'

"Another notable fact this same writer says:—'Everyone knows how trade is standing still, or going back all over the world, and most of all in those countries where men have their own way the most. Already some trades are leaving this country, and more will.'"

"Well, the building trade must always flourish," remarked Joseph Lag, who stood lolling against the threshold.

"I have not yet finished the experience of 'Senex.' The building men, that include all that are employed in erecting houses, will find that as wealth ceases to increase, the unemployed men multiply. Wealth and work are certain in their operations; without the latter the former is nowhere, notwithstanding all plausible delusions so deftly offered for your acceptance.

"The creed of the trade unions which they want all you workmen to believe in is, *that the less each man does the more men must be employed to do the work*, which might be true if no profit were needed from the work done. If masters had unlimited means, and employed men and paid them purely for the pleasure of doing so, that is a matter, which has nothing to do with work and wealth. There was a time when men used to strike if machinery was introduced into a factory. And if a farmer used any they burned the ricks of corn destined for food. Now, they have found out that machinery employs more hands, because it increases trade, and consequently wealth, and that farmers ruined by fire did not employ more men because of their ruin. But it took a long time to learn the lesson. And the last thing to learn is that every trade in succession will be ruined, and the wealth of England go to other countries, unless an Act of Parliament puts an end to the present slow destruction.

"I don't know whether the trades' unions are going to organise constant work and good pay for you all. If so, I for one would welcome them. But, as it is, they remind me of the hidden ravages of the white ants, who will eat out and destroy all the inner

portions of a large picture-frame, or even a chest, leaving the outside fair to view and uninjured till, at the merest touch, the whole falls to the ground dust and ashes.

"It is possible that in another fifty years, with more education and the thinking and reasoning faculties expanded, men will become better workmen, from principle as well as from inclination, and will then look back with astonishment at their fathers' delusions in being led by the nose by a number of idle agitators, delegates, or whatever denomination, who had no means of living but by the earnings of the working men.

"Talk of high wages; it requires a good education to know how to spend money rationally, and this education, it is hoped, your children will have.

"I have no more to say on the subject; I only show you the way in which it is done —the way in which you are, at the instigation of idlers, inviting for yourselves and families that "clemming" which your women and children dread, and which is more or less the result of 'a strike.'

"Mr. Crawshay, the great iron-master of Wales, has recently written the following to a friend:—'Trade is worse than ever it was, and I see not the slightest chance of Cyfartha starting again. I think so badly of trade altogether that I have no wish to see my sons remain in it. I do not think I can possibly live very long, and if I am able I shall sell the works before I die. There is nothing now to bind me to them, for I have been estranged from them by the conduct of the men. I always hoped and expected to die with the works going and the same feeling amongst the men for their employers as before; but things have changed and all is different, and I go to my grave feeling that I am a perfect stranger, as nearly all my old men are gone.' Now, this is a fact, and no opinion of mine, and I leave you all to think about it."

A very quiet exit was made by the men that night, and not a word was exchanged between them and the delegate.

Chapter VII.

A few weeks after Mr. Lincoln's discourse about the strike which he heard no more of, nor did one occur while he was resident in the neighbourhood, he was strolling through a village a mile or so distant, and, stopping at an old schoolmaster's door, he watched the boys at their play and afterwards at their studies. They knew him by sight. This school, anciently the Grammar School, had not been interfered with by the School Board. It was, indeed, the old man's only means of living; but the boys were getting far beyond his power to instruct, and were idle and saucy in consequence.

Mr. Lincoln had that magnetic influence which caused people to speak to him before he addressed them.

"Good morning, Sir; a fine day," said the old man.

"The same to you, my good friend; these boys seem rather to much for you."

"Yes, Sir; I should be glad if I could get some help. I'm almost too old for this work; but there I must keep it on till I die. However, I do my best. The boys can write and cipher well, and that's about all they know."

"Do you teach nothing else?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"Oh, yes, of course; grammar and history and Latin; but although the boys have learned it well enough, they don't remember much."

"What are the boys intended for?"

"Farm men, I suppose, nothing else; they must sow and mow, dig and reap, like all about here do."

"Well, you've a wide field open to you to make good thinking men of them."

"As how? I've done all I can."

"Probably, but if you get a little help now, wouldn't that be better?"

"But who's to pay; I can't; and who'd come if I could?"

"Those are matters to be considered. I'm an idle man, perhaps you would let me come for an hour or two twice a week."

Some of the boys standing near suddenly gave a loud hurrah! hearing which, the others came trooping in pell-mell.

The old man looked bewildered.

"Are you sent by the School Board, Sir?" he asked, deferentially.

"No, no; make your mind easy about that. I am only an idle man, and should like to come for a spell among the youngsters. One grows young again among boys. The spirit never gets old; it only wants a fillip now and then. We think too much of our old clothes, which was born with us and will die with us; but the spirit never. So I propose to come and be ground young again."

The old man looked up at the smiling face, beaming with good-nature; but he

evidently didn't understand him. Mr. Lincoln's saw this, and said—

"Now, look here, my friend; if it were not for the pains and aches and decay of the body, wouldn't you feel as young in spirit as ever—able to enjoy life as well as in your brightest youth?"

"Yes, yes; I see now; but old age is wearisome."

"Well, yes; that is as we make it. I mean to beg for a holiday this afternoon for the boys. Let some of the biggest walk through the fields with me." A dozen of them speedily sprung to Mr. Lincoln's side, when he said, "Not so many; half your number. Six of the most truthful come with me."

The boys looked at each other, and hung back. Mr. Lincoln, seeing this, said—

"I dare say we have all told untruths, perhaps often, in our lives; but don't let us tell any more. You see that unless we are truthful and hate a lie, we are not likely to acquire much information to turn to practical account. So now let us see if we cannot banish falsehood. Those who think they can, may come for a walk over the fields and down the lanes and on by the meadow side."

All the boys, untried as they were, thought it no difficult matter to be truthful. Mr. Lincoln questioned the six he took with him respecting their attainments, and found that, beyond the daily routine of reading, writing, and arithmetic, they knew but little, and that little not being well understood they were worse than ignorant. Even the Bible words which they repeated from day to day were sealed knowledge to them, and, therefore, religious direction from it was impossible.

"What are you all going to be?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "What trade, I mean?"

"We don't know anything about trade. We can only be farmers' boys," answered the biggest and brightest boy.

"Well, that's a trade; you can buy and sell cattle, sheep, pigs, butter, and cheese, corn, hay, and straw, and other matters. But stop; here we are on this field. Now, why is it called a field?" No answer. "If you were going to buy a farm, or to rent one, you would like beforehand to know something about it. Speak up; think I am a boy like yourselves. I'm not a schoolmaster; only, some of the things I was told when a youngster perhaps you would like to know too. Now, listen. I should like a farm with some leas, or l-e-y-s is really the proper term—plenty of fields and a little meadow land."

"Why, it's all the same," said Dick Merton.

"Not exactly. You may call them all the same; but they are no more alike than you boys are alike. A boy is a boy; but what a difference there is between boys. One is fitted for one work, and another for something different. Now, listen; the word 'field' means a fine, open place, high and dry, and suitable for corn-growing, and, of course, mowing, ploughing, and dressing, just as you boys want food, clothes, and education. When you see a farmyard or barton full of handsome corn-ricks, you say a farmer is wealthy, and has a number of fields in good 'tilth.' You know what that means."

"No, we don't."

"It means in good tillage—that is, in ploughing and manuring. 'Barton' means an enclosure for corn only; 'bar,' or 'beare,' being the old Saxon name for corn; 'ton' means an enclosure. Barley was originally grown in England in light, dry soils, on open spaces, in forest clearings, as leys are. 'Corn off the leys' was probably the origin of the word 'barley,' for in these forest clearings, or leys, the ground resembled loose peat earth, suitable for making large spikes or ears of the corn; but with short straw; for too much manuring the land destined for barley is said to lessen the weight of the corn and increase the length of the straw.

"Now, you know that open, dry fields should be sowed for wheat, and not always for pasture or grass land. Here we are on the leys, or leas. Just look round us. See the woods yonder. Centuries ago this was all forest land, all covered with trees, excepting in spots here and there, and these spots the earliest farmers took care to make larger. They wanted wood for kindling fires, and timber to build their farms, and thus they made a clearing, not so large as the leys now are, but yet large enough for the sun to shine and gladden the limbs of the cattle which were placed here for shelter, and to prevent them from straying. The larger trees being down, there was sufficient underwood and young saplings to form a copse, or coppice."

"Oh, I know, down in the nut copse!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"Do you know what the word means?"

"Yes, a place were the nuts do grow."

"Not exactly, nuts grow wherever hazel

trees are planted, it is true; but there are beech and withy coppices, and nuts don't grow there. When you hear the word 'copse,' which is a corruption of the term coppice, be sure that it consists of saplings growing from the roots of old trees. Saplings fit only for firewood, or basket making; saplings which may be cut every few years. Perhaps you don't know a sapling?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Don't we though? Our master's got an ash sapling, and he do lay it on sometimes."

"I dare say you deserve it; you stay about in the woods when you ought to be in school."

The boys looked sheepish, and did not reply.

"Now you know all about the leys, and pleasant places. There are, I recollect, some down in the Lyndhurst woods, in Hampshire, and real leys they were—cattle leys—and didn't the cows bask in them.

"Now, then, we come to the meadow, specially created to make the grass tender and juicy; but there are no meadows without water, all have water somewhere near them."

"There's the water and the trout stream at the bottom of this field," said Dick Merton.

"And what of the fishing, Merton; have you tried your skill there, made a long rod cut from yonder copse, and with a string and bait angled, or put your hand under some of the large projecting stones and tickled the trout, and——"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, you've done that yourself, or you wouldn't know so much about it."

"Yes, Dick, and will do the same again one day, if you'll recollect what I've told you this morning. This is a fine meadow, and no mistake. These are fine trees, and trees in their places, too. Mind, boys, what I'm going to say to you. Trees *surrounding* any place cause a stagnation of air hurtful to human life; but are especially useful in meadow land, as they prevent the escape of gases arising from decay of vegetable matter, and thus these gases enrich the ground and make the grass also richer. Beware, then, however, of making your house-dwelling near trees that do not stand some way at least from the house; and in taking a house if you see the grass rich, and green, and juicy, fit for beasts, be sure it is not a fit place for men to live."

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln, old Mr. Harford got his house quite surrounded by trees, and the grass is this long; and he's got the rheumatics, and is so bad, he's always been bad, and the doctor can't cure him, though if he could, he'd give him lots of money."

"Let the doctor tell him to clear out and cut down the trees, and live higher than the stream—that may do something for him. I'll give him a call soon."

"Why do trees hurt people?" asked one of the boys.

"Trees surrounding any place absorb the oxygen or pure air intended for man's breathing. One can't breathe freely, one feels oppressed, and the branches of the trees prevent the sun's rays from penetrating, for where sunlight cannot freely come it is not healthy for man to live; but trees here and there are beneficial to life. Look here, if you lived by this stream, or, indeed, anywhere where the water rises on the land, and where trees are so thick as they are here, you would get the rheumatics just as Mr. Harford has. Let him get out of his swamp and he'll get better. You've heard of Africa?"

"Yes, that's where the niggers live,"

"And others besides niggers. You know that's where Dr. Livingstone went to carry the words of Christ to the black men."

"No, we've never heard about that."

"Then you've something to learn about him when you are older. The rank vegetation of trees and climbing plants that shut out all sunlight makes living in many parts of Africa so unhealthy, just as being surrounded with too much vegetable growth makes a place deadly to live in. It is damp places, especially on thin gravel soils, that weaken the constitution, and give neuralgia and rheumatism. Do you understand why this should be?"

"No, I don't," replied Dick Merton; "for gravel is always dry. Why, five minutes after it's been raining ever so hard the gravel is as dry as possible."

"Not really so. The water has only passed through the gravel, which the next hot sunshine will draw to the surface, and those who stand or sit upon it will find they may as well have stood in water. Sometimes you will see a house built in a hollow on thick gravel. This was probably the bed of a river, or it may have been a canal. Trees planted here are serviceable—not too near the house, mind—because they flourish on the wet soil underneath. Poplars and withys, and such that love water, grow won-

derfully in such soil, but human beings no, notwithstanding all drainage.

"Talking about drainage, just see in what a senseless manner this meadow is drained. It is actually cut across, instead of from the top down to the stream. Cut across in a straight line to get each rut filled with water, and as the water rises, so it lodges in the ruts; whereas, let it rise as much as it will, it is sure to run down the cuttings, if made from top to the lowest part of the meadow, in some places quite a marsh. A marsh is what the Saxons call a *marse*, and the Dutch *maerscht*, and the French *marais;* this, you know, is soft, boggy ground, with a great deal of water underlying, from whence you cut turf for winter burning, but you have to stack it for drying before you burn it. So for everything there is a use.

"What I want you boys to do is to keep your eyes open, observe all small matters; no one thing is too trifling for you to pass unheeded, it may lead to great results. A sunbeam is not much, but if you build your dwellings where sunbeams cannot enter, don't expect them to be healthy who live in such houses.

"Now, if you wish to be prosperous, well-to-do farmers, or farmers' men, you should find out by inquiring of older folk if you can't get books to tell you what kind of manure and management are suitable for different soils—not go heedlessly to work in drainage or manuring, or in picking off stones from sloping fields that are over dry; also what places are best for pasture land, and what for wheat crops; what food is best for different cattle, and how to store your manure, and what to do with it. And above all things learn the reason for all you do. Don't do a thing because your grandfather did it, but be able always to answer why you do anything. And if you are told to do such and such things, boldly ask 'for why, for what reason am I to do this?' and if your advisers can't answer you, be very careful of taking such advice."

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LESSONS.

LITERAL AND WORD FOR WORD.

LOUISE.—*Nous rirons après; laisse-moi*
Louise.— We shall laugh after; let me
prendre et diriger ton pouce... (Lui prenant
to take and to direct thy thumb... (Her taking
le doigt et tapant sur la touche.) Do! do!
the finger and striking on the note.) Do! do!
do!
do.

JEANNETTE.—*Ah! mais, dites donc, mam-*
Jeannette. — Ah! but, say then, mam-
zelle, vous me faites mal!
zelle, you me make bad!

ENGLISH.—Miss, you hurt me!

LOUISE.—*Allons donc, domillette...*
Louise. — Come then, {Molly-Coddle... / soft}
Encore... Do! do! A toi, toute seule,
Again... Do! do! To thee, all alone,
à present.
now.

JEANNETTE.—*Que je fasse dodo toute seule!*
Jeannette. —That I make dodo all alone!
(Elle tape à tort et à travers en répétant
(She taps carelessly in repeating
Dodo!... dodo!... dodo!...
Dodo!... dodo!... dodo!...

ALICE (*se bouchant*(1) *les oreilles*).—
Alice (herself stopping the ears.)—
Ah! ah! Assez! assez!
Ah! ah! Enough! enough!

LOUISE (*riant et l'arrêtant*).— *Voilà des*
Louise (laughing and stopping).—There are some
dodo à priver de sommeil jusqu'à des
dodos to deprive of sleep even to some
marmottes. Passons au ré...
mountain-rats. Let us pass to ré...

JEANNETTE.—*S'il vous plaît.*
Jeannette. — If it you please.

ALICE.—*Ton doigt après le pouce... là...*
Alice. — Thy finger after the thumb... there...
présente-le tout seul.
present it all alone.

JEANNETTE.— *Voilà le chiendent*; tous*
Jeannette. —There is the difficulty; all
mes doigts vont ensemble; c'est leur habitude.
my fingers go together; it is their custom.

LOUISE (*lui conduisant le doigt*).—*Ré!*
Louise (to her leading the finger).— Ré!
ré! ré!... Vois-tu là?
ré! ré!...See thou there?

JEANNETTE.—*Ré! ré! ré!*
Jeannette. — Ré! ré! ré!

LOUISE.— *Reprenons*(2) *avec le pouce...*
Louise. —Let us take again with the thumb...
Do! do! do!
Do! do! do!

JEANNETTE.—*Do! do! do!*
Jeannette. — Do! do! do!

* Dandelion; dog's-grass.

LOUISE (*lui prenant l'index vivement*
Louise (to her taking the forefinger briskly
et tapant).—*Ré ! ré ! ré !*
and tapping.— Ré ! ré ! ré !

JEANNETTE.—*Ré ! ré ! ré ! Oh ! pas si*
Jeannette. — Ré ! ré ! ré ! Oh ! not so
fort !(3)
hard !

LOUISE (*lui balançant les deux doigts*).—
Louise (to her balancing the two fingers.—
Maintenant, do, ré, do, ré...
Now, do, ré, do, ré...

JEANNETTE.—*Do ! ré ! do ! do ! rédo !...*
Jeannette. — Do ! ré ! do ! do ! rédo !...
ré ! do ! ré ! mi ! mi ! do ! ré ! mi ! do ! mi !...
ré ! do ! re ! mi ! mi ! do ! ré ! mi ! do ! mi !...
(*Avec un cri joyeux.*) *Ah !*
(With a cry joyous.) Ah !

LOUISE ET ALICE (*qui causaient bas,*
Louise and Alice (who talked low,
se retournant). —*Quoi donc ?*
themselves turning back again.—What then ?

JEANNETTE.—*Je crois que j'y suis,*
Jeannette. — I think that I there am,
mamzelle...
miss ...

LOUISE ET ALICE.—*Vraiment ?*
Louise and Alice. — Indeed ?

JEANNETTE.—*Attendez ! bougez pas ! soyez*
Jeannette. — Listen ! stir not ! be
tout oreilles... C'est bien ça pas vrai, qu'il
all ears ... It is well that not true that it
faut dire ?
must say ?

LOUISE ET ALICE (*en riant*).—*Oui, oui !*
Louise and Alice (in laughing). — Yes, yes !
Après ?
After ?

JEANNETTE (*s'installant bravement*).—
Jeannette (herself seating bravely.) —
Eh bien ! voilà peut-être, pour vous contenter,
Well ! there perhaps for you to content,
ce qu'il fallait faire. (*Elle exécute*
that which it is necessary to do. (She executes
une gamme rapide de gauche à droite du
a gamut rapid from left to right of the
piano, c'est-à-dire un coulé.) *C'est joliment*
piano, it is to say a run.) It is prettily
glissant là-dessus, c'est comme vot'(4) *par-*
slippery there-upon, it is like your inlaid
quet ; on peut pas s'y tenir. C'est égal, je
floor ; they can not there to hold. It is equal, I
vais bien me caler cette fois pour pourvoir
go well me to lower this time for to be able
aller en zigzag.
to go in zigzag.

ENGLISH.—It is nice and slippery on that ; it is like your inlaid floor. One cannot stand on it. Never mind, I shall lower myself this time so that I can go zigzag.

(*Débuts d'une exécution à peu près*
(The beginning of a performance to little near
parfaite d'un morceau différent du premier
perfect of a piece different from the first
joué par ALICE *et* LOUISE ; *ces demoiselles*
played by Alice and Louise ; these young ladies
sont émerveillées.)
are astonished.)

ALICE.—*Ah ! ah ! Mais ne sommes-nous*
Alice. — Ah ! ah ! But not are we
point le jouet d'une illusion ?
not the play of an illusion ?

LOUISE.—*C'est Jeannette qui exécute*
Louise. — It is Jeannette who executes
ainsi... (*nommer le morceau joue*) *cela tient*
thus ... (to name the piece played) that holds
du prodige !... (*Ensemble.*) *Bravo ! bravo !*
of the prodigy ! ... (Together.) Bravo ! bravo !
Mais comment cela se peut-il ?
But how that itself can it ?

JEANNETTE (*se retournant et naïve-*(5)
Jeannette (herself returning and naïve-
ment.—Vous m'avez dit : Essaie, ce n'est
ly. — You me have told : Try, it not is
pas plus malin(6) *qu'autre chose. J'essaie ;*
not more bad than other thing. I try ;
et, puisque(7) *je réussi, il parait qu'en effet,*
and, since I succeed, it appears that in effect,
ce n'est pas plus malin que ça !
it not is not more bad than that !

LOUISE.—*Continue, alors, continue sans*
Louise. — Continue, then, continue without
interrompre, et, cette fois, je t'assure que nous
to interrupt, and, this time, I thee assure that we
serons bien réellement tout oreilles !
shall be well really all ears !

JEANNETTE.—*A vos souhaits...* (*Elle joue*
Jeannette. —To your wishes... (She plays
le morceau tout entier et fort bien ; LOUISE
the piece all through and very well ; Louise
et ALICE *donnent le signal de vifs applau-*
and Alice give the signal of quick ap-
dissements ; le rideau tombe.)
plause ; the curtain falls.)

FIN DU SECOND ACTE.
END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(*La suite au prochain numero.*)
(The {continuation} in the next number.)
{ sequel }

(1) Also, "shut up." Sub., *butcher* ; verb, *boucher.*
(2) *Reprendre ;* also, renew, resume, chide, carp, reply, take up a stitch.
(3) Also, hard, stout, clever, strong.
(4) *Votre.*
(5) (¨) The diæresis is placed over the last of vowels (e, i, u) to show they are to be pronounced separately, as *Noël*, pronounced No-èl ; *haïr*, ha-ir ; *Esaïe*, Eza-u.
(6) Also, mischievous, hurtful, unlucky.
(7) Also, seeing that.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

A DAISY CHAIN.

THE white rose decks the breast of May,
The red rose smiles in June,
Yet autumn chills and winter kills,
And leaves their stems alone;
Ah! swiftly dies the garden's pride,
Whose sleep no waking knows—
But my love she is the daisy
That all the long year grows.

The early woods are gay with green,
The fields are prankt with gold,
But fair must fade and green be greyed
Before the year is old;
The bluebell hangs her shining head,
No more the oxslip blows—
But my love she is the daisy
That all the long year grows.

Still deck, wild woods, your mantle green,
All meads bright jewels wear,
Let showers of spring fresh violets bring,
And sweetness load the air;
Whilst summer boasts her roses red,
And March her scented snows,
My love be still the daisy,
And my heart whereon she grows.

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.*

A BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

OH! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak—
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou baldhead from No-man's-land!"

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend me there,
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.
"I'll take the tyrant under my care:
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is this same baldhead from No-man's-land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell,
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled hand,
I would keep the baldhead from No-man's-land.

For the loss of Peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me too with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

M. E. VANDYKE.

A REVERIE.

THE young moon's light is on the trees,
The dew upon the folded flowers;
Through bending corn the evening breeze
Sends its soft, rustling melodies—
The voices of sweet vanished hours.

Clear as of yore that silvery light;
The same those dear familiar trees;
And through how many a summer night,
As still and beautiful and bright,
Hath sung a like low evening breeze!

Full oft that fair moon's wax and wane
Hath lit or dimmed the vesper hour;
The bending corn-leaves withered lain,
While gathered was the ripening grain,
And dew shone on the folded flower—

Since last mine eye hath marked it all.
But life with me is changed since then;—
Spring comes with many a joyous call,
Yet my heart wakes not from its thrall;—
Youth has not come again.

Gay summer comes with blooming cheek,
And roses twined among her curls;
With witching tones I hear her speak,
Then Autumn glideth, pale and meek,
Beside those merry girls.

I hear their voices, one and all,
But life with me is changed since then;—
And while the gayer maidens call,
I seem to see the dead leaves fall.
Youth cannot come again!

—EMILLIA PERRIE.

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* From "Pegasus Re-saddled" (H. S. King and Co.)

THE USEFUL BOOK.

DR. RICHARDSON ON HEALTHY HOMES.—Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., in his lecture on "Health Improvements in Great Cities," at the London Institution, said that the common practice of covering the walls with paper was a bad process in many points of view. It was cheap, it was sometimes pretty, it was convenient, but it was not conducive to health, while the paper itself sometimes gave off deleterious particles, and the paste with which it was held to the walls underwent organic decompositions in presence of damp, most papers holding dust, organic and inorganic. What was now wanted was a fabric that could be put up like paper, and that could be washed at any time, and so completely purified. In some parts of the house ornamental tiles might be used with great advantage; in other rooms an impermeable cement could be employed, and in others thin galvanised iron, the latter of which would prove exceedingly useful and durable, besides being ornamental. All walls which were porous and absorbed vapour were dangerous; they kept up perpetual damp, and often while doing so gave evidence of the fact. With regard to the fitting of walls for health's sake, Dr. Richardson criticised the decorative patterns used for beauty's sake, in which the same object or subject was manifoldly repeated. Such patterns produced a bad effect on the sense of sight, and through that sense on the nervous system, sometimes leading to giddiness and disturbance of the circulation. Equally bad were patterns which presented different pictures at different distances, and especially so were those which presented pictures of a disagreeable or repulsive character. In respect to the colouring of the walls, blue, rose-pink, and gray were the best colours to be used. The standard temperature of a room should be 62 degs. Fahrenheit. Men and women engaged in sedentary pursuits should begin the work of the day in this degree of warmth, and the diffusion of warmth should be so perfect that at all parts of the room the thermometer should indicate the same degree. All warming and ventilating should be from one centre into the room. To introduce cold air by doors, windows, and chinks, in order that it might become warm in a room by the heat radiating from an open fire-grate, was to expend that air uselessly, to ensure draughts, to prevent the possibility of equable temperature, and to destroy warming and ventilation at one and the same time. The evils arising from gas the lecturer traced mainly to the escape of carbonic oxide. He deprecated the use of gas under all conditions where ventilation was not excellent, and especially objected to its use in bedrooms. Some improvement might be made in candles, but the great desideratum was the practical introduction of the electric light into household service. Science had provided all the elements of success for this introduction, and enterprise and capital were now only required to give to the house light as pure as that of the sun itself. In houses where water was stored there ought to be two cisterns at the upper part, one for the closet service and the other for drinking and other domestic purposes. In every properly constructed house there should be a room for the accident of sickness, a room that need not be useless at any time, but which in sickness would give every requirement, and which would isolate the sick in cases of infection.

AN EASY METHOD OF PRESERVING FISH.—It happens sometimes that an abundant supply of fish can be had; but it cannot always be consumed while it is sweet, though cooked fish will keep in a cool place very well for a week. M. d'Amelis reports that fish, raw or boiled (but if quick results be desired, then cut in pieces), should to preserve it be placed in a bath formed of ordinary water and citric acid, in quantity sufficient to make it strongly acid. After two or three hours the fish is removed and subjected to moderate artificial heat, or left in the open air till dry (the former takes about one hour, the latter five or six). The fish can now be kept for years in any place. To restore its flexibility all that is needed is to keep it three or four days in fresh water. Entire fish may be preserved in this way after removal of the intestines. Another method is to let the fish stand a day or two in a bath of silicate of potash and glycerine in equal quantities and well mixed; then wash with fresh water, and dry slowly. In this way M. d'Amelis has succeeded in preserving the colour and the eyes of fishes.

TO CLEAN DISH-COVERS, METAL TEAPOTS, AND BRIGHT FENDERS AND FIRE-IRONS.—Rub them with rag dipped in oil and sifted brickdust; polish with dry rag and dry brickdust. Old tins will polish well by this process.

COOKERY:

AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

E. M. B., Durham.—What you ask for is the dish termed "snow eggs." Separate the whites from the yolks of six or eight eggs, and whisk each separately. Put a pint of cold milk in a small frying or stew pan, add a little lemon peel and cinnamon, and an ounce of sugar; while this is boiling, whisk the whites of the eggs with a pinch of alum, or a little lemon juice and a little loaf sugar, till they are a firm froth (an egg-beater machine facilitates this process). Then while the milk is boiling, place this froth a tablespoonful at a time in the boiling milk. When all are cooked, make a custard with the milk and the yolks of the eggs, pour it into a dish, and place the snow eggs in it.

M. H. Zelter.—Mutton Cutlets Boiled.—Cut a leg of mutton in half like two cutlets, about an inch thick from the thickest end of the mutton. Mix in a bason a piled tablespoonful of flour, with four of cold water add to it enough boiling milk or water till of the consistency of cream, and an ounce of butter; when this boils, put in the cutlets, make them also boil quickly, then very slowly for two hours. Serve with the gravy thickened in which the cutlets were cooked, and finely chopped capers on the top.

INQUIRIES.

Barley Water (*Sick room*), Exeter.—Mr. Weatherley in his "Confectioner's Guide" (2s.), gives the following recipe for making "compound barley water." "Plain barley water two pints, figs two ounces, liquorice half an ounce, raisins stoned, two ounces, water one pint. Boil the whole for half an hour and strain. He makes the plain barley water thus. Pearl barley two ounces, water four pints, boil down to two pints, afterwards sweeten with lemon-peel and loaf sugar."

Lemon-peel is very objectionable to many persons because of the essential oil which often repeats. We prefer to use the prepared pearl barley sold in packets. Mix a piled tablespoonful of this with four of cold water, then add a pint of boiling water in the manner of making starch. Let it boil ten minutes, add lemon-juice and loaf sugar.

L. F., Conway, N. Wales.—It is a rich pudding, and known by many names. Call it if you like XL pudding. Half a pound of fresh butter, the same of dried flour, four beaten eggs, four ounces of sultanas, or dried cherries, a little sliced candied peel, a grate or two of nutmeg. Melt the butter before the fire, mix in the flour and sugar, then the sultanas and candied peel, add the nutmeg; beat well with a wooden spoon. Quickly pour it into a buttered basin, tie down with paper and a floured cloth. Put a plate at the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water to prevent the pudding sticking to the bottom. Then the pudding cloth downwards; boil for three hours. The saucepan must not be large enough to allow of the pudding turning over.

Winter Salad.—Will you please to give a good recipe for a winter salad which can be quickly made. We live in a village where few vegetables are sold.—*Esther.*

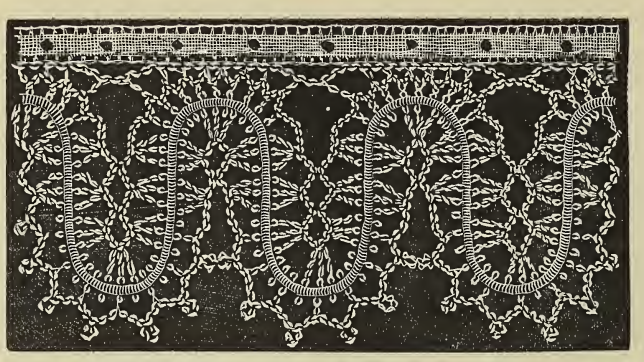
Soup.—Recipe for a good plain homely soup wanted, and where no meat can be afforded.—*Mrs. L. S. T.*

Soup.—I shall be obliged by your telling me how to fry slices of cold dressed meat to be appetising, not dried up horn; and how to cook macaroni and cheese—not baked.

Luncheon Dish.—Please give me a recipe for a luncheon dish. We have always eggs, bacon, and ham in the house, but not cold meat, and the butcher calls but once a week.—*Lottie S.*

Swiss Pudding.—Will someone kindly tell me how to make this? There are a good many almonds in it.—*Chickadee.*

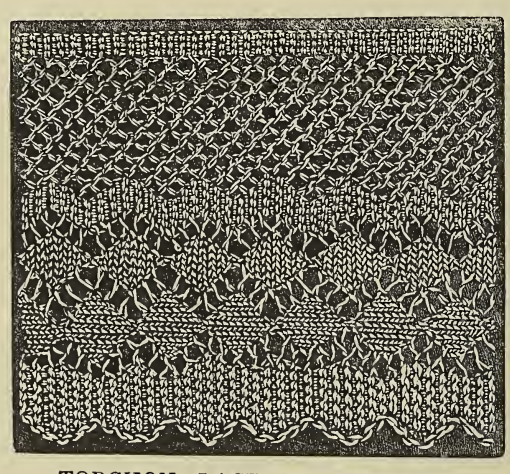
Slice six hard-boiled eggs in even slices into a buttered-tartlet dish, squeeze the juice of three oranges, and strain it over. Take two ounces of sweet almonds, skin them by pouring boiling water over, let them stand five minutes covered, then drain, and throw them into cold water, and the skin slips off easily. Cut them in halves, and strew over. Make a custard with half a pint of milk, two eggs (the white of one only), and one ounce of sugar. Pour it cold over the whole. Beat up sufficient powdered and sifted loaf sugar with the remaining white of the egg till it is a firm white mass, like thick cream, and place this smoothly over the top. Put it to harden in the oven, not too hot; serve cold. This icing may be put on in lumps or otherwise.



MIGNARDISE BRAID AND CROCHET LACE.



EMBROIDERY FOR GALON.



TORCHON LACE IN KNITTING.



THE ELSTER COSTUME AND BOY'S BLOUSE.

Robe of black silk, with wide-gathered flounce; in the centre a cross-cut band. A long train at the back. Tunic, in tablier form, of broche silk, with a shorter train falling on the plain train. Fringe of *clair-de-lune* (moonlight) beads. Cuirass bodice, beneath which is a folded drapery of broche, which passes round to the opposite side. This arrangement would scarcely suit any but a thin figure.

Plain paper pattern of tunic and bodice, 3s. 7d.

Boy's blouse of thin homespun or brown holland. Plain paper pattern, 1s. 9d.

NEEDLEWORK.

Mignardise and Crochet Edging.

Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 20. Some fine Mignardise braid.

Commence at the bottom of the pattern by making a long stitch, with 3 ch. between each in each of the loops in the braid.* Three double long, one in each loop of braid, keep the three on the hook, and fasten together with one stitch 7 ch.; repeat twice more. Miss 3 loops of braid, 3 double L as before, 3 ch.; miss 3 loops 3 long; 3 ch., Dc in centre of 7 ch.; repeat twice more 7 ch., 9 long, with 3 ch. between each as before; repeat from *.

When a sufficient length is done, then work the opposite side. See illustration.

Making: Commence by making 3 double long on the centre 3 of the 9 long and confining the stitches in one loop; 3 ch. miss 3 loops; 3 more double long, 7 ch., 3 more double long, 7 ch. Dc in second loop of braid, 7 ch. Dc in fourth loop of 7 ch., 3 ch.; miss a loop of braid, Dc in next loop; repeat this 6 times more, then work as in engraving.

Crewel or Cotton Embroidery for Galon.

Materials: A band, torn or cut selvage way, from the material of which the dress is made. If the band be taken off both sides of twelve yards of wide material it will give twenty-four yards for galon trimming. The finest crewels or silks should be used, or Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s coloured Maltese Cotton, No. 10, for embroidering coloured cotton dresses, or their No. 8 embroidery for working on white muslin.

For transferring the pattern on to dark material place the design on a piece of tracing-cloth and on folded blotting-paper, and with a large needle perforate the outline; then place the perforated cloth on the material, and dust over it dry whitelead tied in coarse muslin; then carefully lift the perforated cloth and with camel's hair brush and weak gum water trace over the marks left by the powder.

If the material is light, then thin carbonised paper can be used by placing the oiled side of the paper on the material, and trace the pattern which is on the tracing-cloth with a blunt pencil, pressing hard upon it. Or the pattern be cut in tissue paper tacked on to the material, and worked over with the lightest shade first, then the dark tints.

Knitted Lace, to Resemble Torchon Lace.

This lace, if worked with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 20, and No. 16 fine steel pins, is an exact imitation of the fashionable Torchon lace. Worked with Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 8, and pins, No. 14, it is suitable for a border for counterpanes; it will also make a pretty border for Shetland shawls.

Cast on thirty-four stitches on one needle.

1st Row.—Slip one, knit three, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, take two together, make one, purl three, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, make one, take two together at the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit one.

2nd.—Slip one, knit twenty-three, purl five, knit three; in the next stitch both knit and purl a stitch, knit one.

3rd.—Slip one, knit five, make one, take two together at the back, knit one, take two together, make one, purl five, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit two.

4th.—Slip one, knit twenty-four, purl three, knit five, knit one, and purl one both in the same stitch, knit one.

5th.—Slip one, knit seven, make one, knit three stitches together, make one, purl seven, make one, take two together at the back, knit three, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit one.

6th.—Slip one, knit twenty-five, purl one, knit seven, knit one and purl one both in the same stitch, knit one.

7th.—Slip one, knit six, take two together, make one, knit three, make one, take two together at the back, purl three, take two together, make one, knit three, take two together, make one, knit one from the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * four times more, knit two.

8th.—Slip one, knit twenty-four, purl three, knit six, take two together, knit one.

9th.—Slip one, knit four, take two together, make one, knit five, make one, take two together at the back, purl one, take two together, make one, knit three, take two together, make one, knit one at the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit one.

10th.—Slip one, knit twenty-three, purl five, knit four, take two together, knit one.

11th.—Slip one, knit two, take two together, make one, knit seven, make one, knit three together, make one, knit three, take two together, make one, knit one at the back, * make one, take two together. Repeat from * five times more, knit two.

12th.—Slip one, knit twenty-one, purl seven, knit two, take two together, knit two. Repeat from 1st Row.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227*) to* MESSRS. WALTER EVANS *&* Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory, Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

POLITICS do not prevent Paris amusing itself, and if our *salons* are not yet open, theatres are inviting us on all sides. It is true that ladies who respect themselves, or who have modesty left in their cheeks, cannot show themselves at every theatre in Paris. The Opera and Opera Comique are almost the only theatres where a mother can accompany her daughter, and even the Opera Comique is gradually disappearing before the all-increasing rage for burlesques. When, however, a pretty, innocent love piece is here and there given, the theatre which gives this is filled with families, and the eye is as enchanted as the ear as it looks around the boxes and sees young, candid eyes following eagerly the story which is being unfurled before them. It is a treat also to see the natural bloom of youth on those cheeks, and the full red lips opening on to small, white teeth, and giving breath to a pretty silvery laugh such as innocent youth alone can give. And then the dresses on these occasions; what a contrast they form to those worn on other nights! No luxury of diamonds is here exhibited; for gentlewomen wear diamonds only in society, and only on certain occasions. At the utmost a diamond drop hangs on the ear, or perhaps a diamond clasp on a band of velvet round the neck, but no more. And the dresses, whether of silk or velvet, are high at the back and demi-low square in front, with folds or frills of lace filling up the vacant space. The sleeves are half-long to the elbows, and demi-long gloves of Swedish kid are worn, with a simple *porte-bonheur* bracelet on each arm. A plain fan, to match the dress, completes the toilette; and the daughters, they now wear white tarlatan for the theatre, opened at the back, like in olden days. The bodice is made in box-plaits, back and front, and a very wide sash, *à l'enfant*, encircles the waist. Around the neck a deep ruching. Sleeves to the wrists, and gloves with two buttons, only of a pale *glacé* for young girls. If elbow sleeves, only then white lace mittens are worn, with a little ribbon round the top, of the colour of the sash. A coloured ribbon round the neck with a simple little locket. Sometimes, but not always, a natural flower in the hair. It is thus we see French ladies dressed at theatres which they can visit.

The materials which will be adopted this winter will be very rich, in consequence of dresses being plainer in their make. But

(*Continued on page* 654.)



POLONAISE BEATRIX.

Polonaise of mulberry French merino, trimmed with cross-cut bands of silk. The front is fastened by patent hooks, it has two wide bands of silk from neck to hem, and is entirely destitute of other trimming. Petticoat, untrained, of black velvet. On one side and round to the front is an arrangement of black lace, with *clair-de-lune* beads. The lace is laid in a slanting direction across the front, and has the appearance of an under-robe. Hat of small black feathers.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 8d.



SERVIAN PELISSE.

MATERIAL: The finest grey cloth, almost white. Over the pelisse is a short jacket, the whole trimmed with shrunk fur. At the back the pelisse is drawn together under a patte of fur, with a buckle of steel. Toque hat, with a gold and grey band round it. Black feather. Plain paper patterns of pelisse and jacket, 3s. 7d.

(*Continued from page* 651.)

if they are made plain, that will not prevent their plainness being covered with velvets and passementerie bands of the greatest richness. By plainness we merely mean that frills and puffings are becoming less, that is all.

Embossed and chenille velvets are among the materials to be employed, and Oriental materials of every degree. Velvet and satin, wool and silk, wool and chenille, employed together form strange and incomprehensible patterns *à l'Orientale*. For the moment let us look over the materials alone.

There are brocaded velvets, which look almost like *appliqués*, so raised they are on rep foundation. Satin is also brocaded in the same way on silk or woollen poplin.

Seal skin is also brought into the manufacture of some of our winter materials; it is used to brocade velvet, satin, and silk. It is also intersected by threads of old gold. Silver thread is also employed to add richness to richness.

The brocades sometimes simulate flowers and foliage. Foliage is preferred, and green velvet is employed for this on a ground of rich brown, or for evening, on a tilleul ground.

Green and blue are also mixed together. The new blue has changed its name, however. It is now called "electric" blue instead of "moonlight" blue. The difference is but a shade, but that shade suffices to give a new name to the difference.

Rose leaves and moss, veined with old gold, look beautiful on a pale blue satin. Then, again, a gold-coloured satin, embossed with green velvet.

And all these are materials sold at so much a metre. They cannot require much trimming; they must not even have much. They are rich enough in themselves; nor could they be well employed exclusively by themselves. They are generally mixed with either plain satin or plain velvet, or plain silk or plain poplin, for instance. The whole front of the dress is of the brocade; this forms the plain tight *fourreau*. Suppose an entirely plain dress made of this material, then take out just the centre of the back of the bodice, for which substitute satin, silk, or any material at choice (of different material from the front). This back, Princess shape, continues in long peacock train, forming the back of the skirt. The sleeves match the back. Under the front brocade, under the hem, there is a frill of the same material as the back of the dress. And this gives the appearance of two dresses, though in reality there is only one. And all long dresses are made in this way, whether they are of two materials or of only one, or whether they are of velvet or of wool.

When the materials are plain, the front of the skirt is trimmed with folds, or puffings, or braid, or passementerie, or fringe, according to the material. For evening loose trains are made, to be worn over plain dresses. Thus, a lady needs only put a train over her walking-dress to become dressed *en grande toilette*. In this case the train will be of the brocaded material, and will be accompanied by a sleeveless bodice to cover the back, and fastened in front only with a clasp at the waist. But this style will be the exclusive property of elderly ladies, who dislike the trouble of changing their dresses for dinner or theatre, and the train, with its half bodice, will be easy to slip on as a jacket or pelisse, and be more elegant.

There are thirty-two new names given to woollen materials this season, but they may be resolved into reps, cashmeres, or merinos, alpaca, serge, and homespun. I have samples of each before me, therefore I do not deceive you, ladies. The difference between the thirty-two names is in the quality and price of the materials; nothing else. Cloth, however—real, riding-habit cloth—is beginning to make its appearance. When cloth is worn it is made perfectly plain, with only a silk cord or silk piping at the edge of the skirt. The train, immensely long, forms an Abbess plait at the back, and the front breadth is braced tightly back by under elastics. It is fastened slantingly from the right side of the neck to the left side of the skirt, down to the ground, at the junction of the front to the back. The buttons are of metal, or of wood, forming bulls-eyes. Cloths and every kind of woollen dresses are made with long tight sleeves to the wrists. But *over-cuffs* of linen are already out of fashion. They were not becoming enough. Under-sleeves, to fall over the hand, are preferred.

Most woollen dresses are made tight. But plaited bodices and tunics are gaining ground, especially amongst the young. With these, also, the three collars, or Carrick capes, are worn. White cloth jackets, reaching to the knees, are almost universal, when the dress has not a jacket

to match. Some have the three collars, some are quite plain.

The same with our Redingotes, or Ulsters, made almost tight to the figure. These are accompanied by three movable Carrick capes.

It is great style now for distinguished élégantes to drive out in the morning in their dressing-gowns, and an Ulster. Some ladies even venture out in *white* dressing-gowns trimmed with lace, and grey Ulsters, with velvet collars and pockets.

The effect of these white lace frills escaping from beneath the Ulster is certainly original; and, being fashionable, there is nothing more to be said.

Bead trimmings have found a rival, and a formidable one, in the new bands of tapestry-work, in imitation of Aubusson and Gobelins. This is extremely heavy, and can only be used on heavy materials, such as cloth, serge, and similar fabrics.

One grey cloth dress, with skirt, tunic, and jacket, was edged with a tapestry band nearly half a yard in depth. This style will probably be in favour with all grandes dames who seek to be dressed as the "commons" cannot dress.

There is, I may say, a great tendency to dress a little too much like furniture. The rich brocades above alluded to are furniture stuffs. We are now come to Aubusson and Gobelins for trimmings!

Nothing new in Lingerie this month.

White and coloured linen collars and cuffs for morning. Lace for evening.

And, above all things, avoid bows and little foulard cravats round the neck. This may do for school-girls, but not for society. *If* you require anything round your neck, you must take a white or black lace short scarf (real lace or none), and that you tie in a large bow in front, under your chin, and it looks as if you had strings to your hat.

Parisians wear nothing else. You may know them by this, if not by anything else.

For hats, they are all either of felt or plush, and are all trimmed with feathers.

But as for their shapes, they are for their number indescribable. There are over two dozen different shapes. The fact is, every *style* of dress has its own particular style of hat or bonnet. There is the *Marie Stuart*, of black velvet or coloured terry velvet, for quite full dress, or theatre. This has its pointed brim, slit in front, thus to form two points, instead of one. It is edged all round with large white pearls, or coloured beads to match the colour of the dress.

There is the *Anne Boleyn* bonnet composed of a fichu of the same material as the dress, and a diadem edged on both sides with large pearls or coloured beads.

Then comes the *Jockey*, which is a round brim, cut on both sides of the forehead; the centre of these forms the brim, to be bent over the eyes; the remainder of the brim is turned up, as usual, excepting at the back, where it is slightly bent over the neck.

The *Polish* is the hat to be worn with a fur pelisse. It is of the same material as the pelisse. It is simply a band of the fur four inches high and square.

Old ladies' bonnets have a crown to match the dress, and a brim of felt, *à la* Quaker.

But nearly all hats and bonnets are entirely covered with yards of silk gauze, which screen the face, and neck, and chest in the most comfortable way imaginable; only the head looks like a bag. And it little matters what the hat, or what the face may be underneath; neither is seen. And this is a pity, for hats were never prettier than they are this year.

Flowers have quite disappeared from street coiffures. They are reserved for evening. Feathers and birds of every description cover the hats. There is no rule—no fashion. Wear what is most becoming.

Curious *négligé* scarfs of Shetland wool have appeared for wearing over the head and shoulders. They are ornamented with figures in *appliqué*, cut out of cloth. The figures are Indian or Egyptian, and are of various colours on a white ground.

Beaded trimmings are much used for evening dresses, and most expensive passementerie designs upon all outdoor wraps, homespun and rough cloth excepted.

Sets of trimming made in various coloured ribbons are now used to brighten dresses. A small rosette of ravelled silk, with band of the same for the throat; a chatelaine loop and bow for the left side of the waist, and loops for pinning on to the dress.

M. DE B.



PARDESSUS.

PARDESSUS, with square front, of black poplin, lined with flannel and silk. The ends at the back are gathered up, and form wo coquilles. The trimming is the new moss-bourette, grey and brown, with dots of scarlet in it. The pardessus has two narrow rows of this trimming bordering each side where it opens. Robe of black poplin, with train. A box-pleated fold comes from the waist and falls on the train, with a deep loop and two ends, finished with a border of moss trimming.

Plain paper pattern of pardessus, 3s. 1d.



AUTUMN AND WINTER FASHIONS, 1877-8.

BEMROSE & SONS, PRINTERS, LONDON AND DERBY.



THE BACK OF A TRAVELLING COAT.

COAT of light grey cloth or rough home-spun. Double-breasted front, with two rows of buttons down; one of the shoulder-straps terminates in front at the waist; the other crosses and holds a bag-pocket fixed at the side. This coat looks well in dark myrtle-green or smoke-colour, piped the same colour, or black, or with deep-red or blue. The union of these two colours being very fashionable.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

THE FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Robe of *grenat* cashmere or French merino. The front is *froncé* (gathered). The bodice in Princess form. The wide and full train is trimmed from the waist downwards, and caught together with a broad ruching of black satin. Cuirass paletot of double cashmere lined with flannel and silk, and in the form of three square capes, the two lowest fitting to the figure. The trimming is of clair-de-lune or moonlight beads and fringe. Hat of black satin, with *grenat* chrysanthemums under the brim. *Grenat* ribbon and a handsome *grenat* feather.

Plain paper pattern of robe, 4s. 1d.; of cuirass paletot, 3s. 7d.

Home Costume of light gray Royal Wellington serge (Egerton Burnett's). Robe of Princess form, split up at the back, where a full breadth to form the train is inserted, the two split sides being drawn together with *grenat* cords and tassels. The cuirass bodice is simulated by narrow velvet trimming and fringe. The dress opens in front only to where the simulated cuirass bodice ends. Hat of *grenat* velvet, trimmed with geraniums.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION SUPPLEMENT.

1. Coat of Grey Cloth.—The tabs and *pattes* are bound with grey and silver braid. Silver buttons. The front, from neck to hem, is hooked under a trimming similar to that in the back.

2. Long Dolman of rich Sicilienne (poplin) over an under-coat of velvet. The Dolman is trimmed with bands of black satin and rich passementerie down the back, in which *clair-de-lune* beads are mingled. The sleeve is finished by a deep fringe, and at the back a band of black and grey moss trimming.

3. Oriental Dolman.—The fabric of which the mantle is made is a speciality. It is a fine basket-cloth, of brown wool, silk, and gold threads. Double-breasted in front, and fitting to the back. The trimming is superb, of gold cord and gold twist, the putting on of which is a work of art. The fringe of brown and gold twist and silk, with balls alone of gold and gold silk. The broad brown galon has threads of gold in it. The bonnet gold and brown, with deep crimson and gold flowers.

4. Girl's Coat, of brown cloth bound with brown and white braid, is double-breasted, with two rows of buttons down the front.

5. Cheviot Coat of heather mixture, bound with braid to match one of the colours. Carved wood buttons. The cuff cut in tabs, has a pleated ribbon showing between each tab.

6. The Rotonde, of double cashmere, black, trimmed with fur and passementerie, and black fancy buttons.

7. Visite of drab cloth, the pattern braided with braid of the same colour; a rich wool fringe; carved ivory buttons. This mantle hooks down the front.

The Empress Paletot of iron-grey silk trimmed with black silk; metallic steel beads, and steel buttons; marabout feather border. Bonnet with curtain and strings.

Casaque of light fawn cloth, trimmed with fur of sable. Brandenbourgs of braid, finished with passementerie. This trimming is also placed down the back in five divisions. It is extremely rich-looking and becoming.

The Mercedes Pardessus of black poplin, with galon of velvet, *clair-de-lune* beads, lozenge-shaped *pattes* and buttons.

Long Paletot of dark-green basket cloth, trimmed with woollen and silk passementerie of green and blue mingled; marabout feather trimming, peacock shades. Muff to match.

Plain paper pattern of either design, 3s. 9d.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS.

Winter Wraps.—Long, slender coats, double-breasted principally, and buttoned from neck to hem, are made of Egerton Burnett's Wellington homespun and smooth cloths. These are excellent, for they are all wool, and, with exceeding lightness, are very warm. They are without trimmings, save the buttons, of which a double row are placed down the front. The back is open halfway up, and has a narrow lappet on each side sewn nearest the back, upon which five or six buttons are placed.

The Rotonde cloaks are long enough to envelope the figure. They are made in silk rep, in fine woollen rep, and poplin. They are lined with flannel and silk, and have some kind of sleeves, chiefly large and

hanging, but with these there is an under sleeve for additional warmth. Some have pockets, but they are not general. The trimmings are the richest passementeries, with clair-de-lune beads, cut and plain velvets, galons, and furs, the last not so much seen as in last winter. There are also velvet sacques or paletots very long, and with Louis XV. waistcoats of black satin, trimmed with clair-de-lune beads. Black satin muffs to match, edged with velvet.

Dolmans of a new form are very graceful. They are like long paletots, but with the Dolman sleeve. The jackets of last winter's shape are fashionable this season, but are trimmed, when they have trimming, with the clair-de-lune beaded galons.

The Carrick coat, of which an engraving was given in October number, is the travelling wrap so much patronised for its comfort and convenience, the three capes being removable at pleasure. One cape simulating three has not a similar effect. This coat is open halfway up the back. If it were not so, it would be by no means a convenient wrap. There is no trimming excepting a stitched hem, and a revers on each side the back, having five or seven buttons on each.

Opera and evening cloaks are of fine brocaded silk mingled with satin; but instead of being in the usual short form they are now made as long sacques, with Dolman sleeves, and often hoods, the latter trimmed with ostrich bands. Also they are made in white merino, with gold embroidery, and lined with *broche* silk, the fringe of silk and gold threads. Perhaps these are more distinguished than when made of richer material.

Dresses.—The back breadths of dresses are made as flat as possible, the loopings, if any, to be at the sides; but they are chiefly made in deep pleats or folds, which either form a part of the back or issue from beneath it four inches from the waist. The lower part of the fronts are gathered or are plain, and have festoons of fringe headed by passementerie or beaded trimming in the form of tabliers. In these dresses there is no alternative but to have them open in front, or when the dress crosses diagonally, then a little at the side. In most instances this crossing makes a figure look awry. Trains of moderate lengths are always worn in the house, but are never seen sweeping the streets. These trains are generally without trimming. All of this is lavished on the front. Many trains are removable at will. They are buttoned round the waist underneath a cuirass bodice, and are hooked on to the dress by the patent hooks. These are placed far back from the edge of the train, the eyes being concealed in suitable seams of the tunic. If the train have a ruching round the concealment is perfect.

Sleeves.—For dinner and state occasions sleeves reach only to the elbow, and are then finished with two deep lace ruffles, which droop long at the elbow, and are narrow at the top of the arm, but between the arm and that part of the sleeve where the ruffle is set on there must be a full but narrow quilling of net or tulle.

Trimmings.—The rage for *broche* (silk woven with small pattern on its surface) is giving place to plain silk on cashmere and merinos, and the effect is improved; added to which, beads of various colours are used as galons, or are stitched on galons.

Siciliennes (poplins) have trimmings of velvet, and when mantles are made of it the humming-bird galon is added. This is a galon formed of small emerald and brown and ruby beads made with irridiscent glass, and thus the beauty, although gay, is indescribable, excepting by the plumaged breasts of the birds, which, however, in one light are invisible, in another sparkling like jewels. Bands of cocks' feathers laid flat and close, one over the other, have the appearance of bronze and gold scales, and are very effective and suitable on cashmere mantles and sacques.

Mousses Tissu (Moss tissue) is fashionable as a trimming; it is cut into bands as galons, or flat cross-cut bands; it resembles close moss, and is in a varied combination of colours, as dead leaf and deep indigo, bronze with prune, and gold, and other mixtures, some of them having no less than fourteen tints. But for the expense, this material would rapidly supersede other forms of trimming.

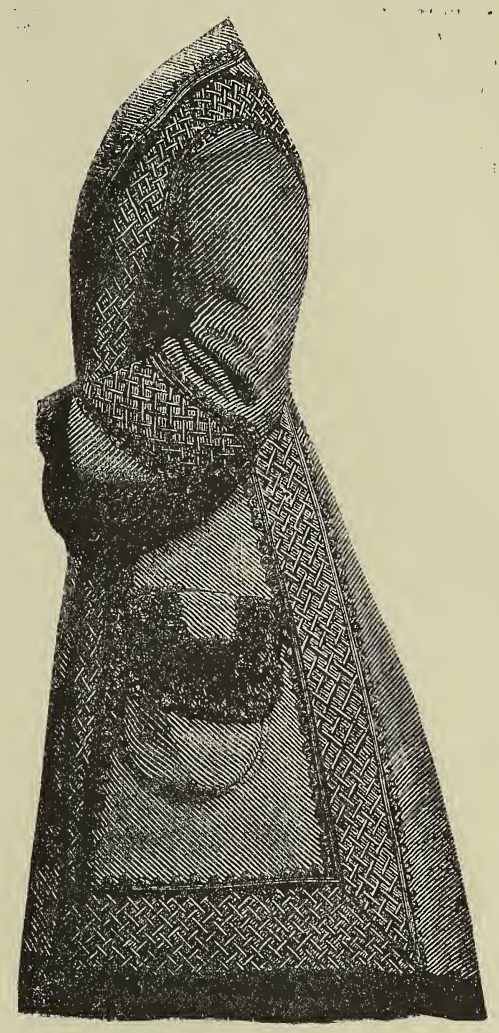
Materials.—Cashmere and French merino of all colours, the latter is the cheapest whatever the cost. It looks as well as cashmere, has both sides alike, and can be dyed to look equal to new. There are a multitude of new names for a variety of fancy fabrics, twilled and plain. Alpacas coloured and black, these also have fresh designations. A favourite name for fine cashmeres is Indian. The English *bourrette*, a mixture of coloured silk threads on the surface of a fine cotton and woollen ground, and the Victoria Thibet, a soft but rough-looking fabric, made in light and dark brown, and

(*Continued on page* 662.)



THE MAINTENON POLONAISE.

POLONAISE of rich cut mulberry velvet, on a tilleul ground of gros-grain silk. A deep silk fringe trims the polonaise. With this should be worn a trained petticoat of mulberry velvet. This rich fabric resembles a furniture velvet, though now it is of the highest style for robes, and is therefore costly in the extreme. The loops of ribbon are mulberry and tilleul tints placed alternately. Plain paper pattern, 4s.



WINTER COAT OF BLACK SILK REP.

SILK REP COAT, lined with flannel and silk, trimmed with a broad passementerie enriched with *clair-de-lune* beads. Fur, or black or coloured moss-bourrette, can be used instead of other trimming. This shape looks well lined with fur. Muff of fur, or of black velvet edged with the same trimming as the coat.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

(*Continued from page* 659.)

iron-grey, and other kindred colours. For home dresses, French merino, trimmed with cross-cut bands and kiltings of fine alpaca *to match* in colour, is most useful and becoming. Of course silk may be considered preferable; it is certainly more expensive and looks no better. Added to these are the beautiful serges of Mr. Burnett Egerton's make. We should prefer to call them "soft, fine twills," for this term best expresses what they are for ladies' home wear; but for "roughing it," his serges are the best we have ever seen. His woollen *bourrettes* are exceptionally fine and pretty.

Hats and Bonnets.—Shapes covered with velvet of the richest quality and satin; long plush and velvet, cashmere and silk coverings, which have no pipings but folds massed round the edge and elsewhere. Where feathers are used no trimming, excepting round the crown, is necessary; where bows of satin are used, then a band of folds of satin round the crown. On the outside may be wreaths and clusters of flowers; but inside, under the brim, there must be none, only a band of twisted velvet. Elderly ladies, and indeed, many that are young, wear strings, these are placed at the back under the narrow brim of the bonnet, cross at the back, and are brought forward, tied and pinned securely in the front. Some ribbons are narrow, others wide, and others have strings of black net bordered with lace, these are extremely becoming to elderly ladies when wide strings would look heavy and poor. Ribbons would not answer for covering the neck or for warmth. Ribbons are made with colour on one side and are black on the other, and are used both very narrow and wide, according to requirement or suitable wear. Curtains to bonnets are making appearance; some are veritable capes three inches wide, upon which is a quilling of velvet or satin of the colour of the flowers, or wreath trimming, not of the foundation of the bonnet; these are extremely pretty when the bonnet is not worn low down in the neck. *Clair-de-lune* beads of steel grey are also used for bordering the bands of satin or velvet. These beads are sewed in pattern on to stiff black net, and are very effective—that is, they are showy looking.

Felt hats of various shapes are chiefly trimmed with feathers and velvet. There is the Montpensier felt hat, extremely stylish. It has a large round brim, bent down at the back, turned up very high on the left side, with a coquille of cherry silk, a loose fold of silk round the crown, and over the side, which is turned up, curl two ostrich plumes.

The Princess Louise hat is of felt, the brim rolled up on each side, and in front and back the brim is cut square and droops over the face and neck. The Gainsborough shape and the Peg Woffington felt hats, the latter turned up on both sides, one side more than the other. The Gainsborough shows a feature of the artist's time. Grey felt, the brim covered with a band of clair-de-lune beads (steel grey), a broad band of the same, and the silvered wing of a pigeon on the side that is turned up. In Gainsborough's day this effect was obtained by silver lace and cockade of silver lace.

Collars.—These are all large—that is, they are gradually superseding the small collars so long worn for evening wear. Also coloured silks are now put under lace collars, which must match, not the dress itself, but either the bows with which it is trimmed, or be of a good contrasting colour. This arrangement gives a richer appearance to the lace, and a brighter look to the wearer, whether young or old.

The hair is dressed according to the style of hat selected, but is generally worn very high, as being suitable for the present fashion; but high and low are seen, and this, like the bonnets, is a matter for choice.

Gloves are embroidered on the backs, and netted mittens have in the network delicate darnings in pattern, in which gold thread is mingled. The old-fashioned shaded silks are used for this purpose, and the gold thread afterwards woven in.

Among old styles about to be revived, it is said that black glacé silks will take the place of the dead, heavy kind, and that coloured shot silks are to appear. The latter were formerly made in the loveliest tints.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned and tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up*:—

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Do. with different sides...	3	1
Plain skirts without bodice	2	1
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7
Carrick Collars (Ladies)	0	7
Carrick of three capes	1	1
Winter Coats (long)	2	1

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and size, measuring across the widest part of the back, under the arms, and over the widest part of the bust in as even a measure as possible.

Children's measurement according to the above, as well as age to be mentioned.

In consequence of the great demand for the plain paper patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters on dressmaking requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

SATZ.—(1.) Lustre beads at Mr. Roofe's Berlin Warehouse, Newgate Street, London; 2½d. the bunch. (2.) Bodices are only trimmed with a galon of beads. (3.) Black stiff net, such that is used for bonnet-frames. (4.) Yes. (5.) Eighteen to twenty yards. (6.) Steady, wishful to improve, generally finish well that you began; tolerably even temperament, yet lively. (7.) Send it to the dyers.

MRS. G. F. (Medenham).—There is a marked tendency to the old bell-shaped sleeve. See the Mantle Supplement in this number of LADIES' TREASURY. Once re-introduced, this mode of sleeve will be popular. (2.) You cannot do better than collect all your small and unfashionable shapes of crochet-collars, cut out all bars between the designs, arrange a good shape on black washing cambric, and tack on the crochet designs to look like old lace, making both points of the collar as nearly alike as possible. Then fill the spaces with loose bars, and work button-hole stitch over, with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 30 Boar's-Head Cotton. (3.) Braid your silk mantle with thick mohair braid. A very good design is that of points, once called Vandykes—that is, you run the braid on in a small point, turning it in a twist *at the point of the shape*, then down to the broad part, and cut off the braid, leaving sufficient to turn in with the edge of the silk. Now make another row outside this, and as many rows as will make a point three or four inches deep. It makes the mantle heavy, but not more so than is anything much trimmed.

MINNY (Tunbridge).—The back of your polonaise must be plain—that is, not looped; otherwise, how will a long coat fit over it? You may have it in long full pleats, and be caught together under two or three bands. Loop at the sides. Tablier draped, or simulated drapery with galon and fringe. Polonaise short in front, with long train at the back—removable. —See General Remarks on the Fashions.

MRS. B. (Devonport).—Yes. There is a serge made by Mr. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset, purposely for boys'

(*Continued on page* 666.)

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on; then the band with button-holes can be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.



BOURRETTE COSTUME.

THE polonaise and skirt is of fine clouded bourrette. The sleeves only are of black merino or cashmere. The petticoat has two deep cross-cut flounces, divided so as to form headings. The polonaise is caught back in folds, and finished by two bows and ends of ribbon, and is bordered with a handsome fringe. The same style looks well in the flecked cloths, which look like flecks of red or white wool dotted over.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 2s. 8d.



Imp. Mme Lefèvre Paris

Coloriste, Huguet ex Artiste des Gobelins Paris

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY



THE REDCAR POLONAISE.

MATERIAL:—The finest Wellington serge (Egerton Burnett's make), fawn colour—a simple and becoming polonaise. The only trimming is two rows of stitching and pearl buttons. The bow and ends of ribbon at the side are of thick gros-grain. The front is draped, and fastens with a row of buttons from neck to hem. The sleeves are tight, a little open at the wrist, and are buttoned to the elbow.

Trained petticoat of light-brown alpaca, with two flounces, deeper at the back than in the front.

Plain paper pattern of polonaise, 3s. 1d.

(*Continued from page* 663.)

rough wear. If you write to him he will send you patterns. (2.) Walton's Kaloderma is excellent for the hands. Ask your chemist to obtain it for you.

MRS. B. (Brixton). — You can make nothing out of your short jacket, excepting to match the cloth and lengthen it. Conceal the join by putting a braid over, and also binding the edge. (2.) The lining of the hem of dress should be of alpaca lustre, abont 9d. or 10d. the yard. (3.) We should recommend Messrs. Oetzmanns, Hampstead Road, for what you require. Indeed, they have every article needful for housekeeping, and you may rely upon the quality. Their price list is complete, you can see at a glance the price of articles you wish to purchase. Write for it, or it is not far to go, a train from Brixton to Gower Street will put you down nearly opposite Messrs. Oetzmanns. Their Sutherland table at 18s. is far better than a butler's stand where there is little room for it.

MRS. B. (Scotland).—Clean the cashmere with ammonia water and iron it on the wrong side; join the two breadths together for the two back breadths, and gather it up at the join and conceal it with a loose band of black velvet—that is, the band is not to be stitched down on to the material, or only slightly so at the two ends; insert a piece of velvet in the back, also down the front, and lengthen the bodice to a cuirass shape with a piece of black velvet. Deep cuffs, or instead of velvet use fine lustre-alpaca; it is less costly and more serviceable.

JANET M. K.—The hooks must be sewed some distance from the edge, and the eyes nearly close to it.

MRS. E. F. M. and several correspondents.—The concentrated solution of the "NO-DANGER HAIR WASH" is now sent free by post *in perfume boxes*. You have only to add water according to the directions given with each bottle. It never fails, and the roots of the hair are tinted the natural colour *at once*. We have never yet heard complaint or dissatisfaction of any kind, though it has been extensively used for twelve years by a large number of persons. You will never regret trying the wash.

CHESS, PASTIMES.

CHESS.

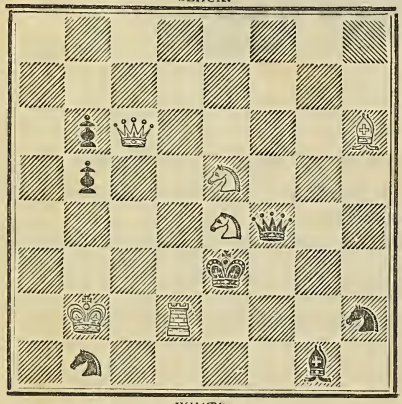
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XXII.

By C. CALLANDER.
From "English Chess Problems."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 5 (ch),	1. Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

THE celebrated Earl of Chatham, upon being complimented on one of his finest strokes in politics, is reported to have said that "he deserved little praise," for his success arose only from having been checkmated by discovery the day before at chess. And in his speech in the House of Lords on the 20th of January, 1775, relative to the affairs of America, he said—"The hour of danger must arrive in all its horrors, and then these boastful Ministers, spite of all their confidence and all their manœuvres, shall be forced to hide their heads. They shall be forced to a disgraceful abandonment of their present measures and principles; principles which they avow, but cannot defend; measures which they presume to attempt, but cannot hope to effectuate. They cannot, my Lords, they cannot stir a step; they have not a move left; they are *checkmated*."

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

1. An army of 120,000 men lost 15 per cent. by desertion to the enemy. What increase per cent. did the enemy gain, their number being previously 64,000?

2. My banker lends me £250 on May 2 and £375 on July 14, on condition that I repay the whole on December 31, with simple interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. What sum must I have ready on that day?

3. If 10 men and 15 boys can do a certain amount of work in 18 days, in how many days can 17 men and 6 boys do 3 times as much, supposing 2 men as good for work as 3 boys?

4. If 2 turkeys and 9 fowls cost £2 18 6d., and 7 turkeys and 3 fowls cost £6 13s. 6d., find the cost of 1 turkey and 1 fowl.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES.

1. SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

8	37	24	137	166	153	56	85	72	185	214	201	104	133	120												
39	23	7	168	152	136	87	71	55	216	200	184	135	119	103												
22	9	38	151	138	167	70	57	86	199	186	215	118	105	134												
149	178	165	53	82	69	182	211	198	101	130	117	5	34	21												
180	164	148	84	68	52	213	197	181	132	116	100	36	20	4												
163	150	179	67	54	83	196	183	212	115	102	131	19	6	35												
50	79	66	194	223	210	98	127	114	2	31	18	146	175	162												
81	65	49	225	209	193	129	113	97	33	17	1	177	161	145												
64	51	80	208	195	224	112	99	128	16	3	32	160	147	176												
191	220	207	95	124	111	14	43	30	143	172	159	47	76	63												
222	206	190	126	110	94	45	29	13	174	158	142	78	62	46												
205	192	221	109	96	125	28	15	44	157	144	173	61	48	77												
92	121	108	11	40	27	140	169	156	59	88	75	188	217	204												
123	107	91	42	26	10	171	155	139	90	74	58	219	203	187												
106	93	122	25	12	41	154	141	170	73	60	89	202	189	218												

Here are 25 magic squares, each complete in itself, differing in the amount in each case. Taking the whole as one great square, the sum of any horizontal, perpendicular, or diagonal line = 1695—*i.e.*, according to our formerly stated rules (225 + 1), $\frac{15}{2}$

OCTOBER NUMBER.

1. D rows $1\frac{1}{3}$ miles per hour.

∴ C, who rows half as fast again, rows $1\frac{1}{3}+\frac{2}{3}$, or 2 miles per hour. B rows 2 times as fast as C.

∴ $2 \times 2 = 4$ miles per hour; and A, rowing 3 times as fast as B $= 4 \times 3$, or 12 miles per hour.

GEO. WHITE.

3. Here what cost £100 is sold for £80.

∴ B's cost price = as £80 : £100 : : £50 : £62 10s.

Again, the original price, or price paid by A when he bought the horse =

As £80 : £100 : : £62 10s. : £78 2s. 6d.

GEO. WHITE.

[This solution implies the omission of time-consideration, which perhaps is better.—ED.]

3. The hour-hand will have travelled $\frac{1}{12}$th the distance from 5 that the other has travelled from 12; but the distance from 12 is half of the distance of the hour-hand itself from 12; thus the distance of the hour-hand from 5 is $\frac{1}{24}$th of the whole distance from 12.

∴ $\frac{23}{24}$ of this distance = 25 minutes.

∴ the distance of the hour-hand from 12 is $\frac{24 \times 25}{23} = \frac{600}{23}$, and time req. is $\frac{300}{23} = 13\frac{1}{23}$ min. pas 5 o'clock.

MAGGIE.

ANSWERS.

Geo. White, 1, 2; T. D. Archer (hardly correct), F. Allen, A. W. Ayton, H. Clay, S. Levy, J. W. Warren, E. E. Barnard, H. G. Taylor, and M. Stanley, 1; W. Griffin, F. H. Leighfeild, B. Webster, W. Levy, 1, 2, 3; H. Hyam, 2; W. S. Parnell, T. M. Moore, W. F. C. Suter, 1, 3; W. H. Pitt, G. Sutcliffe, 1, 2.

ON-DITS AND FACTS OF THE MONTH.

ON the 18th October the young sons of the Prince of Wales, aged respectively thirteen and fourteen years of age, were taken by their father to Dartmouth and were received on board the training-ship *Britannia*. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the shore batteries, and amidst these sounds of welcome the Princes were rowed across the harbour by twelve of their fellow cadets dressed in a uniform of white, and received into their naval home. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a captain of the Naval Reserve, and the youthful Princes were attired as naval cadets. The cadet training-ship *Britannia*, in which Princes Albert Victor and George are to pass the next three years, has the following arrangements:—The upper deck, for fifty feet from the stern, is screened off by canvas, and within this space are three rooms, one a well-furnished sitting-room, another a sleeping-room, in which the Princes will sleep in hammocks suspended in the usual way, and the third a tutor's apartment. There are also a bath-room and offices. The suite communicates by a staircase with the schoolrooms below, as the Princes, with the exception of their apartments, will be treated as other cadets.

A FIRE was discovered at five o'clock on Thursday morning, the 12th of October, in Inverary Castle, the residence of the Duke of Argyll. On the alarm being given, the ladies of the household, including the Duchess of Argyll and the Princess Louise, were removed to the Argyll Arms, Inverary, and the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lorne returned to the burning mansion and superintended the efforts made to subdue the flames, which completely wrecked the rooms in the central tower, and destroyed several magnificent paintings, a large number of relics of Culloden, and the colours of the 91st Highlanders. Nearly all the furniture and books in the castle were saved, but many were damaged by the water and

also through being thrown from the windows. The Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Princess Louise on the following Saturday made a careful examination of the castle with a view to forming some estimate of the amount of damage done and the probable cost of restoration. The castle was insured for £106,000, of which £80,000 applies to the building alone, and the balance to the movables. The cost of restoration is variously estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000. As to the origin of the fire, the Duke of Argyll says he is convinced that it was caused by lightning. On Saturday evening the Princess Louise intimated that she and her husband would occupy their usual apartments in the castle, and arrangements were made for a night patrol as before.

THE number of lady students at Girton College this term is forty-one. The association for promoting the higher education of women (Cambridge) have just had placed at their disposal an exhibition of £30 for two years by Mr. James Aikin, of Liverpool, a gentleman who a few years ago gave £1000 to the association towards its object. This year's subjects are divinity, arithmetic, history of political parties in England, English literature, French, German, and Latin composition, Greek, early English, geometry, algebra, logic, political economy, constitutional history, zoology, &c.

A PROSPECTUS has been issued of the Sanitary and General Laundries (Limited). Capital £100,015, in 20,000 shares of £5 each, and 15 shares of £1 each. First issue 10,000 shares of £5 each, and 15 shares of £1 each. The object of the company is to supply London and the principal cities and towns of the United Kingdom with such establishments for washing, purifying, and laundry purposes as have been for some time in successful operation in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and other places on the Continent.

M. PIETRI, Secretary to the Prince Imperial, writing from Chislehurst, formally contradicts the statements which have recently been circulated by the Continental press respecting the movements of Prince Louis Napoleon. His Imperial Highness has not, M. Pietri states, left England since his return from Italy in the month of April last.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp—this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in December number.

ROSA.—Marshal Niel, it is said, had a violent antipathy to the fragrance of a rose. Out of a spirit of contrariety this most beautiful rose was named after him.

MOPSY.—*Passerage*, or properly *passe-rage*, is the French word for Dittany of Crete. It is knotted. *Marjoram.* The fresh leaves powdered are said to destroy bed pests. Oil of origanum is oil of marjoram. Possibly this oil, dropped on cotton wool, would have a similar effect. It is called in country places oil of rigdum.

BAY-LEAF.—*Church Decorations.*—"Art of Garnishing Churches," published by Mr. Cox, Southampton Street, Strand, London, price 3s. "Church Decoration in Paper Rosette Work," to be had from the office of the LADIES' TREASURY, price 7d. in stamps.

M. G. T.—Not acceptable.

MILLY.—All communications for this lady must be sent to the Editor in a stamped but blank envelope, when they will be forwarded.

SEVERAL NEW SUBSCRIBERS having asked for information respecting the disposal of Fancy Work, they are referred to the following societies. By sending a stamped and addressed envelope in a note to the secretary of either of them all information will be forwarded :—

The Association for the Sale of Work by Ladies of Limited Means, 47, Great Portland Street. Country branches, Bath and Reading.

Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute, 15, Baker Street, Portman Square. The Dressmaking, Millinery, and Embroidery Association in Somerset Street, Portman Square, is in connection with this.

The Ladies' Work Society. The School of Art Needlework is at Kensington. No work can be sent for sale to this school, and a fee of five pounds is necessary as entrance.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Thank you for the knitting-pattern.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

A E I is a Greek word signifying "always." It should not have any stops between the letters, as they make one word.—*Nellie.*

MARGARET has much pleasure in answering "Viola's" inquiry. The letters A E I are not the initials of three Greek words, but form a Greek adverb (α ε ι) signifying "always" or "for ever."

TO TAKE MARKING INK OUT OF LINEN.—To F. R. H.—Use a saturated solution of cyanuret of potassium, applied with a camel-hair brush. After the marking ink disappears, the linen should be well washed in cold water.—ELSIE MIERS.

F. R. H. (September No.) will find that cyanide of potassium will remove all stains of marking ink on linen. It is very poisonous, so must be used with care.

SENGA will find the two lines of poetry in "The Progress of Discontent," by Warton.

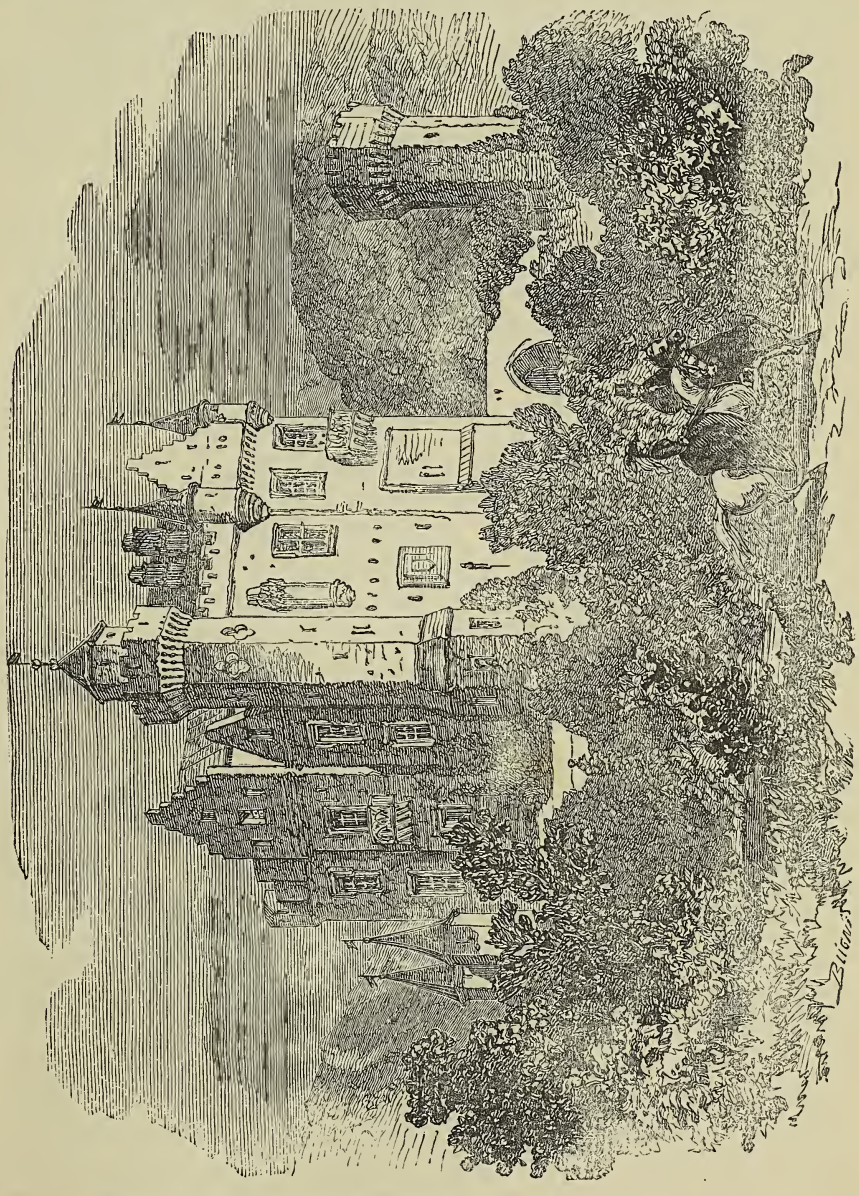
EXCHANGE.

A lady graphiologist and physiognomist, whose character delineations are most accurate, will send faithful descriptions of character from writing or photos in exchange for anything useful.—VERONA, care of Editor.

ABBOTSFORD.

"A romance in stone and lime."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

"To build up a roof-tree, to raise up children and bring together kinsmen beneath it, to be himself a local habitation as well as a name, Abbotsford as well as Walter Scott, this thought haunted every happy hour, but added gloom to the sorrow of his later years."—Lord HOUGHTON'S Speech at the Scott Centenary at Edinburgh, held August 9, 1871.



ABBOTSFORD.

ERECTED BY AND ONCE THE STATELY HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., ADVOCATE, POET, AND NOVELIST. BORN IN 1774; DIED AT ABBOTSFORD IN 1832. BURIED AT DRYBURGH ABBEY.

IN 1811, Walter Scott, Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and one of the principal Clerks of Session, in Scotland, removed from his patrimonial residence on the Tweed to some six or seven miles below to a farm which he purchased of about eight hundred acres, and here built the mansion he called Abbotsford, "a romance in stone and lime," as he himself termed it, inasmuch as he gradually added to it a thousand memorials

of old Scotland and other places. Mr. Moncure Conway, in his article on the Scott Centenary at Edinburgh, has fully described Abbotsford, and from his article we borrow the following description :—

"No sooner do we pass through the ample gateway than we enter the antiquarian realm. All round the mansion, incorporated in the walls or set against the enclosure, are old armorial relics, with inscriptions. On one is the device of a sword, with the words 'Up with ye sutors of Selkyrke. A.D. 1525.' The stone fountain which once stood by the Cross of Edinburgh, ancient querns or grinding-stones, the old portal of the Tolbooth, built in 1561, and pulled down in 1817. Above it are the words, 'The Lord of Armies is my protector; blissit are they that trust in the Lord. 1575.'"

But the exterior objects at Abbotsford are not all of Scotland. There are old Roman figures, Egyptian gods, and pieces of ancient pottery. Strange things of a similar description surround the courtyard. Near the doorway is a figure in marble of the poet's favourite dog, Maida, with an appropriate inscription. Washington Irving, who visited Scott at Abbotsford, has left us an amusing description of Maida :—

"As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old stag-hound, Maida, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen, wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks he would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs, and speak to them as rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged on a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense,' would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. 'I make no doubt,' said he, 'when Maida is alone with these young dogs he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

"Entering the entrance-hall, we are shown the ancient keys of Selkirk jail and the gag for scolding wives, the keys of the old Tolbooth ('Heart of Midlothian'), the last suit of clothes worn by Scott—white hat, scarlet waistcoat, plaid, and gaiters, all under glass—Marie Antoinette's clock, and other curiosities or relics. The wainscoting of the hall is from Dunfermline Palace, and the carvings are copied from Melrose and Roslyn. The ceiling is adorned with sixteen armorial shields of the Scott family. There is a double row of escutcheons with the words :—

"'These be the coat armories of the clanns and chief men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the Kynge. Trewe men war they in their tyme, and in their defence them God defendyt.'"

After the entrance-hall is a small gallery of pictures, one of which is Queen Elizabeth dancing the Highland fling. Adjoining this gallery is "the armoury, glittering with varieties of knives, cutlasses, daggers, swords, guns, pistols, and arquebusses. Here is Rob Roy's musket, the pistol of Claverhouse, Bonaparte's pistols found in his carriage after Waterloo, sword given by Charles I. to the Marquis of Montrose, and with these were some ancient matchlocks, Roman spears, and many other curious relics."

The drawing-room was papered with a beautiful Japanese paper, and had some superbly carved chairs, presented to Sir Walter by George IV., who, soon after the coronation in 1821, conferred on him the baronetcy. There were also some invaluable busts and pictures; Chantrey's bust of Sir Walter was there, and portraits of Essex, of Cromwell, Charles XII. of Sweden, Claverhouse, and Charles II. of England.

In the dining-room, where Scott died, among other pictures, was one of Hogarth by himself, one of Nell Gwynne, and of Sir Walter's daughter, Anne Scott, represented as a barefoot dairymaid.

The library, with its twenty thousand volumes, was where Scott wrote, musing of his marvellous creations. The story of Scott's commencing his literary career is told by Mr. Conway, and related from a reliable source :—

"In 1783, when both were about twelve years of age, Scott and James Ballantyne were schoolmates at the grammar school of Kelso. About sixteen years later Ballantyne had established himself at the same place as editor and publisher of the *Mail*, a weekly newspaper, and he requested Scott to write him some paragraphs on legal questions. This was in 1799. Scott had then written a war-song, had been made Sheriff of Selkirkshire with a salary of £300 a year, and was married. Moreover, he had been bound over to keep the peace, when, in a theatre riot in Edinburgh, three broken heads were laid to his charge. Ballantyne's request pleased him, and then, when carrying certain law paragraphs to the editor, Scott showed him some of his metrical translations from Bürger. These ballads were printed as a pamphlet, chiefly to show the Edinburgh folk the excellence of Ballantyne's typography. A copy of this pamphlet of seventy-six pages is now in the library at Abbotsford. It bears the autograph, 'Walter Scott,' and, in the same handwriting, 'This is the first book printed by Ballantyne, of Kelso. Only twelve copies were thrown off, and none for sale.'

"This was the lowly beginning of a life which was to give two hundred volumes to the world."

The next venture was the translation of "Goetz," and "Tales of Wonder," which were not successful. Then Scott engaged in collecting some old "Border Ballads," to make a neat little volume. This contemplated little volume grew into the "Border Minstrelsy," the first two volumes of which were printed by Ballantyne in 1802. One thousand copies were printed. Scott's share in this venture amounted to £78 10s., the first money, it is supposed, which his literary labour brought him. This work was so beautifully got up that it at once brought the Ballantyne Press into notice. This work went through five editions, and was translated into the German, Danish, and Swedish languages.

Messrs. Ballantyne soon removed to Edinburgh, and thence they printed and published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," of which 44,000 copies were sold between 1805 and 1830. This "Lay" was written at the instance of the Countess of Dalkeith, who gave Scott the story of Gilpin Horner, and insisted that he should turn it into a ballad. This success of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" led to a partnership between the author and printer, by which it was stipulated that Scott should have a third share in the prospects of the business. James Ballantyne about that time became the printer of Messrs. Constable.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was succeeded by "Marmion," published in 1808; for this Messrs. Constable paid Scott a thousand guineas, The poem was brought out in quarto form, at the price of a guinea and a half. Of this work 55,000 copies were sold up to 1836.

It was soon after the issue of this poem that, in consequence of an adverse criticism upon it in the *Edinburgh Review*, the property of Messrs. Constable, a quarrel arose between the three parties—Scott, Ballantyne, and Constable, representing the producer, the printer, and the publisher—which ended in the setting up of the firm of Ballantyne and Co., in opposition to and competing with that of Constable and Co.

In the next two years Scott produced "Queen-hoo Hall," a novel, and other matters, for which he was well paid. In 1810 appeared the "Lady of the Lake," for the copyright of which Scott received two thousand guineas. Up to 1836, 50,000 copies of this poem had been sold. The critique which Byron passed on this poem appears in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." To the line, "These 'Lays of Minstrels' may be the last," is appended the following note:—"The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, on the consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations."

Byron in after years, and when he himself wrote for money, bitterly repented this opinion, for at a later period he wrote to John Murray, the publisher, "I see no reason why a man should not profit by the sweat of his brain as well as that of his brow."

"It was about this time that Scott's fame as a poet culminated and was eclipsed by the splendour of Byron's 'Childe Harold,' and other poems. Scott had commenced building a cottage at Abbotsford, but temporary embarrassments arose, occasioned by the separation of Ballantyne and Co. from Messrs. Constable. The latter was applied to for aid, and freely gave it, and this first cloud passed away."

The first poem written at Abbotsford was "Rokeby," which was a failure, and then followed "The Lord of the Isles," "The Bridal of Triermain," and others. Poem after poem, drama after drama fell flat on the public whom Byron had carried away as by a hurricane—till Scott timely declared he would "no longer play second fiddle to Byron." Such was his conclusion when Ballantyne one day came to tell him that his poems would no longer sell. Scott the Poet died to the public, but from his ashes rose "The Wizard of the North," verifying one of the Welsh triads, "that many failures are necessary to success."

An anecdote is told respecting the novel of "Waverley," that soon after finding his muse in a minority, Scott was hunting in a lumber-room for some fishing tackle when he came across the first chapters of an old story which he began to write years before, but which a too critical friend had persuaded him to lay aside. It was finished, and the humiliated poet trembled as he put it forth to the public under the signature of "A. of W." Ballantyne, the publisher, was forbidden to disclose the real name of the author, although he pleaded hard for the author's name to be appended to it. In reply Scott wrote—

"No, John, I will not own the book—
I won't, you picaroon!
When next I try St. Grubby's brook
The A of W—shall bait the hook,
And flat-fish bite as soon
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler—Walter Scott."

In 1814 "Waverley" appeared, of which 40,000 copies were sold previous to the publication of the first uniform edition of the novels.

In May, 1816, appeared the "Antiquary," the first edition of several thousands being exhausted in six days.

In December of the same year, "Tales of My Landlord" were published and were received with enthusiasm.

In 1817, "Rob Roy," with 10,000 edition, was sold directly; the dramatic representation alone realising £3000.

In 1818 appeared "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," one of the most captivating of all the novels. This was a great success.

In 1819, Scott, though dangerously ill, revised the proof-sheets of the third series of the "Tales of My Landlord," and in December came "Ivanhoe," which electrified all England.

In 1820 Scott wrote three political essays —"The Visionary," and in March of that year, "The Monastery" was published, to be followed in September by "The Abbot."

In 1821, "Kenilworth" appeared, next to "Ivanhoe" the greatest success, and in December of the same year "The Pirate," and besides Scott had published a good edition of "Franck's Northern Memoir," "The Contemplative Angler," "Chronological Notes on Scottish Affairs, 1680 to 1701," and written a brief "Life of Smollett."

"The Fortunes of Nigel" appeared in May, 1822, and the dramatic sketch of "Halidon Hill" followed in the next month, for which last Constable paid Scott £1000.

"Peveril of the Peak," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Quentin Durward" came out in 1823.

"Redgauntlet" was published in 1824, and in 1825 "The Talisman."

On March 1, 1826, "The Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" appeared, and on the next day Scott wrote to a friend, "The first Epistle of Malachi out of print!" In June of the same year, 1826, "Woodstock" was issued, which brought Scott the sum of £8228.

It was about this time that Mr. Constable, who had been Scott's fast friend from the time of Ballantyne's trouble, were about to issue a cheap series of original and selected works, and for which Sir Walter was engaged to write a Life of Bonaparte—when the news came to him that the Constables had failed, and with them £100,000 of his money, given to them in accommodation bills, was lost. The estate of Abbotsford had been settled on his eldest son at the marriage of the latter; this therefore was of no avail to the creditors, and he had very little other property to offer, but his great literary talents still remained. He insured his life for £22,000 for the benefit of his creditors, and then said—

"Gentlemen, Time and I against any

two. Let me take this ally into company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing."

This was at the age of fifty-five. In the autumn of 1826 Sir Walter Scott visited Paris, and the result of his researches was the production in nine volumes of the Life of Napoleon I., and for which Scott received £18,000, being at the rate of £33 a day for the time he had devoted to it.

In 1827, up to which time the incognito of the author of the novels had been kept, Sir Walter, at the annual dinner of the Theatrical Fund Association, avowed himself the sole author of all the novels that had appeared "by the author of 'Waverley.'"

In 1828 the "Chronicles of the Canongate," second series of the "Tales of My Grandfather," and "The Fair Maid of Perth" were published.

In 1829 "Anne of Gierstein," third series of "Tales of My Grandfather," the "History of Scotland," vol. I.

In 1830 the "Doom of Devorgoil," "Auchindrane," "Essays on Ballad Poetry," "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," "Tales of My Grandfather," and "Tales of My Landlord," each being the fourth series, and "History of Scotland," vol. II., with several minor essays and reviews. Up to this date he had paid in part of his liabilities no less a sum than £54,000! and he then returned to Abbotsford, the creditors presenting him with his library furniture, relics, and plate, amounting to £10,000.

The next year, 1831, symptoms of paralysis set in, and the physicians recommended an excursion to Italy, In 1832 Sir Walter Scott was in Rome inspecting the curiosities and remains of the Eternal City. Feeling his strength still declining, he wished to return home and die in his native country; before his arrival in London it was found that medical aid was of no avail, and at his earnest request he was conveyed to Abbotsford by way of Newhaven. At Abbotsford he lingered for two months in a state of almost total insensibility, and in the dining-room of the mansion he expired on the 21st of September, 1832. Scott was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

The last words of this celebrated man to those about him were, "I am drawing near the close of my career. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous writer of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish to blot."

It is said that between the third day after hearing of his ruin and the fifteenth day, Scott wrote an entire volume of "Woodstock." He wrote in his journal a fortnight after this, "I have no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. I shall be free of a hundred petty public duties imposed upon me as a man of consideration, of the expense of a great hospitality, and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very unlimited."

The hospitality of Sir Walter Scott was unbounded. His daughter, Anne Scott, afterwards Mrs. Lockhart, stated that there were on one occasion thirteen ladies'-maids in the house at once, and Mr. Lockhart says that sixteen univited parties came in one day.

At the time of the sale of the furniture at Abbotsford, when bankruptcy came upon him, Scott wrote to his law agent, who had charge of the sale:—"There is a large picture of the Cave of Staffa hanging in what was my room, which was given me by the laird, and therefore I should not like to sell it; also, another trifling thing in the dressing-room—a mahogany thing which is called '*a cat*,' with a number of legs, so that, turning which way it will, it stands upright. It was my mother's, and she used to have the toast set on it before the fire, and is not worth five shillings of anyone's money."

Beneath was scrawled not a very faithful representation of the article, and underneath it was written, "This is the *Cat*."

Sir Walter Scott was buried at Dryburgh Abbey, which was purchased by the ancestors of the Scotts nearly three centuries since. The Celts named it *Darach Bruach* ("The Bank of the Sacred Oaks"). The grounds were consecrated A.D. 1150, by Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland and Lord of Lauderdale.

Sir Walter was buried in the north aisle of St. Mary's Aisle on Sept. 26, 1832.

The title is now extinct. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Walter Scott, son of Sir Walter, died in 1847. His widow, Lady Scott of Abbotsford, survives.

A LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ELMO."

CHAPTER XXIX.—(*Continued.*)

ONCE soon after Regina's arrival in Paris, her mother in reading a letter from Mr. Palmer glanced at her and said:

"Your guardian desires me to say that in your undisguised devotion to Uncle Orme, he presumes he is completely forgotten, but consoles himself with the reflection that from time immemorial wards have been proverbially ungrateful."

Regina made no response, and since then she had received no message. While she sat gazing over Como a mirage rose glistening between her eyes and the emerald shore beyond; the dear familiar outlines of that Fifth Avenue library, the frescoed walls, polished floor, mellow gas lamps, and, above all, the stately form, massive head, high brow, so like a slab of marble, and bright black eyes of the dear master.

She was glad when Mr. Chesley came in with an open book in his hand and stood near her.

"Is your mother asleep?"

"I hope so. She sent me away that she might get a nap. Yonder come the letters."

"Regina!" The girl looked up, and saw her uncle with an open letter in his hand. "What is it? Some bad news!"

"Dear little girl, you are indeed fatherless now."

She bent her head upon the ledge of the window, and after a moment Mr. Chesley sighed, and smoothed her hair.

"With all his faults he was still your father, and having had several interviews with him in Paris, I was convinced he was more 'sinned against than sinning,' though of course he knew that he could never have legally married again while Minnie lived. God help us to forgive, even as we need and hope to be forgiven."

"He knows I forgave him. I told him so the night he held me to his heart and kissed me, and you never can know how that thought comforts me now. But mother! Uncle——"

She sprang up pale and tearful, but he detained her.

"Mr. Palmer writes me that there remains no longer a doubt that Laurance perished in the wreck. He encloses a detailed account of the disaster from an American naval surgeon, who was returning home on furlough when the storm overtook them, and who was one of the few picked up by the West Indian vessel. Mr. Palmer wrote to him relative to your father, and it appears from his reply, in my hand, that he knew the Laurances quite well. He says that during the gale he was called to prescribe for Maud, who was really ill, and rendered worse by terror. When it was evident the steamer could not outlive the storm, he saw Cuthbert Laurance place his wife in one of the boats, and return to the cabin for his sick child. Hastening back with the little cripple in his arms he found the boats were beyond reach, and too crowded to admit another passenger. He shouted to the nearest to take his child, only his child, but the violence of the gale rendered it impossible to do more than keep the boat from swamping, and with many others he was left upon the doomed vessel. There was no remaining boat, night came swiftly on, the storm increased, and next day there was no vestige of boat or ship visible. Mrs. Laurance was in the second boat, the largest and strongest, but it was overladen, and about twilight it capsized in the fury of the gale, and all went down. The surgeon, who heard the wild screams of the women, knows that the wife perished, and says he cannot indulge the faintest hope that the father and child escaped. Cuthbert was a remarkably skilful swimmer, he had once contended for a wager off Brighton with a party of naval officers, and Laurance won it; but none could live in the sea that boiled and bellowed around that sinking ship, and encumbered as he was with the helpless child, it was impossible that he could have survived. I would rather not tell Minnie now, but Mr. Palmer writes that the sister and nephew of General Laurance will force a suit to secure the remnants of the property, and he wishes to anticipate their action. Come with me, dear. Minnie is not asleep. As I passed her door I heard her walk across the floor."

"Uncle Orme, can't you wait till to-morrow? I do not know how this news will affect her, and I dread it."

"My dear child, her suspense is destroying her. After all, delay will do no good. Poor Minnie! There is her bell. She

knows the hour our mail is due, and she will ask for letters."

Opening the door, both paused at the threshold, and neither could ever forget the picture she presented. In a snowy *peignoir* she sat on the side of the couch, with her long waving hair falling in disorder to the floor. The wan face was turned towards them, and was breathless in its anxious, eagerly questioning expression. Her brown eyes widened, searching theirs; and reading all in her daughter's tearful, pitying gaze, what a wild look crossed her face.

Regina pushed her uncle back, closed the door and sprang to the couch, holding out the letters. Sitting as still as stone, Mrs. Laurance did not appear to notice them.

"Darling mother, God knows what is best for us all."

Slowly the strained eyes turned to the appealing face of her kneeling child, and something there broke up the frozen deeps of her heart.

"Are you sure? Is there no hope?"

"No hope, except to meet him in heaven."

Throwing her hands above her head, the wretched woman rung them despairingly, and the pain of all the bitter past, wailed in her passionate cry—

"Lost for ever! And I would not forgive him! My husband! My own husband! When he begged for pardon I spurned, and derided, and taunted him! Oh, I meant sometime to forgive him, after I had accomplished all I planned! After he was beggared and humiliated in the eyes of the world, and that woman occupied the position where they all sought to keep me, a mother and yet no lawful wife, after I had enjoyed my triumph a little while, I fully intended to listen to my heart long enough to tell him that I forgave him because he was your father! And now where is my revenge? Where is my triumph? God has turned His back upon me, has struck from my hands all that I have toiled for fifteen years to accomplish. They all triumph over me now, in their quiet graves resting in peace, and I live only to regret! To regret!"

Her eyes were dry and shone like jewels, and when her arms fell her clenched hands rested unintentionally on her daughter's head.

"Mother, he knows now that you forgive him. Remember that for him all grief is ended, and try to be comforted."

"And for me? What remains for me?"

Her voice was so deep, so sepulchral, so despairing, that Regina clung closer to her.

"Your child, who loves you so devotedly, and the hope of that blessed rest in heaven, where marriages are unknown, where at last we shall all dwell together in peace."

For some time Mrs. Laurance remained motionless, then her lips moved inaudibly. At length she said—

"Yes, my child; our child is all that is left. When he asked to kiss me once more, I denied him so harshly, so bitterly! When he tried to draw me for the last time to his bosom I hurled away his arms—would not let him touch me. Now I shall never see him again. My husband! The one only love of my miserable and accursed life! Oh, my beloved! do you know at last that the Minnie of your youth, the bride of your boyhood, has never, never ceased to love her faithless, erring husband?"

Her voice grew tremulous, husky, and suddenly bending back her daughter's head she looked long at the grieved countenance.

"His last words were, 'Minnie, love, let our baby's eyes and lips plead pardon for her father's unintentional sins.' They do; they always shall. Cuthbert's own wonderful eyes shining in his daughter's. My husband's own proud beautiful lips that kiss me so fondly every time I press his child's mouth! At last I can thank God that our child is indeed her father's image; and because in death Cuthbert is my own again I can cherish the memory and pray for the soul of my husband! Kiss me, kiss me, oh, my darling!"

She kissed the girl's eyes and lips, held her off, gazing into her face through gathering mist, then drew her again to her bosom, and the long-hoarded bitterness and agony found vent in a storm of sobs and tears.

Chapter XXX.

"Uncle Orme, are you awake?"

"My dear girl, what is the matter? Is Minnie ill?"

"No; but this is her birthday, and, if you please, I want you. There are a few late peaches hanging too high for my arms, and such grape-clusters just beyond my finger-tips! Will you be so kind as to gather them for me? I intended to ask you yesterday afternoon, but my mother kept me on the terrace until it was too late. I have not heard you moving about? Do get up; the morning air is so delicious, and

the lake lies like a huge rose with crimped petals."

"You are a tormentingly early lark, chanting your hymns to sunrise when you should be sound asleep. You waked me in the midst of a lovelier rose-coloured dream than your tiresome, stupid lake, and I shall not excuse you for disturbing me. Where is that worthless, black-eyed chattering monkey, Giulio? Am I a boy, to climb peach-trees this time of day for your amusement? Oh, the irreverence of youth!"

"Giulio has gone on a different errand, and I never should insult your venerable years by asking you to climb trees, even in honour of my mother's birthday breakfast. You can easily reach all I want, and then you may come back and finish your dream, and I will keep breakfast waiting until you declare yourself ready. Here is the basket; I am going out to the garden."

Regina ran down into the flower-plot at the rear of the house, and after a little while she saw her uncle, unencumbered by his coat, bearing the basket on his arm and ascending one of the winding walks that terraced the hill.

To her life-long custom of early rising she still adhered, and in the dewy hours spent alone, in watching the sun rise over Como, she indulged precious recollections that found audience at no other season.

It was her habit to place each morning a fresh bouquet upon her mother's plate, and also to arrange the flower-stand that, since their residence at the villa, had never failed to grace the centre of the breakfast-table. It was a parsonage custom, and had always been associated in her mind with the pastor's solemn benediction at each meal.

To-day, while filling her basket with blossoms, some stray waft of perfume, or perhaps the rich scarlet lips of a geranium glowing against the grey stone of the wall, prattled of Fifth Avenue, and recalled a gay *boutonnière* she once saw Mrs. Carew fasten in Mr. Palmer's coat. Like a serpent this thought trailed over all, and the beauty of the morning suddenly vanished.

Three months had elapsed since the day on which Mr. Chesley received his last letter, containing tidings that bowed and broke the haughty spirit of Mrs. Laurance; and if Mr. Palmer had written again, Regina had not been informed of the fact. Was he married, and in his happiness as a husband had he for a time forgotten the existence of the friends in Europe?

A shadowy hopelessness settled in the girl's eyes when she reflected that this was probably the correct explanation of his long silence, and a deep yearning to see him once more rose in her sad heart. She knew that it was better so with the Atlantic between them; and yet it seemed hard, bitter, to think of living out the coming years and never looking upon him again. A heavy sigh crossed her lips, that were beginning to wear the patient lines of resignation, and, turning from the red geranium which had aroused the memory coiled in her heart, she stepped upon the terrace, leaned over the marble balustrade, and looked out.

The sun was up, and in the verdant setting of its shore the lake seemed a huge sapphire, girdled with emerald. In the distance a fishing-boat glided slowly, its taut sails gleaming, as the sunlight smote them, like the snowy pinions of some vast bird brooding over the quiet water; and high in the air, just beneath a strip of orange cloud as filmy as lace, a couple of happy pigeons circled round and round, each time nearing the sun, that was rapidly paving the lake with quivering gold.

The cool air was burdened with mysterious hints of acacias and roses, which the dew had stolen from drowsy gardens, and over the gently rippling waters floated the holy sound of a sweet-tongued bell.

Into the house Regina passed slowly, a trifle paler from her matin reverie; and when she entered the pretty breakfast-room Mr. Chesley had just deposited his fruity burden upon the floor.

"Thank you, dear Uncle Orme. My mother will enjoy her peaches when she knows you gathered them with the dew still upon their down. Go finish your dream; Heaven grant it be sweet! No one shall even pass your door for the next hour, unless shod with velvet or with silence. This is the first of my mother's birthdays I have had an opportunity to celebrate, and I wish to surprise her pleasantly. Go back to sleep." She stood on tiptoe and lightly kissed his swarthy cheek. "Unfortunately my brain is not sufficiently vassal to my will to implicitly obey its mandates, and dropping on my pillow and falling into slumber are quite different things. Besides (you need not arch your eyebrows any higher when I assure you that), despite my honourable years, my hearing is painfully acute. Now I am going to take a bath, and since you persist in making me get up I intend to punish you with my society

just as soon as I finish my toilette. If you see a brace of birds smothered in truffles on the dinner table, you may suspect the fate of all who violate my dreams. Even feathered lovers are a pest. My little girl, before you begin your reign in my California home I shall remind you of your promise, that no lover of yours will ever dare to darken my doors."

With a smile lingering about her lip after her uncle's departure, Regina filled the epergne on the table with a mass of rose-coloured oleanders, her mother's favourite flowers, and fringed the edge with geraniums and fuschias. On her plate she laid a cluster of tuberoses, grouped and tied in the shape of a heart, with spicy apple geranium leaves girdling the waxen petals. The breath of the oleanders perfumed the room, and when quite satisfied with the arrangement of the flowers, Regina piled the crimson peaches and golden grapes in a pyramid on the silver stand in the centre. Drawing from her pocket a slender roll of sheet music fastened with rose ribbon, and a tiny envelope addressed to her mother, she placed them upon Mrs. Laurance's plate, crowning all with the white heart of tuberoses.

For some days she had been haunted by a musical idea, which gradually developed as she improvised into a *Nocturne*, full of plaintive minor passages; and this first complete musical composition, written out by her own hand, she had dedicated to her mother. It was called "Dreams of my Mother."

Standing beside the table, her hands folded before her, and her head slightly drooped, she fell into a brief reverie; wondering how she could endure to live without the society of this beloved mother, which imparted such a daily charm to her own existence, and as she reflected on the past, an expression of quiet sadness stole over her countenance. In the doorway fronting the east, Mr. Palmer had stood for some seconds unobserved, studying the pretty room and its fair young queen. To the man who had crossed the ocean solely to feast his hungry eyes upon that delicate cameo face—it seemed as pure as an angel's. Although continual heartache, and patient uncomplaining need of something that she felt had been removed for ever beyond her reach, had worn the cheek to a thinner oval, and left darker shadows in her calm eyes, Mr. Palmer who had so long and carefully scrutinised her features, acknowledged now, that indeed, "She grew fairer than her peers."

Nearly eight years before, as he watched her asleep in the railway car, he had wondered whether it were possible that she could carry her tender, loving heart, straightforward white soul, and saintly young face untarnished and unbruised into the checkered and feverish realm of womanhood? To-day she stood as fair and pure as in her early childhood, a gentle image of renunciation, "all unspotted from the world," whose withering breath he had so dreaded for his flower.

Watching her, a sudden splendour of hope lighted his fine eyes, and a glow of intense happiness fired his usually pale cheek. Slowly she turned away from the table, and against the glory of the sunlight streaming through the open door, she saw her guardian's tall figure outlined.

Was it a mere blessed vision born of her recent reverie on the terrace, or had he died, and his spirit reading the secret of her soul had mercifully flown to comfort her by one farewell appearance? He opened his arms, and his whole face was radiant with passionate and tender love. She did not move, but her eyes gazed into his like one in a happy dream who fears to awake.

He came swiftly forward, and holding out his arms, exclaimed in a voice that trembled with the excess of his joy:

"My Lily! My darling!"

But she did not spring to meet him as he hoped and expected, and thrilled by the music of his tone, she grew paler, standing quite still, with trembling lips, and eyes that shone like stars when autumn mists begin to gather.

"My Lily, come to me, of your own dear will."

"Mr. Palmer, I am glad, very glad to see my guardian once more."

She put out her hand, which shook, despite her efforts to keep it steady, and her own voice sounded far, far off, like an echo lost among strange hills. He came a step nearer, but did not take her hand, and when he leaned toward her, she suddenly clasped her hands and rested her chin upon them, in the old childish fashion he remembered so well.

"Does my Lily know why I crossed the Atlantic?"

A spasm of pain quivered over her features, and though he saw how white her lips turned at that instant, her answer was

clear, cold, and distinct. "Yes; you came on your bridal tour. Is not your wife at Como?"

"I hope so. I believe so; I certainly expected to see her here." He was smiling very proudly just then, but beginning to suspect that he had tortured her cruelly by the tacit imposture to which he had assented, his eyes dimmed at the thought of her suffering.

She misinterpreted the smile, and quickly rallied.

"Mr. Palmer, I hope you brought Llora also with you."

"No. Why should I? She is much better off at home with her mother."

"But, I thought, I understood——"

She caught her breath, and a perplexed expression came into her wistful deep eyes as she met those fixed laughingly upon her.

"You thought, you understood, what? That after living single all these years I am at last foolish enough to want a wife? One to kiss, to hold in my arms, to love even better than I love myself? Well, what then? I do not deny it."

"And I hope Mr. Palmer that she will make you very happy." She spoke with the startling energy of desperation.

"Thank you, so do I. I believe, I know she will; I swear she shall! Can you tell me my darling's name?"

"Yes, it is no secret. All the world knows it is Mrs. Carew."

She was leaning heavily upon her womanly pride; how long would it sustain her? Would it snap presently, and let her down for ever into the dust of humiliation? Mr. Palmer laughed, and putting his hand under her chin lifted the face.

"All the world is very wise, and my ward quite readily accepted its teachings. I would not marry Brunella Carew if she were the last woman left living on the wide earth. I do not want a fashion-moth. I would not have the residue of what once belonged to another. I want a tender, pure, sweet, fresh white flower that I know, and have long watched expanding from its pretty bud. I want my darling whom no other man has kissed, who never loved anyone but me; who will come like the lily she is, and shelter herself in my strong arms, and bloom out all her fragrant loveliness in my heart only. Will she come?"

Once more he opened his arms, and in his brilliant eyes she read his meaning.

The revelation burst upon her like the unexpected blinding glow of sunshine smiting one who approaches the mouth of a cavern in whose chill gloom, after weary groping, all hope had died. She felt giddy, faint, and the world seemed dissolving in a rosy mist.

"My Lily, my proud little flower! You will not come? Then Edgar Palmer must take his own, and hold it, and wear it for ever!"

He folded his arms around her, strained her to his bosom, and laid his warm trembling lips on hers. What a long passionate kiss, as though the hunger of a lifetime could never be satisfied. After his stern self-control and patient waiting, the proud man, who had never loved anyone but the fair young girl in his arms, abandoned himself to the ecstasy of possession. He kissed the eyebrows that were so lovely in his sight, the waving hair on her white temples, and again and again the soft sweet trembling lips that glowed under his pressure.

"My precious violet eyes, so tender and holy. My silver Lily, mine for ever. My first and last and only love!"

When with his cheek resting on hers he told her why his sense of honour had sealed his lips while she was a ward beneath his roof, entrusted by her mother to his guardianship, and dwelt upon the suffering it had cost him to know that others were suing for her hand, trying to win away the love which his regard for duty prevented him from soliciting, she began to realise the strength and fervour of the affection that was now shining so deliciously upon her heart. She learned the fate of the glove he had found on his desk and locked up, of the two faded white hyacinths he had begged and worn in his breast pockets because they had rested on her hair; of the songs he wanted simply for the reason that he had heard them on the night when she fainted, and he had first kissed her cold unconscious lips.

Would the brilliant New York Bar have recognised their cool, inflexible, haughty favourite in the man who was pouring such fervid, passionate declarations into the small pearly ear that felt his lips more than once.

He had much to tell to his love, much to explain concerning the events of the day when Elliott Roscoe witnessed her first interview with Peleg Peterson, and subsequently aided in his arrest, but this morning, long audience was denied him.

In the midst of his happy whispers a step which he did not hear came down the stairs, a form for whom he had no eyes

stood awhile perplexed and amazed on the threshold. Then a very stately figure swept across the marble tiles and laid a firm hand on Regina's shoulder.

"My daughter!"

The girl looked up, startled, confused; but the encircling arms would not release her.

"My dear Madam, do not take her away."

Mrs. Laurance did not heed him, her eyes were riveted on her child. "My little girl, have you too deceived and forsaken your unfortunate mother?"

She broke away from her lover's clasp, and threw her arms around her mother's neck.

Pressing her tightly to her heart, Mrs. Laurance turned to Mr. Palmer, and said sternly: "Is there indeed no such thing as honour left among men? You who knew so well my loneliness and affliction, you, to whom I trusted my little lamb, have tried to rob me of the only treasure I thought I possessed, the only comfort left to gladden my sunless life! You have tried to steal my child's heart, to win her from me,"

"No, mother, he never let me know, and I never dreamed that, that he cared at all for me until this morning. He did not betray your trust even for——"

"Let Mr. Palmer plead his own defence if he can; look you to yours," answered her mother coldly.

"It is much sweeter from her lips, and you, my dear Madam, are very cruel to deny me the pleasure of hearing it. Lily, my darling, go away a little while, not far, where I can easily find you; and let me talk to your mother. If I fail to satisfy her fully on all points, I shall never ask at her hands the precious boon I came here solely to solicit."

He took her hand, drew her from the arms that reluctantly relaxed, and when they reached the threshold smiled down into her eyes. Lifting her fingers he kissed them lightly, and closed the door. What ailed the birds that trilled their passionate strains so joyously as she ran down the garden walk and into the rose-arbour? Had clouds and shadows flown for ever from the world, leaving only heavenly sunshine.

She had not seen her uncle, who was sitting in one corner clumsily tying up some roses which he intended for a birthday offering to his niece. At the sound of his quiet voice Regina started up.

"Oh, Uncle Orme! I did not see you. Pray excuse me. I will not disturb you."

She was hurrying away, but he caught her dress.

"My dear, are you threatened with ophthalmia, that you cannot see a man three yards distant who measures six feet two inches? Certainly I excuse you. A man who is kept awake all night by one set of love ditties, dragged out of his bed before sunrise, and after taking exercise and a bath that render him as hungry as a giant is expected and forced to hold his famished frame in peace while a pair of human lovers exhaust the vocabulary of cooing, that man can patiently excuse much. Sit down, my dear girl. Because my beard is gray and crow-feet gather about my eyes do you suppose the old man's heart cannot sympathise with the happiness that throbs in yours; and that renews, very sacredly, the one sweet love-dream of his own long-buried youth? I know dear, you need not try to tell me, need not blush so painfully. Mr. Palmer reached Como last evening; I knew he was coming, and saw him early this morning. I can guess it all, and I am very glad. God bless you, dear child. Only be sure you tell Mr. Palmer that we allow no lovers in our ideal home."

He put his hand on her drooping head, and drawing it down, she silently pressed it in her own. So they sat; how long neither knew. She dreaming of that golden future that had opened so unexpectedly before her; he listening to memory's echoes of a beloved tone long since hushed in the grave.

When approaching voices were heard he rose to steal away, and tears moistened his mild brown eyes. "Stay with me, please," she whispered, clinging to his sleeve.

Through the arched doorway of the arbour she saw two walking slowly. Mrs. Laurance leaned upon Mr. Palmer's arm, and as he bent his uncovered head, in earnest conversation, his noble brow was placid, and his haughty mouth relaxed in a half smile. They reached the arbour and paused.

In her morning robe of delicate lilac tint Mrs. Laurance's sad tear-stained face seemed in its glory of golden locks almost as fair as her child's. But one was just preparing to launch her frail argosy of loving hopes upon the sunny sea that stretched in liquid splendour before her dazzled eyes; the other had seen the wreck of all her heart's most precious freight, in

the storm of varied griefs, that none but Christ could hush with His divine "Be still."

The repressed sorrow in the countenance of the mother was more touching than any outbreak could have been, and after a strong effort, she held out her hand, and said: "My daughter."

Regina sprang up and hid her face on her mother's neck.

"When I began to hope in a blind dumb way that nothing more could happen to wring my heart, because I had my daughter safe, owned her entire undivided love, and we were all in all to each other; just when I dared to pray that my sky might be blue for a little while, even then the last, the dearest is stolen away, and by my best friend, too! Child of my love, I would almost as soon see you in your shroud as under a bridal veil, for you will love your husband best, and, oh! I want all of your dear heart for my own. How can I ever give you away, my one angel of comfort!"

Her white hand caressed the head upon her bosom, and clasping her mother's waist, the girl said distinctly: "Let it be as you wish. My mother's happiness is far dearer to me than my own."

"Oh, my darling! Do you mean it? Would you give up your lover for the sake of your poor desolate mother?" She bent back the fair face and gazed eagerly into the girl's eyes.

"Mother, I should never cease to love him. Life would not be so sweet as it looked this morning when I first learned he had given me his heart; but duty is better than joy, and I owe more to my suffering mother than to him, or to myself. If it adds to the cup of your many sorrows to give me even to him, I will try to take the bitter for my portion, and then sweeten as best I may the life that hitherto you have devoted to me. Mother, do with your child as seems best to your dear heart." She was very white, but her voice was firm, and the fidelity of her purpose was printed in her sad eyes.

"God bless my sweet, faithful, trusting child!"

Mrs. Laurance could not restrain her tears, and Mr. Palmer shaded his eyes with his hand. "My little girl, make your choice. Decide between us."

She moved a few steps as if to free herself, but in vain; Regina's arms tightened around her.

"Between you? Oh, no! I cannot. Both are too dear."

"To whom does your heart cling most closely?"

"Mother, ask me no more. There is my hand. If you can consent to give it to him I shall be, oh, how happy! If it would grieve you too much, then mother hold it, keep it. I will never murmur or complain, for now, knowing that he loves me, I can bear almost anything."

Tears were streaming down the mother's cheeks, and pressing her lips to the white mournful face of her daughter, she beckoned Mr. Palmer to her side. For a moment she hesitated, held up the fair fingers and kissed them, then, as if distrusting herself, quickly laid the little hand in his. "Take my darling; and remember that she is the most precious gift a miserable mother ever yielded up."

After a moment Mrs. Laurance whispered something, and very soon the lovely face flushed a brilliant rose, the soft tender eyes were lifted timidly to Mr. Palmer's face, and as he drew her to him, she glided from her mother's arms into his, feeling his lips rest like a blessing from God on her pure brow.

"Does my Lily love me best?"

Only the white arms answered his whisper, clasping his neck; and Mrs. Laurance and Mr. Chesley left them, with the dewy roses overhead swinging like censers in the glorious autumn morning, and the sacred chime of church bells dying in silvery echoes, among the olive and myrtle that clothed the distant hills.

Chapter XXXI.

In consenting to bestow Regina's hand on Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Laurance had stipulated that the marriage should be deferred for one year, alleging that her daughter was yet very young, and having been so long separated, she wished her to remain with her, at least for some months. Mr. Palmer reluctantly assented to conditions which compelled him to return to America without Regina, and in November Mrs. Laurance removed to Milan, where she desired that her child's fine voice and musical talent should be trained and developed by the most superior instruction.

Swiftly the twelvemonths sped away, and in revisiting the Mediterranean shores, linked by so many painful reminiscences with the period of her former sojourn, Mrs. Laurance, despite the efforts of her faithful

and fond companion, seemed to sink into a confirmed melancholy.

By tacit agreement no reference was ever made to her past life, but a shadow chill and unlifting brooded over her, and the sleeplessness that no opiate could conquer —a sleeplessness born of heartache which no spell could narcotise, robbed her cheek of its bloom, and left weary lines on her patient, hopeless face.

Mr. Chesley had returned with Mr. Palmer to the United States, and late in the following autumn Mrs. Laurance and Regina sailed for New York.

The associations of the voyage were peculiarly painful to the unhappy wife, whose lips never unclosed upon the topic that engrossed her thoughts, and soon after their arrival her physician advised a trip to Florida or Cuba, until the rigour of the winter had ended, as an obstinate cough again aroused fears of consumption. To accompany her mother, Regina postponed her marriage until June, and, notwithstanding Mr. Palmer's avowed dissatisfaction and earnest protest, spent the winter and spring in the West Indies. Mrs. Laurance gradually regained health, but not cheerfulness, and in May, when they returned to New York, preparations were made for the wedding, which, in deference to her mother's feelings, Regina desired should be very quiet.

Her husband's estate had long been in Mrs. Laurance's possession, and the stately mansion had been repaired and refurnished awaiting its owner ; but she shrank with a shiver from the mention of the place, announcing her intention to visit it no more until she was laid to rest in the proud family tomb, whither the remains of General René Laurance had already been removed.

In accordance with her daughter's wishes she had taken for the summer a villa on the Hudson, only a short distance from the city, and a week before the day appointed for the marriage they took possession of their country home. As the time rapidly approached, Mrs. Laurance's depression of spirits seemed to increase; she jealously counted the hours that remained, and her sad eyes rested, with fateful foreboding, on her daughter's happy countenance.

On the afternoon previous to the wedding, the mother sat on the verandah overlooking the velvet lawn that stretched between the house and the river. The sun was setting, and the rich red glow rested upon the crest of distant hills, and smote the sails of two vessels gliding close to the opposite shore. On the stone step sat Regina, her head leaning against her mother's knee, her hand half buried in the snowy locks of Hero, who crouched at her side.

"Mrs. Palmer and Uncle Orme will not arrive until noon ; but the——"

She did not complete the sentence, for glancing up she saw that Mrs. Laurance's melancholy eyes were fixed on the crimson sky and purpling hills far away, and she knew that her thoughts were haunting gray ashy crypts of the Bygone.

For some moments silence prevailed, and mother and child presented a singular contrast. The former was clad in some violet coloured fabric, and her golden hair was brushed smoothly back and twisted into a loose knot, where her daughter's fingers had inserted a moss rose with clustering buds and glossy leaves.

The girl wore a simple white muslin, high in the throat, where a quilling of soft lace was secured by a bunch of lemon blooms and violets ; and around her coil of jet hair twined a long spray of Arabian jasmine that drooped almost to her shoulder. One face star-eyed and beaming as Hope, with rosy dreams lurking about the curves of her perfect mouth ; the other pale, dejected, yet uncomplaining, a lovely statue of Regret.

Very soon the white hand that wore the black agate wandered across the daughter's silky hair. "Yonder goes the train ; and Mr. Palmer will be here in a few minutes. How little I dreamed that cold, undemonstrative, selfish man would prove such a patient, tender lover? Kiss me, my darling, before you go to meet him. After to-morrow you will be mine no longer. In the heart of wives, husbands supplant mothers, and reign supreme. Do not speak, my love. Only kiss me and go." She bent over the face resting on her knee, and a moment after Regina, followed by the noble old dog, went down the circuitous walk leading to the iron gate. On either side stood deodar cedars, and behind one of these she sat down on a rustic seat.

She had not waited long when footsteps approached, and Mr. Palmer's tall handsome figure passed through the gate, accompanied by one who followed slowly.

"Lily!"

The lawyer passed his arm around her, drew her to his side and whispered :

"I bring you glad tidings. I bring my darling a very precious bridal present, her father."

Turning quickly, he put her into Mr. Laurance's arms.

"Can my daughter cordially welcome her unhappy and unworthy father?"

"Oh, how merciful God has been to me! My father alive and safe, really folding me to his heart? Now my mother can rest, for now she can utter the forgiveness which her heart long ago pronounced; but which, having withheld at your painful parting interview, has so sorely weighed down her spirits. Oh, how bright the world looks! Thank God! At last my mother can find peace."

Looking fondly at her radiant face, Mr. Laurance asked in an unsteady voice: "Will my Minnie's child plead with her for the long lost husband of her youth?"

"Oh, my father! There is no need. Her love must have triumphed long ago over the sense of cruel wrong and the memory of the past, for since we learned that you were among those who perished she has silently mourned, as only a wife can, for the husband she loves. Because she sees in my face the reflex of yours, it has of late grown doubly dear to her; and sometimes at night when she believes me asleep, she touches me softly, and whispers, 'My Cuthbert's child.' But why have you so long allowed us to believe you were lost on that vessel?"

Briefly Mr. Laurance told the facts of his escape upon a raft, which was hastily constructed by several of the crew when the boats were beyond their reach. Upon this he had placed Maud, and on the morning after the wreck of the vessel, they succeeded in getting into one of the boats, which was floating bottom upwards, and providentially drifted quite near the raft. For several days they were tossed helplessly from wave to wave, exposed to heavy rains, and on the third evening, poor little Maud, who had been unconscious for some hours, died in her father's arms. At midnight when the moon shone full and bright he had wrapped the little form in his coat and consigned her to a final resting-place beneath the blue billows, where her mother had already gone down amid the fury of the gale. He knew from the colour and lettering of the boat that it was the same in which he had placed his terrified wife, and when it floated to their raft he could not doubt her melancholy fate. A few hours after Maud's burial a Danish brig bound for Valparaiso discovered the boat and its signals of distress, and taking on board the four survivors sailed away on its destined track. Mr. Laurance had made his way to Rio Janeiro, and subsequently to Havana, but learning from the published accounts that his wife had indeed perished, and that he also was numbered among the lost, he determined not to reveal the fact of his existence to any one. Financially beggared, his ancestral home covered by mortgages which Mrs. Laurance held, and utterly hopeless of arousing her compassion or obtaining her pardon, he was too proud to endure the humiliation that would overwhelm him in the divorce suit he knew she intended to institute; and resolved never to return to the United States, where he could only expect disgrace and sorrow.

While in Liverpool, preparing to go to Melbourne, he accidentally found and read Mrs. Laurance's advertisement in the London *Times*, offering a reward for any definite information concerning Cuthbert Laurance, reported lost on Steamer ——. Had she relented, would she pardon him now? He was lonely, desolate; his heart yearned for the sight of his fair young daughter, doubly dear since the loss of poor Maud, and he longed inexpressibly to see once more the love of his early and his later life.

If still implacably vindictive would she have continued the advertisement which so powerfully tempted him to reveal himself? He was fully conscious of his own unworthiness, and of the magnitude of the wrongs inflicted upon her, but after a long struggle with his pride, which bled sorely at thought of the scornful repulse that might await him, he had written confidentially to Mr. Palmer, and, in accordance with his advice, returned to New York.

On the day previous he had arrived, and now came to test the power of memory over his wife's heart.

"Father, she is sitting alone on the verandah with such a world of sadness in her eyes, which have lost the blessed power of weeping. Go to her. I believe you need no ally to reach my mother's heart."

Mr. Laurance kissed her fair forehead, and walked away; and passing his arm around Regina, Mr. Palmer drew her forward across the lawn, till they reached a branching lilac near the verandah.

Here he paused, took off his glasses, and looked proudly and tenderly down into the violet eyes that even now met his so shyly.

"My Lily, to-morrow at this hour you will be my wife."

His haughty lips were smiling as they sought hers, and with her lovely flushed face half hidden on his shoulder, and one small hand clinging to his, she watched her father's figure approaching the steps.

Mrs. Laurance sat with folded hands resting on the rail of the balustrade, her head slightly drooped upon her bosom, and the beautiful face was lighted by the dying sunset splendour, that seemed to kindle a nimbus around the golden head, and rendered her in her violet drapery like some holy *Mater Dolorosa* treading alone the *Via Crucis*.

Dusky shadows under the melancholy brown eyes made them appear darker, deeper, almost prophetic, and over her lips drifted a fragment from "Regret."

"Ah, yes. In the room of revenge reigns regret. Where is my revenge? It gleamed like nectar, and when I drained it, consuming poison clung to my lips. To revenge is to part for ever! To-day how utterly widowed; to-morrow, childless. Oh, stranded life!"

Upon the stone steps stood the man whom her eyes turned towards the distant hill-tops had not yet seen, but when the passionate pathos of that voice which had so often charmed and swayed its audiences died away in a sob, a musical yet very tremulous tone fell on the evening air:

"Minnie, my wife! After almost twenty years of neglect, injustice, and wrong, can the husband of your youth, and the father of your child hope for pardon?"

"There is no ruined life beyond the smile of heaven,
And compensating grace for every loss is given,
The Coliseum's shell is loved of flower and vine,
And through its shattered rents, the peaceful planets shine."

THE END.

BEFORE AN AUDIENCE.

IN Barnegat the world was dead and buried, and in its place there stood the graven image of a city carved in snow. The river, which in summer ran up and down with the flowing and ebbing of the tide between the decayed and half ruined wharves of the old city and the island of Barnegat, on the ot her side, was choked with masses of ice; the streets were filled with the drifted snow; and still the storm, urged on and inspired by a riotous east wind, continued.

Along the High Street of Barnegat, where in happier times the sun lay longest, filling it from east to west with shifting light and shade, the wind was tossing the snow, as it fell, into clouds of whirling sleet, and being a wind of independent mind, unfettered by restraining or guiding principles, blowing, as it seemed, both up and down.

Coming up the street with the wind was a slender figure wrapped in a dark cloak. The snow powdered her from head to foot, making little drifts in the hollows of her shoulders, and turning the scarlet hood wound about her head into a wreath of snow and icicles, while the wind blew her hair about her face, twisted it into light, crisp curls, and tossed it back again, making of her beauty a jest and plaything.

As we looked from the window and watched her struggling with the storm, we decided that Ma'm'selle was paying dearly for her letters; but she seemed to have an opinion of her own upon the subject, for she glanced up at us and waved them in her hand with an air of triumph, as she stood at the door, shaking the snow from her dress.

There was something distractingly mysterious about Ma'm'selle. All the winter she had been receiving weekly letters, which she insisted on going to fetch for herself. She grew absent-minded; and as she sat over her papers, or corrected the children's French exercises, she smiled confidingly to herself in a way that suggested, in the most bewildering and tantalising fashion, a world of delightful experiences into which we were not admitted.

She came in that afternoon, and stood on the hearth before the fire, holding her letters in her hand.

"I am sure you want to know," she said looking up suddenly.

No, there was nothing we wished to know, We were not curious. We were basely contented with our ignorance. Still, if Ma'm'selle had anything interesting to communicate, we would most willingly lend her our ears.

"It is a long story," she said, "and begins a long time ago, when I was a mere child—only fifteen."

She seated herself on a low stool, and resting her head against the mantel-piece so that the light shone on her hair, and deep-

ened its pale yellow into gold. There was something excessively irritating in Ma'mselle's beauty. Perhaps it was because she wore it with such a meekly triumphant air, as if it were something for which she was not to blame, and which, out of consideration to us, she would take pains to forget. Whatever the reason might be, you were always sure to feel secretly annoyed with her for being so faultlessly beautiful. Although we admired her, it was under protest, and as Kate observed, there was a kind of lurking disapproval mingled with all our admiration.

Ma'm'selle turned her letters over in her hand, and said, in a quick low voice which was habitual with her, "Yes, I think I am glad it has come at last." Then looking up quickly, and beating one hand gently with her bundle of letters as she spoke, she said—

"It was so long ago that it began, it seems as if it were in another life. It was like this: We were at Florence, my father and I. Our rooms, I remember, were just opposite the Pitti Palace, and below us was an English family. There was a milord and lady, besides troops of little children, and Miss Ethel and Leigh. Miss Ethel was quite a lady, and out in society, although she was not much older than I, while I was always running about with the other children and the French *bonne*. Leigh Halstead was twenty, and just home from Oxford. It was strange how much at home he was there in Florence. It was as if he had been born there, and had lived there all his life. He had a way of making our great cold rooms warm and human and full of colour; he put colour in them simply by being there himself. I think he was what you call picturesque. He was so fond of colour! It was a world by itself, he said, and had as many tones as music; but that was because he knew what it meant, that it was the sign of life, and that is why, or that is partly why— But that comes afterwards.

"We were very good friends in those first days after he came to Florence, for he helped me to understand many things that I had not known or that I had not cared to know before. I had not wished to be grown up. I was quite content to wander about the old city with my *gouvernante*, strolling idly through the dusky streets, where, at every turn, one saw some new colour in the frescoes on the wall, or standing still to watch the pale glow or the sunlight which filled the niches and shifted slowly across the irregular outlines of the houses, feeling always how old everything was, and as if in some way the old dead life were becoming a part of my own, but never caring to ask questions of anyone. Now I wanted to be a woman, and to learn how to understand everything which I had only felt before.

"One day we were in one of the galleries of the Palazzo Pitti, Élise and I, when Leigh Halstead came in. He wanted me to go with him to see a picture of the Madonna; there are so many Madonnas there and everywhere one gets quite tired of them, but this one I had never seen. It was Murillo's. We left Élise to follow us, and went together to look at it. It was a wonderful face, *mes amis:* so young and beautiful! and the eyes—ah! they were so full of awe and of a blessedness too grand and solemn to be glad. The face was pale, and the lips seemed hushed into a silence that could never be broken. All about her were those divine child faces which the old painters put into their pictures. She, too, was divine—there is no other word for her; it was the child Madonna, and her eyes grew deeper and larger as I looked at her. Ah! it made me hold my breath."

Ma'm'selle lifted her hands to her face, held them there for a moment, and then went on. He voice was low and almost monotonous, but it had that rare quality of expressiveness which is the result of the most subtle modulation. Her voice grew intense, tender, and pathetic in a single breath; and you became conscious of it in other ways than through the sense of hearing. You felt it as well as heard it. It seemed to take possession of your senses like a penetrating atmosphere; it was like an embodiment of her peculiar magnetism and personality.

"We looked at it a long time," she said; "and he said it was like me—the child-mother. You cannot wonder that I wept then; but he said he did not wish me to be a Madonna. He wanted me to smile, and tell him with my eyes that I would always be his little saint, and that by-and-by, when I was grown a woman, I would learn to love him, and be his wife.

"He had a bunch of April arum lilies in his hand, and among them was a little scarlet flower; this he put in my hair, telling me it was a sign that I was not to dream any more unless I dreamed of him. After that he went away to Zurich.

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THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Designed for

THE LADIES' TREASURY

"Every day I wore his scarlet flower in my hair, going with Élise to one of the palaces, where, on the broad grey basements, were piled masses of all kinds of flowers for sale, and coming home with our arms full of them.

"I was always thinking of him, and always trying to learn everything that he would like. I think I was not like the Madonna any more; the colour came into my face, and I felt that I was grown up; but I got wicked, and hated everyone—everyone but him. I thought they would keep me away from him, my Leigh.

"One day I went with one of the children into Lady Halstead's room to hunt for a book which she had dropped there. There was no one by but ourselves, and I stopped for a moment to look at it, it was so beautiful, so different from mine. I remember the hangings at the windows. They were of some soft rich stuff, and I went and laid my cheek against them; the colours were so warm—rich golden browns with gold threads interlaced.

"'See,' said Claire, the little girl, 'what pretty jewels my mamma wears!'

"They were lying in an open casket on the dressing-table—strings of Roman pearls, opals, and antique Egyptian beryls.

"I had never seen such exquisitely beautiful ones before, and I took them in my hands and fondled them. It seemed to me that the opals were like me—myself; the colour in them like the blood in my heart, never shining steadily, but throbbing uneasily, and flashing out here and there. I shook them out till they seemed like nothing but waves of colour dripping through my fingers; then I twisted them in my hair, and about my neck. They were like the eyes of serpents with the fire flashing in them. Claire came to the mirror, and clapped her hands.

"'Pretty! pretty!' cried the child, 'you are prettier than mamma.'

"Just then the door opened and she came in—my Lady Halstead. She was very handsome, my lady, *une grand dame;* but she had a temper, *mes amis*, and she shook me with her large white hands. I think I have hated white hands since then," said Ma'm'selle, looking down at her own slender fingers, and rubbing them till they were pink. "She called me a horrible child. Ah! it was very vile in her; and she said no child of hers should have any thing to do with the daughter of an actress, and that I was not to come there any more. I was afraid of her at first, but I grew angry and wicked. I hated her, and I hated them all, because of her saying that and other things very hard to bear. So I pulled the jewels from my hair and throat, and threw them on the floor and stamped the life out of them. They lay there winking at me, and I thought they begged me not to kill them; but I would not mind; I crushed them under my feet. It was as if a rainbow had been spilled on the floor. Lady Halstead was shrieking with anger, but now I was not afraid of her. I was not angry either, but cold and miserable, and I went away and asked my father what she meant by saying that and other things about my mother.

"His face was very pale, and his voice was very low and quiet, as if it hurt him whenever he spoke to me about *ma mère*. It is twenty—twenty-five years now since she first appeared on the stage. It was in Paris, at *La Française*. She was very beautiful, and she had great talent. I have dreamed of her sometimes, and she is like this: tall and fair, but not too fair; a complexion like a creole's—soft and warm; and her hair the colour of yellow autumn leaves when the sun shines on them. She was like a daughter of the old Norse gods; her eyes blue, like the North Sea, and deep-shining like stars. She was the fashion in Paris. She was *impassionnée*; and when the people came to hear her they forgot the rest of the actors, and listened only to her. She held them by her genius and beauty and her wonderful voice. It thrilled them like music. Ah, I was proud of her when he told me that."

Ma'm'selle's face glowed with excitement, and her low, even voice rose into a subdued tone of exaltation. She rose and lifted herself to her full height.

"I am not unlike *ma mère*. He told me so that night, and he wept when he said it. By-and-by she married. My father was a student, a recluse. He had *le culte de la femme*, and he worshipped her; but for all that, she could not leave the stage. It was her life; and after a while— Well, he was not happy. Perhaps neither of them was happy. Sir Leigh Halstead was in Paris then, and it was while he was there that *maman*—disappeared.

"'Did she die?' I asked my father.

"'*Ma pauvre enfant*,' he said, 'she is dead. It is a long time now since she died to us. Ah! *ma pauvre petite!*'

"I knelt down and laid my head on his

knee, and I felt his hot tears burn on my forehead.

"After that we talked no more of *maman*. We left Florence and went back to Paris, and after that we came to America."

Ma'm'selle paused in her story and walked up and down the room. She stopped before the window, and pressed her face against the glass, listening to the storm.

"It is cruel," she whispered. "America has always been cruel to us. At first we went about a good deal. It was as if we were searching for something; but we never found it—what we were looking for; and by-and-by our money was gone. That is why I am here; that is why I am a governess—*une gouvernante*—and nothing more."

She repeated the words with a smile of infinite amusement. Her smile was as much a part of her personality as her voice. It was a bewildering smile, radiant yet evasive; it admitted no one into its confidence, and kept its own secrets.

"It was intolerable to me, this life here," continued Ma'm'selle, "and it has lasted three years. All the while I heard nothing of Leigh Halstead; but at last he found me out. He came here to America, to Barnegat, and, *mes amis*, these are his letters here."

She lifted them to her lips.

"Shall I go on, *mes amis?*"

Surely she might go on. We were not only eager for the rest of her story, but we began to suspect dimly the end, and we were anxious to have our prophetic visions of a love-tale confirmed. Ma'm'selle rose and bowed, gracefully kissing her hand to us as she turned towards the door.

"Pardon," she said, "I am making it too long. I weary you. I will come again in the morning. In the meanwhile, the children and their lessons. I will excuse myself, *mes amis*."

She left the room, blushing a little, as if in mute apology for her forgetfulness, her fresh young face looking, if possible, more irresistibly beautiful than ever.

Kate looked up after her, and sighed.

"There is something very uncommon about Ma'm'selle," she said, as if to herself. "I don't understand her. She makes me feel thoroughly stupid and insignificant because I hav'n't had a history myself. But she's delicious—simply delicious. If I were a man, I should be madly in love with her; but I'm glad I'm not. I'm glad I am only a commonplace woman with an uncommon governess."

The next morning we awoke into what seemed a newly-created world. The storm was over, but the snow remained, flinging itself like graceful drapery over the roofs of the houses, and hiding their sharp, angular outlines behind its soft, clinging folds. In winter Barnegat was a poetic version of itself, and as Ma'm'selle looked from the window, she forgave it for being American.

She came in, dressed in a loose white wrapper made of some soft, thick material, her fair hair falling low in her neck, and shining, as she stood in the sunlight, like a mass of rippling gold. She stood for a long time looking out of the window, her hands folded, and her eyes dim with suppressed feeling. Beauty, she said, was like a religion. She could not think it was right that there should be anything ugly in the world, or that there should be such a disagreeable thing as unhappiness. Everything should be beautiful and joyous. She could not believe that she had ever been miserable or unhappy; and as she spoke she lifted the hair from her face, baring her forehead to the sun as it streamed in through the frosted glass.

Then she came and stood on the hearth, leaning against the mantel, her head drooping a little, and her eyes fixed on the floor.

"It was like this," she said, "his coming here—of course it is Leigh Halstead that I mean—as if I had been a long time dead and suddenly found myself alive. I was glad before I knew it, glad with an unreasoning sort of gladness. It was like going back into the old life, and yet not that either; we seemed to have changed places, for in all these years I had not stood still. I had become a woman, and when he came it seemed to give me a chance for the first time to be myself. Yet I was not sure at first that I wanted it to go on. I cannot explain what I mean by this going on—it was simple gladness at first, and then there was the strangeness of my knowing him again, and of our two lives so far apart coming together, and then it was something stranger still. It was as if he could not get away from—from America.

"'I want to go away,' he would say, 'but I simply can't.'

"One day—it was in the afternoon late, but before the sun was down—we had walked a long distance beyond the town, and without knowing why we strayed into the old churchyard. Far out at sea the sails of the ships rose and fell like purple shadows on the water, as the vessels veered with the

wind, and where we stood the sunlight fell on our faces, staining the snow and the white stones around us a delicate rose colour. It seemed like life itself playing with death and with the dead.

"It was so still there, so very still, it seemed as if the earth itself had died, and we had come to see it buried. It was so still that we forgot to talk; it was as if we too had become a part of the silence.

"At last I sat down on an iron seat where the snow had been brushed away, and Leigh came and stood near me, looking off towards the sea. I heard him talking to himself. 'If I were to die now, I might go to heaven,' he said; 'I was never so near it before.'

"'Why do you talk of dying?' I asked him; 'there is nothing so disagreeable.'

"Then he looked at me in such a strange way that I began to tremble, for we had never come so near—so near to each other—before. It was the great space around us, the stillness, and the sea and sky, and the great white earth stretching away behind us like the whiteness of eternity—we two were alone in the midst of it—that is what brought us so close, and I seemed to know what he would say before he said it.

"'I wonder if I could be like you,' he said, 'if I were to live with you always. You do not know what it is to be wicked.'

"'Ah! how can that be? I am not always good,' I answered him.

"Then he laughed. 'No! You do not know what the words mean, goodness and wickedness—how should you? You are a flower without perfume; you are a poem, not a woman, and I love you! Oh! how I love you, *ma bien-aimée*.'

"Then he held my hands between both his own, and I wondered if perhaps it was true that this was love. But I felt myself growing cold and miserable, for I knew even if it were love, that Sir Leigh Halstead's son could never marry me. There were too many things to be considered—himself first, and then Sir Leigh and Lady Halstead, and if she were alive *maman*.

"I tried to make all this clear to him, but he would not listen, and at last he went away very angry. One, two weeks passed, and yet I was not unhappy, for his letters were full of love. I could feel it beating in the words he wrote, and I did not look beyond. His love was enough—it was intoxication."

Ma'm'selle looked up with a slight start, as if she feared she had confessed too much; then, walking quickly across the room, she leaned over the great arm-chair, playing with the tassel, and speaking very rapidly.

"He said nothing more of my marrying him until he came again one night to Barnegat. You were away, *mes amis*, and the children asleep up stairs. But he said then that I must marry him at once—that night. I admired his saying that 'must,' although I knew I would not obey him. He had just received a telegram from his father's physician, saying that Sir Leigh was very ill, and he was to come home at once. He swore he would not go back to England unless I went with him as his wife, and he looked very handsome and resolute when he said it, like King Cophetua, I thought, when he

> 'sware a royal oath
> This beggar maid shall be my queen.'

But I said to him, 'I will be your wife when Sir Leigh Halstead writes me with his own hand that I shall be welcome at Armhurst Park.' Was it not well said? Ah, but I remembered Lady Halstead too well. Did she not call me a horrible child?"

Ma'm'selle locked her hands tightly together, and her thin red lips curled in a way which, in one less beautiful, we should have called wicked. Then she went on speaking even lower than usual, in a voice of enforced quietude and intentness:

"It has come—at last. He was very ill, Sir Leigh, and every week he grew worse; but the disease was slow, slow and dangerous. At length—no longer ago than yesterday—a letter came from Leigh, my Leigh, saying that his father was dead. He added in a postscript, 'Sir Leigh Halstead writes you with his own hand that you will be welcome at Armhurst Park.' He will come for me in May, and there will be Florentine lilies growing in the garden when I reach England."

"So you will be Lady Halstead," we say, both together.

"So I shall be Lady Halstead," echoed Ma'm'selle, quietly triumphant.

Kate rose and laid her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"I am very glad for you, if you are happy," she said; "but are you quite sure that you love this Leigh Halstead?"

Ma'm'selle took in her hands a scarlet flower which she wore at her throat, looked at it for a moment, and quietly pinned it in its place before speaking.

"It must be like that—everything that is alive, I mean. It must be vivid, it must have colour. My life here, and always in America, has been without it; and now—do you not like it?"

"Oh, yes, we like it," replies Kate, looking to me for confirmation and support; "but there is a—a something which perhaps we would have liked better in your lover. He does not seem to care much—at least, not particularly—for his father's death."

"Yes?" answers Ma'm'selle, musing, and as if she had not thought of it before, "perhaps that is the way with lovers, that they should not care for—other things."

"Perhaps it is," answers Kate, dejectedly, humbly confessing her own ignorance on the subject; "I can't be expected to know."

"That is true," said Ma'm'selle; "you can't. But I—I have always wished to have something coming to me that my life might *taste*—as I remember once in the Boboli Gardens, where I used to go on Sundays with the children, when the warm air blew over my face, and the whole world was alive and warm, and the blood in my veins seemed crying out for joy, then it was as if—if everything, life itself tasted. I think Sir Leigh will make life taste. Yes, I am glad he gave me the April arum lilies in the palace of the Pitti, and that he has not forgotten. Yes, I think I love him."

For a few weeks Ma'm'selle's affairs seemed to go on as prosperously as could be wished.

Of course it was wrong, as Kate suggested, that we should be glad of the elder Sir Leigh Halstead's death; but then it was, to say the least, very convenient for Ma'm'selle.

Ma'm'selle's conduct was most exemplary, and we admired her without reserve. We began to feel that we might not always have treated her with the most thoughtful consideration. Our doubts about her vanished; they were but smoke in the air, and her good fortune had blown them away. We were even more eager than she for the arrival of the foreign mail and the latest news from Armhurst Park. Would Sir Leigh really wait until May, now that he had come into possession? Why did he not come for her at once? We wished her to consider our house her home, and we hoped the wedding would take place there.

In short, Ma'm'selle had become a heroine. She was in love, she was beloved, she was an angel.

"How can you be so sweet and patient about your lover?" asked Kate, one night, as Ma'm'selle sat at the window, bending over some embroidery, and smiling occasionally to herself.

"It is not hard to be patient," said Ma'm'selle, in her rapid way, dropping her work, and looking out of the window, "When one is sure of the end. I am sure—quite sure. It is not possible but that everything should come right and fortunate for me in the end. I was born fortunate. I have *l'esprit exalté*."

"And you are quite happy, Ma'm'selle? I like to have you tell me so," continued Kate, "because you are so quiet—you say so little about it."

"I am very well pleased," answered Ma'm'selle. "Sir Leigh is very fond of me, and his love is like incense—it fills my life. Is not love the poetry of life? and poetry, is not that the voice of Divinity made audible—the divineness of the world caught and imprisoned, and disclosed to us so in glimpses."

Ma'm'selle's hands lay folded in her lap, and she was still looking out of the window. Her face was pale, and her voice hushed into a tone of awe. Was this our Ma'm'selle? We thought of Murillo's Madonna, and did not speak. But Kate was not to be silenced.

"You say such strange things, Ma'm'selle," she said, after a little pause, "you quite take away my breath. But, to come back to your own affairs, really to your own affairs, I wish you would be more in love, Ma'm'selle—really, tremendously in love. I was never in love myself, except in a humdrum sort of way; but I should like to see the real thing once—enthusiasm, ardours, even a little tragedy if necessary—but everything on a grand scale. I thought you were capable of *la grande passion*, Ma'm'selle. You make me feel as if you were going to disappoint me."

Ma'm'selle turned away from the window, and laughed quietly to herself.

"That is all very well in someone else. We have a saying in France, '*En amour, il ya toujours un qui aime l'autre.*' I am quite willing to be *l'autre*. But madame thinks I am not capable of enthusiasm. She shall see. My enthusiasm is for my father. He is a great man, but he is poor, and he must have money. It is for him I wait. He must be conciliated."

"Your father would not like you to marry Sir Leigh?" we question, Ma'm'selle's father having been quietly ignored during the progress of her romance.

"No, he would not exactly—approve."

She took up her work, and hid her face, bending over it.

"What if you cannot conciliate him, Ma'm'selle?"

"Then he is wise—he will submit."

The earth was slowly creeping out from under her covering of snow. The robins would sing were they here, we said, and the swallows build their nests, so full of the promise of spring were the days that came to us late that winter, bringing, like annunciation days, all the intangible grace and fragrance of the summer.

"Does it not make you feel as if you had just been born?" asked Ma'm'selle, coming in on one of those rare days with her letters. She threw open the window, and sat before it reading, while the wind rustled the paper, and the warm moist earth, smoking in the sun outside, seemed to be sending up a delicate, only half perceptible, perfume of the violets yet unborn. It was not a long letter, and Ma'm'selle sighed as she finished reading it.

We hoped she had received no bad news. Would she assure us that the sigh was not an unhappy one? Was on going on well at Armhurst Park?

Ma'm'selle looked serious, and held out the letter, but drew it back again. "No, I will read it myself. He writes me this: 'I am afraid I am going to be ill. I have had a great deal to do arranging matters at home—paying Victor's debts, the rascal, and getting his commission; and, besides all that, getting everything in readiness for you, *ma bien-aimée*. Mamma is very anxious, and has the doctor come every day. After he is gone she sits down and contemplates me, shaking her head, and saying in a happy, discouraging way that she has, "You are so like your father, and you have his very symptoms." It is meant to be very consoling, no doubt, but I am hardly able to appreciate it. I have not been out for a week; the weather is thoroughly detestable—almost American. And now they say I must not write any more, not even to you. Is it not ridiculous? But you are not be anxious about me, *cherie;* remember you are not to worry, and you are not to forget that I love you. You are so young, so beautiful, so exquisite! I kiss my hands to you; I love you. You are as perfect as the lilies I gave you in Florence. Do you remember? Did I not kiss your hair that day? It was so bright? I remember now how bright it was. I kiss it again; I love you. You are not to be alarmed. Already I am better.'"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Kate.

"Do you think he is really ill?"

Ma'm'selle folded her letter and replaced it in the envelope.

"He is very ill. I am sure that he is very ill. He tries to make it better than it is, but I am not to be alarmed. You notice that he says that."

Ma'm'selle brushed the hair back from her face, and put her hands to her temples.

"No, I will not be alarmed," she said, after a pause. I am sure, quite sure, that nothing unfortunate can happen to—me."

She began very bravely, but at the last her voice died away in a sob. She checked herself and left the room.

After this Ma'm'selle's letters arrived only at irregular intervals, but she made no complaints. There was one saying, "I am no better, but indeed I am no worse;" then another telling her that the weather was still wretched and unendurable, and that he could not get out, but that he waited in perfect confidence for the warm days of April; and after that there was a long ominous silence. Still Ma'm'selle did not give up.

Her face grew a little paler and her manner a little more quiet, but that was all. She would not talk of her lover, she begged only to be left alone, she was sure everything would come out right, and she was not to worry. She would smile sadly as she said it, and go about her lessons with the children. It was pitiful to see the sweet, sad patience of her face.

At last, one day late in February, we saw her coming from the post-office, and before she reached the house we were assured from her manner that she had received no letters. At the gate she stopped, looking about her in an absent-minded manner, as if she did not wish to come in.

While she stood there, listless and preoccupied, someone came up to her, spoke a few words, and put into her hands a yellow envelope.

"Is it a telegram?" whispered Kate under her breath.

Ma'm'selle opened it, just glanced at it, and then let it drop from her fingers. She looked at it again where it lay on the ground; then hurriedly picking it up, she crushed it in her hands, and hurried into the house.

We looked at each other in silence. Was Ma'm'selle to be unfortunate, then, after all? We did not dare to give expression to our

fears, but went up to Ma'm'selle's room dreading to hear the worst.

She was walking up and down, her arms hanging by her side, neither crying nor moaning, but opening and closing her hands with a fierce intensity of expression that seemed to reveal everything we feared. She looked up with hard, cold eyes, but did not speak.

"My poor child, what has happened? what is it?" cried Kate, taking one of her hands, and stroking it gently with her own.

Ma'm'selle did not answer.

"Oh, if she would only speak! This silence is terrible!" groaned Kate in despair.

Ma'm'selle looked at her as if she hardly understood what she was saying, and then, with a hard, worn smile on her face, she whispered, in a voice so low, so intense and pathetic, it would have drawn tears from a heart of stone.

"He—my Leigh—is—dead."

"My poor child! my poor child!" was all one could say.

Ma'm'selle still looked at us with the same strange expression of forced calmness on her face.

"Ah!" she said pitifully, "I am afraid I am capable of *la grande passion*."

Then her voice failed her. The intensity, the perfect quietude, of her long self-control had exhausted all her energies. She tottered for a moment, reaching out her hands in a blind, hopeless way, and fell back on the sofa as pale and lifeless as a piece of delicately carved marble. We were at her side in a moment bathing her temples and chafing her hands.

"It seems cruel," sobbed Kate, her voice choking with tears, "to try to bring her back to consciousness again. And I thought she was not in love. Poor hurt child!"

Ma'm'selle moved uneasily as the cold water touched her face, and put out her hands feebly, as if she were trying to catch hold of something, but she did not open her eyes.

"It is so cold here!" she murmured, shivering; and then she laughed in that wild, hopeless way so much more terrible to hear than sobs or cries. We could not quiet her. "Ah, I did not think I should drown so easily," she went on, smiling to herself. "It is pleasant here, pleasant and cool at the bottom of river, only I can see your face—yours, Leigh—through the water." She put up her hand with a caressing motion, and beckoned with one finger. "Will you not come down too and be drowned?" she said. "It is so sweet to be dead; but you are not dead. What is it you say? Ah, yes, they will not understand—No, don't whisper it, the waves make such a noise I cannot hear. You say May has come, and the roses are in bloom. I was the queen rose once; you know it—we know it. Ha! ha! No one knows what I am now. Hush! I will tell you. See here, the sea-weed is around my neck! No, it is the opals—they are choking me. Take them away quick—quick, I say! She is coming—your mother—Ah! that is well. Did you kiss me then? I shall sleep now. I was a mermaid only a moment ago, but your kiss fell through the water."

Ma'm'selle smiled as sweetly as an infant, and Kate looked up at me with an expression of relief. If she could only sleep, we felt as if there might be some hope for her; but this hysterical passion was so unlike every thing we knew of Ma'm'selle that we trembled for the result. Her voice, even, was no longer the one to which we had long been accustomed; while she talked and laughed it rose high and shrill, and then sank, all at once, into a hoarse whisper. Her mind seemed drifting helplessly into darkness and chaos.

"We must have a physician," I whispered to Kate, as we bent over the sufferer.

Ma'm'selle turned in her sleep. Had she heard me? She opened her eyes with an expression as sane as ever, but the change in them was something startling. An indefinable expression of old age had crept into them; all their youthfulness seemed to have been blotted out in a moment. She rose from the sofa with her old air of quiet self-possession, but there was something new and indescribably touching in it. It was the quiet of exhaustion. Her face looked haggard and worn, and her manner was that of one who had outlived herself, and who waited with a patient despair for the end of all things.

"I am afraid I have been a trouble to you," she said, in her old quiet voice, not rapid now, but measured and hollow, as if the life of it had gone out. "Please do not remember it if—if I have not been quiet myself. Everything shall go on as usual. Now, if you will leave me alone, please—you are very good, very kind, but if you please——"

It was impossible to resist her or to offer words of sympathy. There was something appalling in her placid serenity. Had she

indeed risen above grief through some mysterious process of which we were ignorant? Silent and humbled, we crept away.

The next morning Kate prepared Ma'm'selle's breakfast herself, and carried it up stairs, but receiving no answer to her tap on the door, she came back for me. The silence terrified her. Ma'm'selle must be sick, or worse. Would I open the door?

We went in together, but there was no one in the room. Kate gave a frightened little cry, and covered her mouth with her hands. We looked at each other, and then stared helplessly at the chairs and tables, as if expecting them to solve the mystery.

"It is ridiculous," said Kate, after a brief silence; "but I feel as if she might have fallen out of the window, and it is so high there. Would you dare look?"

I went to the window, but there was no need of opening it. Against the sill was pinned a neatly folded note, delicately perfumed, and addressed in Ma'm'selle's peculiar handwriting. We read it together.

"Pardon me," ran the note, "that I leave you so abruptly. I have the great happiness of announcing to you an engagement which promises great success. I trust, therefore, that you will be so good as to pardon me. Perhaps I should tell you, for I owe you much kindness, that I have been playing before you, and that I now go to appear before the public. It was quite necessary that I should have rehearsals, and you were *une audience parfait*. You should have seen your own faces; your manner was in itself an inspiration. As for Leigh Halstead, he is a myth, the hero of my little drama, and that is all. Perhaps you will not weep now, but, indeed, I thank you for your tears. You could have given me no praise that would have been a finer tribute to my talents. You will also be glad to know, perhaps that I have found *maman*. She is quite satisfied with me and my accomplishments. We shall appear together in Paris at *La Française*. I am sure of success, for I was born fortunate. I have *l'esprit exalté*. My father?—he is wise, and he submits. VOTRE MA'M'SELLE."

We looked at each other. Our thoughts lay too deep for words or tears. We disapproved of Ma'm'selle. E. A. MOONEY.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE Reverend Sampson Beatty strode about his study one cold morning in December, and looked threateningly on his little wife. One would have thought, from his manner, that she had committed some grievous sin, for she clasped her hands together with a gesture of entreaty, and followed him about pleadingly with her eyes.

There had never been a missionary for woman's rights up among those bleak hills, and the little woman's education in this way had been sadly neglected. She never ventured upon expostulation with her husband, and when he was vexed, not only gave him the first, but the last word.

Fortunately for Mrs. Beatty, her husband was as gentle in spirit as he was pure in soul, and would sooner have cut off his right hand than added one care to the many that beset her, so sorely against his will.

"It is a bitter humiliation," he said at length, the hot colour flaming into his cheek. "I never thought I should descend quite so low as this, Lucy—to have people going about with a subscription paper in my behalf, as if I were a very pauper! and I in the full vigour of manhood, with health and strength and head to work. God knows I *do* work early and late; I am no laggard in the vineyard. Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?"

"But, Sampson," said the little wife, "you know it is quite customary around Christmas time; and they mean it for the best—I am sure they do. But if you feel so badly about it," she added, noting the frown deepening on his brow, "I need only to speak to Mrs Beverly, and it can be stopped; only"—the low voice faltered. The minister looked down upon his wife, and smoothed her hair tenderly.

"Only it would be a terrible disappointment to you, dear; is it not so? No wonder your pride is crushed and your spirit broken, my poor child. Don't think for a moment I forget my little helpmate, bearing the brunt of the battle and wearing a cheerful face to hide a woful heart. I know all the patches in the wee jackets, dear, and the skilful darning in the carpets, and heard the sad lament of the little ones over their lack of sugar this morning. Once for all, Lucy, don't think I am ungrateful or indifferent enough to be ignorant of even the details of our poverty. I know their full extent. And now leave me to myself, little woman. Let them do as they will. If it will serve to make you happier, I will try to be content."

Mrs. Beatty went quietly from the study

and left her husband to his rueful ruminations. He bent himself over his unfinished sermon with a heavy sigh, and felt in his heart that his life had been a failure. When he looked back upon his lost youth he wept in very bitterness over the hopeful, vain-glorious dreams that had vanished one by one, and left him upon this wintry morning almost desolate. He had in that youthful onset pictured to himself a life of chivalrous strife and glorious victory, and had entered upon his ministry with the burning zeal and earnest self-sacrifice of a Savonarola. But he felt himself as years rolled on a veritable Don Quixote, struggling with windmills. Gigantic and powerful windmills surely, for they represented all the petty passions aud meannesses of the human heart; but they were of that calibre that they blunted his weapons and rendered his strife almost ridiculous.

Were all these years of study, these haughty resolves and glorious determinations, to be wasted in entreating stupid clodhoppers to remain awake for one little hour upon Sunday, or in endeavouring to reconcile Mrs. Jones to her neighbour's bay-window?

Not once did he see a glimmer of light in the faces of his parishioners when he expounded to them, with all the eloquence and force of which he was capable, the epistles of the apostles; nor did they show the least enthusiasm when he read to them a sermon over which he himself had wept with emotion.

"Can it be well," murmured the wicked parson, "to people paradise with souls like these?"

It seemed as if a gulf widened between him and his people day by day, and soon he should not even be able to stretch out his hand to them.

In the meantime, however, Mrs. Beatty went about the house with a smile of genuine joy upon her face. Mrs. Beverly had hinted that they would probably raise seventy-five dollars for the Christmas gift, and the little woman's imagination exaggerated this sum of money into a fortune, and revelled in the abundance in store for them.

Oh, if she could only have the spending of the money herself—she knew so well what they most needed! But of course this was out of the question; beggars could not be choosers; and Mrs. Beatty went joyfully back to her sumptuous visions—rolls of flannel, pieces of linen, warm coloured merinoes; odorous coffee, aromatic tea, the whitest of sugar; jars of jelly; pickles, hams, and sausages; jackets for Johnny, needlework for baby, a doll-baby for Nell; perhaps, oh, perhaps a musty old book for Sampson: all these and more passed and repassed through her brain, and the brown eyes brightened, the lips shaped themselves into a smile, as cheerily she rocked her baby to sleep on that cold December morning.

When night came, and the children were sound asleep in their little bed, and baby lay in his wooden cradle, the Reverend Sampson stole into his wife's room, and took an easy-chair by the fire. Such was often his custom, and at these times there was a look of rest and joy in his face that betokened well for the power of that gentle woman over the gaunt, hard-featured man. For hours and hours they talked together, and it was plain to be seen that these hours were the happiest of the poor gentleman's life.

Did she then listen wide awake and attentively to the expounding of the epistles of the apostles? And did the brown eyes fill with tears and the lips quiver with emotion when the eloquent points of the sermon reached her ear and her heart? Well, no. The Rev. Sampson never ventured upon theology with his wife, nor ever read to her extracts from his favourite authors.

"I think, little woman," said the Reverend Sampson, "that you have spent at least three times that seventy-five dollars in your imagination."

"Oh, no, dear," replied his wife; "for Mrs. Beverly can get things so cheap. You can't imagine how she beats people down. Then, you know, they always sell things cheaper to a minister."

"The poor wretches are considered worthy objects of charity," said the minister, bitterly.

"Now Sampson," said his wife, feeling quite brave in her own little sanctum, "it is queer to me that you folks always preaching charity don't take it kindlier, and not bind it down to all sorts of rules and forms. I am sure they always show me respect enough. One would think I were a princess."

"And so you are, darling—a princess—a pearl among women."

"Yon don't think they'd get a sewing-machine?" said the princess, irrelevantly.

"I don't give them credit for such a wise generosity," said her husband.

"No, no," said Mrs. Beatty, hastily, "it would be a shame to swallow up all the money with one thing."

"Well, what would be nice, Lucy?" said the parson, with generous encouragement.

Then she commenced enumerating such a quantity of delicious probabilities that the Reverend Sampson's face lighted up with a smile that deepened and grew broader till it actually culminated in a laugh—a startling thing from the lips of the Reverend Sampson.

"And we'll get a pony and a cow, and a nice set of fandangoes for the parlour windows, and a brand-new silk dress for little mother," he said.

"Yes, one of these days, please God," said his wife, nothing daunted. "I should not wonder a bit if they gave you a suit of broadcloth too."

The minister's face flushed wrathfully.

"I don't think they'd venture upon that indignity," he said, with an implied threat in his voice.

Mrs. Beatty looked upon her husband's threadbare coat and saw its darned wristbands with a wistful expression of countenance, but, warned in time, she changed the subject speedily.

So it came about that under the magic influence of his wife even this Christmas charity was looked upon with favour by the minister, and he caught himself once in a while enjoying the surprise in store for his wife and little ones. He endeavoured to give the people credit for the kindly motive that impelled them to the deed, only he could not help wishing it had taken the shape of a larger salary, so that he could have been his own patron.

One morning, meeting Mrs. Beverly with the obnoxious subscription paper in her hand, he smiled faintly, and endeavoured to appear ignorant.

"You must not peep into our little secrets," said Mrs. Beverly, playfully, thrusting the paper into her muff.

"Certainly not, dear madam," said the minister, frigidly.

"Of course you'll know all in good time," she said, significantly.

"I shall wait cheerfully, curiosity being the mainspring of evil," said the Reverend Sampson, passing on with a heightened colour.

"Gracious goodness!" murmured Mrs. Beverly; "what a disagreeable ramrod he is! He certainly never was made to be a minister!" and the poor lady sighed over the hard fate that compelled her to leave her city home and her city pastor. A vision of grace and splendour rose before her; a majestic form clad in flowing robes, eyes smiling and benignant, waving, ambrosial locks, hands more delicate and whiter than her own, a voice softly modulated—tender, caressing, brotherly.

He never would have passed her in the street with a few gruff words, scarcely touching her hand, and averting his eyes, with an expression almost of dislike. It was a pleasure for him to meet his people and talk with them, advise, counsel them. How sweet, how easy, how comfortable it was to get through her religious duties with so thoughtful, so kind, so affectionate a Mentor!

"If it was not for his wife," she said, spitefully, to herself, "I declare I'd give the whole thing up. I do wish we could ever get away from this desert;" and poor Mrs. Beverly went on her way, sighing bitterly for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But ever as the wintry days passed on the minister's wife consoled herself and her little ones for the wants of the household with the generous bounty that was to fall upon them so soon. Let Johnny eat his bread with molasses now, and he should have plenty of butter by-and-by; and if little Nell would be careful with her pinafores a while longer, she should have new ones with a pretty lace frill about the neck.

The days grew darker and colder. Even from their little store of blankets a few were taken for those who had none, and many a meal was stinted in the parsonage to render a poorer table less bare. The minister laboured constantly at his Christmas sermon, making it a masterpiece of rhetorical eloquence.

At last the great day came, and the little family were up betimes, all eagerness and expectancy. Even the face of the Reverend Sampson betrayed a faint glimmer of curiosity, and he did not betake himself to his study while breakfast was getting ready. The baby crowed upon his knee, and Johnny clambered by his side, while little Nell solemnly watched the browning of the Christmas muffins. Suddenly a loud knock resounded through the hall, and for a moment the pulse of the family stood still. Then there was a great rush for the door, but, reaching it, there was nobody there—only a flat, square paper box on the door-sill, with a neatly-folded note slipped under the cord that bound it.

Mrs. Beatty lifted the box quite easily, and her heart sank a little when she found it so light.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, as she handed the note to her husband.

The Reverend Sampson read it aloud:—

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Accept this little Christmas gift as a token of esteem from your parishioners, and please wear it in their honour at the Christmas service."

"Wear it!" cried the minister, with flaming eyes. "What new insult is this?"

Then he tore open the box, and all the little brood, peeping over, saw the hopes of weeks and months dwindle down in a square black compass. But the voice of the minister softened a little.

"It is, after all, a present for you, Lucy. Here is the brand-new silk gown that I promised you."

Lucy took it up with a trembling hand, and let it suddenly fall.

"It—it is a minister's robe, Sampson," she said, and then her voice faltered, for her husband strode over and lifted the shining fabric from the box, scanning it savagely, while his face whitened to his very lips. Once, twice they opened, but the words refused to be uttered. Taking the robe in his two strong hands, he rent it from top to bottom. Then, flinging it upon the floor, he went away to his study.

Poor Lucy choked back her tears, and, gathering up the robe and the box, put them well out of sight. The muffins were burned, the coffee was spoiled, the Christmas breakfast was ruined; and away in the study they heard the steps of the enraged minister pacing to and fro. But after the first great shock the sturdy heart of the minister's wife began to take courage; and although many a sigh escaped from her lips, she went about heating more coffee, and making more muffins, so that in half an hour the little folks had quite forgotten the black spectre that had loomed upon them in the shape of a minister's robe. Leaving them at the table, the little woman went softly to the study, and found that her husband was not quite so violent in his displeasure as she had feared. The Reverend Sampson was ashamed of the burst of rage that had overpowered him, and felt in his heart that, if he had been sinned against, he was also sinning.

"The fact is, Lucy," he said, turning to the dear face that was so sweet a rest to his eyes and heart, "I begin to fear I must give up the ministry. I am unfitted for it—at least here, dear. We do not understand each other, the people and I. Let them get a block from the city that they can shape and dress to suit themselves, and you and I, little woman, will go farther into the wilderness, where the souls of men are nearer to God."

But his wife shrank a little from this wilderness of which he spoke, and, understanding the people better, pleaded for a longer stay among them.

"But, Lucy, how can we ever reconcile this ridiculous matter of the gown between us?"

Then Lucy made him pause in his walk, and, seating herself upon his knee, she unfolded to him a plan that she had been concocting while baking more muffins and heating more coffee; and though the parson shook his head and said nay a dozen times, he ended by going out to breakfast with a smile upon his face.

When upon that Christmas morning the congregation had assembled at the church, there was an air of consciousness among them that made it almost like a social gathering. Many a pew was filled that was ordinarily empty; and even the front seat of the squire bent under his formidable weight. Mrs. Beverly, in velvets and furs, looked down upon her gilded book with an attempt at serenity; but there was an evident restlessness about her when there was a stir at the door, and a whisper that the parson was coming. At last she looked back with the rest. There was the tall, gaunt form of the Reverend Sampson in his old threadbare coat, the white seams of his well-worn trousers shining in the wintry sunlight, the muscles of his strong arms plainly seen from under his short, tight sleeves, and at every step the ungainly trousers hitching up and down, showing the white, loose stockings. The same as ever—stern, angular, uncompromising, awkward, stiff, repelling. Was there ever such a discouraging man? Mrs. Beverly frowned with vexation.

But who was the dainty little woman, that tripped after him, rustling in stiff, heavy silk, dragging up the aisle a rich, shining train? It was an odd dress she wore. Mrs. Beverly put up her eyeglass to examine it more closely. Not unbecoming, certainly. The long, flowing sleeves made her little hands look wonderfully pretty; then the material itself was of excellent texture, lustrous and heavy. It hung very

full from the shoulders, looped up in voluminous folds about her slim little figure, and widened out in a graceful sweep as she walked. It was made with a yoke—yes, and a square collar. Why, certainly it must be—it was the minister's robe, and this was the minister's wife!

After Mrs. Beverly had recovered from the surprise of the discovery, she could but confess that the little lady did it honour.

How quaint and sweet she looked, surely, with her brown eyes full of a tender light, her cheeks glowing from the cold air, a little quaver of subdued glee about her dimpled mouth!

And now was heard the minister's voice, and every eye is bent upon him, every ear listens attentively.

"I will take my text," he said, "from the Gospel according to St. Mark:

"'And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits; and commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse: but be shod with sandals; and not put on two coats.'

"Now, my dear friends," said the Reverend Sampson, "one word as to your generous Christmas gift: you see it is expressly forbidden me to wear two coats. I have one, therefore I have given the other to my wife, as it seemed best and befitting so to do."

Then, altogether disregarding the sheets filled with rhetorical eloquence at home, he began a fervent and glowing description of the mission given to the apostles of Jesus—of their purity, their self-sacrifice, their earnest devotion, and enthusiasm. He spoke of the birth on that Christmas long ago, of its humility and touching simplicity. There was power and pathos in his voice; a thrill went through the congregation, and with electric sympathy touched the heart of the minister, filling it with an unspeakable joy.

A throng of words fell from his lips, simple, soul-felt, as from man to man and heart to heart. Not an eye closed, not an ear failed him. Tears came into his eyes, and sprang unbidden into those of his listeners. A mysterious power seemed to reign in the little temple. The fat old squire saw a tall marble spire looming up from the churchyard, and for the first time in years he thought of his dead wife. Even Mrs. Beverly's thin lips relapsed from their usual grimace, and an unwonted emotion showed through her artificial complexion. For nearly an hour the little throng of people remained rapt and spell-bound; then the book closed, the minister paused: there was a murmur and stir in the congregation. Up bustled the squire to the pulpit, and shook hands with the minister.

"You robbed me of my morning nap," he said, a kind of shake in his wheezy voice, and something that looked like moisture in his wicked old eyes. When he put out his pudgy hand to the minister's little wife he left a slip of paper in her trembling fingers.

"It's for yourself and the bairns," he whispered, hoarsely; "and if you want to spend it in town, there is a seat for you in the family coach."

Then he waddled away, leaving Lucy overwhelmed with joy, peeping furtively at a hundred-dollar bill firmly clutched in her little fingers.

The Reverend Sampson was surrounded by his people, each one vieing with the other in expressing in their simple way the affection and respect that his Christmas sermon had inspired.

Lucy very wisely put the bill carefully by, determining not to disturb her husband's sensitive spirit with this sordid gratification. But, to save her life, as she walked home from church, reaching up her hand to the stalwart arm of her husband, she could not help going back again to the old joyful enumeration, and hugged to herself the precious treasure, till she could show it and explain it with delight to the dear little brood waiting at home for her.

"We won't go to the wilderness, will we, Sampson?" she said.

"The fact is, I never got near to them before," replied her husband, his voice still trembling with emotion.

"Then you are not sorry about the robe, after all, are you?" said Lucy.

"If it was the agent that brought us together, I am more than glad," said her husband.

Not many years after the little woman had her pony and her cow, and her fandangoes for the parlour windows, and the Reverend Sampson rejoiced in the possession of many ponderous musty books and a broadcloth suit; but the one relic and heirloom of the family is a minister's robe that cost seventy-five dollars. Lucy never wore it again.

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE.

A TALE BY MRS. WARREN.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we implore from heaven."

CHAPTER VII. (*Continued.*)

"My grandfather was a clever man, he was, but he's dead," said little Jim Ross. He and Dick Merton were the best listeners out of the six boys.

"I believe our grandfathers and theirs before them were wise in many matters. For one thing they called places by names which told us without one going there what kind of places they were—whether wet or dry, or sandy or otherwise. This was done centuries ago. Now men give all kinds of fanciful names to places—names conveying no information whatever. By the ancient names of places one may know who were the people that gave them, whether Saxons or Danes."*

"My grandfather lives at Lewes, near Brighton, and I'm sure I don't see what's the meaning of that name," said Dick.

"Now then, Master Dick, Lewes is a corruption of the word "Ljod-hus," a port, or landing-place for goods. The Norwegians overran all the district, and they gave it the name. The place should be doubly interesting to you when you have read how the Norsemen—that is, the Northmen, Danes, and Norwegians—infested England centuries ago. They robbed, outraged, and murdered. We live in happier times, Master Dick.

"It was the Northmen who gave to all places having creeks from rivers or shallow bays the name of *wich;* so that when we hear of a place having that termination we may be tolerably sure that it is a place near some considerable water. Do you know of any place ending in *wich?* Originally it was *wic;* but the letter *h* was perhaps added to distinguish it from the Saxon term *wic*, an inland place or village, which we now spell as *wick*, putting a *k* instead of an *h*."

"I've read about Greenwich."

"There's plenty of water there; the Thames flows past it. Then, again, there's Ipswich, past which flows the river Orwell. Northwich is north creek; Middlewich, centre creek; and Netherwich, lower creek—places where salt is obtained by boiling salt water down till all water passes away in steam, and the salt is left dry. Norwich in Norfolk is built on what was once an arm of the sea. So that whenever you hear the termination "wich" be sure that there is, or was, water near, and that the Northmen many a hundred years since gave it the name.

"To understand the kind of places we talk about is a great enjoyment, particularly when we know for what reason their names were given to them, and by whom. Why, even by the cookery which is served at houses in the provinces you may know who first colonised them.

"Just as it is with a knowledge of places, so the same with things. Don't, my boys, give up and be satisfied with knowing the bare names of anything, but find out why they are so called; inquire or read—find out somehow. Notice little things, though there is nothing little in the world but a mean mind, and all little things, that excepted, will lead on to greater. It is really a most important matter that you should all learn the meaning of words. You've all seen a photograph?"

"Why, yes, and I've been took and my little sister together," said Willie Hughes.

"Well now, Willie, it would puzzle a wise head to understand your meaning without knowing the subject we are talking about; but about the photograph, what does the word mean?"

"A photograph means a picter, and 'tis a picter."

"True, but was it printed?"

"No, it was put into a black box, and came out like me and Polly."

"Then nobody printed it?"

"No, not unless the black box did."

"Now listen, Willie; it was not the black box was the printer, but the sun, or light, was the painter, and that you told me when you mentioned the word 'photograph.' *Photos* is the Greek word for light, and *graph* means to delineate, to draw, to write; the light cast your shadow on the glass

* A mass of information respecting names of places and many things will be found in the Rev. Isaac Taylor's book, "Words and Places," published by Macmillan and Co.

which was in the black box, and the artist fixed it with chemicals. The very word photograph you mentioned told me all this.

"The meaning of words as applied to things is termed 'a techinal education,' just as the words field, meadow, leys tells one what kind of land is meant. Now if you will not learn the meaning of all words that you don't understand, you will never be of use in the world—never rise above mere machines."

"We've have got no money to make us scholars, and the master don't know much himself."

"Many of the cleverest men have been boys like yourselves; some of them destitute of schooling, and had to teach themselves from the alphabet upwards; and that is the way very famous clever men are made. They always minded little matters, and never passed by a difficult word without learning its meaning.

"Everything around you is suggestive of information; the stones at your feet, the flints, the rocks, the earth, and the sky are to those who will read them open books full of instruction and beauty, but are nothing to the eyes and minds of dull ignorance, who are often miserable themselves and a nuisance to others."

The boys were very serious; very little of what Mr. Lincoln had been telling them did they understand. Presently he saw Tim pick up a piece of flint, which he was just about to "shie" into the brook. "Hold there!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln; "what's that?"

"A piece of flint."

"Give it to me. Shall I tell you what that was once on a time?"

"Why, flint of course."

"No! This was once a part of a fish—a jelly-fish—a quivering, shaking fish like a lump of jelly. In the sea it swam about and sucked up the flinty particles just as a coral polype does lime, and when it died all its body was a mass of flint, which time hardened. Now if this flint is burned, it becomes lime, but a species of lime from which cups and scaucers can be made, and flint glass."

Tim put on a curious expression, and had his fingers twitching "to take a sight" at his teacher. Mr. Lincoln saw the movement, and laughed heartily. "Well, Tim, you think I am not telling you the truth, but it is true, nevertheless, and without flints there could be no straw, no corn worth having. The flint in the sea, when it was a jelly-fish, was ignorant of how much value the work he was doing would be hereafter? So we must all work without looking for this or that, but work on because it is our duty to work, and by-and-by we shall find that we too can be, and have been useful. None of you know your destiny; but you can prepare yourselves for further education, or for any service that may turn up, by trying to understand simple matters that surround you. This will give you a taste for inquiry and a thirst for knowledge; this is the way in which great men are made. Step by step they master difficulties, and step by step they rule the world. And this is not done without continued effort; persevere, though all things are apparently against you. Don't be satisfied to go on in a humdrum way; strive to educate yourselves, and become something better."

"Why, Mister Lincoln, we shall never be any better; we've got no money to get a better education than the schoolmaster give us, and so we can't get on," Dick Merton answered rather sharply.

"Listen to this. Not long ago there was a grand testimonial and dinner given to the Honourable Frederick Smyth, Governor of New Hampshire, in America, said to be one of the best governors the State ever had, as well as one of her most successful and self-made business men. Now this man when a boy was very poor, much poorer than either of you; he got a place to black boots at an hotel at a penny a pair, and had no food. This was a very good hotel, called the Merrimack House, but the pay was not sufficient, so he put down his blacking brushes and found a place at higher wages and different work. Here he was most industrious, saved his money, and with it got as much education as he could for it; he never drank and was moderate in his eating. After a while he found another place with still higher pay, and so he went on higher and higher, his intellect expanding with every new work he handled, and his respectability kept pace with his acquirements, till, after some years, he again came back to the Merrimack hotel—his first place where he had blacked boots—but he entered it as governor of one of the States of America, that of New Hampshire. So what one can do, another may, or at least try, to do, and will probably succeed if truthful, and temperate, and saving."

The boys had listened with considerable interest. One of them, suddenly looking

up, said, "I shall be a farm man, so I shan't want this learning. Our folks do say I ha'nt go any brains."

"They will come if you call them. But if you can't learn, you can do this one thing, and that perhaps may stand you instead of of books. Look after the small things if you are to be a farm hand. Mind the animals; get them to look out for your coming; feed them regularly; let them have plenty of pure water to drink and fresh air to breathe; don't shut them up in dark, miserable holes. Cows and farm animals were made for living in the open air. Don't let them call after their milker, but milk them punctually at stated times, otherwise you put them in pain. Be kind and gentle to them. While milking, don't be rough, and swear, and kick them; but, on the contrary, be gentle-voiced, make the cows love you, pet them, and then they will give down their milk readily.

"Horses and cows are above all animals awake to kindness. The Arabs of the desert, who almost live on horseback, treat their horses even more tenderly than they do their nearest relatives. They control them by whispers. An Arab who swore at and kicked his horse would be treated by his companions as insane—mad, as a man in anger with man almost always is, more or less; but to be angry with animals who can't understand you is a bad kind of insanity. The way to control animals is by kindness and firmness; that's the way it's done, my boys."

The little party had now reached the schoolhouse, and Mr. Lincoln had a long chat with the master—one of the old school, addicted to imparting knowledge through the medium of the birch. Arithmetic of printed rules he knew perfectly, but nothing of the mental system. Spelling he taught by a conglomeration of letters, without any method of dividing the syllables, or of making the boys pronounce each syllable distinctly and joining each to the previous syllable; it was too much trouble. Reading was conducted in the same slipshod manner, and Scripture reading was only a repetition of words, of sounds destitute of meaning, and therefore a weariness.

Of the definition of geography the boys understood nothing, and the answers they gave to some of Mr. Lincoln's questions were ludicrous. However, there was the school, and the result simply ignorance, and nothing more could be made of it till the master was superseded. With that Mr. Lincoln had no concern. He went on the holiday afternoons, and the boys thronged to hear all he had to tell them. Some of them picked up a good deal of information; others had "ears to hear and eyes to see, but they were deaf and blind, neither did they understand."

One day he took up the newspaper lying on the master's desk. "Do you read the papers often?" he asked.

"Well, yes. I read the police reports and such matters that I can understand; but the papers are most of them too learned for me. I don't know the meanings of half the words that are used. It seems to me, Mr. Lincoln, that we are getting up a new language altogether. We are mingling too many Greek and Latin words with our plain Saxon. Not that I should condemn this if the writers, in giving (as the Welsh parson said) a hard word, would also give the meaning of it. I've just been reading the 'Health returns.' Can you tell me the meaning of 'zymotic' diseases? What is zymotic?"

"Self-propagating diseases, such as those given by one person to another; also diseases which lurk in the air, and which bad drains create; a sudden fall in the temperature that gives influenza, colds, and all contagious diseases communicated by contact with the person or with the clothes of a diseased body."

"Now I understand. Then why don't they give us the meaning? Here is another word which puzzles me—a 'telephone.' What does this mean?"

"'Tele' is a Greek word for 'far off,' and 'phone,' sound; so that telephone is one word, signifying a far-off sound, or a sound from afar—from a distance. A telephone is an instrument by which sound conveys spoken words to another distant place. For instance, I have heard lately of a gentleman having in his office a telephone, with communication to his home, a long distance off. He puts his mouth to the instrument, and says, 'Don't expect me home till late. Must go to D——. Shall start by 5 30 train.' His wife hears the words in his own voice, and is satisfied. This is true. Believe me, I'm not joking."

"Then, if this be true, what becomes of the telegraph system?"

"If the telephone, or far-off sound, comes into general use, the telegraph, or far-off writing, will be certainly modified, not banished."

"One remains very ignorant here in the country where the boys give little leisure to

read and keep pace with the times. I feel I am going back each year. I can teach the boys only what I was taught myself; but learned men may be a little more unbending, and write for the ignorant as well as for the cultured. If they would only condescend to explain the meaning of the difficult words they use, we should step by step become better educated. It is the little things which teach, and these little things educated people pass by, and forget when they were learning them."

"Learned men would ask you if you expected them to become a dictionary, a word-book to you."

"I should say yes, since Dr. Johnson and others do not explain the meanings of many new words."

"But there are dictionaries that do fully explain most of them. Ogilvie's, for instance."

"Those who live out of the world, or in one dull routine, know little of all that goes on around them. But again I say it is the little matters which should be first taught."

"Yes, yes; there is a little matter out yonder passing under your own eyes which you don't see. What is that man putting in those wooden posts for?

"I'm going to re-fence the bit of garden. 'Tis astonishing how soon the wood decays. What with the ground and the worms one is everlastingly putting in a post here and there, so I thought I'd have them all done now."

"You don't mean to say that you put those posts into the ground without the ends being soaked in some preparation?"

"We just char or half burn the ends, that is all."

"My good fellow, if you will treat them to a strong bath of rock salt, a good hot strong solution, even if of the common salt, let the ends soak well in it for a week, the posts would last a lifetime. No insects will harbour in it, and salt destroys dry rot. I once had a fence put up, and in the centre of each post a hole was bored about four inches deep. This was filled with salt, and salt was placed in the hole dry for each post. It is now many years ago, and the posts remain firm as ever. Another thing timber impregnated with salt does not readily catch fire. Alum applied in a hot concentrated solution is a wonderful preservative of timber, and kills dry rot whenever it appears. Tungstate of soda and water is another preventive of wood taking fire. Some very remarkable instances have been given. It also prevents clothes from igniting, if they have been rinsed in a solution of tungstate and water. Altogether it is, as we both say, the little matters which require our closest attention if we would conquer difficulties and become rulers of resulting circumstances."

"I think you have endeavoured to do some good in the village, Mr. Lincoln."

"That is as it may be. Time will show."

Chapter VIII.

In the Way it is Done.—If a person born in the breezy, unconfined air of a hill-top is brought down to live in a damp and misty valley, lung diseases are almost certain to follow—as bronchitis and probably consumption—and stimulants will be indulged in to further sap the strength.

If persons living in a damp situation will sleep in sheets instead of blankets, wear no flannel next their persons, will exclude the fresh air and breathe while sleeping only the noxious air exhaled from their bodies, their blood becomes poisoned, and rheumatism and other ailments arise from their own imprudence.

If the drainage round or in a house is bad, the place is a hotbed for slow fever, as typhoid and others poisonous germs find there a fit nest and rapidly cause sickness. Hence every place not well drained becomes in the course of time deadly. In all basements of houses the windows should be secured with strong iron bars, and the windows be left open at night; the doors of each place shut, and bricks or other convenient covers be placed over every trap. The seats of all closets be shut and windows be opened, or sewer gas will find its way into the basement and through the open doors into the upper part of the house. Disinfectants most of them overpower the sewer gas, but do not destroy them. However, one disinfectant will not do for all bad smells; that which is fit for a fever-stricken house is of no use for a drain. Copperas, otherwise sulphate of iron, mixed with water is the proper drain disinfectant, and permanganate of potash and water for sick rooms and for plunging patient's linen.

If people live in damp places—one of the many evils arising is that of inebriation—stimulants are absolutely needful, and the mischief is done before the knowledge of when to stop comes. Certain medicines and self-control are the only remedies; if the

last is gone, drunkenness becomes disease and should be treated as such.

Smallpox is a loathsome disease, which may be totally eradicated, or stamped out, if only there was a safe method of vaccination, and even without this safe method, vaccination is better than to omit it. Numerous instances of disease having been communicated by vaccination, some law should be made and vigorously enforced for its proper performance; but that "pitting" can be prevented by the simple means of excluding the light is now known, and that by hanging a buff blind or curtain to a darkened room that no ray of white light can be visible. This information was given in a letter to one of the country papers by Mr. Isaac Gregory, Merchants' College, Blackpool, Lancashire. Smallpox patients should be kept cool and have cooling medicines, also have plenty of fresh air free from draught. It is a blood poison.

Measles being a lung disease patients should have plenty of warm, fresh air, and be kept tolerably warm, not over-heated.

Indigestion, like inebriety, is a self-inflicted torment. "We eat or we drink too much." The "mill," otherwise the stomach, becomes overloaded; it has too much to do, or the food eaten has been overcooked rather than undercooked. Potatoes and cabbage or other greens boiled to a "mash" are slow poisons; they have taken up again the poison eliminated at the proper moment of complete cooking. Bicarbonate of potash in the proper dose brings temporary relief. No cure can be effected but by vigorous walking in the open air; abstaining from badly cooked food and from pastry of all kinds, boiled or baked, till the health is restored. Wines and spirits make indigestion ten times worse. The Greek fable of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, and for punishment was chained to a rock with a vulture tearing at his liver, gives a very vivid symbol of a sufferer from indigestion. Prometheus was no doubt a literary man, a poet, whom the gods inspired, he ate of badly cooked food, drank wine, took little or no exercise, and became dyspeptic.

No time like the present. The old times were infamous, and the adulteration of food as great as now. Wages though centuries back were but a penny a day, yet plenty of food was as readily obtained for this sum as now for five shillings a day, or even more. The value of money makes this difference.

The strikes which are at this moment agitating the building and other branches of the trade are ruinous to masters and men. The former contract at the present rule of prices, and as soon as the work is fairly commenced, or is half done, the men ask for higher wages and less work. This is wrong in principle, wrong in act, and by the law of things cannot stand. It may for a time, and ruin both parties, and then, when work is no longer undertaken by the masters, the men must begin again where they were before the strike. Numbers of men too idle to work, and not ashamed to beg, are paid for their mischievous work of agitation out of the pence subscribed by these men, and yet workmen cannot see this. That there should be some mutual law to regulate work is granted; but when a contract is made upon existing prices that men should demand higher pay is cowardly, and is like striking a man when he is down, and powerless to mend matters.

The mischief of training boys or girls to employments which are repugnant to them is like putting a round peg into a square aperture; it never fits—is good for nothing. To endeavour to educate children without explaining the "why and because" is like sowing ground with barren seed, and is the way to make them idle, indifferent, and ignorant. Tell a pupil that all the words that were ever spoken, written, or printed can be placed in ten divisions, and that every idea or speech must consist of some or all of these divisions, he or she will understand with interest what is meant in grammar books by the words, "There are ten parts of speech," and that the word "grammar" means only the rules for writing and speaking properly; then pupils will soon see why they should learn grammar. In a similar manner geography—*geo*, the earth; *graphy*, to write—means information about the earth; and, again, astronomy, "the laws ruling the stars," and other similar matters, the habit of inquiry and observation would probably be kindled and lead to good result. The new movement in education will perhaps insist upon the rudiments of literary and scientific subjects being properly taught so as to excite mental curiosity and progress. Thus

IN THE WAY IT IS DONE

the result will be success or failure, comfort or discomfort, happiness or misery.

E. WARREN.

OUR POETS' PAGE.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O BLITHESOME bells, I hear you
With gladness once again:
Ring out a joyous greeting
To Christmas and his train.
Ring in the merry Monarch,
To all our hearts so dear;
We'll give him royal welcome,
The King of all the year.

His brow is crowned with holly
And shining berries white;
While on his face is beaming
A smile of pure delight.
He comes with peace and plenty,
With song and sportive jest,
All hail to genial Christmas,
Our loved and honoured guest.

O bells that peal so sweetly,
Ring in the happy morn;
For on this day at Bethlehem
The Saviour meek was born,
Who suffered tribulation
That we might be forgiven;
Ring out the blessed promise
Sent down to earth from Heaven.

Ring in our hearts good measure
Of charity and love,
As faithful stewards using
His blessings from above.
Then while with mirth and pleasure
We crown the social board,
Remember he who helps the poor
He lendeth to the Lord.

M. G. THOBURN.

EUGÉNIE.

No cloud hung in the purple sky;
The white-tipped waves were tossing high
Upon the shores of Italy—
Eugénie.

Along the yellow gleaming sand
Alone we wandered, hand in hand;
The light of love lit all the land—
Eugénie.

And eyes with happy tears were wet,
Can I that halycon time forget?
It lingers in my memory yet—
Eugénie.

In colder climes we met once more;
Cold was the look those dark eyes wore,
And from my heart the veil I tore—
Eugénie.

As autumn leaves are falling fast
Before the chilly English blast,
So life, and hope, and love fly past—
Eugénie.

But when our hearts are fixed on high,
We look on things with changèd eye,
God grant us peace beyond the sky—
Eugénie.

A. TITE.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

WE may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do—
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

If you're generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen;
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old fashioned your hat,
Someone will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape—
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them—it's not any use,
For people will talk.

——

ANON.

TO SLEEP.

SWEET sleep, thou solace to the tired brain!
Sweet sleep, that seems to free us from all pain
And waft us into realms of peace and love!

Sweet sleep, which drowns all waking thoughts of care,
And makes our future seem so bright and fair,
And fills the present with a golden light!

Unto all suffering ones how sweet art thou;
Thou lay'st thy wand upon the fevered brow
To lull it into calm and soft repose!

Unto the warrior tired with the strife,
Thou givest courage, hope, and stronger life,
To cheer him on to victory and rest.

We wander with thee thro' Elysian meadows
Into the dreamland of misty shadows,
Forgetting all our weariness and grief!

All hail sweet sleep! of all our joys most blest;
Oh, calm our sorrows, soothe us into rest,
And bring us happiness in dreams of love!

VEREBONÆ R. D.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ONE among the prettiest of gift-books is the POETICAL BIRTH-DAY BOOK, or "Characters from the Poets," edited by the COUNTESS OF PORTSMOUTH.—This issue is novel, as it contains some exquisite photographs, not old and worn, but fresh, clear, and distinct, and of general interest, to please for all time. Messrs. Hatchard and Sons, Piccadilly, are the publishers. (10s. 6d.)

THE MOTHER'S HELP. First Series. (Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square.)—A little work of value to young mothers in the religious teaching of their children. To use the author's words, "Intentionally deficient in all sectarian teaching, but intended to assist mothers in drawing religious lessons for the guidance of daily life from Scripture quite irrespective of doctrinal differences of opinion."

INDUSTRIAL ART (No. 5): A Monthly Review of Technical and Scientific Education at Home and Abroad. (Hardwicke and Bogue, 192, Piccadilly.)—The present number has nineteen fine engravings, representing beautiful treasures of the Art world. The letterpress is descriptive of Industrial and Fine Art and of "Fresco Painting," a valuable paper by N. H. F. Westlake, F.S.A.; an article upon English Pianofortes, illustrated by one of Messrs. Brinsmead in Early English style; "New Inventions" and "Notes," from both much is to be learned; also an article, "Chit-Chat on Dress." Men may talk and men may go, but women will dress as they please for ever, despite the canons of taste, congruity, fittingness, or what not, which men may place before them. Women should retaliate and condemn the sick man's garb, long and ugly, and suggestive of fever as the outrageous coverings are, which the lords of the creation have adopted this winter. The warmest and most disinterested love ever kindled in a maiden's heart must pale before an object thus clad—an outer covering dangling to the heels, a friar's hood, the band of a woman's dress, and innumerable pockers in the garment. We saw a pocket above the left-hand cuff the other day, and all this in a yellow-brown colour, suggestive of having been rolled in dirty sand.

GOLDEN CHRISTMAS. Longley's Annual for 1877. (1s.). (F. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.)—A charming collection of well written and illustrated tales by authors well known to have a beneficial influence upon those who read their productions. A shilling would be well spent in the purchase of this book either for individual reading or for presentation. The Christmas Angel, by R. W. Raymond, should be put into the hands of every child, and being a fairy tale, or rather an angel story, it would be, when read and remembered, a lesson for life. There are eight illustrations, also two pages of music with words, illustrative of "The Prince of Peace." A capital shilling's worth.

WHO WAS CAXTON? A Monograph. (London: Hardwicke and Bogue, Piccadilly.)—An interesting story of the life of the great printer, showing on undoubted evidence that the words used in his books, "emprynted in the Abbey of Westminster," did not mean that a printing-press was set up in the Abbey, but within its precincts. Caxton occupied in "The Almonesrye" a tenement called the "Red Pale," or reed pale, and bore on his white shield or sign a red paling down its centre, and here by advertisement he solicited custom for printing. The monograph is a valuable addition to biographical lore.

THE GARDENERS' MAGAZINE for October and November. Parts 142, 143. (London: E. W. Allen, Stationers' Hall Court.)—The magazine is, as usual, filled with a mass of practical information respecting vegetables, flowers, and gardening matters generally, an additional feature being the more numerous illustrations, which add to the interest of most works. An extraordinary and amusing cut is that sketched by Mr. Worthington Smith of the *menu* of the Fungus Feast at Hereford. A volume of most acceptable information is to be found in the Notes of Observation which appear in the weekly numbers of each part, and these notes are most valuable to the owners of small gardens and lady amateurs of gardening. "The American Cranberry as a Pot Plant," with an engraving, is worth study, for it must be a beautiful object not difficult to rear.

THE FLORAL WORLD AND GARDEN GUIDE. (6d.) (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.)—Each number has a beautiful coloured illustration of some rare or common plant, together with its method of culture. An article on "Bouquets" is full of information. We are glad to see the monster bouquets justly condemned. "Window Gardening" is continued, and also "Invaders, Visitors, and Settlers in our Gardens." A paper on the "Culture of the Hyacinth" is useful.

THE LONDON MEDICAL RECORD (1s. 6d.) offers extensive information respecting medical science and progress. Published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

THE WOMAN'S GAZETTE (2d.), or News about Work. Conducted by Z. M. H. (London: Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly.)—Perhaps there is no one thing more delusive than the supposition that girls and women desire to be taught anything. They imagine that work may be done anyhow, in any way, and at any time, to the discomfort of a mistress. Many strive ineffectually to direct their doings and make work pleasant. It is a useless waste of energy that presses on the nervous system. No well-written tales will supersede the fascinating reading of the "penny romantics." Every moment of time which should be occupied in work is snatched to read the weekly issues, and not content with one of them, two servants must take them in each with different titles. Whether anything better will result from a better education remains to be seen. The *Woman's Gazette* is specially calculated for those who are desirous to help themselves, and there must be some of this class. In the article "Work for Women," we observe that sixty-one persons have obtained employment through the Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, London. Also that thirty-three are learning a business or trade, and 224 orders for temporary work have been executed. We heartily recommend this monthly publication, and also a penny magazine, *Friendly Leaves*, to the notice of employers and those seeking employment, and those who by their subscriptions can help in a wide-spread good work.

OLD JONATHAN, THE DISTRICT PARISH HELPER (1d.), published by Messrs. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street, November part, with Almanac. Well written and profusely illustrated with some first-class engravings, which are admirably printed.

MUSIC.

"The Merry Maids' Polka Elegante," for the Pianoforte. Composed by ADAM WRIGHT. (London: Charles Jeffreys, 67, Berners Street.)—A spirited polka, with time well marked. Should be a Christmas success.

THE USEFUL BOOK.

POWDER FOR REPLATING ARTICLES.—Take equal quantities of salt and nitrate of silver; damp; rub them together on a stone with a muller; then add three times the quantity of cream of tartar; keep in a bottle for use. This will stain the fingers.

PARAFFIN AS MANURE.—"From a number of experiments I have tried over a course of years, I am satisfied that paraffin oil is something more than a substitute for the best guano. My garden is overrun with rats and mice. In consequence, I always had to sow double the quantity of beans and peas requisite, and sometimes even had to sow them twice over. This year I put 22lbs. of peas and 9lbs. of beans into the ground without any manure, previously soaking the seeds for a short time in paraffin oil. Not a single pea or bean has been touched, even those remaining, which, as a test, I had left on the surface. Every pea and bean germinated, and the crop has been enormous. I provided stakes 5 and 6 feet high, but soon had to adopt other measures in consequence of the great growth. My crop of onions has every year been attacked with maggots, and my turnips with fly. For the last eight years, as soon as the vermin appeared, I watered between the rows 2 ozs. paraffin oil to 6 gallons of water. Both maggot and fly immediately disappeared, and the crops and quality have always been extremely large and fine. I believe the seed sprinkled with the oil before sowing, or a certain portion of oil poured over dry earth and sown as guano, would answer fully as well, and I am satisfied it is a very powerful manure, besides an effectual remedy against grub, wireworm, and all garden and field, as well as vinery, pests. For vines I should recommend the oil being largely diluted with water before using. The paraffin mixed with dry earth or sand will be found the best mode for general purposes. I am unable to state what proportion per acre would be required. Grain sprinkled with the oil is quite safe from all feathered and insect vermin. Every farmer can make a trial and learn the result before sowing his wheat. I am confidant that this oil will prove a good manure. A friend tells me that, hearing of my experiment, he sowed four rows of peas in contiguous rows. Before sowing the seed he divided it, sprinkling one half with paraffin oil and soaking the other part for a night in paraffin; when those which were sprinkled grew to 15in., the soaked peas were 4ft. high. The proportion of two wineglassfuls of paraffin oil to six gallons of rain water (English measure) is what can be applied to all kinds of green vegetables without injury. The growth succeeding its application is something wonderful. Onions and carrots should be watered with it when 1 in. long; it prevents the grub."—(From a writer in the *Dunfermline Journal.*)

COOKERY:

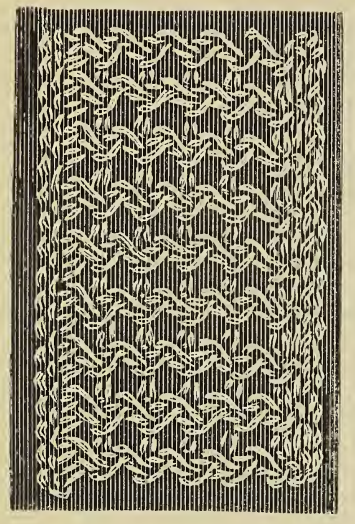
AND REPLIES TO QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

HAM AND EGGS.—Cut an ounce of well-cooked ham in small dice; put it into a small pan with an ounce of fresh butter and three eggs, a little pepper, and a spoonful of chopped chervil. Stir continually till the eggs are done enough. They should not be very stiff. Serve on toast.—*Swash-buckler.*

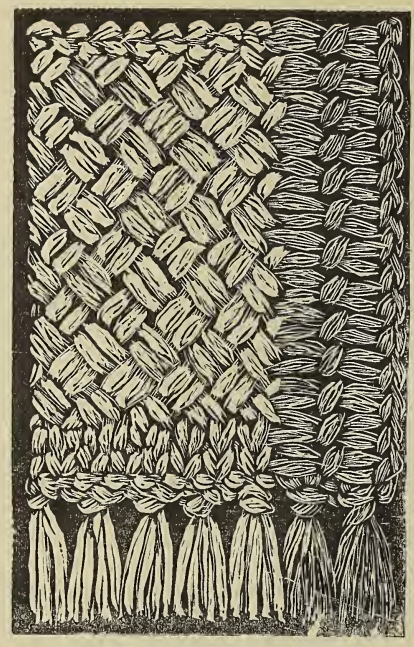
CURRIED EGGS.—Slice two onions, fry them brown in a little butter, add a pint of broth and a tablespoonful of curry powder; stew till quite tender. Thicken a cup of cream with some arrowroot or rice-flour; mix it with the broth, etc.; simmer a few minutes, and add six or eight hard-boiled eggs cut in slices; beat them thoroughly in the sauce, but do not let them boil.—*Ibid.*

EGG MINCE-PIES.—Boil six eggs hard, shred them small; shred double the quantity of suet; then put currants washed and picked one pound, the peel of one lemon shred very fine, and the juice, six spoonfuls of sweet wine, mace, nutmeg, sugar, a little salt, orange, lemon, and citron candied. Make a light paste for them.—*Ibid.*

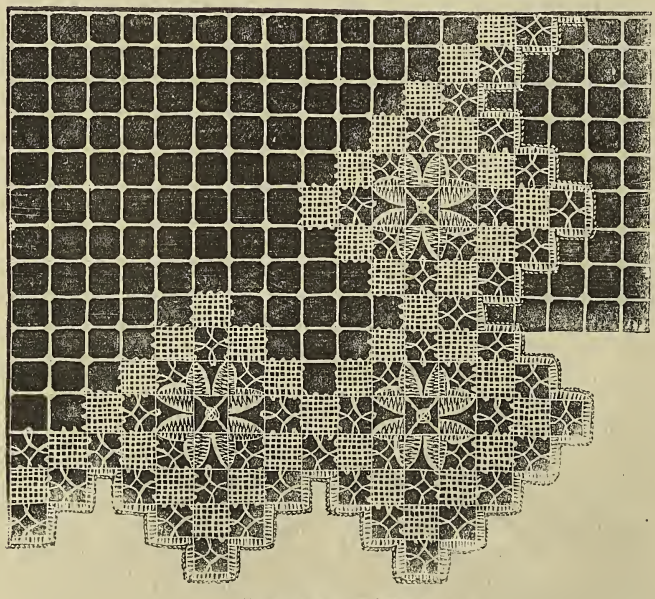
MACARONI À LA NAPOLITAINE.—Put a pound of macaroni into boiling water, with a piece of butter, some salt, and a onion stuck with cloves. Let it boil for three-quarters of an hour; then drain the macaroni, and put it into a saucepan with grated Parmesan cheese, a little nutmeg, pepper, salt, and as much cream as will make sufficient sauce. Let the whole stew gently together a few minutes, and serve very hot. The foregoing is a genuine Neapolitan recipe.—*Ibid.*



OPEN BASKET-WORK KNITTING.



BASKET-WORK KNITTING.



GUIPURE D'ART.



THE CAMERON COSTUME.

PETTICOAT of cashmere, with alpaca kilted flounces, and above a cross-cut band of cashmere. Tunic—the front is of bourrette. The bodice and panier of striped silk and wool material. The trimming of worsted moss fringe. A broad gros-grain ribbon of bows and ends is placed at the back.

Plain paper pattern, 3s. 9d.

HOW I TRAINED MY CANARY.

WHEN I first put him into his new cage, my canary was as wild a bird as I ever saw. Of beautiful plumage, graceful form, and sly yet winsome ways, his natural song, blended with the notes of a nightingale, his first instructor, charmed all who chanced to hear it. I must confess, however, to some misgivings in my first endeavours to gain the affections of this bird. For several days he confronted my approaches by the most wilful conduct, and every repeated attempt to gain his goodwill was rebutted. I have seen birds that one could tame by simply talking to them in a natural subdued voice; but Tim was not one of this sort, and something more potent than "silvery tongue" was needed to impress him with a sense of the situation. Matters had thus continued for about a week or ten days, when I found myself obliged to resort to more severe measures. In the early morning his cage was cleaned, and fresh water put in, but no food was allowed. You would have smiled to see him peeping coyly down into his seed cup, and yet disdainfully, on discovering nothing there. His apparent comprehension of "hard times" gave him the half-haughty and half-saddened look that most men wear under like circumstances. A two hours' survey gave him a pretty clear notion of the situation. He seemed now to take it all in at a glance, and whether convinced or not that this was his first lesson, he appeared to be at least a fit subject for furthur experiment. So, without saying a word, I opened the cage-door, and, with a few seeds in my hand, I thrust the latter gently into the cage. But not yet had he reached the verge of starvation; the seeds looking tempting, to be sure, but not sufficiently so to lower his dignity. Hence a patient waiting of two hours more. Again the head was thrust into the cage, a few seeds were snatched up with lightning speed, and after this I was given to understand that Tim is hungry, but never stoops! I counted it a most encouraging sign, however, that the bird should deign to pick up the seeds at the end of a four hours' training. At the close of the sixth hour Tim was as calm as an April sunset. He was, indeed, most tractable, and no sooner had I again put my hand containing the seeds into the cage than he perched upon my thumb as cheerily as though it had been his perch, and began to devour the proffered food.

I allowed him to satisfy his hunger for about one minute; then I drew my hand with the bird out of the cage, and retreated to a chair. Before I had seated myself, however, he had deserted me, and had perched above the window. "You may stay there all day if you like, my fine fellow, but you'll find it a poor pasture for hungry birds." I held the seed cup in my hand, and on the floor beside me lay a small bottle of oil of anise. "When you get ready, you may come and get your seed, Tim," said I; and then I went on with my whistling. For a half-hour or more the bird had the freedom of the room, and half in despair, and half eager to improve the time, I sat down at my writing-desk, placed the seed cup and oil bottle in front of me, and went on with my work. I had well-nigh, while absorbed in other thoughts, forgotten Tim, when on a sudden I felt a slight rustling on my shoulder, and a moment later he was on the table in front of me. He was allowed to gather up a few more seeds; then I seized him gently, opened the bottle, rubbed a very small quantity of the anise upon his nostrils, and then replaced him on the table. It must have been an hour before the intoxication or stupor (which for the benefit of readers, let me say, is perfectly harmless) passed off; then the bird began to eat again, and, finally, on a little persuasion, hopped upon my finger, then on another, and so on back and forth until I put him back into his cage. Hardly was he returned when he poured forth his strains of sweetest melody.

On the next day, after cleaning the cage, I placed it on my table, leaving the door open and the seed cup outside. It required no persuasion whatever to induce the bird to come out, and now every sign of terror had left him. While he ate, I gently stroked his feathers, talked to him, whistled to him, fondled him—it was all I cared to do. Tim was conquered at last. He had learned his first lesson—namely, that to know the master he must become friendly to him, and, before receiving food, he must respect the giver. From that day to this the bird has been one of the family. Whereas formerly I had to contend in order to get him out of his cage, now I have to contend to get him into it. A part of the day he spends with me, singing while I write and work, now pulling the beads off my penwiper, and dropping them into the inkstand; now removing the pins from the coil, and carrying them to the top of the bookcase; now getting into an open drawer, and playing mischief among my papers. Even while I write these words of his little story, he and the bullfinch are contending in front of me for the possession of my blotter, and I will not say them "nay" to their little antics.—*G. L. Austin.*

NEEDLEWORK.

Guipure d'Art.

This forms a pretty border for a tidy, either with a netted centre or for a plain brown-holland centre, embroidered with écru filoselle or with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 8. The foundation is in square netting, and both this and the darning is done in Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, No. 6, and is darned with a pointless needle.

For square netting commence on one stitch, turn, and net 2 with this; turn, net 2, and again 1 with the last stitch; continue turning, netting, and increasing 1 at the end of each row till, for this pattern, there are 12 squares reckoned *across;* then turn, increase 1 in the beginning of each row, and drop 1 at the end of it. To form

the corners two strips must be netted, and then be sewed together thickly with very fine cotton. The edge is overcast, and the superfluous netting cut away. If the whole centre is netted, then this joining will not be needed. A very pretty tidy is made by joining 4 squares together. The pattern shows 1 corner, 1 centre pattern, and the beginning of another corner pattern.

Basket-Work Stitch.

Materials:—Double Berlin wool; Needles, No. 4; Single Wool or Yarn Needles, No. 11.

Cast on an uneven number of stitches.

1st Row.—K 1st stitch, * K 3rd at the back, K 2nd as usual, and take both these last off together; repeat from *, knitting first the 2nd of each two stitches.

2nd.—K 1, * pearl 3rd stitch, then 2nd, taking both off together; repeat from *, pearling first the 2nd of each two stitches.

For a Couvre-Pied *in stripes* of Basket-Work Stitch.—With double wool cast on 21 stitches; knit the length required. Work, on the right side of the knitting, a row of long stitches in black on each side of the knitting. Knit another stripe of a good contrasting colour, and border it in the same way. Then, with maize-coloured filoselle, join the two stripes to them by making a double stitch in every alternate chain of each edge. Finish the ends with fringe. Grandmamma.

Open basket-work knitting in stripes for tidies. Coloured and white cotton, alternate stripes.—Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, pink or brown, and their white Boar's-Head Cotton, No. 6, or brown Maltese, No. 10; No. 10 Steel Needles.

Cast on an even number of stitches.

1st Row.—Slip 1st stitch, * K 3rd at the back, then 2nd as usual, take both off together; repeat from *, knit last stitch.

2nd.—Slip 1st, * pearl 3rd, then 2nd, take both off together; repeat from *, knit the last. Grandmamma.

Royal Windsor Tapestry.

The chief work at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works is designed to occupy an important position in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. It will eventually measure eighty feet in length by seven feet in depth, and is intended for the decoration of the walls in the saloon in which the Prince of Wales, as President of the British Commission, will receive and entertain distinguished guests. The design is in eight sections, designed by Mr. Hay, and the subject "The Merrie Wives of Windsor." At the right-hand corner the work commences its story, and Section No. 1 represents "Anne Page and Slender." The porch of Page's house, covered with clematis, and flowers in the garden.

No. 2. "Ye Merrie Wives." The interior of Ford's house; in the foreground the buck-basket with dirty linen. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page arranging their plans. Falstaff appears from behind the arras, looking scared; to the right is shown part of the garden, with the jealous husband and page looking vengeance—the dog rushes out to meet him; a hedge with a peacock, underneath flowers. In the background Evans, the Welsh parson, and Dr. Caius; on the opposite side of the house, divided by honeysuckle and flowers, are the two men-servants waiting to carry the basket.

No. 3. "Sir John Falstaff." Scene: Windsor Castle in the distance. Nearer, a flowery mead descending to the Thames; foreground, stumps of trees, iris and water plants. The two servants, having pitched Sir John into the muddy ditch at Datchet Mead, run off; a passing workman is laughing at the mishap; a scholar is looking up from his book; on the opposite side a gentleman and a fisherman are expressing wonder and amazement at the scene. Sir John is tumbling, head first, among the rushes, enveloped with the linen.

No. 4. "Dr. Caius." The Frenchman is swaggering with his sword and asking his servant, Jack Rugby, to let him show him how he means to kill Sir Hugh Evans.

No. 5. "Sir H. Evans." Scene: Quiet place with shallow stream, boy looking out for the Frenchman, Evans rather gloomy and uneasy, wild roses on bank, and other matters.

No. 6. "Ye Witch of Brentford." Scene: Ford's house, left side. Mrs. Page is showing Falstaff out, who is disguised in a sort of Mother Redcap dress, and is slipping out past a tree in large pot. Interior: Ford in a towering rage applying the stick to Falstaff, Page and Evans astonished at him; Mrs. Ford, on the right, is kneeling and laughing as Ford has just examined the basket; a black cat takes refuge behind Mrs. Ford.

No. 7. "Herne's Oak in Windsor Park." Moonlight scene: View of the Castle; children as fairies dancing; Falstaff prostrate on the ground, with a buck's head on,

(*Continued on page* 710.)



THE MARQUISE COAT.

COAT of very fine satin damasse, the quilting being simulated. Down the centre of the back is a band of passementerie, on each side the centre seam—to as far as it is open—where it is bordered with fur. At the neck a deep fur collar. Trained robe of black silk, with a cross-cut flounce, and above that a double-headed gathered flounce.

Plain paper pattern of coat, 2s. 1d.



BRETON COAT FOR THE HOUSE.

MYRTLE green cashmere coat, bordered with a band of darker green gros-grain ; collar of the same. Gilet or waistcoat of cashmere, with gros-grain pockets, and double row of buttons fastened with loops of cord. Tunic of the same material, trimmed with a band of silk. Petticoat of a lighter green silk, with two pleated flounces.

Plain paper pattern of coat and vest, 2s. 1d. ; of tunic, 2s. 1d.

(*Continued from page* 707.)

and chain; one of the fairies takes it off; all have tapers on their heads and masks on their faces. They dance as Evans directs them.

No. 8. "Anne Page and Fenton." At early dawn, light breaking. Anne Page and Fenton returning from the church, married. Trees and peasantry.

The present tapestry factory is temporary, but capital use has been made of the conveniences it affords, the upper and lower storeys containing four hand-looms for working the tapestry, other operations being carried on in outbuildings. The dyeing of the wool is done upon the premises, under the superintendence of M. Brignolas. Not less than five thousand shades have already been produced for the works now in progress. Every thread of wool used in the work consists of two shades of each separate hue combined as one. The web is laid horizontally instead of upright, as in the Gobelins. A good tapestry worker takes ten years to become a proficient in the work, unless he have an artist's genius for colour. H.R.H. Prince Leopold is the President of the Society; M. Brignolas, Manager; and H. Henry, Esq., Secretary.

A GOLD MEDAL

Has been awarded to Messrs. WALTER EVANS and Co., of Derby, by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1867.

The jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862 *awarded a medal for "very strong and very superior cotton" (see Jurors' Report, page* 227) *to* Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., *of the Boar's-Head Cotton Manufactory, Derby.*

For sewing purposes, whether by machine-sewing or hand-sewing, it has been found to answer most admirably every requirement.

It neither snaps nor curls up, does not shrink in washing, and is of unusual strength.

For Fancy-work, its almost universal use in every quarter of the globe, where it has been pre-eminent for the last twenty years, speaks volumes for its excellence.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, for working Point Lace, is of most superior quality, soft, even, and rich-looking, greatly superior in evenness to the French thread.

Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Maltese Cotton, No. 10, is made in all colours, from the darkest tint to the lightest, and is intended for making coloured tidies, edgings, and lace.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

"WORTH makes no more Princess robes!" That's the greatest news of the day, and of more interest to the ladies than all the politics of the last four months. What is the change of a Ministry, or even of a President, compared to a change of sleeve? What matters it to ladies of fashion whether Marshal MacMahon remains leader of the French Republic so long as M. Worth, an Englishman and a Lancashire man, remains our leader of Fashion? What are all the manifestoes of the Marshal-President to us by the side of Worth's ukase? "Worth makes no more Princess robes!" Fight ye Senators and Deputies of Right and Left, Worth has spoken, and when he speaks opposition is silent!

"Worth is going down!" people are apt to say if this President of Fashion remains too long without showing himself; just as people used to say, "The King is ill," or "the Emperor is ill," when a slight *migraine* made either relinquish the daily outing. But a proof that Worth is not going down is that as soon as he opens his lips to utter a new edict all the world stands breathlessly awaiting the law that is to fall therefrom. Thus, "Worth makes no more Princess robes" is now being echoed through every corner of Paris. What, then, does he make? Simply plain bodies, with a waist-belt, attached to a long train skirt, exactly like the dresses worn twenty years ago. Around the waist is a sash, which is tied at the side. Sometimes a jockey is added to the back of the body, but the sash is worn just the same! Sleeves—long to the wrist and perfectly tight to the arm.

The skirt is trimmed *ad lib.* either with puffings, or plaitings, or ruches, or bands of velvet, or passementerie braid, or fringe. In this respect everything is allowed, and nothing seems *de trop* or too eccentric.

Embroidered brocades, matelassé, and chenille braids are also used; and bands of printed velvets, and bands of velvet bourrettes, of patterns copied from the Crusades—all these are used as trimming by ladies who like rich-looking dresses, and can afford them.

On the other hand, ladies who cannot afford these expensive trimmings, which frequently cost more than the dress itself,

prefer to wear quite plain dresses rather than have common trimmings. And perfectly plain dresses are considered to be very *comme il faut*. A little luxury may be be displayed on the buttons, if the dress is otherwise untrimmed.

The colours in favour still continue to be moss-green and olive-green. But red is still worn for trimmings. Plum colour has also its admirers, also maroon, grey in every shade, and blue from marine to sky, and with all these the true Parisienne rarely appears in the street in anything but black. Moss-green, however, next to black, is the most worn. And when this is of the new woollen bourrette or astrakan it indeed looks like moss itself. And as dresses are as tight as ever, at a little distance a lady clad in a moss-green dress looks like the trunk of a slender tree covered with a drapery of moss. Add to this a capote of the same material, with a rose falling from the back, and the head looks like a rose-bush covered with moss. There is poetry in the idea.

Cloth—a smooth, fine cloth—is preferred by ladies of full figure to bourrette, which is very apt to increase the size of the figure. An untrimmed cloth costume, with skirt, demi-train, and Princess polonaise, with four capes, reaching to the waist, is the height of elegance. And whatever the costume may be in material and colour, the hat or cap must correspond. At the present moment there is only one woollen material of French manufacture that is worn, and that is the so-called Indian cashmere. All the others, without exception, are of English make; and even it is exceedingly doubtful whether this Indian cashmere may not come from England after all.

In silks, however, the French retain their pre-eminence, also in satins. And satin will be very much worn this winter, especially mixed with plush.

Plain and striped velvets are also mixed together. Bourrette, or damask velvet, is mixed chiefly with silk. It is very rich-looking, but will never replace real velvet, nor ever do the same service, nor in any way is it recommended to economical purses. It dates too much, and next year it will have entirely disappeared from general fashion. It is only fit for elderly ladies. In the meantime very handsome costumes are made of a mixture of silk and bourrette velvet of almost every colour and shade.

I have said that the Princess robe is no longer to be worn. This is nonsense, the robe and the Princess polonaise are still very popular, especially for walking. Some are buttoned at the back, some in front, and some shawl-fashion, side-ways, and across the figure. There is but one rule—study your figure, and whatever best suits it adopt. The plain skirt, tunic, and plaited basque body must not be forgotten, as they become more and more in vogue every day.

Underneath an ulster-cloak a tunicless dress is indispensable, and here we come to the plain waist, body, and long undraped dress. This will also be worn under any kind of paletot or jacket longer than the hips. A straight cloak or paletot must have a straight dress beneath.

The difficulty is how to loop up long skirts, for now that we have begun wearing muffs we do not care to hold up our dress, as we have hitherto done. A very long train can be thrown, like a habit, over the arm; but the ulster and the pelisse, what are we to do with them? Impossible to hold them up also, or to loop them with strings. That has been tried in every way, and every way it is ugly. We have therefore come back to dresses for ulster wear just to touch the ground. In a word, just long enough to sweep the street and drag up dust and mud, and not long enough to escape any annoyance. We oppose this demi-long skirt for its inconvenience. It is too long and too short. But it is now worn, and will be worn all through the winter. Ulsters are made of silks and velvets now, and are trimmed round with fur, like the pelisses; the only difference is, that the ulster is longer than the pelisse, and though trimmed with fur it is not lined with fur. It is lined with flannel and silk, or satin. Cloth ulsters are also trimmed round with fur. I repeat, in every case the hat must match the dress. Thus with a velvet pelisse or ulster trimmed with fur, you will wear a velvet Melon with a fur brim. For cashmere costumes, with capes or short jackets, felt hats trimmed with feathers may be worn, but always of the colour of the costume.

No change has taken place in the shape of hats. Some are little tufts of silk, cloth, or velvet; some are pyramids of crowns of felt or plush; some have brims as large as a miller's hat, some have no brims at all; some are wide, some narrow; some are all crown, some are all brim; some are high, some are low. There is a hat for every face, as there is one for every dress. Keep

(*Continued on page* 714.)



MOONLIGHT PARDESSUS.

PARDESSUS of cisele barred velvet on a grey rep foundation. Down the front, and terminating at the sides, is a broad galon, with blue, grey, and black lines. The trimming down the back is of grey rep and velvet, with passementerie of moonlight beads. A row of beaded buttons is placed inside the galon round the front, which is also buttoned down with the same beads. Black satin robe. Hat of grey cashmere, with black and crimson bows mingled with beads.

Plain paper pattern of pardessus, 2s. 1d.



MORNING ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

WHITE cashmere robe trimmed with gros-grain violet ribbon, bordered with edge of black silk woven in the ribbon. The trimming simulates a sailor's collar in the back; down the front are short bows and ends of violet ribbon. French merino, pink, blue, or mauve, is more useful than white, and similar trimming of plain ribbon or Scotch tartan ribbon looks well.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 8d.

(*Continued from page* 710.)

harmony between the two and you will reach perfection. No flowers, or very, very rarely, nothing but feathers. Feathers of every bird may be worn.

For evening dress the Princess fourreau is still worn, though its bodice rival threatens to turn it out of fashion very soon. Wear a Princess dress by all means, if you have one; but if you are making a new dress, choose in preference skirt and body, and waist-belt with sash falling at the side, similar pattern to the Princess d'Orleans dress which you have.

The trimming for evening dresses still consists in folds, puffings, or scarf draperies placed round the skirt when the side sash is worn, placed cross and lengthways on Princess dresses.

Historical costumes are also being worn for dinner-parties by ladies of high society. The Dubarry, the Montpensier, the Blanche de Castille robes, and many others, are worn. The Montespan, also, finds admirers; and as all these costumes are copied from pictures of the period, they need not be described, but be merely adapted to the materials now in fashion, which, indeed, also resemble the materials worn even in those days. Here is, for instance, a Montespan dinner dress. It is of a pale blue brocaded satin train skirt, open in front over a skirt of plain blue satin, pleated all the way up. The train is fastened at the side with straps of satin, embroidered with pearls. The train is edged round with lace and a band of the same pearl-embroidered satin. A low square bodice in front, high at the back, with lace collarette, embroidered with pearls. Sleeves to the elbow, trimmed to match the train.

Dubarry costumes are of striped brocade and satin, embroidered in burnished gold. In shape they are of the long Louis XV. casaque, forming train at the back and open in front, over a skirt and waistcoat of plain satin, embroidered in gold. At the bottom of the skirt are two puffings of satin, looking like draped scarfs. These end where the back of the casaque begins. Here is a dinner dress, however, without any historical name attached to it. It is none the worse for that. It is a striped fourreau. The stripes are of black satin and velvet, with a thread of *clair-de-lune* beads edging each stripe. A Bayadère scarf of gauze, entirely covered with an embroidery of *clair-de-lune* beads and shining flies, with a fringe of *clair-de lune* edging it, crosses the bodice from shoulder to waist, back and front, and falls, like a sash, on one side under the left arm.

As fashion takes advantage of everything, it has taken advantage of our political crisis with respect to colours. Ladies of political circles, therefore, dress in their political colours. For Legitimists, white, piped with blue; for Bonapartists, violet, with gold bees for ornament; for Republicans, a mixture of red, white, and blue. This is the most popular in every respect in Paris.

M. DE B.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

DINNER dress of grey faille or satin, trimmed with damasse yellow and mandarin. The princess form is perfectly plain in the front, with the exception of the embroidery, which passes across the front, and is joined on one side with the side seam. Open corsage with gilet or waistband, which terminates above the first band. Two plaits of lace and satin round the back of the neck, and reach to the bottom of the gilet; sleeves demi-long, of damasse, finished by a band of ribbon encircled by a gathering of lace.

Plain paper pattern of robe, 3s. 7d.

TOILETTE FOR DINNER OR SOIREE in two shades of blue silk. Cuirass bodice and petticoat with train. The front is full and separated in divisions by a gathered band of silk. The train, in form of a Court-mantle, is trimmed with pleatings of the darker shade.

Plain paper pattern, 4s. 2d.

BOUQUETS.

SOME years ago, when the pretty girls of Gravesend prepared a bouquet for the Princess Royal, they made the very mistake that was fatal to its acceptance by the Royal bride—it was too big, and the Princess was obliged to hand it to an attendant to carry for her. Royal personages have purse-bearers, and in the East pipe-bearers; and unless public taste undergoes a change for the better, a bouquet-bearer must be

added to the number of satellites that revolve around a throne. Two or three flowers, nicely arranged, are preferable to the grandest bunch of "all sorts" ever culled from a garden; indeed, there is scarcely anything in the region of taste so utterly tasteless as a huge bunch of flowers. Just try the effect of two or three flowers and a few fronds of fern, compared with a posy as big as a drum-head cabbage, and you will see at once that it is a sheer waste of beautiful flowers to make them up into monster nosegays. Let me instance one method of using cut flowers as decorations in-doors. Get a lot of white phials, five or six inches high and an inch and a half in diameter. Fill them three-parts full of water, and then go over your roses, and cut as many of the best blooms you have as there are bottles for them. Put them into the phials singly, and the effect will be charming. Take them all out again, and tie them in a bunch, and you will see that indiscriminate bunching is a wasteful and a distasteful way of using cut flowers. For a large ornamental vase, a fine bouquet is, of course, an appropriate thing, if made up with judgment and with due regard to the effect of colours in contrast. An edging of ferns or ribbon-grass adds very much to its beauty and completeness. One of my summer pleasures is to cut one of each of my best flowers every week, to furnish a lot of phials such as I have just described. They are arranged in two rows, one above the other, over the tray-board in the hall, where there are two narrow mahogany shelves to receive them. The phials are tallied with the names of the roses that are to be placed in them, by cutting the name out of a catalogue and putting it on neatly. As the roses will be succeeded by dahlias, labels for these are pasted on the opposite side; so that, for the dahlias, the same phials do when turned round. The labels are varnished, so that they do not wash off when they get splashed with water; and they are, of course, pasted on so as to range in a regular row when the phials stand close together. A little nitre put in the water keeps the flowers good for a week. Another good method of keeping flowers is in glass dishes filled with silver sand. The stems are cut short and stuck in firmly, and the whole kept damp, and with a glass shade over it. In spring, a few dishes of violets are charming parlour ornaments, and whenever the glass is lifted off they fill the room with their delicious perfume. A good flower ornament may be made with a pyramid of sand, wetted and pressed firm, and stuck all over with flowers with short stems; but a better way of making a pyramid is to get Stead's bouquet-stand, which is pierced with holes, and with two metal surfaces close together, which draw the water up by capillary attraction, and keep them fresh for a great length of time. For this, flat flowers, such as geraniums, pansies, petunias, chrysanthemums, &c., which can be cut singly and arranged in colours, are best. Globular flowers, such as roses, are quite unfit for it.

In contrasting the colours of flowers, it should be remembered that green is a relief to almost any colour, and most especially to scarlet; yellow sets off violet, but has rather a vulgar look when brought into too close a proximity to red. Blue is the best contrast to orange, but blue and yellow are in bad taste; white relieves all colours except pale pink or lavender; and strong colours of any kind destroy the beauty of weaker ones, however charming the latter may be in themselves; hence it is better to tone down glaring colours with white or green than with pale neutral tints. A few examples of bouquets will, perhaps, be useful as a guide to those who wish to excel in the art of using cut flowers to advantage; and, first, for a bouquet fit for a large vase —centre cluster of white asters; next circle of blue violets or blue lobelias; next circle of crimson pelargoniums; next circle of white asters; then circle of red gladioli; next circle of green sprigs of common heath; next circle of purple asters; next circle of white asters; outside dahlias of sorts, or, still better, of one colour, say Lord Bath or Captain Ingram. Another— a sprig of white erica, surrounded with common heath; next ring of red gladioli; next white asters; next blue iris or agapanthus; next crimson verbenas; next white asters; outside blush roses. Bouquets of this sort were exhibited at Versailles some years ago by M. Louviot, and were much admired for their beautiful arrangement of colours. Do not forget how much ferns may be employed to give grace of form and lovely hues of green to bouquets, especially maidenhairs, harts-tongues, and polypodies. A white camellia, with two sprigs of mignonette and two fronds of maidenhair, make a chaste posy, worthy the hand of a blushing bride.—From the *Floral World and Garden Guide*. Sixpence. London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.



A MELON-SHAPED HOOD.



COLLARETTE

A Melon Hood of Violet Velvet.—A narrow brim of the same; a trimming of silk to imitate feathers crosses the hood in front, passes under the chin, and fastens at the side. This is both comfortable and becoming, and suits the young and others of more advanced age. It may be made inexpensively of black cashmere, and a ruche of fly trimming round the front.

Collarette of lace and ribbon, with a bouquet on the right-hand side. It is made on a foundation of firm net, and is richly beaded with *clair-de-lune* beads on black lace, or *arc de ciel* beads on white lace.



GIRL'S DRESS.



GIRL'S COAT.

DRESS for a girl of five years made of blue cashmere, French merino, or lama; a broad embroidered band of silk round the waist, edged with torchon lace; a silk quilling round the neck edged with lace.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

COAT for a girl of five or six years, made of velvet edged with two rows of galon. Below the last row of galon is a box-pleated flounce. The coat crosses in front, and opens only to the first row of galon.

Plain paper pattern, 2s. 1d.

A similar coat may be made in cloth or cashmere, or in rough homespun.

NOTES ON DRESSMAKING.

PAPER PATTERNS.

MADAME VEVAY will send, *post free*, plain paper patterns, *untrimmed*, of the following articles, so *pinned and tacked together that no difficulty can arise in making them up :—*

	s.	d.
Artist's blouse, with bodice and sleeve. (See January number, 1876)	2	8
Trained Princesse robe, with bodice and sleeve	3	1
Princesse polonaise	2	7
Do. with different sides...	3	1
Plain skirts without bodice	2	1
Bodice made to measure	2	0
Jackets, for indoor wear	1	8
Plain paletot for summer	2	1
Fichus	1	1
Cross-overs	1	1
Mantelettes	1	7
Dolman mantle	2	6
Dressing Gown	2	8
Children's Dresses ... ... 1s. 8d. to	2	6
Under Linen, each article ... 1s. 6d. to	2	6
Drawers without fulness	1	1
New Jackets, for outdoor wear	2	1
Corset Band *	1	1
Children's Coats, for summer wear	1	7
Carrick Collars (Ladies)	0	7
Carrick of three capes	1	1
Winter Coats (long)	2	1

No order will be sent without prepayment.

In ordering a polonaise or a robe, ladies will oblige by stating their height, and the length of their ordinary dress from the waist in *front*, to the edge of the skirt, also from the neck to the waist, the *size of waist*, and measure across the widest part of the back, under the arms, and over the widest part of the bust in one measurement. Children's measurement according to the above, as well as age to be mentioned.

In consequence of the great demand for the patterns, Madame Vevay will be unable to execute an order under some days from receipt of letter.

If ladies would, in giving the order, write the address in full on the fly-leaf of the note, *as well as at the heading of the paper*, this address could be pasted on the parcel, and thus no mistake or delay could arise from a misreading.

Letters on dressmaking requiring an answer by post, to have a stamped and *addressed* envelope, and twelve stamps enclosed. Questions will be answered free of charge in these columns.

Address, prepaid, "Madame Vevay (Box 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings, London."

MRS. W. B. (Exeter).—There is a tufted fringe which is used instead of fur, but is not its imitation. Those coats without a Carrick have five seams in the back, but three seams are more becoming. They may be made in light or in dark colour, or in black cloth (the latter not preferable), and also in colour to match the dress in cashmere, lined with flannel and silk, trimmed with fur or handsome galon. There are striped velvets of good and expensive quality, and others termed *faconne*, or faced velvets, cotton backs ; but velvets are less worn than silk, cloth, or cashmere.

MISS J. J. L.—What are termed "false skirts" are worn, the upper part made of calico the colour of the dress, or black ; the lower part with a band of velvet a quarter of a yard wide, edged on each side with a pleated quilling band of silk cashmere or alpaca, about three inches wide ; and over this the polonaise. This kind of trimming is popular, bands of velvet with a pleated edging on each side from two to four inches wide. (2.) Satin ribbons instead of gros grain are employed for every purpose.

MRS. W. B. (Bath).—It is said that polonaises will vanish with the spring, but we think this is a premature announcement. They are so convenient, so becoming, particularly in their unbunched form, that the fashion will be a long time dying out. The loops of soft satin ribbon should be of various colours, any three that harmonise in one knot of loops ; a similar combination is used for cravats, neckties, and coiffures. The shortest train should be half a yard on the ground, and should have no trimming on it, it should be lined from the waist down to the edge at the back only, though all thin fabrics set better for the lining.

FRIZETTE.—Various tints of clear material are worn, constituting one ball dress. Rose silk petticoat, trimmed with flounces, "pinked ;" tunic looped with roses of pale blue over corsage rather high in the back, the front opens V shaped, and a bouquet of roses on the left side. Another combination, of dark amber silk petticoat and white gauze tunic looped with Parma violets or lilac and green foliage ; another of the same colour, looped with rose colour and black "flots," or maroon and black soft satin ribbon doubled and mingled with the

* The Corset Band is sewed on to the stay, or, if preferred, a band of wide tape can be sewed on to the stay and a row of buttons put on ; then the band with button-holes can be buttoned on, or the band will serve as a petticoat band. It is better to have buttons on the stays, and bands placed on all petticoats.

rose-coloured loops. Pure white is not so much used as cream colour for tunics, unless the petticoat be white; but you must have three colours at least in the "flots," and on white the combination of two shades of rose and black is very effective.

MRS. W. B. (Montrose).—The round skirts, or skirts without a train, are very general in Paris; that is, in the streets; but in ball rooms and for evening and dinner dress, and for grand occasions, the train will be worn, but not of such immoderate length as it has extended to. (2.) The drapery in front of your dress may be formed into a tablier similar to the Elster Costume, page 649, November number. Tabliers are reappearing, but must have the moderate surface train at the back, just as in the Elster Costume. (3.) Yes, the style of fashion is diffuse, and this is said to be due to the Republican form of government in France, where the Republicans will only accept what they choose, unguided by taste or convenience. Where there is no Court there can be no great fashions as regards style and good taste.

MISS LIZA T.—Get the *arc de ciel*, or peacock beads, which scintillate like diamonds and show all colours; make a collarette of them by sewing them in spots on black lace, mounting the lace trimming on a foundation of stiff black net. These beads are pretty put on black net dresses. They are first sewed on pattern or net, cut round, then "applied" to the material, and sewed on with fine black silk.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES FOR PRESENTS.

THE very prettiest things and decidedly acceptable are the needlebooks made by Mr. Thomas Harper, of Redditch, the well-known maker of excellent needles. They are suitable gifts for any lady or for a Princess, are daintily bound in mauve velvet, with clasps and golden plaques on the exterior. The inside is lined with gros-grain silk, and has a pocket containing verses written by the Editor of the *Art Journal*, S. C. Hall, F.S.A., on seeing one of Mr. Harper's needlebooks. Besides this there are in each a hundred of the best needles, a paper of darning needles, and a bodkin; altogether a prettier gift cannot be bestowed, with no doubt about its welcome acceptance.

MR. RIMMEL has a marvellous display of articles suitable for "the merrie time." There are musical boxes and musical albums, both very choice and elegant gifts; there are costume crackers, most of the costumes being very well cut and put together; fans and fan crackers, and crackers of all descriptions, including some that are original, for balls and parties. The Perfumed Almanac and Cards of Greeting are both pretty, and the Barometrical Floral Card, by which the weather is foretold, and the Barometrical Button-hole Flower, will be acceptable presents, and occasion much surprise to those not in the secret. Cleopatra's Needle is, with its contents, a charming little ornament. Mr. Rimmel has one of the largest and most *recherché* assortment of fans. His establishments, one 96 the Strand, the other 128 in Regent Street, are well worth a visit.

MESSRS. TURNER AND CO., practical designers and embroiderers, have sent us a sample of their fine crewels and Persian crewels for embroidery, also a sample of stitches, and a little book, "Practical Hints on Crewel and Silk Art Embroidery" (6d.), by Miss TURNER. The crewels are beautifully soft and fine, and not coarser than No. 20 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's-Head Cotton. Those who are fond of the work will do well to send to the establishment, 38, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, for a list of their prices and for the valuable little book.

PASTIMES, CHESS.

PASTIMES.

All communications for this department should be addressed to T. MITCHESON, B.A., L.C.P., care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London, not later than the 10th of the current month, for insertion in their proper place.

1. Suppose the hands of a clock equal in length, when will they form the sides of an equilateral triangle between six and seven o'clock?

2. A stone is dropped into a very deep pit, and after 2 minutes 20 seconds the report of its impact against the bottom is heard. Find the depth.—(See Pastimes, September number.)

3. In what time will a sum of money treble itself at 5 per cent. simple interest?

4. I have a cubical room containing 729 cubic feet of air. What will it cost to carpet it with carpet 27 inches wide at 2s. 6d. per yard?

5. A certain number of men pay a score of 7s. 3d., each paying an equal share with *one* coin. How many?

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

1. $\frac{120,000}{100} \times 15 = 18,000$ deserters.

64,000 gains over 18,000.

1 " $\frac{18,000}{64,000} = \frac{9}{32}$.

100 " $\frac{900}{32} = \frac{225}{8} = 28\frac{1}{8}$.

B. WEBSTER.

2. From May 2nd to Dec. 31st reckon 243 days.
" July 14th " " 170 "

Interest on 250 is $250 \times \frac{243}{365} \times \frac{6}{100} = 9\frac{72}{73}$.

" 375 is $375 \times \frac{170}{365} \times \frac{6}{100} = 10\frac{35}{77}$.

$\therefore 250 + 375 + 9\frac{72}{73} + 10\frac{25}{73}$

$= £645\frac{34}{73}$ (ans.).

W. F. C. SUTER.

(*Continued on page 722.*)



EVENING DRESS (FRONT VIEW).

POLONAISE of pink silk of two shades, the front being a pale pink; the looped train at the back of a darker shade. It is trimmed with pleatings of silk and embroidery of rainbow beads. Down the front are bows of alternate dark pink and very pale blue silk. High bodice, opening at the neck, over a small vest of black satin.

Plain paper pattern, 3s. 7d



EVENING DRESS (BACK VIEW).

THE train of the polonaise is cut square and long, and is caught up in various places by concealed strings underneath. The part where the train is inserted is hidden by two rows of pleated trimming, headed by a band of embroidery in rainbow beads. The collarette of similar embroidery is carried down the bodice and front of polonaise.

Plain paper pattern, 3s.,7d.

(*Continued from page* 719.)

3. Since 3 boys = 2 men,
1 boy = $\frac{2}{3}$ men.
15 boys = 10 men.
6 boys = 4 men.
10 men + 15 boys = 20 men.
17 men + 6 boys = 21 men.
∴ 20 men do the work in 18 days.
1 ,, ,, 360 days.
21 ,, ,, $17\frac{1}{7}$ days.

G. LEVY.

4. 2 turkeys and 9 fowls cost £2 18 6
1 ,, $4\frac{1}{2}$,, 1 9 3
7 ,, 3 ,, 6 13 6
1 ,, $\frac{3}{7}$,, 0 19 $0\frac{6}{7}$

∴ $(4\frac{1}{2} - \frac{3}{7})$ $(= 4\frac{1}{14})$ fowls cost £0 10 $2\frac{1}{7}$
∴ 1 fowl cost 2s. 6d., and 1 turkey cost 18s.

W. GRIFFIN.

ANSWERS.

T. D. Archer, 1, 2; Maggie, 1, 2, 3, 4; F. H. Leighfield, W. F. C. Suter, W. T. Parnell, 1, 2, 3, 4; T. W. More, 1, 2, 3; F. Allen, W. G. Sutcliffe, A. W. Ayton, G. E. Wells, F. Marks, E. Keeble, H. L. Hyam, A. W. Olver, J. Ferguson, F. M. Jarrett, H. F. Cater, A. Douglas, 2; H. Clay, H. Stewardson, W. H. Pitt, 2, 3, 4; G. Levy, E. E. Barnard, W. Stanley, F. G. Price, 3; B. Webster, W. Griffin, 1, 3, 4.

T. D. ARCHER.—The LADIES' TREASURY deserves the good opinion you express. Your solutions are capitally worked, but too *lengthy* for full insertion.

CHESS.

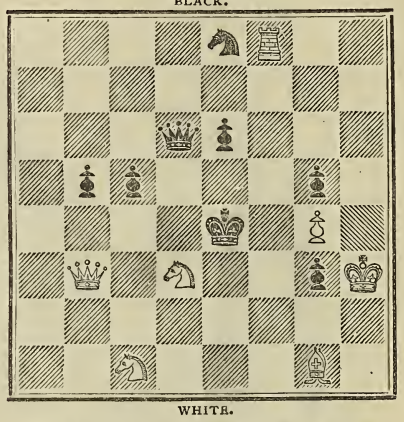
All communications intended for this department to be addressed to J. W. ABBOTT, care of Messrs. BEMROSE AND SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Contributions of original problems and solutions of our problems are solicited. Letters to insure a reply in our next number should be received not later than the 10th of each month.

PROBLEM No. XXIII.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in TWO moves.

A. A. Jackson.—Solution correct. It reached us too late for acknowledgment in our last.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. XXII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 3.	1. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.	

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

ON Wednesday, the 21st of November, at the Oratory, Brompton, the marriage took place of the Duke of Norfolk with the Lady Flora Abney Hastings, daughter of Edith Maud Countess of Hastings, deceased, and Charles Frederick Clifton, Esq., who by the will of Sir Charles Abney Hastings assumed the name of "Abney Hastings." Lady Flora, now the Duchess of Norfolk, is the sister of the Earl of Loudoun.

It is nearly two centuries since, in 1683, that a Howard holding the Dukedom was married.

Among the numerous guests who witnessed the marriage were H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, Lady Edith Campbell, sister of the Marquis. Lord Beaconsfield, the Premier, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, the Earl of Denbigh, the Earl and Countess of Granard and Lady Sophia Forbes, Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop, Lord Herries, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Gerard, and others were among the early arrivals; also Lady Foley, Lady Adeliza Manners, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Herbert of Lea, and Lady Gladys Herbert, Lord John Manners, Lord Foley, &c.

The Earl of Loudoun showed the friends of the bride attending on the occasion to their seats on the right side of the church.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the Duke of Norfolk arrived, and at once proceeded to the *prie Dieu* in front of the altar, attended by his cousin, the Hon. Francis E. Howard, who acted as best man.

Just after eleven o'clock the bride, accompanied by her father, Mr. Abney Hastings, arrived, and was received at the entrance to the Oratory by her train of bridesmaids. On her arrival the congregation simultaneously rose, the organist playing a march from Gluck's "Alceste" as she passed to her seat next the bridegroom.

The bride wore a rich dress of white satin. On her head the magnificent tiara, given her by her father; above that a veil of the finest Brussels *point de gaze*, the lace so fine that it resembled fine gauze. This veil gained a prize in the last Exhibition. The dress was also trimmed with lace to match, also flounces and scarf of the same beautiful fabric. In addition to a chatelaine or garland the dress was ornamented by lilies of the valley, with bouquets of orange blossoms, and sprays of orange blossoms in her hair. The jewels worn by the bride comprised a tiara of diamond stars, of great splendour; a diamond necklace, presented by the bridegroom, to which was attached a superb diamond pendant, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk's gift, and diamond earrings, given to her by her brother, the Earl of

Loudoun ; also the necklace presented by his Grace's tenantry at Sheffield and its vicinity, the bracelet sent by the Duke's Sussex tenantry, and the several diamond bracelets presented by Mr. Abney-Hasting's Leicestershire tenantry.

The twelve bridesmaids were Lady Anne and Lady Margaret Howard, sisters of the bridegroom ; Lady Egidia Hastings, sister of the bride ; Lady Ermyntrude Russell, Lady Adelaide Forbes, Lady Maud Grimston, Hon. Alice Howard, Miss Clifton, daughter of Captain and Lady Bertha Clifton ; Miss Kirwan, daughter of Lady Victoria Kirwan ; and Miss Minna Margaret Hope, Miss Josephine Mary Hope, and Miss Theresa Anne Hope, daughters of the late Mr. and Lady Victoria Hope Scott, nieces of the bridegroom. They were attired in robes of ivory *poult de soie*, trimmed and striped with ruby velvet, and Rubens hats of cream-colour felt with ruby trimmings and feathers.

In lieu of a locket the Duke of Norfolk presented each of them with a valuable bracelet of arabesque design, the centre being filled with a large oval crystal surrounded by pearls, having on the crystal surface the monogram "Flora," worked in diamonds, the whole being surmounted by a coronet, diamonds being the centre of the strawberry leaves.

The bride's travelling dress was of the richest sapphire Lyons velvet, beautifully trimmed with white ostrich feather and point d'Alençon, jacket of the same, lined with white satin, and trimmed with feather trimming ; white felt hat, trimmed with velvet, and white and sapphire feathers ; muff to match.

The Presents of the Bridegroom to his Bride.— First is a royal and priceless relic, the pearl necklet of Mary Queen of Scots. This delicate bauble is, indeed, worthy admiration as a piece of jeweller's work. Designed to sit closely and yet lightly on a slender neck, it is composed apparently of half-pearls set in a kind of filigree, and connected by gold links of minutely exquisite handiwork. A parure of diamonds and rubies, which consists of a diadem, necklace, bracelets, and earrings. The diadem is of classic form, and contains many stones of remarkable size, perfect shape, and the utmost purity. The rubies in this and in the necklace are central stones, in groups and pendants of brilliants, and are so set that they may at any time be taken out and replaced by an alternate suite of diamonds, exactly matching them in size. A string of pearls with a sapphire pendant, surrounded by brilliants, is, with a pair of earrings and ring to match, another present by the bridegroom, who also gives a richly chaste silver-gilt tea service, and three hoop rings, one of brilliants, a second of rubies, and a third of sapphires, all being stones of remarkably fine colour. Lady Flora's preference of sapphires and rubies to emeralds may be observed in the fact that not one of the last-mentioned gems is found among her wedding jewels. There is one bracelet, indeed, which has for its central stone an emerald ; but, in consideration of the bride's taste, a change of this gem for a sapphire was made at a late hour, which may account for the fact that the substituted stone is one of exceedingly poor tint, that being probably intended to supply for a short time only the place of another. Those sapphires presented by the bridegroom are, in fact, so rich and full in colour as to afford a severe test of comparison for everything else of their kind on the same table. As the true type of "blue rubies" they could hardly be excelled. The bride's father has bestowed on her a superb tiara of brilliants, fashioned in a graduated series of nine stars, each having eight points, and the central star being three inches in diameter. Earrings of suitable form accompany this tiara. The Duchess of Norfolk's gift is a large diamond pendant ; and the Ladies Howard have presented a bracelet studded with diamonds and turquoises.

A spray of diamonds, set on springs, so as to tremble with every movement of the wearer, is the gift of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute. The Earl of Loudoun gives a pair of large diamond earrings ; the Hon. Paulyn Hastings a locket and earrings with pearls and turquoises ; and the younger brothers and sister of the bride a gold bracelet of Etruscan design, set with diamonds. One of the smallest, and at the same time most beautiful, objects on the principal table is a gold scent-bottle, hardly so large as a lady's wedding-ring finger, but so finely wrought as to attract close and admiring attention, It is of Oriental character, and has a spherical stopper. enamelled with the peculiarly delicate green which is found in Persian workmanship, while flowers, also in enamel, are wound about the lip. A tiny chain of the finest possible workmanship is attached to this gem-like little flask, the offering of the Earl of Beaconsfield, who has accompanied it by a note so graceful that it is hardly a question whether the gift or the giver's handwriting will be most treasured in years to come. Mingling with the massive gold bracelets and glittering gems, in the same sumptuous companionship, are few achievements of art jewellery that vie in taste with the present of the Prime Minister ; but there is one piece of exquisite enamel work, a Watteau composition of garden emblems, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie, which may be cited as a charming example of skilful ornament. The tenants of Mr. Abney-Hastings, as well as those of the Duke of Norfolk, have sent many and various gifts, and Sheffield has added to its tributes a splendid present at the hands of the Cutlers, who send a massive cabinet filled with table knives, the handles of which are mother-o'-pearl. A handsome china clock is the offering of the household at Arundel Castle. Many other objects in china and porcelain appear among the presents, Lord Lyons having given, for instance, a stately pair of Sèvres vases. To the Duke himself the presents are of all imaginable kinds, from an Earl-Marshal's baton, the splendid gift of the Herald's College, to a neat walking-stick, the friendly offering of Colonel Pearson. Hunting-whips there are from several comrades of the field ; and the Duke's homelier tastes and habits are also consulted in every way.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

LETTERS respecting Literary matters and Fancy Needlework to be addressed to Mrs. Warren, office of LADIES' TREASURY, 10, Paternoster Buildings. Letters if requiring a reply by post must enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope—not alone a stamp —this for the reason that the addresses on the letters are frequently illegible.*

LETTERS relating to Dressmaking, Paper Patterns, and Hair-wash to be addressed to Madame Vevay (*Box* 8), 10, Paternoster Buildings ; and not to Mrs. Warren.

The Editor of the LADIES' TREASURY begs, with due deference, to remind authors that unless stamps are enclosed with MSS., they must, if rejected, be

sent back postage unpaid. In no case can poetry be returned.

All letters respecting Advertisements to be addressed to the Publishers, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

All letters, either for Mrs. Warren or for Madame Vevay, when advice is requested of the latter respecting dressmaking, must reach the office not later than the 13th of the month. Several communications received too late will be answered in January number.

ELLON.—In the *Woman's Gazette*, published by Messrs. Hatchards, you may possibly learn of some means by which a small income might be increased; but this could not be done at home unless by either of the arts you mention; the results being sold among your friends, or you can address Mrs. Genna, Box 188, Manchester, who employs upwards of 500 ladies. She states, in her little published book, that her lace and monogram designers are ladies, her clerks are ladies, and her payments to lady-workers amount to thousands of pounds. Mrs. Genna's little work on the principle of her business is a treasure which ladies will do well to read. It does not appear to be purchaseable, but no doubt can be had upon application, enclosing stamps for postage.

PERLE.—(1) Twelvemonths. (2) Decidedly improper without companionship of a gentleman or attendance of a groom. (3) Yes; outside. (4) Rings may be worn on any finger or fingers, always excepting the third finger of the left hand, as this is that on which the engaged ring is placed. (5) Handwriting—careful, tolerably sedate, generally finishes well what is begun, rather determined in character. Apply to Verona.

COLETA.—A child born in England of a Belgian father and English mother—of what nationality is the child? An Englishman of Belgian extraction.

FLORY MIERS.—Thanks for recipes; will be inserted.

SOLITAIRE.—(1) It would be impossible to say which of Dickens' works is the best; some like one, some another. It is a matter of opinion. (2) It is not necessary to bow unless someone greets you by clapping, or otherwise acknowledging your presence. (3) We should be glad to insert many contributions if only they possessed some incident of interest to the readers.

INQUIRER.—Use the Kaloderma, to be had of Mr. T. Walton, 204, Haverstock Hill, London, 1s. 6d. the bottle, exclusive of postage. It is an excellent application when the skin shines too much.

TRUE BLUE asks if it is wrong to read novels on a Sunday? Your conscience must decide. A Sunday is much more profitably employed in reading interesting works on general subjects than in novel-reading, of which too much causes a species of mental intoxication as ruinous as private dram-drinking. Your own knowledge of what is right and wrong must stand you instead of a stranger's advice.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.—You should write to Madame Vevay. We do not know whether she makes any charge for the information.

M. L. V.—Yes. From all that we have seen and heard we believe that the No-Danger Wash to be infallible, and most certainly not hurtful.

"IN THE WAY IT IS DONE" will be published in shilling form.

M. O.—You can obtain the cases for binding the LADIES' TREASURY if you write to the publisher.

ENQUIRIES.

All Enquiries, and information respecting Enquiries, must be written on one side of the paper only.

HAVING seen in your October No. that a farthing of the reign of Queen Anne is worth from £1 to £5, I shall be glad if anyone can inform me what is the value of one of the reign of William and Mary, and also where such a coin could be disposed of.—*Nick.*

DEPILATORY.—Can anyone tell me of a safe depilatory or any means of preventing the eyebrows from meeting?—*Jesse.*

WHY is a sable muff called by this name not being black?—*Susie.*

Is there any legend connected with Honor Oak, near to Forest Hill?—*Bob.*

[Three or four centuries ago a castle or similar erection was termed an "Honneur," deemed in law the noblest part of a "Seigniorie," upon which inferior *lordships* depended by the performance of some trifling custom or service to the chief lord of such "Honneur" or chief dignitary. In the reign of Henry III., when Norman-French was much spoken, and when tradesmen bore the now aristocratic "de" prefixed to their names, English laws were made in the French language and in Norman-French. The Sheriff of Worcester was commanded to seize for the King's use the "Honneur" of Dudley and all other lands of Roger de Somery. This "Honneur" was the Castle of Dudley in Staffordshire. Probably in some far back time a castle termed an "Honneur" stood near to the spot now called "Honor Oak." Lordship Lane confirms this, as being the name of a lane leading to a lordship, a title which it has borne for centuries. In 1788 there stood on the spot a village called Oak of Honor.—*Ed.* "L. T."]

CLEANING KNIVES.—Will someone kindly give instructions for cleaning knives otherwise than on a board? Is there any way of cleaning American-leather chair covers?—*J. M. H.*

CAN any subscriber recommend a good amateur dramatic club that plays burlesques?

WILL anyone kindly give me a recipe for silvering brass or copper articles?

On which finger and hand should a man who intends never to marry wear his ring?—*Swashbuckler.*

A BOOK on "Sisterhoods" and one on "The Lives of Protestant Sisterhoods"—information wanted as to where either is published.

EXCHANGE.

[*Three stamps are necessary for each exchange, and a stamped and addressed envelope.*]

I HAVE an infallible and perfectly harmless recipe for removing superfluous hairs from the face, &c., and shall be glad to exchange it for gloves, ties, stamps, or anything useful.—Address MILLY.

I HAVE a very small rough-haired English terrier, pure white, with black eyes and nose (full grown). Would exchange for coral jewellery, lace, black silk, or anything useful.—Mrs. WOOD, Bedford House, 42, Carlyle Square, Chelsea.

BEAUTIFUL scarlet knitted, fleecy petticoat, worth 12s. 6d.; sixteen yards of dark grey striped reversible woollen dress material, cost 17s. 6d.; set of lovely fern-splashed toilet mats, worth 7s. Offers requested.—FUCHSIA.

E. G. has two white tulle veils (bridal or confirmation), two yards square, hemmed with floss, in perfect condition; cost 14s. each. Open to offers. Address with the Editor.

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